

The Beauty 251

Chapter 251 Battle for Fifth on the Tiger List (Part 2)

Caught off guard, Ling Chen suddenly felt his shoulders give way, and the formidable power caused his defense to crumble instantly, his right knee bent slightly, and he nearly lost his footing.

Qiu Wu's attack succeeded, and while Ling Chen endured the pain in his right shoulder, intending to muster his strength to push back his opponent, he hadn't anticipated a change of move when Qiu Wen, who had not been noticed before, burst out from somewhere. His fists were as fast as the wind and full of power, striking directly at Ling Chen's abdomen, penetrating three inches deep.

Ling Chen's complexion turned slightly pale, and he staggered, retreating step by step.

"Ling Chen!"

"Brother Chen!"

Seeing Ling Chen at a disadvantage, the onlookers couldn't help but cry out, each wearing a look of concern and immense anxiety.

Nanrong Wanqing gripped the armrest of her wheelchair tightly, her thin lips lightly bitten, her palms sweaty, watching Ling Chen worriedly, unsure if he had been injured.

Ling Chen took a deep breath to ease the pain in his body, and his pale complexion gradually returned to normal.

Indeed worthy of being the fifth master on the Tiger List, the Combined Attack Skills of Qiu Wen and Qiu Wu were exquisitely brilliant. Clearly refined through countless trials, not only was their coordination tacit, but their steps were also proficient, alternating attack and defense, making it difficult to detect the switch. More critically, the individual strengths of these two were not inferior. Whether it was their boxing or leg techniques, both were deeply accomplished.

If it were one-on-one, he could barely be confident of maintaining an undefeated stance, but that was just being undefeated; as for defeating his opponent, he lacked the confidence.

In his contemplation, his eyes, sharp as Mo Che's, suddenly flashed with an unusual color, his expression somewhat dazed.

Seeing Ling Chen's prolonged inaction and thoughtful gaze, Qiu Wu, with his thick lips, spoke in a rough voice, chillingly stating: "If you don't want to fight again, then cripple your own legs, to save us brothers the trouble."

Hearing this, Ling Chen still did not move, nor showed any intention to speak. He stood firm, like a mountain, his expression indifferent, his dark eyes showing no hint of emotional turmoil.

"Why bother talking nonsense with him, just cripple him," Jiang Han urged impatiently.

Qiu Wen and Qiu Wu exchanged glances and strode forward, each step carrying an aggressive momentum.

Approaching Ling Chen, and seeing his somewhat blank expression, Qiu Wen coldly smirked, not masking the disdain in his tone: "What's the matter, too scared to make a move?"

However, Ling Chen seemed oblivious to his words, as if he hadn't noticed the presence of the two men.

"Bluffing."

Qiu Wu's eyes turned icy, and he threw a punch with incredible speed, aiming directly at Ling Chen's face.

The force of the punch rushed towards him; Ling Chen's eyes suddenly widened, brilliance flashed, and with a loud shout, his originally somewhat pale face suddenly turned red, as if injected with adrenaline.

The sudden shout slightly stunned Qiu Wen and Qiu Wu. Nevertheless, Qiu Wu's fist still thrust forward with undiminished force.

But just when his fist was less than two centimeters from Ling Chen's face, a large hand moved with the speed of lightning and abruptly reached out, tightly grasping his wrist, stopping the punch from advancing any further.

"Let go!"

With a bellowing shout, Qiu Wen's fist harshly slammed into Ling Chen's body.

One step... Two steps...

Merely taking two steps back, Ling Chen's feet were as steady as a rock, firmly planted.

This subtle change was unnoticed by others who merely thought Ling Chen retreating signified a disadvantage. But Qiu Wen and Qiu Wu didn't see it that way. In a fight between masters, no detail was overlooked.

Although it was still Ling Chen, somehow they felt that the current Ling Chen was very different from the earlier Ling Chen, almost like two different people. This difference lay in one's momentum, that is, the aura.

Others may not feel it, but as a martial artist, this feeling is very clear.

At this moment, it felt as if there was a ball of fire inside Ling Chen's body, burning fiercely, growing stronger and seemingly about to swallow him whole. All the windows in the living room were open and the autumn breeze was cool, but his body was covered in sweat, almost soaking his clothes.

Driven by that ball of fire, he found his tactile nerves gradually weakening, barely feeling any external pain.

Not only that, as the evil fire spread in his Dantian, he urgently needed an outlet to vent this evil fire.

Qiu Wen and Qiu Wu undoubtedly became the best targets for venting.

Watching Ling Chen step by step, his eyes icy cold like a beast lurking in the darkness of the night, devoid of any emotional fluctuations, only primitive bestiality remained—brutal, bloodthirsty, as if wanting to tear everything apart.

Over the years, these brothers had sparred with numerous masters to climb to the fifth position on the Tiger List. However, they had never encountered such terrifying eyes.

Through Ling Chen's pitch-black eyes, they seemed to see piles of corpses, blood everywhere, gusts of chilling wind whistling past their ears, sending shivers all over.

However, as top experts of the Tiger List, after a brief shock, Qiu Wen and Qiu Wu immediately came to their senses, staring at Ling Chen with serious expressions.

After exchanging a glance, the brothers very tacitly launched their attack.

One on the left, one on the right, one punch, one kick, overwhelming in momentum.

Bang!

The fist met flesh; Qiu Wu's round kick ferociously struck Ling Chen's knee, aiming to cripple his leg.

However, Ling Chen remained unmoved, all the pain transformed into a surge of evil fire, burning within his body.

The more the evil fire flared, the stronger his power became, as if he had endless strength.

With a smirk, a sinister smile appeared on Ling Chen's face.

"Your turn, gentlemen."

Qiu Wen and Qiu Wu's pupils shrunk, a foreboding feeling surged in their hearts, and they hastily retreated. But as Qiu Wen turned, a large hand had already landed on his shoulder, gripping his collarbone like a sharp claw, the fingertips nearly piercing the flesh, the pain piercing to the bone.

"Let go!"

Qiu Wen's face turned iron-blue, he shouted sharply and swung a punch in retaliation.

Ling Chen did not dodge, his steel fist fiercely shot out, clashing with his head-on, not falling behind at all.

Feeling the sudden increase in his strength, Qiu Wen was shocked, quickly retracted his fist, and leaped up with his legs, forcefully pushing against Ling Chen's legs, trying to break free from the grip.

But at that moment, the hand that Ling Chen had on his left shoulder forcefully tightened, followed by a twist of his waist and spreading his arms, spinning on the ground. Before Qiu Wen could react, he was already suspended in the air, rapidly spinning under Ling Chen's momentum.

"Big brother!"

Seeing Qiu Wen being subdued, Qiu Wu immediately panicked, rushing forward to assist.

However, Ling Chen was keeping an eye on his movements. Seeing him approaching, he loosened his five fingers and with the momentum, Qiu Wen's body immediately flew out, slamming hard against the wall, then 'bang' fell onto the floor.

"Ling Chen, you..."

Before Qiu Wu could finish shouting, a powerful leg already swept across.

Chapter 252 A Bully Is Always a Bully's Grindstone

"You're asking for death!"

Enraged, Qiu Wu did not hesitate, his body slightly leaning back, his hefty thighs lifting high to meet Ling Chen's assault.

The two snap kicks collided hard, and neither man was pushed back. Seizing the opportunity before Qiu Wen could join the fight, Ling Chen pressed on step by step, his legs taking turns attacking, with each strike stronger than the last.

After five consecutive clashes, Qiu Wu's complexion had changed, both his legs aching and swelling immensely. Even more fatal was the sensation of a fracture in his right leg bone, causing him faint pain.

He looked at Ling Chen with a face full of astonishment. The guy had previously showed less strength than him, but now he seemed to be growing stronger with every battle. Could it be that the opponent had been concealing his true power all along?

At this moment, Ling Chen gave a strange and sinister smile, his punches and kicks coming out in tandem, attacking like a whirlwind that left Qiu Wu struggling to keep up.

Suddenly, Ling Chen's movements paused, and he appeared to stare past Qiu Wu's shoulder with eyes wide and a look of shock on his face.

Noticing the change in his expression, Qiu Wu's curiosity got the better of him, and he couldn't help but turn his head to look behind him. But all he saw was Jiang Han sitting in a chair. There was nothing else.

