

The Beauty 141

Chapter 141 Wei Dong

The stage was surrounded by many stand-alone circular sofas and tables; it was just past eight o'clock, and the hall was already packed with people, mostly men, a majority in their thirties.

Under the dim lights, many men were holding embracing elegantly dressed women, their hands moving freely over them, without any regard for those around. These women seemed to be accustomed to this, half-resisting and half-accepting, letting the men take liberties with their bodies.

These women were all nightclub staff brought in to accompany the drinks. Naturally, if one is willing to spend money, anything else could be arranged.

"Jiang Hao, where's the person?"

"I'll go ask." Jiang Hao casually grabbed a passing waitress, asked a few questions, then turned and said, "Chen, Qi Jianhui is in private room 1038."

The nightclub's private rooms on the second floor were resplendent and luxurious, and Ling Chen couldn't think of any other word but 'extravagant' to describe them.

"1038... Chen, it's there."

Nanrong Hao quickly spotted the private room where Qi Jianhui was.

Arriving at the room, Ling Chen pushed open the door and stepped in. Smelling the pungent tobacco scent in the room, he frowned slightly, then cast his gaze towards the sofa against the wall.

There, Qi Jianhui sat in the middle, with a scantily clad beauty on each side, hugging his arms, bring a glass of wine to his lips.

At the ends of the sofa were seated four or five young men, all looking like small-time punks, probably Qi Jianhui's underlings.

At this moment, Qi Jianhui seemed to have drunk quite a bit, his cheeks flushed with a drunken hue, and he was brazenly flirting with the beauties beside him, completely oblivious to the arrival of Ling Chen and his party.

However, his followers were quick to react. Seeing newcomers barging in, they immediately turned off the music in the room, rose to their feet, and blocked the doorway.

"Who are you guys?"

"My name is Jiang Hao, you've probably heard of me. I'm here tonight to have a good talk with your boss."

"Jiang Hao?" A young man with a head of red hair sneered, "The little ruffian from Old City? Pah, Mr. Jiang, what's your status compared to our boss? You think you can just see him whenever you want? Get lost quickly, don't disturb our boss's good time."

"You..." Anger reddened Jiang Hao's face, and he stepped forward, ready to explode, but Ling Chen placed a hand on his shoulder, signaling him to stay calm.

"So you're Boss Qi, I wonder if you still remember me." Ling Chen gave Qi Jianhui a smiling look.

Only then did Qi Jianhui raise his head, glancing at Ling Chen out of the corner of his eye. After a brief moment of shock, he pushed the two beauties at his side away, stood up abruptly, and said coldly, "Kid, what are you doing here? I'm telling you, it's none of my business that Leng Feifei is missing, looking for me is useless."

"Leng Feifei is missing?"

Ling Chen was taken aback, he had no idea about this.

"Qi Jianhui, we're not here today because of some Leng Feifei. You smashed my company, you ought to give me an explanation," said Jiang Hao, stepping forward.

"Jiang Hao, that was just a small lesson and a warning. If you want to run a company on my turf, it can be done – just pay twenty thousand a month for protection. As long as you pay in full, I guarantee no one will bother you."

"Bullshit, even if you're collecting protection money, there's no way to collect like that, at most taking five percent as protection fee, don't I need to make money?"

"That's your business, nothing to do with me." Qi Jianhui sat back on the sofa, pulling a beauty into his arms, while the other readily held up a glass of wine for him.

Zhao Zhengxiong frowned and said, "Boss Qi, everyone should leave a margin for error, so we can meet on good terms in the future. We just want to make an honest living and never thought about encroaching on your territory. Don't push us too far."

"Zhao Zhengxiong, no offense, but you, a supposed big brother, stooping to team up with these low-life thugs. Aren't you afraid of being the laughing stock of the underworld?"

"That's my business, not yours to worry about. Just tell me, what do you want?"

Qi Jianhui thought for a moment, then grinned and said: "How about this? No matter what kind of company you want to set up on my turf, I want a fifty percent share. If you agree to this, I guarantee I won't bother you. Otherwise, you'd better get off my turf as soon as possible."

"Not a chance!" Jiang Hao replied coldly, "Qi Jianhui, don't think for a moment that I'm afraid of you. You have your guys, I have mine. If you want to fight, I'll accompany you to the end. Let's see who bites the dust first."

"Just you, a mere punk?" Qi Jianhui sneered disdainfully, "You and your few friends are not worthy to compete with me. To put it bluntly, just one phone call from me and you won't have good days ahead. If you know what's good for you, disappear from my sight now. However, he stays."

He pointed at Ling Chen, sneering: "Kid, last time you messed up my plans, and I've been looking everywhere for you. How convenient that you've shown up on my doorstep. Brothers, see this guy? Beat him to death; if he dies, it's on me."

As soon as his words fell, a group of youngsters, led by Red Hair, immediately charged at Ling Chen with their fists.

However, before they could even get close, Nanrong Hao took the initiative to attack, knocking Red Hair to the ground with a kick. In just a few moments, the young ruffians were easily taken down.

"With your little skills, you dare to trouble Brother Chen." Nanrong Hao dusted off his hands and turned back to stand behind Ling Chen.

With Ling Chen's recent training, Nanrong Hao's fighting skills had improved significantly, making short work of a few street thugs.

"Well, look at that, you dare to touch my guys; you really must be tired of living." Qi Jianhui's fleshy face instantly turned cold, and he reached into his pocket to pull out a mobile phone, ready to make a call.

At that moment, the door to the private room was opened, and four or five policemen entered in single file.

"Police, sorry to disturb you all, just a routine check, please show your IDs."

"Oh, isn't this Mr. Qi?"

Suddenly, a male police officer walked through the door and immediately smiled upon seeing Qi Jianhui.

"Is it him?"

Upon seeing the officer, Ling Chen and Jiang Hao instantly recognized him. If they remembered correctly, this cop was named Wei Dong, who had led the team last time and arrested Jiang Hao for no

good reason. Fortunately, Ling Chen had been there, or Jiang Hao would have been in a terrible situation.

"Officer Wei, long time no see."

Qi Jianhui greeted with a smile. Speaking, he looked at Ling Chen and the others with ill-intent and then waved at Wei Dong.

The latter got the hint, walked over, and exchanged a few whispers. After which, Wei Dong nodded his head with a smirk, looking at Ling Chen and Jiang Hao.

"Take these people back with me."

Jiang Hao, struggling to restrain his anger, said, "We haven't broken any laws. What right do you have to arrest us?"

Wei Dong gently swung his finger, his smile cold, "I remember you; your name is Jiang Hao, right? Remember this—I call the shots here. You have no right to object. Better come with me quietly and stop inviting trouble for yourself."

"What if I don't go?" Ling Chen narrowed his eyes slightly, the corners of his mouth lifting in a hint of amusement.