

The Beauty 132

Chapter 132: A Resounding Slap (Part Two)

"What are you trying to do?"

Zhong Wei, along with Liang Zhao Hui and Zhou Qing, strode over and positioned themselves to the left and right of Ling Chen. Although they didn't understand why Ling Chen had slapped Zhu Hong, they knew Ling Chen well enough; he wasn't the type to act recklessly without a reason. There must be a cause for his actions.

Moreover, as members of the Hongyu Group, it was only natural for them to stand with their own at this time.

Watching the standoff between the two sides, Nanrong Wanqing finally understood why Ling Chen had spoken those words. This was the 'excessive' matter he had referred to.

In the past, she wouldn't have hesitated to rebuke Ling Chen and demand an apology from him. But now, after all she had been through, her opinion of Ling Chen had long since changed. Especially considering the experiences of the past two days, her heart had unconsciously leaned towards Ling Chen.

Resting on Ling Chen's shoulder, she noticed every subtle expression change on his face. She could tell that Ling Chen was very angry at the moment, but he was controlling his rage very well, not showing it on his face.

She really wanted to know what Zhu Hong had done to provoke Ling Chen into such rare fury.

In her contemplation, she suddenly noticed Zhu Hong's gaze turn towards her. Seeing Zhu Hong's complex and expectant eyes, she was well aware that he was waiting for her to take a stand. As the chairwoman of the Hongyu Group and Ling Chen's superior, her attitude was very important to Zhu Hong.

One was her childhood friend, the other a man who had risked his life to save her multiple times. However, in her heart, Ling Chen was not just her savior.

This annoying man had not only stolen her first kiss, but had also ruined her pure reputation. Every time she thought about it, she experienced an indescribable feeling.

Hate? Upon self-examination, she didn't hate Ling Chen.

Like? That was still far from the mark.

The feeling was too complex, too elusive to articulate.

"Lin, help me back to the car to rest."

After a moment of thought, she ultimately chose to recuse herself. She couldn't express her stance either for Zhu Hong or for Ling Chen. If she spoke out to defend Zhu Hong, the one who would get hurt would be Ling Chen, and that wasn't the outcome she wished to see. Moreover, she had promised Ling Chen on the way back that she would neither concern herself with nor intervene in the matter he was about to handle.

With that in mind, she decided to let them resolve it themselves.

Hearing her older cousin speak, Su Lin immediately understood her intention and hurriedly called the medical staff to take Nanrong Wanqing away on a stretcher.

Nanrong Yong glanced at Ling Chen, then at Zhu Hong, equally puzzled.

However, seeing that his granddaughter hadn't made a statement, he naturally wouldn't take it upon himself to interject.

"Liu Kun, come with me to check on Wanqing."

Watching the car full of people, Ling Chen smiled faintly; the woman had finally done something that didn't disappoint him.

Compared to his smile, Zhu Hong's face was looking exceptionally ugly.

He had been full of hope that Nanrong Wanqing would step in to scold Ling Chen on his behalf, but things hadn't developed as he had imagined. Far from speaking up for him, Nanrong Wanqing had chosen to avoid the situation.

In his eyes, Nanrong Wanqing's avoidance was an indulgence of Ling Chen, and this was hard for him to take.

He knew Nanrong Wanqing's character all too well; she didn't favor any man. In his view, no other man could match his place in Nanrong Wanqing's heart.

Yet her attitude just now had left him profoundly disappointed.

"Mr. Zhu, take your lapdogs and get lost immediately, don't be an eyesore here," Ling Chen's words were filled with a volatile edge.

Zhu Hong glanced at the tightly closed car door, then returned his gaze to Ling Chen.

"You've made a very serious mistake."

"What's the mistake? I hit you because you deserved it. Zhu Hong, why speak so plainly? You really think I'm a fool?"

Zhu Hong's face turned ashen, he turned around with his hands clasped behind his back, and said coldly: "Break his hands."

The moment his words fell, several suited bodyguards immediately moved towards Ling Chen with aggressive momentum.

Ling Chen sneered, "Besides ordering others around, what else can you do? Why don't you do it yourself if you're so capable?"

"You?" Zhu Hong shook his head in disdain, "You're not even worth me making a move. Finish him!"

"Yes!"

"Who dares!"

Just as Zhong Wei was about to step forward and stand in front of Ling Chen, a gun was already raised, pointing at the top of his head.

"Don't move! This matter doesn't concern you, you best not interfere. Otherwise, I can't guarantee that the gun in my hand won't 'accidentally' fire."

Faced with the black muzzle of the gun, Zhong Wei's face suddenly changed, hesitating to move.

"Captain Zhong, you guys go down first, I will handle my own issues."

The suit-clad bodyguard holding the gun said coldly, "Since you're being sensible, then don't make us move. Handle it yourself." As he spoke, he pulled a dagger from his waist and threw it in front of Ling Chen.

"I really dislike being pointed at with a gun." Ling Chen narrowed his eyes, his tone slightly cold.

Hearing this, the eyebrows of the suit-clad bodyguard lifted as a cold smirk appeared at the corner of his mouth. Far from moving the handgun away, he instead took two steps forward, pressing the muzzle against Ling Chen's forehead.

"Quit the chatter, get on with it."

"What if I don't? Are you really going to shoot?"

"You can try."

Bang!

Suddenly, a gunshot rang out.

"Ah!"

A scream followed, and the bodyguard's handgun immediately dropped to the ground. Looking closely, one could see his hand back was dripping with fresh blood, a bullet having pierced through it.

"Who, who fired the shot?"

The bodyguard looked around in panic and fury, as his several companions quickly pulled out their guns, surrounding Zhu Hong in the center, protecting his safety.

"I did, got a problem with that?"

A man's voice rang out as he walked over from not far away.

"Old Tang?"

When Ling Chen saw the newcomer, the corners of his mouth lifted into a faint smile.

"Who are you?"

Tang Yuan glanced at them, sneered with disdain, "You've got some nerve, firing guns around here. Don't forget, this is Huaxia, not a place where you can act recklessly."

With that, he turned his head, looking towards the person behind him, "Officer Xia, I'm sure you're more aware than me of the crime of illegal possession of firearms in the country. You're a police officer from East Sea City, this matter is for you to handle."

Ling Chen looked up to see Xia Mutong leading over a dozen policemen rushing over.

Seeing the guns in their hands, Xia Mutong's expression immediately turned stern. Holding onto her holster, she shouted loudly, "Put down your guns and put your hands on your head."

However, none of the suit-clad bodyguards or the combat team members moved; instead, they all focused their attention on Zhu Hong, waiting for him to speak.

Zhu Hong slowly turned his head, looking at Officer Xia with her cold face, and spoke lightly, "I don't care who you are, you better mind your own business."

"Well well! Quite the attitude, even daring to disregard the police," Tang Yuan said with a lifted lip, a mocking smile on his face.