While he was momentarily distracted, a gust of wind abruptly struck him.

"Second brother, be careful!"

Before Qiu Wen's voice had even finished echoing, Ling Chen's whipping leg had already shot through the air, striking heavily on Qiu Wu's head and neck.

Immediately, Qiu Wu staggered, seeing stars as if he were drunk, and swaying before crashing to the ground, unconscious.

"Ling Chen, you're despicable, using such tactics," Qiu Wen said furiously, staring daggers at him. Ignoring his own pain, he quickly rushed to Qiu Wu's side to check his condition.

"Me, despicable?" Ling Chen 'ptooey' in contempt, cursed: "It's two against one, and you're calling me despicable? Damn it, all is fair in war. You don't even understand such a simple principle; I seriously doubt you graduated from elementary school."

"You..."

"What 'you'? Cut the crap, a loss is a loss. It doesn't matter if you don't admit it, as long as the Heavenly Mechanism Pavilion acknowledges it."

Qiu Wen opened his mouth but was speechless.

Seeing that he had nothing more to say, Ling Chen strode past him, heading straight for Jiang Han.

At this moment, Jiang Han was struggling to remain in his seat. He had never dreamed that the situation, which had seemed so securely in his favor, would be reversed by Ling Chen. Watching Qiu Wu lying unconscious, his throat moved, and he rose with a fearsome expression, pointing at Ling Chen's nose, shouting, "What are you trying to do?"

Ling Chen grinned, a hint of cold light in his eyes: "Nothing much. You stormed into the Nanrong Family's territory, swaggering around and causing blood to be shed. If I let you walk away just like that, I reckon the folks of the Nanrong Family wouldn't be pleased. So, heh heh, I just have to inconvenience you a bit."

Jiang Han's complexion changed, exclaiming in alarm and anger: "Ling Chen, I am a member of the Jiang Family. If you dare lay a finger on me, I..."

Slap!

A loud smack cut off Jiang Han's threat.

Ling Chen rubbed his hands together, smiling amiably at Jiang Han, "Sorry, what was that you were saying? I didn't quite catch it."

Jiang Han, covering his swiftly swelling cheek, glared furiously, teeth clenched, "Fuck your mother, how dare you hit me. You just remember, I'll definitely make you..."

Slap!

Another crisp slap echoed.

Ling Chen's smile remained unchanged as he leaned his ear closer to the other person.

"Mr. Jiang, I didn't hear you clearly. Could you speak up? What is it exactly that you want?"

This time, Jiang Han learned his lesson and kept his mouth tightly shut, looking at Ling Chen with venomous eyes, not saying a word. He knew all too well that if he dared to utter another word, a slap would undoubtedly find its way across his face. He wasn't a masochist; he had some self-awareness. Without Qiu Wen and his brother's help, he was no match for Ling Chen.

All he could do now was endure, as long as he could return to the Jiang Family, the Jiang Family would surely stand up for him.

Slap!

At that moment, a loud slap echoed once again in the living room.

"Ling Chen!"

Having received three slaps in a row, the veins on Jiang Han's forehead bulged, clearly indicating he was at the peak of his rage. The two words "Ling Chen" were almost roared out with all his strength.

The others present were all puzzled, with Jiang Han having not said a single word, why was he slapped again?

Ling Chen shrugged his shoulders, seemingly unaffected by Jiang Han's fury, and said indifferently, "I asked you to speak, and you don't; doesn't that mean you're asking for it?"

Hearing this, Jiang Han was so angry he almost passed out. Words could no longer express his rage.

Seeing Jiang Han's defeat, a slight smile played on everyone's lips, a look of wanting to laugh but not daring to filled their faces. The bully finally met his match; Jiang Han was unreasonable, and Ling Chen was even less so.

"Enough!" Finally, Jiang Ying couldn't stand it anymore and intervened, "Ling Chen, if you don't want trouble for yourself, you'd better apologize to him now."

"Apologize?"

Ling Chen turned to look at her, enunciating each word, "Why should I apologize to him? Oh, I'm sorry, I almost forgot, you're also a Jiang. But, Miss Jiang, the Nanrong Family hasn't said a word, what right do you have to call the shots here?"

Jiang Ying said sternly, "Ling Chen, it's your business if you want to look for trouble. I don't care, but don't drag the Nanrong Family into it."

"Miss Jiang, we should be reasonable. When that bastard was bullying the people of the Nanrong Family, why didn't you stop him?"

"I..."

"Shut up!" Ling Chen snapped coldly: "Don't give me those useless excuses. I know you're in a tough spot, having to take care of both the Jiang Family and the Nanrong Family, but let me make it clear to you, I'm not indecisive like you; I only stand with the Nanrong Family. Anyone who dares to bully the Nanrong Family, I will not let them off. Today, out of respect for Wanqing's parents, I won't make it hard

for him. But don't blame me for not warning you, if there's a next time, you might walk in here but you'll be crawling out."

"Ling Chen, you will regret this."

With those words, Jiang Ying looked at Nanrong Yong and Nanrong Wanqing, pleading, "Uncle Yong, Wanqing, listen to me, going against the Jiang Family does you no good. Can't we all just take a step back and calmly resolve this issue? Do you really want to repeat the events of the past?"

Nanrong Yong said in a deep voice, "Jiang Ying, I know you mean well for our Nanrong Family. However, as long as the Jiang Family is unwilling to compromise, our Nanrong Family will not back down. Just now, Ling Chen was right; our Nanrong Family is not a place where the Jiang Family can run amok. If the Jiang Family dares to bully us and I still retreat, how can the Nanrong Family stand tall in the future?"

After a pause, his tone chilled, "The incident that happened in the past is still vivid in my memory, and I have sworn never to let anything like that happen again. If the Jiang Family has no regard for our relationship and insists on pushing our Nanrong Family, then let's have a fight to the bitter end."

"A fight?" Jiang Han scoffed, disdainfully, "Does your Nanrong Family even have the right to contend with our Jiang Family?"

Slap!

Ling Chen casually delivered another slap and glared, "Did I ask you to speak?"

Brothers and sisters, continue to recommend and collect, send a wave of support.

Chapter 253 Exhaustion

Several slaps later, Jiang Han's cheeks were swollen to an extreme, resembling a pig's head, and even his voice had changed.

"Wanqing!" Jiang Ying glanced at Nanrong Wanqing and pinned his last hopes on her. However, Nanrong Wanqing appeared indifferent, seemingly with no intention to speak. Noticing this, Jiang Ying

sighed in resignation, unwilling to waste more words, and said to Jiang Han, who bore a look of resentment, "Let's go back."

Jiang Han opened his mouth, wanting to throw out a harsh statement. But upon meeting Ling Chen's icy gaze, he swallowed his words, bit his teeth in fury, and followed Jiang Ying out of the living room. Qiu Wen, carrying the unconscious Qiu Wu, quickly followed suit, disappearing from the Nanrong Family's doorstep.

"Chen, it's still you who's the formidable one." Nanrong Hao walked over to Ling Chen with a beaming smile, excitedly patted his shoulder hard.

"Ouch!"

Ling Chen inhaled sharply, his face turning pale from pain, and couldn't help but curse, "Can't you be a little gentler?"

Nanrong Hao paused, looked at his hand, and said with slight surprise, "Chen, I didn't use much strength."

"Nonsense, who'd believe you."

Ling Chen rubbed his shoulder, feeling as if his entire body was falling apart, with not a single place without pain. Especially his legs, which hurt beyond description—every step felt like a muscle cramp, an excruciating pain, as if two willow branches were constantly swaying.

Seeing his painful expression, Nanrong Wanqing couldn't hide the worry in her beautiful eyes and quickly wheeled the wheelchair in front of him, asking with concern, "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine." Ling Chen managed a forced smile. However, no sooner had he finished speaking than his legs seemed to disobey him, his knees buckled, and he sat down on the floor with a thud, grimacing in pain.

"Chen!" Nanrong Hao was shocked and immediately called Su Lin over to help him up from the ground and sit him down on a nearby chair.

"Ling Chen, the Nanrong Family owes you a lot for stepping in and preventing the Jiang Family from succeeding," said Nanrong Yong gratefully. "I won't say thank you; should you have any needs in the future, the Nanrong Family will do its utmost to meet your requests."

