

The Beauty 21

Chapter 21 Disobedience to Orders

On the wide main road, two cars chased each other at breakneck speeds.

Boom! Boom!

Boom boom boom!

After the Santana reached a speed of one hundred yards, the vehicle immediately started making rumbling noises. Not only that, white smoke began to billow from under the hood.

Seeing this, Ling Chen cursed under his breath.

This junk car was already at its limit; continuing the chase like this could lead to it falling apart. Considering the danger of car crashes and casualties, he reluctantly reduced his speed and watched helplessly as the Buick disappeared from sight.

Returning to the company, it was already past eight o'clock.

As soon as he entered the gym, Zhong Wei immediately came over, his face dark with anger, and said, "Where did you go just now?"

"Captain Zhong, I went after a suspect."

"A suspect? Where is the suspect?"

"He got away. Captain Zhong, can I request a better car? That one is too broken down, I..."

"Enough!"

Zhong Wei interrupted him, his voice icy, "I ordered you to return to the team; why didn't you obey? I told you there was nothing wrong with that car. Why didn't you listen to me? Do you think my words are just hot air?"

"Captain Zhong, I was just doing my duty. Besides, I feel that the person in that Buick is very dangerous. He was secretly following the chairman, and I suspect he may have malicious intentions towards the chairman. It would be best to remind everyone to be vigilant."

"I don't trust feelings; I only trust professionalism. Liang Zhao Hui has a background in special reconnaissance, and he will detect any danger himself. I don't need an amateur to give me suggestions. The chairman is a celebrity of East Sea City; it is normal for paparazzi to follow and covertly photograph him, similar incidents have happened before. Ling Chen, don't think just because Liu Kun hired you, you have the right to tell me what to do. If you make the same mistake again and disobey orders, then you can just leave yourself, I won't keep a rule-breaker like you. Do you understand?"

Ling Chen touched his nose.

"Captain Zhong, I respect soldiers, but someone like you... forget it, if you won't believe me, there's nothing I can do. Just don't blame me if something happens and I didn't warn you."

Ignoring Zhong Wei's menacing gaze, Ling Chen walked straight out of the gym.

He could understand Zhong Wei; soldiers tend to be rigid and only know how to follow orders. Moreover, a soldier with Zhong Wei's background carries a certain pride that does not allow others to contradict him. Unfortunately, his personality was destined not to meet Zhong Wei's expectations.

Having adjusted to his job, Ling Chen spent the following week and a half rather comfortably.

The members of team one were still resistant to him, but it didn't bother him; in fact, he got along well with Wei Jun from team two, often visiting Wei Jun's office whenever he had time. As a result, their relationship grew stronger.

At Hongyu Group, security guards got one day off per week, and today happened to be Ling Chen's day off.

Accustomed to waking up so early, it was rare for Ling Chen to have a good sleep at home. Unfortunately, someone just wouldn't let him enjoy his lazy morning rest.

Looking at Jiang Hao standing at the door, Ling Chen really wanted to kick him a couple of times; it was always this guy who disrupted his sleep.

"Chen."

"What now? I'm not free today. Whether you have something or not, don't come to me."

"Chen, today it's not me asking you for a favor, but someone else."

"Who?"

"You know him, Zhao Zhengxiong."

"He's coming to ask for my help? Ask him if his brain is fried; he actually dares to come looking for me."
Ling Chen grumbled unhappily.

"Chen, his brain is indeed fried. Could you help him out for my sake?"

Ling Chen said incredulously, "Jiang Hao, his brain's fried and yours too? Didn't you have a grudge against him? How come you're now acting as his lobbyist? Spit it out, how much did he pay you?"

Jiang Hao chuckled, "There's a benefit, but I can only get it with your help."

"It seems like a significant benefit for you to plead on his behalf."

"That's not it, besides the benefit, it's also out of a sense of justice."

"Oh, you and your sense of justice. Enough bullshit, get to the point."

Jiang Hao had been talking for a few minutes with all sorts of hand gestures before Ling Chen finally understood why Zhao Zhengxiong had come to seek his help, and it turned out to be because of him.

Last time, Zhao Zhengxiong brought in two martial artists to trouble him and ended up defeated. Those two were introduced to Zhao Zhengxiong through a friend, and it cost a lot to hire them. The job wasn't done, so the commission had to be refunded—at least half of it.

However, when Zhao Zhengxiong came to ask for his money back, the guys not only refused to return the money but also told him to get lost. Outraged, Zhao Zhengxiong took his brothers to reason with them, only to have his other leg broken and to be stripped of his clothes and thrown onto the street.

This was an utter humiliation.

Zhao Zhengxiong's resentment was so deep that he hated those two even more than he hated Ling Chen. But with their excellent martial arts skills and their significant influence, it was impossible for Zhao alone to seek revenge. So he changed his strategy, targeting Ling Chen.

Since Ling Chen was capable of dealing with those two, he could take this opportunity to avenge him. Hence, he approached Jiang Hao with a proposal. If Ling Chen was willing to step in, Zhao Zhengxiong was ready to merge his territory with Jiang Hao's. In the future, Jiang Hao would take the lead, and he would follow, working together.

"A villain eventually meets a worse villain; Zhao Zhengxiong really had a hard time."

Ling Chen remarked. Zhao Zhengxiong offering such a deal meant he truly detested those two.

"Chen, I think Zhao Zhengxiong is quite pitiful. Why don't we help him out?" Jiang Hao took the chance to urge him.

Ling Chen slapped his head irritably, swearing, "You're not seeing him as pitiful; you're eyeing his turf."

Jiang Hao touched his head, grinning and not daring to refute.

"We better stay out of these vendettas."

"Chen..."

"The grudge has been formed, it's too late to talk about this now."

A voice came from outside the door; Zhao Zhengxiong entered, supporting himself on two crutches, assisted by a younger brother.

"Chen, I know you don't want to act because of the previous incident, but this time, it's not just helping me, it's also helping you."

"What do you mean?"

"Chen, you crippled Gao Wei's ten fingers and wounded Song Yi; those two have long been wanting to take revenge on you. The day I went to ask for money, they broke my leg and even interrogated me about you. From their tone, it seemed like they were planning to take action. Even if you don't help me today, they'll come for you sooner or later; the outcome would be the same."

Ling Chen's smile was somewhat tormented: "From your words, I have no choice but to take action, right?"

Zhao Zhengxiong threw his crutches aside, and his body immediately lost support, collapsing to the ground with a thud. His leg injury had not yet healed, and the heavy fall made him break out in a cold sweat from the pain.