

The Beauty 261

Chapter 261: Interview number

Between her embarrassment and annoyance, a familiar scent wafted over her, instantly relaxing her tense and delicate body.

Annoying!

She scolded herself in secret. She thought there was a thief in the house, but didn't expect this bold man to sneak in through the balcony again, just like last time.

After a long while, Ling Chen finally moved his lips away, his clear eyes staring intently at the beauty beneath him, filled with deep affection.

Nanrong Wanqing felt embarrassed under his gaze, her cheeks flushing red. She couldn't help but turn her head away, pushing against his robust chest with both hands, rebuking him: "I've already said I need to rest."

Ling Chen chuckled: "Why not rest and enjoy at the same time? What's wrong with that?"

Hearing the word 'enjoy,' Nanrong Wanqing felt a huge wave of embarrassment. Before she could retort, a warm breath washed over her face, and her lips were sealed again. She panicked at first, but gradually, she entered a blissful state, feeling that nothing in this world was more wonderful than this.

Feeling Ling Chen's breath gradually become heavier, a sliver of remaining rationality in Nanrong Wanqing immediately stopped him, her voice shyly retreated: "Don't..."

Ling Chen lifted his head, staring deeply at her, his throat felt dry as he asked: "Wanqing, what's wrong?"

"I'm sorry, I... I was thinking... to wait until our wedding day..." Nanrong Wanqing closed her eyes, too shy to look at him. She wasn't resisting Ling Chen, it's just that she wanted to save the most precious part of herself for the most meaningful day.

Ling Chen smiled softly, his mood calming down as he gently caressed her smooth cheek, softly saying: "Don't worry, I'm not in a hurry. What's mine will eventually be mine, don't you think?"

Nanrong Wanqing didn't speak, just buried her head in Ling Chen's embrace like a lazy kitten, enjoying his warmth.

Thus, the two lay quietly together, drifting off to sleep.

The night passed.

The next day.

After breakfast, Ling Chen checked the time and was preparing to accompany Nanrong Wanqing to the company when Liang Zhao Hui briskly walked in from outside the villa and said: "Ling Chen, there are reporters looking for you outside."

"Reporters?" Ling Chen paused, surprised.

Liang Zhao Hui smiled and said: "Yes, they said they would like to interview you about your act of bravery yesterday."

"I won't see them." Ling Chen waved his hand without hesitation, "Help me drive them away."

Su Lin, who was sipping porridge, muttered: "It's only 7:30 in the morning, and they are already blocking the door. Those reporters are really dedicated."

"They just want to get firsthand information for a scoop." Liang Zhao Hui then looked at Ling Chen and asked, "Are you sure you won't see them?"

"Definitely not." Ling Chen looked unwilling. Those media who had reported on him without his consent had already annoyed him. The idea of interviewing him was not even worth considering.

"You should go see them," Nanrong Wanqing urged: "Those media know you are an employee of Hongyu Group. Even if you don't see them now, they will find you at the company. I'm not afraid of anything else but those unprincipled reporters. In order not to cooperate, they may deliberately smear your reputation to attract attention. Especially the online media nowadays have no moral bottom line; they are capable of anything for clicks and heat."

"Wanqing has a point," Su Lin agreed: "The online troll army is scary. One misstep, and you could ruin your reputation. Just do the interview. You can just casually answer a few questions and be done with it, it's not like you'll lose a piece of flesh."

With that, Ling Chen considered it for a while and then grudgingly agreed.

What Nanrong Wanqing said made sense; he couldn't let these unprincipled media ruin his reputation over such a trifle. Besides, his identity has already been exposed, so it didn't matter anyway.

"Liang, please ask them to sit in the guest room for a bit, I'll come over after breakfast."

"Alright."

Ten minutes later, at the insistence of Su Lin and Nanrong Wanqing, Ling Chen changed into a sharp suit, looking dashing and heroic, with hair gelled back. According to the two ladies, since he would be on camera, he ought to look handsome.

Ling Chen couldn't help but complain that those reporters really had nothing better to do. He was just a small fry, and wasting their time interviewing him seemed pointless.

When he arrived at the guest room, he pushed the door open and saw two people sitting inside, a young man and woman. The man, carrying a camera and tripod, was dressed casually; the woman, in a western-style business skirt with a white blouse, paired with black stockings and high heels, had an attractive face with light makeup on.