"Old Master, I have only one request right now—could you please send me back to my room so I can lie down properly?"

If possible, it'd be even better to have two beautiful nurses take care of him. However, he didn't dare to voice this last request, only thinking about it to himself.

Back in the bedroom, Ling Chen lay on the bed, trying to relax his body to alleviate some of the pain.

This Prajnaparamita Sutra was powerful indeed, but it was too perverse. He thought to himself. He Ziyun was right, only by breaking through could the Prajnaparamita Sutra truly show its effect.

However, this mental method was too unorthodox.

Moreover, the Prajnaparamita Sutra was clearly drawing on his potential to exert great strength in a short period, but it also brought potentially unforeseeable aftereffects to his body.

As he pondered, his thoughts involuntarily drifted to Xia Mutong, and he truly needed to thank her this time. If it wasn't for her help, driving the police car to bring him back, he probably couldn't have made it to the Nanrong Family in time.

...

"You two wastes of space, failing to deal with Ling Chen and still having the gall to claim yourselves as the fifth-ranked experts on the Tiger List. In my view, the so-called experts of the Tiger List are nothing but trash," In a suite at a hotel in East Sea City, Jiang Han pointed at Qiu Wen and Qiu Wu's noses, berating them loudly, venting his anger.

Qiu Wen and his brother hung their heads low, standing obediently without a murmur of dissent, far removed from the imposing manner of a Tiger List expert. Although they too were seething inside, the mere thought of the Jiang Family's influence sent a shiver through their bodies, fear apparent in their eyes.

"Don't be angry anymore; it's not their fault." Jiang Ying tried to calm the situation from the sideline.

"It's all Ling Chen's fault," Jiang Han hissed through clenched teeth, his eyes brimming with hatred. Taking a deep breath, he struggled to suppress his anger and said coldly, "No, we must bring the person back no matter what. This is the first time the Family Head has entrusted me with such an important task. If I mess this up, I'll have no face to stay with the Jiang Family."

At this point, he frowned and continued, "I really don't understand what the Family Head is thinking. Of the two Nanrong heirs, one is a good-for-nothing and the other is crippled. What use could they possibly be?"

"What do you plan to do?"

"Forget about that good-for-nothing Nanrong Hao; bringing him back is pointless. We just need to get Nanrong Wanqing back to the Jiang Family. Cousin, you have been helping the Nanrong Family for so many years; you should know them well. I still need your help with this."

Jiang Ying shook her head, "The Nanrong Family has treated me well over the years; I cannot betray them."

"Cousin, don't forget, you have no ties to the Nanrong Family; you are ultimately a member of the Jiang Family. Don't you wish to return to the Jiang Family?"

"Return to the Jiang Family?" Hearing these words, Jiang Ying couldn't contain her excitement, "Really...is that possible?"

Jiang Han slightly curved the corners of his mouth, nodding, "Of course. In fact, the Family Head knows you've had a hard time out there. No matter what mistakes you made before, these twenty-odd years should have been enough to make amends." As he spoke, he observed Jiang Ying's hesitant expression

and continued to coax her, "Cousin, I know you have deep feelings for the Nanrong Family, but you have to understand that by helping the Nanrong Family, it's just that they can't appreciate your hard work. If the Nanrong Family falls out with the Jiang Family, it will be the Nanrong Family who loses out in the end."

Jiang Ying's gaze flickered, torn with indecision. Yet, upon reflecting on Jiang Han's words, she firmed her gaze, gave a slight nod, and asked, "What do you want me to do for you?"

Seeing her concede, Jiang Han smiled with satisfaction, "Don't worry; I won't ask you to do anything too difficult."

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After resting for two days and receiving meticulous care from the Nanrong Family, Ling Chen's health was largely restored.

Early in the morning, Ling Chen got up alone and went out to the villa's lawn, stretched his arms, and warmed up his body by twisting his waist. After lying down for two days, it was high time to move or he'd rust.

"Brother Chen."

At this moment, Nanrong Hao came running over in a tracksuit, drenched in sweat.

Ling Chen glanced at him and asked, "Finished your training?"

Nanrong Hao nodded, his face full of yearning, "Brother Chen, how long do I need to train before I can make it onto the Tiger List?"

"Heh!" Ling Chen let out a sardonic laugh, "Give it another hundred years and you might stand a chance."

"Ah?" Nanrong Hao was taken aback, his face turning sour, "Brother Chen, is my talent really that poor?"

"It's not about talent; it's that you started learning too late. To truly master martial arts, one must start cultivating at the ages of five or six, strengthening the fundamental skills. Only with a solid foundation can you reach the next level. You're already in your twenties, having missed the optimal learning age. However, as long as you persevere, even if you can't make it to the Tiger List, you won't be too far off."

Ling Chen did not want to dampen his enthusiasm, so he offered words of encouragement.

Chapter 254 Artificial Respiration

Eight o'clock in the morning.

After dropping Nanrong Wanqing off at Hongyu Group, Ling Chen usually heads back to the security department's office.

But at this moment, the ringtone of his cellphone suddenly blares. Checking the caller ID, he wonders, What does this girl want with me?

Answering the call, he says "Hello," and then asks, "Lady Su, is there something you need?"

"Where are you?" Su Lin's voice comes through, sounding congested as if her nose is blocked, lazy and listless.

"Have you caught a cold?"

"Ah, stop asking so many questions. I'm at home; come pick me up quickly." With that, Su Lin hangs up the phone.

This woman... Considering she's sick, I won't hold it against her. Ling Chen informs Nanrong Wanqing and then drives his muscle car back to Wealthy Manor.

Arriving at the villa, Ling Chen goes straight upstairs to Su Lin's bedroom door and knocks softly.

"Come in, the door's unlocked."

Ling Chen pushes the door open, steps into the room, and is hit with a wave of intoxicating fragrance. This is his first time entering Su Lin's bedroom, and as he takes in the decor, he can't help but chuckle.

The room is dominated by pink hues, from the wall paint to the wardrobe bed sheets, including all the room's light fixtures, every detail screams pink. They say every girl harbors a princess dream, and this one's no exception. It's just that, at twenty-something years old, to keep such pure fantasies is indeed rare.

Taking a brief look around, he turns his gaze to the bed where he sees Su Lin lying under the covers, wrapped up so only the area above her nose is visible. On the carpet beside the bed, there are numerous crumpled tissues. However, Ling Chen's attention is swiftly drawn to something else.

On the carpet, pink, black lace, white—the floor is littered with various styles of sexy bras and underwear carelessly tossed aside.

Tsk-tsk!

This girl doesn't care at all for her privacy, way too casual. Can these kinds of intimate garments just be thrown around?

Shaking off his wandering thoughts, he approaches the bed with concern, reaches out to touch Su Lin's forehead, and immediately feels alarmed. It's burning up; this girl is seriously ill.

"Lady Su, you have a high fever. I should take you to the hospital."

"No hospital." Su Lin's muffled voice comes from within the covers.

"How can you not? You are so sick," Ling Chen exclaims speechlessly. She called him back here, and he thought she wanted him to take her to the hospital.

Extending a fair arm from under the covers, Su Lin casually grabs a tissue, blows her nose, and says, "Just drive me to school later."

"School?" Ling Chen is taken aback. He nearly forgot it's Monday. But she's this sick, how can she go to school? Besides, he's never noticed her being particularly eager to study.

With that in mind, he tries to persuade her earnestly, "Lady Su, you are seriously ill, you should quickly see a doctor. Don't let it get worse."

Su Lin exclaims impatiently, "Why so many words? If I ask you to drive, you drive. Don't forget what you promised me, you can't refuse my requests."

"Alright, alright, you win," Ling Chen concedes with a helpless shake of his head. This girl is bringing up the incident when he took advantage of her, and he really has no way out.

"You wait outside for a bit, I'm going to take a shower and change clothes before coming out."

After Su Lin spoke, Ling Chen turned around, walked out of the bedroom, and sat in the living room to wait for her to come out.

However, just after sitting down for a little while, he heard a 'thud' from the floor above, as if something had fallen onto the ground.

Ling Chen, feeling uneasy, approached the bedroom and knocked, saying: "Lady Su, are you alright?"

