

The Beauty 20

Chapter 20 The Classic Car Shows Its Power

Nanrong Hao didn't dare to dawdle, obediently walking to the center of the open space and practicing the boxing technique he had learned from Ling Chen the day before.

Ling Chen crossed his arms, intently observing Nanrong Hao's movements without saying a word.

Nanrong Hao had never practiced martial arts before, his movements somewhat uncoordinated and clumsy-looking. However, this was not what Ling Chen was concerned about; he cared about something else.

After finishing the set of boxing techniques, Nanrong Hao wiped the sweat from his forehead and turned to look at the thoughtful Ling Chen, feeling somewhat uneasy in his heart.

"Chen, do... do you think I'm doing okay?"

"Starting tomorrow, come find me here at five in the morning."

Hearing this, Nanrong Hao said excitedly, "Chen, are you going to take me as your disciple?"

"No need for a disciple, but teaching you a few moves is no problem."

Ling Chen had just watched Nanrong Hao practice the set of punches and realized that the kid had some real talent. The set of punches he taught seemed simple but each move had its intricacies. If Nanrong Hao could only copy the form without grasping its essence, then Ling Chen wouldn't waste time on him.

Practicing martial arts is not just about hard training; one must also learn to think. Only through reflection can one comprehend the essence and integrate it thoroughly. Nanrong Hao happened to possess this element.

"I'll head back now. Oh, and don't forget my car; it better be fixed before tomorrow morning."

"Don't worry, I've got it covered."

Upon returning home, as he passed by Tang Shiyun's house, he saw that the gate was tightly locked, probably because she went to the hospital to accompany her father.

He had intended to visit Tang Shiyun's father in the hospital, but since her mother didn't like him and he would just be driven away, he decided to dismiss the thought.

Early the next morning.

Nanrong Hao arrived punctually in his vintage Volkswagen beneath Ling Chen's building.

Seeing Ling Chen come out, Nanrong Hao immediately greeted him with freshly bought steamed buns.

"Chen, the car is fixed."

Ling Chen grinned, pleased; the kid was on the ball and even thought to buy breakfast for him.

It was just five in the morning and barely light. "The plan of a day lies in the morning," it was the perfect time for practice.

Nanrong Hao had never practiced martial arts, so naturally, he had to start with the most basic training.

The two of them were busy until six-thirty. Ling Chen glanced at the time; it was time to get moving or he'd be late. He now had to try to avoid giving Nanrong Wanqing any excuse to trouble him.

"Haozi, do you want to go back to Wealthy Manor with me?"

"I'll rest for a bit; I'll go back on my own later."

Nanrong Hao lay exhausted on the ground, breathing heavily, his clothes soaked through with sweat. He, who was usually pampered, had never suffered through the rigors of training before. After an hour and a half, he felt his muscles sore and swollen, his legs numb as if they didn't belong to him, devoid of any sensation.

"Then I'm off. Oh, one more thing I forgot to tell you, those who practice martial arts must not have depleted energy, so you'd better steer clear of women for the next six months."

After saying that, Ling Chen waved his hand, leaving a stunned Nanrong Hao behind, got into his car, started it, and drove away.

At six fifty.

Ling Chen reached Wealthy Manor on time; by then, all the other team members had already arrived.

Since Wealthy Manor had its own security personnel, team one of the security department was only responsible for Nanrong Wanqing's safety when she was out; the rest of the time, they worked normal shifts, unless there were unexpected tasks.

Not long after sitting in the car, Su Lin came out of the villa pushing Nanrong Wanqing.

Seeing Su Ling's gaze towards this side, Ling Chen greeted her with a smiling face, only to receive a roll of her eyes in response.

The fleet drove out of Wealthy Manor, and the three cars in front suddenly accelerated, quickly putting some distance between them and Ling Chen.

Trying to shake me off?

The corners of Ling Chen's mouth lifted slightly as his right hand swiftly shifted gears, and he pressed the accelerator down hard.

Suddenly, the old Volkswagen car, which had been sputtering along, shot out like an arrow, catching up to the rear of the Range Rover in just a few seconds. This car, having been repaired, clearly had much improved performance.

After passing a few streets, Ling Chen's eyes suddenly narrowed as he looked at a white Buick sedan in the rearview mirror.

From the time they had left Wealthy Manor, he had noticed that Buick, which had been following them at a steady pace for so long. He couldn't deny that the car might simply be on the same route as them, but years of experience told him not to dismiss any suspicions without being one hundred percent sure.

With that in mind, he eased off the accelerator, allowing the Buick to pass and take the lead.

Captain Zhong and the others were driving Range Rovers and Rolls-Royces, which drew a lot of attention, while no one would take special notice of his old Volkswagen, least of all suspect that it carried a security guard from Hongyu Group.

Because the other car's windows were tinted, it was difficult to see the driver clearly, but he could tell it was a man.

"Ling Chen, where are you?"

"Captain Zhong, I've spotted a car with suspicious movements."

"What's the license plate number?"

Ling Chen glanced at it and reported the number. After a while, he heard Captain Zhong speak through the walkie-talkie, "It's been checked, no issues. Catch up with the convoy immediately, don't fall behind on your own."

"Got it."

Ling Chen switched lanes, preparing to overtake from the side. Soon, the Volkswagen Santana caught up with the Buick, aligning his car's front with the other vehicle.

Taking this opportunity, he glanced through the car window at the driver's seat of the Buick. Simultaneously, the Buick's driver also seemed to have noticed him, casting a look towards his Santana.

Although both drivers could not see each other clearly, for some reason, a strong sense of unease welled up in Ling Chen's heart, similar to the feeling he had last time in the bar.

Relying on years of intuition, he was certain there was something off about the driver in the Buick!

At this moment, inside the Buick, the driver withdrew his gaze, looking straight ahead. His right hand touched his neck out of habit, and the corner of his mouth lifted slightly with a chilling smile.

"I didn't expect to encounter a peer in East Sea City."

He murmured to himself, pressing the accelerator to the floor, and the Buick let out a roaring sound as it surged forward.

"Trying to leave?"

Without another word, Ling Chen shifted gears and accelerated, sticking close behind the other car.

It was past seven in the morning, during rush hour, and the roads were filled with heavy traffic. Driving the Santana, Ling Chen pursued the Buick, constantly changing lanes and weaving through vehicles.

In no time, both cars reached a speed of a hundred miles per hour, leaving the Rolls-Royce carrying Nanrong Wanqing far behind.

"Ling Chen, what are you doing? Get back here right now."

Upon hearing Captain Zhong's roar on the walkie-talkie, Ling Chen turned the device off to avoid any distractions.

"Ling Chen! Ling Chen! Chairman, he might have turned off the walkie-talkie."

"Defying the leaders and refusing to follow orders on his second day at work, that jerk is too unrestrained. Wanqing, we definitely need to think of a way to get rid of him."

Nanrong Wanqing glanced at Captain Zhong and said coldly, "He's from your department, I will only hold you responsible for any issues. I don't care about the rest."

"I'm sorry, Chairman, I will make sure he's strictly disciplined."