"Mr. Ling, hello."

The female reporter approached him proactively, shook hands, and apologized with a smile, "Sorry to bother you so early. My name is Dai Ying, and I'm a journalist from the LeFeng online platform. This is my assistant, the cameraman Hong Gang."

Ling Chen nodded: "I'm in a hurry to get to work, can we please make this quick?"

"Mr. Ling, don't worry, we won't take up much of your time, please sit!"

Once they settled, Hong Gang set up the tripod, mounted the camera, and aligned it with Ling Chen's position. After adjusting it, Hong Gang gestured to Dai Ying that everything was ready to begin.

Dai Ying maintained her smile, extended the microphone to Ling Chen, and asked: "Mr. Ling, I understand that you only joined Hongyu Group a few months ago. What was your job before that?"

"I was in the military, just recently discharged."

"So, Mr. Ling is an ex-soldier, no wonder you are so skilled. What were you thinking when you saved that person? Weren't you concerned about your own safety?"

Ling Chen patiently endured and selected some positive reasons to explain: "I'm a soldier, my duty was to protect the country and serve the people. Even though I've been discharged, I have never forgotten the training the country gave me."

"Mr. Ling truly deserves respect as a soldier," Dai Ying said with a gentle smile, a glint of something cold and subtle flickering in her eyes. Then, she turned to glance at Hong Gang.

The two exchanged knowing looks, nodding silently to each other.

Then, Hong Gang lightly pressed a button on the camera.

Chapter 262 Killing Intent

At this moment, on the camera screen, the crosshairs were aimed at Ling Chen's head. Simultaneously, a red circle appeared around the screen, slowly shrinking towards the center. Soon, the red dot locked onto the center of Ling Chen's forehead.

Hong Gang's mouth curled with a hint of a sinister smile, as he gently placed his thumb on the switch behind the camera.

However, at that instant, Ling Chen suddenly felt an intense sense of danger well up in his heart. Years of experience in gun battles had honed his instincts for danger to a razor's edge. Almost reflexively, he violently threw himself backward, along with the chair, to the ground.

Bang!

As he leaned back, a shot suddenly rang out, fired from the camera lens, grazing his scalp and hitting the wall.

Seeing that the shot had missed its target, Dai Ying's expression changed slightly and without a moment's hesitation, she leapt up, twisting open the microphone in her hands. Immediately, a hidden dagger appeared in her hand, stabbing toward Ling Chen, who was on the ground.

Faced with imminent danger, Ling Chen raised an arm, blocking Dai Ying's firmly gripped dagger. Then, he went with the momentum, using the strength in his wrist, causing Dai Ying's body to immediately lose balance and fall towards the ground. At that moment, Ling Chen caught a glimpse from the corner of his eye that Hong Gang had drawn a pistol with a suppressor, aiming it at his body.

In the blink of an eye, with a tense face, Ling Chen rolled on the spot, grabbed Dai Ying's delicate neck with one hand, and yanked her up from the ground, using her as a shield in front of him.

Bang! Bang!

Two shots were fired, both bullets hitting Dai Ying's body, blood spattered.

"Yin!"

Hong Gang was stunned, not expecting that his shots not only failed to kill Ling Chen but instead killed his own partner, and he stood there in shock. After a brief moment of stasis, he snapped back to reality, bellowed a loud cry, and once again aimed the gun at Ling Chen.

But before he could pull the trigger, Ling Chen had already snatched the dagger from Dai Ying and threw it straight at Hong Gang, striking him right between the eyebrows.

A trickle of blood flowed out. Hong Gang's hand holding the gun hung in the air, and his body fell straight down, his eyes still filled with disbelief and unwillingness; his meticulously planned scheme had failed.

Looking at the two corpses on the ground, Ling Chen let out a breath, feeling the aftermath of a close escape. Damn, truly unpredictable. If it hadn't been for his quick reflexes, he would probably be the one lying in a pool of blood right now.

Thud!

At this moment, Zhong Wei and Liang Zhao Hui, with others, broke through the door and entered, their faces changing drastically at the scene inside the room. Having heard unusual noises coming from the parlor just before, they had hurried over.

Zhong Wei, shocked, pointed at the two bodies and said, "Ling Chen, what is this..."

"They're not reporters; they're assassins wanting my life," explained Ling Chen. "Captain Zhong, call the police."