After calling out several times and getting no response from inside the room, Ling Chen was startled, could something have gone wrong? Thinking this, he quickly pushed the door open and entered. The bed was empty, with nobody in the master bedroom; there was the sound of rushing water coming from the bathroom.

He glanced inside, noting that the bathroom door was half-open. He called out Su Lin's name a couple of times, but received no answer from within. Could she have fainted?

Unfortunately, Nanny Wang was not there; she had gone out to buy groceries, otherwise, he could have asked her to take a look. After all, it was Su Lin's private bathroom, and it would be quite problematic for him if he barged in and saw something not suitable for children.

But he couldn't ignore Su Lin's safety either. Hesitating for a moment, he gritted his teeth, deciding he couldn't care about that now.

Without delay, he pushed the door to the bathroom open and right away, his expression changed drastically.

Su Lin was lying naked in a bathtub filled with water, with a bruise on her forehead and a cut; she had lost consciousness, and there was even a smear of blood on the wall beside her. Evidently, Su Lin had hit her forehead and fainted. At this moment, the water in the bathtub had already gone over her head, submerging her body, and was spilling out bit by bit.

This is bad!

Ling Chen's heart raced with fear, unable to think any further. He hurriedly lifted her delicate body out of the bathtub and quickly carried her back to the bedroom.

"Su Lin, Su Lin..." He patted Su Lin's cheeks, trying to wake her up, but there was no reaction, and he even couldn't feel her breathing.

She couldn't possibly have drowned, could she?

Drowning in one's own bathtub, such a story, if it gets out, would hardly be believed by anyone.

But the reality was right before his eyes, and Ling Chen had no choice but to believe it.

"This is to save your life, so don't blame me for taking advantage of you."

He muttered to himself, then he pinched Su Lin's mouth, bent down, and kissed her cold, red lips, blowing air into her body. Subsequently, he placed his hands on Su Lin's full chest and gently pressed down.

After several rounds of artificial respiration, Su Lin suddenly raised her head and expelled a mouthful of water, coughing violently.

Seeing she had finally regained consciousness, Ling Chen inwardly heaved a sigh of relief. It was a good thing he discovered the situation in time; otherwise, this girl would have died. To drown in her own bathtub, had he not witnessed it with his own eyes, he wouldn't have believed it.

After a while, Su Lin caught her breath and then realized she was lying on the bed with no clothes on, with Ling Chen standing by her side. In shock and anger, she quickly grabbed the quilt to cover her exposed body, looking at Ling Chen with shame and indignation, "What... what have you done to me?"

Ling Chen shrugged, "What needed to be done is done, and what shouldn't have been done, is also done."

"What?" Su Lin's pretty face turned pale, "You..."

Seeing her bewildered look, Ling Chen didn't have the heart to joke with her any longer, he quickly said: "Alright, alright, I won't tease you anymore, I didn't do anything. You should be thanking me; if it wasn't for my timely arrival, your life would have been gone."

Su Lin looked at him half-believingly: "You really didn't do anything?"

Ling Chen was at a loss for words, not caring about the danger she just faced; instead, she worried about whether her advantage was taken. He couldn't understand what was going on in this girl's mind. Did to women, their purity really rank above their life?

Chapter 255 Tang Shiyun Encounters Danger

After hearing Ling Chen recount what had just happened, Su Lin seemed to recall the incident. Rubbing the bruise on her forehead, she muttered, "I just wanted to take a bath, but who knew the floor was so slippery that I fell."

"Be more careful in the future, it's fortunate that I was here this time. Alright, you just rest here, I'll be back shortly after I step out for a moment."

Leaving the Nanrong Family's residence, Ling Chen drove out of Wealthy Manor and went to a pharmacy on the street to purchase several boxes of cold medicine and fever reducers.

Back at home, he brought a warm cup of water to Su Lin's bedside, "Here, take the medicine."

Su Lin obediently swallowed the medicine, her face flushed red as she looked at Ling Chen, seeming hesitant to speak.

"What's the matter, something you don't dare to say? That doesn't seem like you, Lady Su," Ling Chen teased.

"That... did you... did you just give me mouth-to-mouth resuscitation?"

Ling Chen touched his nose, privately thinking, 'Does this girl want to trouble me because I took her first kiss?' Despite his thoughts, he replied, "Yes, is there a problem?"

Su Lin glanced at him, her eyes flitting away as she stammered, "No... no problem."

"Then rest well. I'll be in the living room. Call me if you need anything."

As Ling Chen turned to leave, Su Lin hastily called out to him, "Don't tell Wanqing about what happened today. If she knows, she will definitely scold me."

Ling Chen, nonchalant, nodded, "Got it."

At noon, Ling Chen stayed at home for lunch and planned to take a nap before heading back to the company to pick up Nanrong Wanqing. However, at this moment, Su Lin descended from upstairs, neatly dressed and lightly made up, looking ready to go out.

"You're not well yet, where are you going?"

"I'm going to school."

Hearing this, Ling Chen looked at her with confusion and asked, "Why do you need to go to school? Is there a handsome guy waiting for you?"

"Definitely not, I don't have eyes for any of the men there." Su Lin explained patiently, "Today, Tang Shiyun is back at school. She's now a hot celebrity, and I missed her concert in Beijing last time. I can't miss this chance again. Aren't you acquainted with her? I asked you to come back because I wanted you to accompany me to school. With you there, we'll certainly be able to see her."

So this girl insisted on going to school despite being sick, all for the sake of meeting Tang Shiyun.

Tsk, I must say, Tang Shiyun's charm is indeed extraordinary, even Su Lin is smitten, turning into a crazy fan.

"Will you come with me, please?" Su Lin, fearful that Ling Chen would refuse, tugged at his hand, pleading.

"Alright, alright." Ling Chen had no other choice but to agree due to her persistence.

"Yay!" Su Lin was all smiles with excitement.

Once they were in the car, Su Lin couldn't resist her curiosity and asked, "How close are you with Tang Shiyun?"

"Why do you ask?"

"If you're close, we could invite her to have dinner. Don't worry, I'll foot the bill, and you won't have to pay a penny."

"I can't promise that. Eh, why is she returning to East Sea University this time?"

"It seems like she's here to take a leave of absence. She's now the hottest star in the country, and everyone wants her for movies or reality shows; she doesn't have time to come back to school. How did you get to know her?"

"We used to be neighbors."

Su Lin said enviously, "You're so lucky."

Ling Chen shrugged, noncommittal.

Twenty minutes later, the two drove to East Sea University. Ling Chen parked the car on the side of the road, and as he looked at the exceedingly crowded university gate, he couldn't help but click his tongue in amazement.

At this moment, the entrance to East Sea University was jam-packed with onlookers and numerous journalists and cameramen armed with their equipment. Even Tang Shiyun's fan club had come out in full force, gathering together with homemade placards held high, bearing the words "I Love You" in large print—the scene was bubbling with excitement.

If it weren't for the police officers who had been deployed to assist, the school's security staff alone would have undoubtedly failed to hold back these frenzied fans.

Ling Chen was aware that Tang Shiyun was popular, but he hadn't anticipated fame of this magnitude. A girl who had just turned eighteen reaching such heights was unprecedented, if not altogether unparalleled, in the country.

After getting out of the car, Ling Chen led Su Lin to the outskirts of the crowd to try entering the school. However, the entrance was completely blocked by the crowd, making it impossible to get through. Moreover, the police had set up a cordon, forbidding anyone from getting close to the gate.

Su Lin looked at Ling Chen with a plea for help, signaling him to think of a solution.

Ling Chen spread his hands in a gesture of helplessness. There were too many people at the gate; even if they managed to squeeze through, the police would stop them. Plus, people were guarding the outside of the school wall to prevent anyone from climbing over into the school.

"Let's just wait out here honestly."

Standing on the outside of the crowd, Ling Chen folded his arms and looked at the reporters guarding the entrance, chuckling, "This is quite the spectacle. It's attracted even the reporters from the East Sea Daily." East Sea Daily was a publication focused on public welfare and never engaged in entertainment news, priding itself on earnestness. Besides that, he noticed that journalists from some provincial news stations had also arrived.

"You don't know?"

"Know what?" Ling Chen asked, puzzled.

