

The Beauty 148

Chapter 148 Beasts (Part Three)

At this moment, Leng Feifei was so inebriated she could hardly think straight, her cheeks flushed red and her sensuous red lips ceaselessly approaching Ling Chen's face. Her pale, delicate hands danced wildly over his body, attempting to strip off his clothes.

As he observed the flames of desire in Leng Feifei's eyes, Ling Chen endured the seduction, mentally crying out in distress.

Should he continue to maintain his honorable virgin status, or seize this chance to enforce justice on the spot with Leng Feifei? He was indecisive.

As a man, of course, he'd lean towards the latter. Lust was taking over; who could resist it? If he felt nothing, he wouldn't be considered a man at all.

Yet, he didn't want to take advantage of the situation in such a manner. After all, the relationship between him and Leng Feifei hadn't progressed to that stage—they were merely friends. Deep down, he was quite a traditional man.

After a brief inner struggle, he gritted his teeth and pushed the increasingly panting Leng Feifei onto the bed.

"It's you who forced me, don't blame me..."

After muttering to himself, he made a swift move, striking hard at the back of Leng Feifei's neck. Instantly, she leaned sideways and collapsed onto the pillow.

Seeing Leng Feifei pass out, Ling Chen let out a sigh of relief, his gaze unintentionally falling onto the little tent he had pitched down below.

"You damn thing, you have no willpower at all, unable to withstand even a bit of temptation," he scolded himself, and then turned to look at Zheng Guangwu on the floor.

Feeling his stare, Zheng Guangwu turned pale, scrambling backward with hands and feet, urgently saying, "What... what are you going to do?"

"You're lower than a beast, I'd dirty my hands just by hitting you."

While he was speaking, a flurry of hurried footsteps suddenly came from outside the small room.

"Chen."

Hearing Nanrong Hao's voice, Ling Chen replied, "Here, come in."

No sooner had his words fallen than a figure appeared at the doorway, but it wasn't Nanrong Hao—it was Xia Mutong. Ling Chen had just phoned her, asking her to hurry over as there was a kidnapping incident.

Upon entering the room, Xia Mutong looked around and her brows immediately knitted together, "Ling Chen, what happened?"

"There!" Ling Chen pointed at Zheng Guangwu, "He kidnapped my friend, drugged her, and attempted something sinister. Officer Xia, I leave him in your hands, deal with it as you see fit."

"No... it's not like that, I've been wronged," Zheng Guangwu was terrified and hastily defended himself.

"Cut the crap, get up. Whether you're wronged or not, I'll find out for myself." Xia Mutong barked sternly, pressing him against the wall and then took out a pair of handcuffs to lock him up.

After dealing with Zheng Guangwu, Xia Mutong turned to look at the flushed Leng Feifei, clad only in her underwear, "How is she?"

"She was drugged, and I was afraid she'd lose control, so I knocked her out. You better call an ambulance quickly and take her to the hospital."

Xia Mutong nodded and after contacting her colleagues with her phone, she walked over to the bed. Her gaze roved over Leng Feifei's snow-white skin and her graceful figure, her eyes flashing with astonishment.

"Ling Chen, you go out first, I'll help her put on her clothes."

"That's... not very appropriate, is it?" Ling Chen hesitated.

Xia Mutong said with dissatisfaction, "What do mean it's not very appropriate? I'm a woman, so is she, are you still worried that something will happen?"

Ling Chen curled his lip; if you were genuinely a woman, it wouldn't matter to him, but the problem is that you're a lesbian—who knows whether you'd take advantage of Leng Feifei.

Perhaps seeing right through Ling Chen's thoughts, Xia Mutong said angrily, "Ling Chen, you'd better keep your filthy thoughts to yourself."

"Uh... Ling Chen touched his nose, whatever, he wouldn't quibble with her, getting taken advantage of by a woman is always better than by a man.

Thinking this, he left the small room with Nanrong Hao.

After waiting outside for about ten minutes, a police car and an ambulance arrived at the scene, taking Zheng Guangwu and Leng Feifei respectively to the police station and hospital.

Leng Feifei was still in a critical condition, and Ling Chen, concerned for her health, rushed to the hospital with Nanrong Hao.

While Leng Feifei was being examined by the doctors, Nanrong Hao sneaked out to the balcony to make a phone call.

Not long after, a young girl stepped out of the hospital elevator. In her early twenties, she was pretty with long black hair, wearing a plaid shirt and light blue jeans, her figure tall and slender.

Although the girl's appearance was not exceptionally beautiful, she had the kind of enduring beauty that gave off a gentle and graceful vibe.

Seeing the girl approaching, Nanrong Hao hurriedly stood up, squeezed out a somewhat awkward smile, and waved to her.

"Yuqing."

"Where's Feifei?" the girl asked eagerly.

"She's inside getting checked. Don't worry, it's nothing serious, she was lucky Chen was there in time to save her."

Ling Chen looked at the girl named Yuqing with a smile, knowing without asking that she was the girl who had once dated Nanrong Hao, and had broken up because of Nanrong Wanqing.

"Haozi, aren't you going to introduce me?"

Nanrong Hao snapped back to reality and quickly said, "Yuqing, this is Ling Chen, Brother Chen, he's the one who saved Feifei."

"Thank you," the girl said gratefully.

"It's nothing, just lending a hand."

"Brother Chen, her name is Jiang Yuqing, Feifei's roommate, and they are best friends."

Ling Chen nodded and said, "Yuqing, we are all men here, it's not suitable for us to take care of her, so we have to ask you to come over. You'll have to work hard these next few days."

"It's no problem, she's my friend, and it's right for me to take care of her."

After the three of them sat down, Nanrong Hao and Jiang Yuqing both kept their mouths shut, not uttering a word, and looked down at their shoelaces. However, from time to time, they stole glances at each other, then quickly looked away as if afraid of being caught by the other.

Seeing their actions, Ling Chen found it amusing. He cleared his throat, stood up, and said, "I'm going to the restroom, you guys have a chat." Saying this, he subtly nudged Nanrong Hao, winked at him, signaling him to take initiative.

Anyone could see that the two still cared for each other; they were just too embarrassed to speak up, so he chose to leave, to give them a chance.

Walking along the corridor to the balcony, Ling Chen gazed at the glittering city lights and couldn't help but feel sentimental.

After he left the service, he thought he'd lead the simple life of a civilian, but things didn't go as planned, many events were beyond his control. Now, he might officially be out of Ghost, but in reality, he was still intricately tied to it.

And then there was Nanrong Wanqing, to be precise, all this was because of Nanrong Wanqing.

The bigger the tree, the more wind it catches; these words are indeed true.

"What are you thinking about?"

Suddenly, a gentle voice came from behind, soft as trickling stream water, soothing the soul.

Ling Chen was taken aback, quickly turning his head, beholding a woman who seemed as if she had stepped out of a painting.