

The Beauty 131

Chapter 131: A Resounding Slap (Part One)

"This..."

Ling Chen impatiently said, "Stop beating around the bush. You think I can't figure it out if you don't talk? Spit it out quickly and don't waste any more time."

As soon as he finished speaking, a ringtone sounded from Xu Ping's body.

"Give it to me."

Xu Ping shook his head and stepped back. Seeing this, Ling Chen, without saying a word, landed a direct kick on Xu Ping's abdomen, eliciting a painful cry. Xu Ping's face turned pale as he knelt on the ground, clutching his belly and clearly in severe pain.

Taking advantage of the moment, Ling Chen forcefully searched Xu Ping's body and found the phone. As he looked at the incoming call display, a slight smile curled his lips, and a cold glint flashed in Mo Che's pupils.

It really was him!

Knowing the person Xu Ping was ordered by, Ling Chen squatted in front of him and handed the phone over. "You're a smart man; you should know what to do. You look young, and I don't think you'd wish to end up dead in this godforsaken place."

After he spoke, he pressed the answer button and turned on the speaker.

"Xu Ping, how much longer until you reach the extraction point?"

Face to face with Ling Chen's piercing cold gaze, Xu Ping uncontrollably shivered and honestly replied, "Soon."

"Make it quick. I and the Nanrong Family people are at the extraction point. Oh, and has Ling Chen been dealt with?" The person asked the last question in a deliberately lowered voice, as if afraid of being overheard.

Xu Ping looked at Ling Chen and said, "He didn't show up; he might be dead from the fight with those guys."

"Good, then I will no longer contact you. We'll talk when we meet."

After the call ended, Ling Chen patted Xu Ping on the shoulder with a smile, "Congratulations, you've just saved your own life."

"I..."

Bang!

Before Xu Ping could finish, the sound of a gunshot rang out. Clutching his wounded arm, he looked at Ling Chen with fear and anger, "You're not keeping your promise."

Ling Chen shrugged, "Now don't say that; I am actually helping you. How would you explain yourself if you weren't slightly injured upon returning? If I were you, I would stay out of sight for an hour or two before leaving. Use this time to concoct a believable story." After speaking, he holstered his gun and walked towards the stretcher.

Looking at the anesthetized Nanrong Wanqing, he lifted her in his arms and carried her on his back, then he hastened toward the extraction point.

Amid the haze, Nanrong Wanqing weakly opened her eyes and murmured, "Ling Chen... is that you?"

"You're finally awake."

Nanrong Wanqing rubbed her slightly swollen forehead and looked around with a trace of bewilderment in her beautiful eyes.

"Where is this? I remember... I remember being taken away by Zhu Hong's people. How come you are here? Where are they?"

Hearing her string of questions, Ling Chen patiently explained, "They're not good people. I rescued you from their clutches."

"How can that be? They were all sent by Zhu Hong."

"Is Zhu Hong necessarily a good person?" Ling Chen curled his lips, discontent in his voice, "Hey, we're about to be saved soon, but there's something I want to discuss with you."

"What is it?"

"In a moment, I might have to do something you will find rather objectionable. I hope you won't mind."

"Too much?" Nanrong Wanqing bit her lip corner lightly, her beautiful eyes flickering. Could it be... he was preparing to take advantage of her again? This thought made her pretty face blush, and she struggled to keep the embarrassment from her eyes. After a while, she finally stammered out, "The... the excessive thing you mentioned... does it have anything to do with me?"

"It has nothing to do with you."

"That's good." Nanrong Wanqing breathed a sigh of relief.

Ling Chen smiled with a twist of his mouth: "Since you've said that, I'll take it as your agreement."

At this moment, outside the forest.

Nanrong Yong and his group were anxiously waiting, their gazes fixed on Lin Zi, unwilling to move away.

"Sir Nanrong, there's no need to worry, they will be out soon," Zhu Hong said with a smile. Behind him, aside from several suited bodyguards, there were seven or eight team members who had just evacuated from the forest, all following Xu Ping's orders to arrive at the evacuation point first.

A few minutes later, there was finally a stir in the dense forest.

"They're coming, they're coming!" Su Lin said excitedly.

Accompanied by Zhu Hong, Nanrong Yong and Su Lin hurried forward, their eyes shining with excitement.

With the swaying and shaking of the leaves and branches, a bloodstained young man emerged from the forest. He was carrying a woman on his back, who was none other than Nanrong Wanqing.

Seeing Nanrong Yong and Su Lin popping out, Ling Chen was momentarily taken aback, then he smiled.

"Sir Nanrong, Miss Su, you're all here."

"Ling Chen?" Su Lin's face lit up with joy, her eyes rimmed with red, "That's great, you're both safe."

"How come it's you!"

Zhu Hong's brow furrowed slightly, his eyes cold. He had expected Xu Ping to be the one bringing Nanrong Wanqing, not Ling Chen. During the phone call with Xu Ping just before, he was told that Ling Chen was dead.

"Why can't it be me? Does Mr. Zhu think there should be someone else?" Ling Chen's mouth tilted slightly, half squinting his eyes with an amused look as he retorted Zhu Hong.

"Zhu Hong, didn't you say that you were the one who found Wanqing?"

Hearing Su Lin's question, Zhu Hong's face relaxed, revealing a faint smile and he looked gently at Nanrong Wanqing.

"As long as Wanqing is safe, it doesn't matter who found her." With that, he stepped forward towards Nanrong Wanqing and extended his arms, "Wanqing, let me help you."

Slap!

But at that moment, a crisp sound suddenly rang in everyone's ears.

Seeing Ling Chen's raised palm, everyone froze, including Nanrong Wanqing who was stunned as well, all looking at Ling Chen bewilderedly, not knowing why he would slap Zhu Hong.

Ling Chen seemed not to notice the gazes of those around him, simply lowering his hand and looking at Zhu Hong's swollen cheek, coldly uttering, "Mr. Zhu, better roll away from my sight, don't block my way."

Feeling the fiery pain on his left cheek, Zhu Hong's face immediately turned gloomy, and his suspended arm slowly retracted. Meeting Ling Chen's gaze, his brows furrowed, his deep eyes brimming with murderous intent.

"Ling... Ling Chen... what... what are you doing?" The first to snap out of shock, Su Lin asked in surprise.

"I think Mr. Zhu knows very well what I am referring to. Don't you?" Ling Chen slightly lifted the corners of his mouth, unwaveringly staring at Zhu Hong. Despite the smile on his face, the chilling coldness in his eyes overpowered the killing intent in Zhu Hong's eyes.

"Mr. Zhu, didn't you hear what I just said? I want you to get out of my face right now. If you can't understand plain language, I wouldn't mind giving you another slap."

"Ling Chen, you are out of line."

At that moment, the several suited bodyguards behind Zhu Hong all rushed over, along with the few members of the combat team, all of them glaring angrily at Ling Chen.