"They're not here to compete for entertainment headlines, but because of the suicide incident that happened a few days ago."

"A suicide incident? What suicide incident?" Ling Chen asked in surprise.

"It's all because the fans are too crazy. After having his declarations of love rejected, one of them took it to the extreme," Su Lin said while walking to a nearby newsstand. She bought a newspaper and handed it to Ling Chen, "Read it for yourself."

Ling Chen couldn't wait to unfold the newspaper and find the news about the fan's suicide.

Halfway through reading, he found it unbearable to continue. The paper stated that a male fan in his twenties was insanely obsessed with Tang Shiyun, sending her a love letter each day to her company, and even repeatedly showing up where Tang Shiyun lived, waiting desperately in hopes that Tang Shiyun would accept his love.

After being rejected several times, the disheartened fan was overwhelmed with sorrow. After leaving a message on Weibo that looked suspiciously like a suicide note, he jumped off an overpass, ending his life.

Since the incident, neither Tang Shiyun's company nor she herself had made any statements, which was why all major media outlets were eager to nab the headline and secure an interview with Tang Shiyun for her comments on the matter.

Ling Chen shook his head. It was clear that the incident wasn't Tang Shiyun's fault—the fan was the one who had been unreasonably infatuated, not cherishing his own life.

As he pondered, the noise at the school gate grew louder, with the police and school security beginning to clear the area.

At the same time, a stretched Lincoln slowly drove out from inside the school. Immediately, all fans and reporters rushed forward, encircling the Lincoln Sedan.

Bang!

Suddenly, a crisp sound rang out. Ling Chen looked up just in time to see the glass of the Lincoln's window shatter.

Following that, an arm reached out from the crowd, holding up a beer bottle that had been lit, and threw it into the car through the window.

Boom!

In a flash, towering flames erupted from inside the car, instantly forcing the surrounding crowd to retreat.

Chapter 256 Explosion

"Murder!"

The crowded scene instantly became chaotic, filled with terrified screams everywhere. People stuck inside tried desperately to escape, pushing against those outside, but it was equally crowded outside. In the collision, many people lost their balance and fell to the ground. Before they could get up, people behind stepped on them.

For a moment, the scene was out of control, screams of horror and cries for help intertwined in an instant.

The police and the school security responsible for the alert did not expect such a sudden incident, and they froze on the spot, unsure of what to do. Moreover, their numbers could not change anything; they could only watch helplessly as the stampede unfolded, unable to carry out any rescue.

"Shiyun!"

In the moment the flames surged, Ling Chen's face drastically changed, turning pale with his lips trembling slightly. The smell of gasoline—it was a homemade incendiary bomb!

At this moment, his mind was blank, his only concern was for Tang Shiyun's safety. He even forgot Su Lin next to him and madly rushed toward the stretched Lincoln Sedan. However, there were too many people outside the Lincoln Sedan, all desperately rushing out while he alone squeezed inside.

He clenched his teeth, pushing against the crowd, and madly ran towards the Lincoln Sedan. Seconds later, when he arrived at the Lincoln Sedan, he saw both front and back doors were already open, the driver and passengers had quickly jumped out of the car after the bomb exploded. But, the incendiary bomb made with gasoline was very adhesive and flammable, once it stuck on someone, it was difficult to extinguish.

Ling Chen glanced around and saw three men next to the Lincoln Sedan, all male, currently rolling on the ground desperately to extinguish the flames on their bodies.

No women? His heart sank, could Tang Shiyun still be in the car?

With this thought, he quickly looked into the Lincoln Sedan, hurried forward, and shouted Tang Shiyun's name loudly. However, the fire inside the Lincoln was intense, flames wildly surged from the car windows, almost enveloping the entire car, making it impossible to approach.

"Shiyun, Shiyun..."

Bang!

Amidst the shouts, the Lincoln Sedan suddenly exploded at the front.

Disaster!

Ling Chen's pupils constricted, if the fire spread to the gas tank and ignited the gasoline inside, it would certainly cause a secondary explosion, and people within ten meters could hardly escape.

At this moment, the three people who had escaped from the vehicle had extinguished the flames on their bodies, but had large burns all over, looking dreadful and were breathless, lying motionless on the ground, completely unable to flee.

"Ling Chen, come back!" From dozens of meters away, Su Lin shouted loudly, her tone unable to hide her own anxiety.

Ling Chen glanced at the burning Lincoln Sedan and then at the three men lying on the ground, his expression hesitant. After a brief contemplation, he finally made a decision, picked up the bodies of two men, and quickly rushed out of the explosion range.

When he rescued the last man, the Lincoln Sedan exploded loudly, debris and sparks scattered everywhere within more than ten meters around the center of the explosion.

"Shiyun..."

"Miss Tang... wasn't... inside..." Suddenly, the last man he rescued said weakly, his words intermittent and his body extremely weak.

"Really?"

Hearing this, Ling Chen's eyes brightened, feeling like hearing heavenly music, unable to suppress the excitement in his heart, he quickly asked, "Where is she?"

"The principal's office..."

"Ling Chen!" At this moment, Su Lin rushed over in a hurry, her face full of concern, "Are you injured?"

"I'm fine." Ling Chen smiled slightly, knowing that Tang Shiyun was safe and sound, his heart finally settled down. The explosion that happened just a moment ago really scared him to death.

Soon, the police gradually gained control of the scene. An ambulance was on its way, and the medical staff from East Sea University arrived first to provide emergency treatment to the three burn victims to prevent infection in their wounds.

At this moment, the crowd of onlookers and reporters who had just escaped danger crowded around him, and the flashbulbs flashed non-stop. Several reporters surrounded Ling Chen, eagerly pushing their cameras toward him.

"Sir, you just risked your life to save three people, do you have anything you'd like to say now?"

"Sir, I am a reporter from the East Sea Daily, and I would like to interview you about your heroic actions."

"..."

Faced with all these questions from reporters, Ling Chen, unable to bear the attention, grabbed Su Lin's hand and ran towards the campus. He had no interest in being on camera; as a former ghost squadron

member, he strongly resisted revealing his identity. Being a student at East Sea University, with Su Lin leading the way, the two quickly left the trailing reporters far behind.

"Where is the principal's office?"

"Just ahead, what are you going to do?" Su Lin looked at him puzzledly.

"Shiyun is there, I'm going to see her."

Su Lin patted her ample chest, still frightened, and said, "Thank goodness she wasn't in the car just now. I don't know who could be so cruel to target her. Whoever did this must be caught and executed."

Ling Chen frowned secretly as the attack had happened too quickly, and with too many people around the Lincoln Sedan, the perpetrator had managed to throw the firebomb and then disappear into the crowd without leaving any clues.

When they arrived at the principal's office.

Ling Chen pushed the door open, and upon entering, he saw Tang Shiyun sitting there, her expression anxious. Her delicate face was filled with worry, her thin lips slightly pale, having lost their color. Tear stains lingered at the corners of her eyes; she had clearly been crying. Zhu Yansong was beside her, trying to comfort her.

"Shiyun!"

Hearing that familiar voice, Tang Shiyun quickly looked up and saw Ling Chen approaching. She immediately lost control of her emotions and rushed toward him, burying herself into Ling Chen's arms and tightly wrapping her arms around his waist with tears brimming in her eyes, her expression sorrowful as she sobbed, "Ling, it's all my fault, I caused their harm."

Ling Chen gently patted her back, his voice soft, "It's okay, they are not in life-threatening danger. Besides, if anyone is to blame, it's the person who committed the attack, not you. Don't blame yourself too much."

"But..."

"Come on, stop crying."

Su Lin watched Tang Shiyun clinging to Ling Chen, a hint of surprise flashing in her eyes. Their relationship... seemed to be more than just friends, as it was clear from Tang Shiyun's expression that she relied heavily on Ling Chen.

After a while, with Ling Chen's comfort, Tang Shiyun's emotions gradually stabilized.

Su Lin brought over a glass of water, handing it to Tang Shiyun, and took out a pack of tissues from her bag and handed it to her.

"Miss Tang, wipe your tears first, take some rest."

"Thank you."

Chapter 257 Shrew

Seeing Tang Shiyun accompanied by Su Lin, Ling Chen approached Zhu Yansong and asked, "Mr. Zhu, do you know who might be wishing harm upon Shiyun?"

