

The Beauty 137

Chapter 137 Past and Present

Ling Chen understood Jiang Hao's meaning. Being the boss, he had many brothers following him. His company was now trashed, his brothers were beaten, and if he did nothing, the brothers would inevitably have complaints. Therefore, he had to take action, to not show weakness.

"Jiang Hao, how much do you know about those people?"

"They call themselves the Green Tiger Gang, with a few hundred members. Their boss is a businessman who specializes in contracting construction projects, and then delegates the jobs to his underlings. The construction business is very lucrative; they can make tens of millions every year, and also provide for their brothers below. Moreover, that guy is ruthless, often substituting cheap construction materials to cut corners. It was in the news the year before last: a residential building that was five years old collapsed, causing the death of more than a dozen people. It was the Green Tiger Gang who were responsible for the construction. However, the boss of the Green Tiger Gang has extensive connections, and he managed to suppress that incident."

"What's their boss's name?"

"Qi Jianhui," Zhao Zhengxiong said, "I've had dealings with him once or twice before. I wanted to work with him, but he's too greedy, wanting to hog most of the profits, so I didn't continue the partnership."

"Qi Jianhui?" Ling Chen looked thoughtful, "Isn't he that fat-brained, nouveau riche-looking guy?"

Zhao Zhengxiong nodded, "That's him. Chen, do you know him?"

"Know him? Of course, I do." Ling Chen revealed a smirk, amused. It really was a small world; he hadn't expected Qi Jianhui to be the boss of the Green Tiger Gang.

Last time at the mall, that Qi Jianhui went looking for trouble with Leng Feifei, and ended up being dealt with by him.

"Jiang Hao, you can handle this matter however you like, I won't stop you."

"Really?" Jiang Hao's eyes lit up, "Alright, I'll gather the brothers immediately and give the Green Tiger Gang a proper beating tonight."

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At this time, in a high-class restaurant located in the city center.

Zhong Wei pushed a wheelchair, taking the elevator up to the top floor. Behind him followed Tang Yuan and Liang Zhao Hui.

Ding!

Accompanied by a crisp sound, the elevator doors slowly opened.

The four of them stepped out, and the two suited men guarding the door immediately came over to block Zhong Wei and the others.

"Miss Nanrong, Mr. Zhu has already arrived. We will escort you over. Your people will be arranged to rest in a private room."

"No." Tang Yuan spoke, "We must stay close to Miss Nanrong."

"Please rest assured, gentlemen, Mr. Zhu has reserved the entire floor. Apart from us, there will be no outsiders present, so there is no need to worry about safety."

"Zhong Wei, you go and rest first."

"Yes, Chairman."

Escorted by the two suited men, Nanrong Wanqing entered the lobby.

The restaurant, named Dome Restaurant, was one of the most upscale places in East Sea City, where people worth less than ten million wouldn't dare to dine in.

The ability to reserve the entire restaurant demonstrated Zhu Hong's immense wealth.

Inside the hall, all the tables and chairs had been removed, leaving only a long table set with two neat sets of silverware, with candlesticks in the middle and decorative roses around, adding a touch of romance to the atmosphere.

"Wanqing."

Seeing Nanrong Wanqing approaching, Zhu Hong quickly stood up and hurriedly walked over.

Today, Zhu Hong was dressed in a white suit, looking valiant and handsome, complementing Nanrong Wanqing's white dress, resembling an enviable perfect couple.

After a week of rest, the swelling on his face had subsided, and he had regained his handsome appearance.

Zhu Hong took the wheelchair and pushed Nanrong Wanqing to the table, then picked up a bottle of Lafite Vineyard red wine and poured it for her attentively.

"What would you like to eat?" he asked softly.

"Anything is fine, you decide."

"I remember you used to like garlic shrimp, so I made a special arrangement for you." Saying this, he gave a meaningful look to a waiter nearby.

Soon, dish after dish of delicious and exquisite food was brought to the table.

Zhu Hong sat down again, lifted his wine glass, and a charming smile formed at the corner of his mouth.

"Wanqing, this glass is to celebrate your recovery, and I hope similar things won't happen again in the future."

"Thank you." Nanrong Wanqing took a sip discreetly, then placed the glass back on the table.

Looking at the garlic shrimp in front of her, Nanrong Wanqing slowly raised her head and looked directly across the table at Zhu Hong, her lips parting slightly: "You wanted to talk to me about something tonight, didn't you?"

Zhu Hong smiled: "Don't you want to try the garlic shrimp first?"

"I'm not really in the mood to eat right now."

Zhu Hong put down his knife and fork and said, "Wanqing, the last incident was a misunderstanding; I hope you'll let me explain."

Nanrong Wanqing looked puzzled, "I don't know what you're talking about?"

"Ling Chen didn't tell you?" Zhu Hong was a bit surprised. He had thought Ling Chen told Nanrong Wanqing about the matter of him sending men to intercept him and had been racking his brains for a good excuse to invite Nanrong Wanqing out to explain.

"He didn't tell me anything."

"Is that so?" This was a bit unexpected for Zhu Hong, and judging by Nanrong Wanqing's expression, she didn't seem to be lying. Could it be that he was overthinking?

Thinking this, he lifted the corners of his mouth and said, "It's just as well, since it was a misunderstanding; let's not bring it up again."

"Is there something else besides this?"

"You've been discharged for several days, and I haven't visited you, which makes me feel guilty, so I wanted to invite you out to see you and talk. This place is quiet, and we can have a good chat."

Nanrong Wanqing spoke indifferently: "Thank you for your hospitality, but I have things to attend to at home and can't stay long, sorry." With that, she pressed a hidden button on the wheelchair.

This was a device Ling Chen had installed for her, enabling her to contact Zhong Wei and the others at any time.

Shortly after, Zhong Wei and two others appeared in her line of sight.

"Wanqing..."

Zhu Hong quickly stood up, trying to keep her there: "Can't you stay a bit longer? I still have a lot to tell you."

Looking at his expectant eyes, Nanrong Wanqing hesitated for a moment, then softly uttered two words: "Sorry." She paused, her gaze moving to the plate of garlic shrimp on the table, her expression complex, "It seems Ling Chen was right."

Zhu Hong was slightly taken aback, not understanding, "What do you mean?"

"He told me that the past doesn't define the present; the past is the past, and now is now. They are two completely different worlds. You are still living in our past, while I value my present. The years you've been gone, I've long since grown tired of garlic shrimp. People change; you changed, and I've changed. The past can never overlap with the present. Zhong Wei, let's go back."

"Yes, President,"

Zhu Hong watched as Nanrong Wanqing disappeared into the elevator; the smile on his face immediately froze. He clenched his fist tightly and swung it in a sudden movement, the fine dishes on the table instantly scattered across the floor.

"Let's go."