

## **The Beauty 121**

### Chapter 121 Storm (Part 2)

Nanrong Wanqing's lips parted slightly: "Say what?"

"Say..." Ling Chen's eyes darted as he smiled, "If you were no longer the chairman of Hongyu Group, what would you most want to do?"

"I haven't thought about it."

"It's never too late to think about it now since we have plenty of time."

"I want to..." As soon as the words left her mouth, Nanrong Wanqing's complexion suddenly changed, her brows furrowed slightly, biting her lip corner as if enduring pain.

Seeing this, Ling Chen was startled and quickly lifted the corner of her garment to inspect the wound on her waist. Perhaps because it had been soaked by the rain, the herbal medicine had lost its effect, and the wound had flared up again.

He hurriedly picked up her delicate body, laid her on the back seat of the car, then dashed out into the downpour to bring back the several Purple Bellflower plants he had left behind.

After cleaning off the previously applied herbs, he chewed up a few leaves and reapplied them to the wound.

"Chairman." Looking at Nanrong Wanqing's increasingly pallid pretty face, Ling Chen felt both worried and puzzled. The wound had already been treated; although it was a bit cold, it shouldn't be weak to this extent.

As he pondered, he suddenly noticed a pool of blood on the back seat of the car.

The bleeding from the wound had already stopped, so where did this blood come from?

Her skirt!

He raised an eyebrow, realizing that Nanrong Wanqing's skirt, pressed under her, was soaked with fresh blood. Not minding much, he gently lifted her skirt. Instantly, he saw a branch embedded in the inner thigh of Nanrong Wanqing.

The branch, as thick as a finger, had penetrated halfway into her thigh.

Looking at the dreadful wound, Ling Chen's pupils constricted, his eyes carrying a trace of hidden anger.

This woman... she suffered such a serious injury but didn't tell him; could she really bear this kind of pain?

That's it!

He suddenly realized that both of Nanrong Wanqing's legs had lost sensation, completely numb to pain; she probably didn't even know she was injured there. Perhaps, it was also out of shyness that she didn't dare to tell him.

"Chairman..."

"Ling... Ling Chen, didn't you just want to know what I would most want to do if I were no longer the chairman of Hongyu Group?"

"Don't talk, just rest."

However, perhaps due to excessive blood loss, Nanrong Wanqing seemed a bit delirious, as if she hadn't heard his words, still muttering to herself in a low voice.

"I want... I want to go to amusement parks, I want to go to the cinema, I want to try street food, I want to be an ordinary person, not having to be in the limelight wherever I go, not having to consider others'

feelings in everything I do, I want... I want freedom... I want to find someone I like, to be a wife and a mother, to spend a lifetime together..."

"To be a wife and a mother?"

Turns out, she was still a traditional woman.

Ling Chen shook his head, his mouth chewing on the Purple Bellflower. Once the herbal medicine was ready, he lifted her skirt without looking aside, gently grasped one end of the branch, and quickly pulled it out.

Without waiting for the blood to run, he hastily plugged the wound with the chewed leaves, then tore off a piece of cloth from the skirt, wrapped it around the wound to let the medicinal effect take hold.

"Ling Chen..."

"I'm here."

"I... I'm so cold... Am I... am I dying?" Nanrong Wanqing's lips parted faintly, already devoid of color.

Seeing her in a daze, Ling Chen reached out and touched her forehead, feeling the icy chill of her skin.

Ling Chen, who had medical knowledge, knew that under Nanrong Wanqing's condition, she would be in mortal danger if he didn't find a way to treat her soon.

After hesitating for a moment, he gritted his teeth and whispered, "I'm doing this to save your life. Don't blame me for this."

With that, he took off his own clothes and then began unfastening the soaked garments on Nanrong Wanqing, gently peeling them away.

Instantly, her snow-white skin was exposed without cover before his eyes.

The white bra appeared in his view, encasing two firm mounts of purity, as if all the temptations of the world were contained within.

Ling Chen extended his hand, stopping mid-air, indecisive.

"Ling Chen... I'm cold..."

Hearing the murmurs from Nanrong Wanqing, Ling Chen sighed softly, hoping she would forgive him.

He bent down, took Nanrong Wanqing into his arms, his right hand reaching behind her to gently unfasten the clasp of her bra.

As the bra slipped off, Ling Chen cradled her smooth and delicate body against his chest. Feeling his warm body temperature, Nanrong Wanqing cuddled into his embrace like a submissive kitten, burying her head into his chest, her hands tightly clinging to him.

Outside the car, the wind and rain mingled, and the pitter-patter of raindrops accompanied by the rolling thunder crafted a symphony amidst the rustling leaves, like a magnificent natural concerto.

...

"Stephen, where is she?"

At the headquarters of Boyang Branch, Zhu Hong stood in the office, staring at Stephen seated on the sofa, questioning, "I said I wanted to see her by this morning. Where on earth have you kept her?"

"Mr. Zhu, I know you're concerned about Nanrong Wanqing's safety, but I can't tell you right now."

"Why not?" Zhu Hong asked coldly.

"Because I don't know where she is either. I've lost contact with the people from Black Riders Mercenary Group, and there's been no word from them yet."

"What?"

Stephen gestured reassuringly, "Don't worry. I've checked just now, Nanrong Wanqing hasn't returned to the Nanrong Family home, and the police are still searching for her, which means she's still in our hands. It's probably due to poor signal that the phones aren't getting through. Oh, and there's one more thing; besides Nanrong Wanqing, Ling Chen is also missing, whereabouts unknown."

"I don't care about Ling Chen's fate; I just want to know where Nanrong Wanqing is. Stephen, you orchestrated this whole affair. If anything happens to Nanrong Wanqing, I won't let you off the hook," Zhu Hong said sternly, struggling to contain his fury.

Stephen laughed carelessly, "Mr. Zhu, I'm sure the higher-ups won't allow you to do anything to me. Don't forget, I'm one of the most valuable scientific researchers in the organization. If you dare to lay a hand on me, do you think they would spare you? You know the rules of the organization better than anyone; I don't need to remind you." As he spoke, he lifted the wine glass from the table and swirled the red wine gently, "Mr. Zhu, our primary task now is to find Nanrong Wanqing and bring her back safely. Instead of getting angry with me, you might as well use your people to search for her."

"You better pray she's unharmed, or you'll have me to answer to, hmph!" Having said that, Zhu Hong turned and left the office.

Watching him depart, Stephen let out a cold laugh and then took out his phone from his pocket, dialing a number.

Shortly after, a man with a stern expression walked in.

Stephen handed the phone to him, saying, "Last night, before the mercenary lost contact, he sent a location to my phone. They might still be around there. Go immediately with your team and make sure to find Nanrong Wanqing. Remember, don't let Zhu Hong find out about this."

"Understood."