Zhu Yansong gave a bitter smile, shook his head, and said, "How would I know? Miss Tang has just entered this circle, she has a good personality, and is likable. She has never made enemies with anyone. If there has been any conflict, it might only be with..."

He paused, his words trailing off, as he gave Ling Chen a meaningful look.

Being a clever man, Ling Chen quickly caught on and blurted out, "Are you referring to Zhang Zekai from Beijing?"

"Yes. But, based on my knowledge of the Zhang Family, even if they are bold, they wouldn't dare to do such a thing. Murder is no trifle matter, and getting caught could ruin a lifetime. Although President

Zhang and Miss Tang had some disputes, it hasn't reached that extent. Sigh, I noticed earlier there were many people outside, so I asked the staff to leave in the car first, to divert the reporters' attention, but I didn't expect... it really was a narrow escape this time."

Zhu Yansong wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, internally feeling relieved.

"Mr. Zhu, besides you and Shiyun, is there anyone else?"

"Yes, Miss Yao is also here, she just went to the restroom."

"Miss Yao?" Ling Chen was momentarily taken aback, then quickly realized. The Miss Yao mentioned by Zhu Yansong was Tang Shiyun's mother, Yao Li.

This was bad! Yao Li had always been prejudiced against him, and last time she even moved away from the LC district specifically to sever his relationship with Tang Shiyun. If she saw him here, who knows what trouble it might cause.

With this in mind, he excused himself to Zhu Yansong and turned to leave the office. It was better to avoid meeting Tang Shiyun's mother at this time.

However, sometimes things happen exactly as feared, and there's no escaping it.

As Ling Chen reached the door, before he could even open it, the door was already pushed open from the outside. Yao Li, in a fur coat which made her look even bulkier, her hair done in wave curls, wearing a gold necklace and earrings, suddenly appeared in front of him, a strong perfume smell wafting into his face.

Seeing Yao Li before him, Ling Chen inwardly gave a bitter smile, realizing he was a step too slow to avoid her.

At that moment, Yao Li's face fell upon recognizing Ling Chen, resembling the unpredictable weather of September, instantly overcast with clouds and a cold wind swept through, looking extremely unpleasant.

Ling Chen managed to muster a strained smile, greeting, "Mrs. Yao, hello."

"What are you doing here, who let you in?" Yao Li's tone was sharp, as if facing an enemy, showing no mercy.

"I heard Shiyun was in danger, I happened to be passing by, so..."

Before Ling Chen could finish, Yao Li rudely interrupted, coldly saying, "My daughter's affairs are none of your concern, get out quickly, and stop being an eyesore here."

"Mom!"

Hearing Yao Li's harsh tone, Tang Shiyun immediately became anxious, hurriedly running over to grab Ling Chen, frowning displeasedly, "Ling is kindly here to see me, why are you being so rude to him?"

"Watch him? Could he possibly be that kind-hearted?" Yao Li's voice immediately rose to a high pitch as she stood with one hand on her hip, pointing at Ling Chen's nose like a furious street hawker, she yelled, "Daughter, don't you know what kind of person he is? A small-time hoodlum who is lazy and lacks ambition. Now that he sees you're famous and wealthy, he just wants to take advantage. Mr. Ling, I'm telling you, I know your kind of worthless trash very well, so stay away from my daughter. If I see you again, I'll call the cops and have you arrested for life."

Tang Shiyun defended, "Mom, Ling is not that kind of person, don't talk about him like that."

"Good daughter, I've lived long enough to know people. You have to believe me, I wouldn't misjudge someone." After saying this, Yao Li still not satisfied, continued to curse at Ling Chen, "With your useless garbage self, you think you can take advantage of my daughter? Dream on like a toad aiming for swan meat. Bah! What a joke, get out of here, don't hang around in front of me, you're annoying to look at."

"Hey, how can you talk like that, you have no manners at all."

Seeing her constantly insulting Ling Chen, Su Lin couldn't listen anymore and indignantly spoke up.

Yao Li glanced at Su Lin and cursed mercilessly, "And who are you? Mind your own business."

"You..." Su Lin, furious, replied heatedly, "You just rely on your daughter being a star, what's so great about that? Let me tell you, don't be so arrogant, there are plenty of rich people out there. You don't appreciate Ling Chen because you're short-sighted. Not to insult you, but you're really not in his league now."

"Me? Not in his league?" Yao Li scoffed as if hearing a ridiculous joke, sarcastically said, "Yes, I'm not in his league, only shameless women like you would fall for that kind of thug."

Su Lin trembled with anger, indignant at being called shameless.

"Mom, stop talking," Tang Shiyun, her face pale and almost on the verge of tears, "Su, my mom just has this temper, please don't take it to heart, I apologize on her behalf."

"Daughter, no need to apologize to such people, they can't appreciate it," sneered Yao Li.

"Enough!" Ling Chen, frowning slightly, sternly said, "Mrs. Yao, I only regard Shiyun as a friend, I have no ulterior motives, don't think the worst of everyone. You can scold me, but don't insult my friend. For Shiyun's sake, I won't argue with you today to avoid making it difficult for her, but I advise you, your attitude will hurt Shiyun sooner or later."

"Bah!" Yao Li spat on the ground, "Just stop bothering my daughter, she'll be fine without you."

"Ling, you... you should go back first," Tang Shiyun said with tearful eyes, looking at him pitifully, caught between Ling Chen and her own mother, she did not want to hurt either of them.

Ling Chen sighed softly, nodded and said, "Take care of yourself out there. Mr. Zhu, I'll count on you to take good care of Shiyun."

"Rest assured, I guarantee she won't be hurt," Zhu Yansong promised. He had witnessed the scene and had wanted several times to speak up for Ling Chen but held back as it was personal family matters and not appropriate for an outsider to intervene.

"Lady Su, let's go."

Seeing Ling Chen walk away, Su Lin unwillingly glared at Yao Li and quickly followed him.

"Ling Chen, after she treated you like that, can you really endure it?" Su Lin asked, her face full of indignation, she had never seen someone so lacking in class.

Ling Chen shook his head helplessly, "She's Shiyun's mom, what do you expect me to do? Punish her? Argue back? If I did that, Shiyun would be the one most distressed. Let it go, don't get angry, it's not worth arguing with such a person."

Chapter 258 Wanted List

"Mom, you must not be rude to Ling anymore," Tang Shiyun said with a resentful look at Yao Li inside the principal's office, speaking discontentedly.

"Daughter, I'm doing this for your own good. I'm in my fifties, I've seen more of life than you've walked, and I understand exactly what kind of games Ling Chen is playing. As long as I'm here, he won't take advantage of my daughter."

"Ling is definitely not that kind of person. You made up your mind about him first, thinking he's no good, that's why you're biased against him. Mom, if you keep being like this, I'll ignore you."

Yao Li said irritably, "You're really going to be the death of me. Mr. Zhu, you have children too, tell me, am I right or not?"

"This..." Zhu Yansong hesitated for a moment, then said, "Miss Yao, from my understanding of Mr. Ling, he's probably not the person you think he is."

Yao Li frowned and said sternly, "Now you're starting to speak good of him too."

"I'm just telling the truth. Last time in Beijing, thanks to Mr. Ling's help, Miss Tang was saved from a big trouble. I believe he genuinely has Miss Tang's best interests at heart."

"He was only pretending to be helpful to win my daughter's favor. Hmph, my daughter is going to be a big star in the future, having someone like him around will only tarnish her reputation. Listen to me, if you dare see him again, I'll disown you," Yao Li finished and turned to Zhu Yansong, "And you, Mr. Zhu, don't take it the wrong way, but if I find out you've arranged for them to meet secretly, or if you knew and didn't tell me, I'll immediately have my daughter cancel her contract with Silver Star Entertainment Company. Many companies are vying to sign my daughter now, I'm not worried about finding another."

"I'll be mindful," Zhu Yansong nodded. As an employee of the company, he naturally had to think about the company's interest, it seemed he would have to let Ling Chen down.

...

Outside East Sea University.

Just as Ling Chen and Su Lin stepped out of the campus gate, they saw over a dozen police officers setting up a crime scene tape and conducting a clean-up.

At the same time, three police officers were walking towards them, probably planning to speak with Tang Shiyun to understand the specifics since Tang Shiyun was the potential victim targeted by the assailant.

Seeing the leading female officer, Ling Chen touched his nose, his face slightly embarrassed. This was indeed a bit awkward, bumping into her here.

Ling Chen saw Xia Mutong, and Xia Mutong saw him too. Originally expressionless, her face turned icy cold as flames seemed to flicker in her eyes at his sight. Before even approaching, Ling Chen could already feel her simmering rage hitting him.

As they were about to brush past each other, Ling Chen forced a smile and greeted proactively, "Officer Xia, hello."

"It was fine until I saw you," Xia Mutong responded coldly, "You better not show up in front of me again." After saying that, she quickened her pace and walked past Ling Chen.

Su Lin looked back at the departing Xia Mutong, curiously asking, "Ling Chen, do you have a feud with Officer Xia? She seems to really hate you."

"Don't talk nonsense, she and I are on good terms," Ling Chen replied flippantly, then hurried to a car parked by the roadside, opened the door, and got in.

Checking the time, it was just three o'clock in the afternoon, still a while before Nanrong Wanqing finished work.

"I'll take you home first. You haven't fully recovered from your cold yet, better rest more."

"Okay." Sensing the care in Ling Chen's voice, Su Lin softly responded.

After returning to Wealthy Manor, Ling Chen dropped Su Lin at her home, then drove back to the company.

Halfway there, he suddenly received a call from Hu Fei.

"Hello, Fatty, what's up?"

"Are you free right now?"

"Yes."

"Remember the little restaurant where I treated you to boiled fish last time? I'm here waiting for you, hurry up and come over."

"Okay, I'll be there in half an hour."

After hanging up the phone, Ling Chen immediately turned the car around and headed towards the restaurant.

Hu Fei wouldn't say on the phone, it must be something important, so it was inconvenient to communicate over the phone.

In less than twenty minutes, Ling Chen arrived at the destination. He parked the car by the roadside and walked down the alley. After walking a few dozen meters, he came to a humble restaurant entrance. Perhaps because it was afternoon, the restaurant hadn't opened for business yet.

Knock, knock, knock!

He knocked on the door, and the tightly closed door was immediately opened, revealing a face tinged with a yellowish-pale complexion and full of wrinkles.

"Boss Liu."

Ling Chen greeted with a smile. He had eaten here once before, having tried the boiled fish, and he remembered the restaurant owner vividly. It must be said, Boss Liu's boiled fish was exceptional, delicious, and even better than what five-star chefs could make.

"Mr. Ling, please come in!"

Once inside the restaurant, Ling Chen headed straight to the private room. As soon as he entered, a strong fragrance of fish hit his nose, making one's mouth water.

By the round table, Hu Fei sat alone in a corner, with his sleeves rolled up, eating a hot pot of boiled fish, sweating profusely, and the small private room was steaming hot.

"Tsk ts! Fatty, you really know how to enjoy yourself."

Hu Fei chuckled and pointed to the chair opposite him. With a mouth full of hot fish, he said vaguely, "Come, sit and eat with me."

Although it wasn't dinner time yet, Ling Chen couldn't resist the tempting deliciousness of the boiled fish. Without being bashful, he opened a bottle of beer and started eating with a pair of chopsticks.

Soon, a serving of boiled fish was finished.

"Old Liu, another serving."

"That's enough, just a treat to satisfy the craving."

Hu Fei glanced at him and said nonchalantly, "You better eat up, I'm afraid this might be your last meal."

"Hmm..." Ling Chen raised his head, put down the beer glass he was holding, "What do you mean by that?"

"Somebody wants to kill you."

"Who?"

"How would I know? Hey, tell me, how many people have you offended that they all want you dead?" As he spoke, Hu Fei took out his phone, logged into a website, pulled up a page, and handed it to Ling Chen, "You see for yourself."

"This is... a bounty?" Ling Chen looked at the page displaying his detailed information and exclaimed.

Hu Fei nodded, "This is a bounty list updated by the Secret Society's dark web three hours ago. You did well, you shot up to first place."

"How much money?"

"Seven million US dollars." Hu Fei stretched out three fingers, "There are three clients who posted the bounty, one offers two million, one offers one million, and one offers four million. So, by killing you, one can claim all three rewards."

"Damn!" Ling Chen cursed in dissatisfaction, "They really look down on people, just seven million US dollars, my head is worth at least ten million at least."

"Give it a rest, you're the only one who can enjoy such treatment. I really don't know why you're so hated. Remember, this is a bounty, for such a handsome reward, I estimate many assassins will be restless. As far as I know, several top-notch assassins have already entered the country, you better be careful, I don't want to see you next time in a crematorium."

Ling Chen smirked slightly, casually pulled out a toothpick and put it in his mouth, unconcerned, "Don't worry, I'll definitely outlive you."

Chapter 259 Who Could it Be?

After feasting at a shabby little diner, Ling Chen wiped his mouth, bid Hu Fei goodbye, then got back into his car, his expression cold and stern.

Although he appeared nonchalant in front of Hu Fei, he had become alert inside. He knew what complacency could cost him.

The fact that three individuals simultaneously placed a bounty on his head made him slightly smile; he truly was popular. Among these three, he could only think of Zhu Hong; as for the others, he couldn't figure them out. It seemed like, other than having a mortal enmity with Zhu Hong, he had no other enemies in East Sea City.

Could it be Zhang Zekai? He shook his head, dismissing the idea. Zhang Zekai was involved in the entertainment industry and wouldn't be associated with this sector. The bounty was issued on the Secret Society's dark web, accessible only by insiders. Ordinary people might know of the dark web, but they couldn't contact it.

The Jiang Family?

His mind raced. Just a few days ago, he had humiliated Jiang Han in public, and given Jiang Han's hatred for him, it's very likely he could have financed the bounty. Furthermore, Jiang Han was now associated with the sixth-ranked master on the Tiger List... not fifth-ranked anymore.

It implied the Jiang Family had profound resources.

Thinking this through, he nodded to himself, almost certain of his assumptions. Now, with two suspects confirmed, the last one remained a mystery to him.

Lost in thought, his phone suddenly rang. He pulled it out and answered the call.

"Hey, Old Tang, what's up?"

"Old virgin, congratulations are in order."

Hearing the familiar yet peculiar nickname, Ling Chen immediately expressed his strong disapproval: "Old Tang, you really need to drop that nickname."

"Why change it? You haven't even... hmm..." Tang Yuan suddenly realized, surprised, "You little devil, did you finally manage to get laid?"

Ling Chen laughed proudly: "Of course. With my charm, it was a piece of cake."

"Tsk tsk, which poor girl let the pig have her way with her?"

"Cut it out, stop ridiculing me."

Tang Yuan teased ambiguously: "So, how many rounds in one night?"

"Three... Damn, why am I discussing this with you?"

"Hehe, don't be shy, I heard all about it. Three times in one night, not bad for your first time, Tang Yuan. Push harder next time, try to reach brother's level, seven rounds in one night."

Hearing this, Ling Chen felt a huge blow to his pride and angrily retorted: "Spit it out if you have something to say, otherwise, I'm hanging up."

"Wait, wait, let's talk serious. I heard you topped the Secret Society's dark web list. I called to congratulate you and to check if there's any last wish you want fulfilled, us brothers would handle it."

"Damn, it's just a bounty. Why do all of you assholes think I'm a goner. Anyone who dares try to claim my head, I'll kill one for each that comes, or two if they double up."

"Alright, no more jokes." Tang Yuan's tone became serious, "The General heard about this and asked me to call you; if you need any help, just say the word, your brothers are here for you."

"Don't worry about me, they're just a few assassins. I've dealt with Blood Wolf, how hard could these nobodies be?"

"Don't be careless, those assassins are well-prepared. How about this? I'll catch a flight to East Sea City right now. It's good to have someone by your side."

Ling Chen creased a smile: "I appreciate the thought, but I can take care of myself, rest easy."

"Sure, I knew you'd act tough, just be safe. I don't want to wear a black suit again."

After hanging up, Ling Chen rubbed his head and squinted slightly; it seems the assassins coming for him are not simple. Otherwise, both Hu Fei and Tang Yuan wouldn't have specifically warned him.

However, as he said earlier, if he dared to kill Blood Wolf, who was ranked first on the assassin list, what was there to fear from others?

Returning to Hongyu Group, it was just the end of the workday, and after meeting up with the motorcade, he headed straight back to Wealthy Manor.

During dinner, as usual, Su Lin turned on the TV and watched as they ate. At that moment, the local news channel was reporting on the attack that Tang Shiyun faced today at East Sea University.

"According to our reporter on the scene, the suspect took advantage of the chaos, holding a homemade incendiary device, broke a car window, and threw the incendiary into the car, causing the Lincoln Sedan to be engulfed in flames. Fortunately, Miss Tang was not inside the car, only two staff members and the driver were. When the fire spread to the fuel tank causing a second explosion, an anonymous hero disregarded his safety to rescue the seriously injured to a safe area, avoiding further casualties..."

As the news reached that point, the screen switched, and Ling Chen appeared on camera, waving his arms trying to block the filming. Unfortunately, the camera still captured his appearance.

"As per the information we received, this righteous hero named Ling Chen lives in Wealthy Manor and works as a security personnel for Hongyu Group..."

"Ling Chen, didn't expect you to be so photogenic," Su Lin teased smiling.

Ling Chen's face darkened as he sullenly shoveled his food, clearly upset.

Damn, he was still caught on camera. Now the whole city would recognize him. What impressed him even more was how the media managed to dig up his identity and workplace—it was indeed a fearsome entity.

"Brother Chen, Brother Chen..."

Nanrong Hao burst in excitedly, waving his arms and shouting loud, "Brother Chen, you're on TV."

"Shut up, will you!" Ling Chen snapped irritably.

"Uh..." Realizing the atmosphere was off, Nanrong Hao chuckled nervously and quickly left.

Nanrong Wanqing glanced at her brother, her thin cherry-red lips smiling faintly. Redirecting her gaze, she looked at Ling Chen sitting opposite her and gently began, "Miss Tang isn't hurt, right?"

"She wasn't in the car at the time."

Mentioning Tang Shiyun, Su Lin suddenly recalled Yao Li, involuntarily fuming, she hmped, "Now I've seen what Tang Shiyun's mother is capable of, looking down on people, really want to give her a piece of my mind."

"What happened?" Nanrong Wanqing asked curiously.

"She..."

"Forget it, it's all in the past now, let's not bring it up again. No matter her failings, she's still Shiyun's mother." Ling Chen interrupted Su Lin, his chiseled face showing a hint of helplessness. With Yao Li meddling, meeting Tang Shiyun again would probably be incredibly difficult.

Chapter 260 Computer Virus

Night had fallen.

Ling Chen lay in bed, his head propped on his arms, staring blankly at the ceiling, thinking about how to deal with the impending crisis.

At that moment, the landline on the bedside table suddenly rang, disrupting his thoughts. He casually picked up the receiver, his greeting sounding half-hearted.

"Ling Chen, do you know how to repair computers? Something seems to be wrong with mine."

Recognizing Su Lin's voice, Ling Chen sat up and said, "Wait for me, I'll be right over."

Upon reaching Su Lin's bedroom, Ling Chen immediately felt like he had entered a pink world. Breathing in the fragrance that permeated the room, his eyes unconsciously slid to the floor. The items that had been scattered on the ground during the day were now tidied away.

Su Lin had just taken a shower, her hair damp and smooth, wearing a pink spaghetti strap silk nightgown. The nightgown was not very transparent, exuding an elegant style, yet it accentuated her figure alluringly. Perhaps because of drowsiness, Su Lin kept yawning, her delicate face showing a trace of laziness. Not only that, she also unreservedly stretched, and when her fair and smooth arms extended, it was like watching ridges rise and peaks form—a myriad of charming styles.

Ling Chen swallowed hard, feeling a bit embarrassed, but couldn't help stealing a few more glances.

How nice it would be if Wanqing was this busty too, he thought to himself.

Feeling Ling Chen's lingering gaze on parts of her that shouldn't be watched, Su Lin's pretty face blushed, irritation rising in her heart. This jerk, hadn't he taken advantage of her enough? Under the shade of indignation, she glared fiercely at Ling Chen.

Caught in the act, Ling Chen coughed awkwardly, his gaze immediately straightforward as he asked seriously, "Lady Su, what's the problem with your computer?"

Su Lin pointed at the pink laptop on her desk and pursed her sexy red lips, "It was working fine just a moment ago, then it suddenly froze, and it's the same after restarting, the system isn't running."

"Let me have a look."

Ling Chen sat in front of the computer and casually operated it, saying, "You haven't installed antivirus software; your computer has a virus."

"What should I do? I've made plans with a friend for a video chat later."

"It's a piece of cake, I'll sort it out in minutes."

Ling Chen smiled confidently, his fingers gracefully touching the keyboard, pulling up the command console and entering a string of digital codes before lightly pressing the Enter key.

Suddenly, countless pop-ups appeared on the computer desktop, all from virus websites, and the content was startling—mainly featuring the bold styles of Western adult content.

The static images were one thing, but there were also quite a few animated images.

Seeing so many indecent images, Ling Chen's face stiffened, his expression extremely awkward. Su Lin felt even more uncomfortable; as a delicate lady, she had never been exposed to such vulgar stuff from a young age. Especially those animated pictures and unspeakable sounds made it hard for her to look directly, her pretty face instantly turning red and slightly warm.

But, even as she looked away, images that made her blush and fluster continued to linger in her mind. She was both ashamed and annoyed, yet uncontrollably stealing glances at the computer screen.

At this moment, Ling Chen was the one feeling the most terrible. If it were the past, with his willpower, none of these would be an issue. But now, wasn't there a little enchantress present, killing without spilling blood? So all his steadfastness and such went out the window, and amidst the onslaught, his old face couldn't help but turn red.

Swallowing hard, reason finally overcame the wicked thoughts in his heart. His fingers flew over the keyboard, swiftly clearing away those images. As the sounds disappeared, the awkward atmosphere between the two eased significantly.

"All good now," Ling Chen stood up, yielding the seat, and glanced at Su Lin next to him.

Her cheeks were still flushed with shyness, her eyes bashful, hardly daring to meet his gaze. The seductive allure on her reddened face made his heart flip, unable to resist taking a few more looks.

Feeling Ling Chen's brazen gaze, Su Lin became even more uncomfortable, suppressing the timidity in her heart and looking up with an angry expression, "Still looking?"

Ling Chen gave an awkward smile, unable to deny that this girl's shyness was indeed very tempting.

"Well... you go ahead with your stuff, I'm heading back to my room."

Leaving the bedroom, Ling Chen seemed to breathe a sigh of relief. Just then, he passed by Nanrong Wanqing's door, and so he gently knocked.

"Who is it?" Nanrong Wanqing's voice was tinged with lassitude.

"It's me. Have you gone to bed yet?"

"I've just laid down. Whatever it is, let's talk tomorrow, I'm tired today."

"Then, have a good rest early."

Ling Chen shook his head, somewhat disappointed; he had wanted to have a moment of tenderness with Nanrong Wanqing, to talk about love, to deepen their connection. But it seemed tonight he was destined to be alone.

In the living room, looking at the pitch-black night outside, Ling Chen's thoughts whirled, a sly glint flashing in Mo Che's pupils, before he stepped out of the villa.

In Nanrong Wanqing's room at this moment.

Nanrong Wanqing leaned on the bed, dressed in a pale blue silk nightgown made of excellent fabric, with her fragrant shoulders slightly exposed and her tender arms, smooth as lotus stems, revealed. Gently raising the hem of her nightgown, she exposed a pair of slender snow-white beautiful legs. Looking at her own fair and delicate, translucent feet, a trace of sorrow crossed Nanrong Wanqing's beautiful face.

She picked up the towel from the bedside and gently wiped her legs. After the car accident, she had never let anyone touch her legs, always taking good care of them herself, longing for the day she could stand up again.

After cleaning her body, she lay in bed and turned off the light, plunging the room into darkness.

However, just then, she suddenly heard a breathing sound coming from beside her, her heart startled, she hurriedly turned to look, her lips parting, ready to speak. But before she could say a word, her mouth was blocked by something, and she was taken aback.