Leaving the parlor, Ling Chen walked back to the living room to wait for the police to arrive. Those two assassins were quite clever, probably having seen the news last night, hence they devised such an ingenious plan to approach him under the guise of an interview and then take the opportunity to shoot him when he was off guard.

In the assassin world, some assassins rely on their skills, while others rely on their brains; the assassins he encountered just now were of the latter type.

"Ling Chen, are you alright?"

Upon hearing the news, Su Lin, pushing a wheelchair with the anxious Nanrong Wanqing in tow, rushed over. Her exquisite face was full of concern.

Ling Chen gave a slight smile, patted his robust chest, and quipped, "Don't worry, see? I'm perfectly fine."

"Who sent those assassins after you, and why were you targeted?"

"How would I know that? If someone wants to kill me, they're hardly going to notify me in advance," Ling Chen shrugged.

Although he understood the situation, he would not discuss it in front of the two women. It was better that he kept some things to himself; informing Nanrong Wanqing and Su Lin would only make them worry more.

"You should go to work if you have to work, go to school if you have to study. Don't worry about me, I'll take care of it." Having said that, Ling Chen stood up, called Zhong Wei, and asked him to arrange a car to take Nanrong Wanqing to her company.

Not long after Nanrong Wanqing and Su Lin left, two police cars drove into Wealthy Manor and stopped in front of the Nanrong family's house.

As the car doors opened, Xia Mutong emerged, her face stern and devoid of smiles, seriousness written all over it.

"Officer Xia." Ling Chen greeted her with a smile, hastening to meet her with a wave.

Xia Mutong gave him a cool glance, feeling an inexplicable burst of anger welling up inside her. This annoying guy, she had tried to avoid contact with him as much as possible, yet she always ran into him. It was as if she was destined to be entangled with him.

Putting her thoughts aside, she didn't forget her identity and her duty, and with a stern face, she asked, "Where's the assassin?"

"They're inside. You'd better take two body bags in with you."

"You didn't leave a single survivor?" Xia Mutong frowned slightly, she couldn't see through the man before her. He had killed two people, yet there he was, unfazed, even smiling; his mental resilience must be exceptionally strong. If it were her, she probably wouldn't be able to sleep well for ten days to half a month.

Ling Chen said helplessly, "They were trying to kill me; I couldn't just not fight back."

Xia Mutong gestured to the several colleagues behind her and said, "Take the bodies back and identify them." After speaking, she pulled out a notebook and a pen from her upper garment pocket, looked at Ling Chen with an air of impartiality, and asked, "Have you made any enemies recently?"

"No," Ling Chen popped out two words.

"No?" Xia Mutong was frustrated; the bastard wasn't being cooperative at all. "If you haven't made any enemies, why are assassins after you? Mr. Ling, you'd better be honest with me, don't try to pull the wool over my eyes."

Ling Chen spread his hands and said, "Officer Xia, I truly don't know. I hope you can help me find out."

"Fine, if you don't want to talk, I won't force you. After all, it's your life. Also, don't wait until someone dies to inform us; the police aren't here just to handle dead bodies for you."

Xia Mutong left a final remark, not pleased, and turned to walk back to the car.

"Hey, Officer Xia, wait, hold on!" Ling Chen followed her, reaching out to block her way.

"What do you want?"

"Officer Xia, could I talk to you privately for a moment?"

"I have nothing to discuss with you," Xia Mutong replied coldly. She didn't even want to glance at him any longer, let alone give him a chance for a private conversation.

Rejected by her, Ling Chen didn't seem to care, the corner of his mouth curving into a grin, he deliberately raised his voice and said with a laugh, "Officer Xia, last time we were at Emperor Foot Bath City..."

Xia Mutong's face panicked, and upon seeing her colleagues' attention being drawn over, she quickly snapped, "Shut your mouth."

Chapter 263 Dream Garden Bar

Seeing Ling Chen's smug smile, Xia Mutong felt a surge of anger inside her but was helpless in the moment, as she couldn't very well reprimand this bastard in front of all these people. Besides, it wasn't certain she could best him in a fight.

Stomping her foot, she huffed and turned towards a corner. Ling Chen cracked a grin and quickly followed her steps.

"Officer Xia, don't be angry, I just wanted to ask you a few questions."

"Cut the crap and talk," Xia Mutong said sternly, her face as cold as frost, keeping people at a vast distance.

Ling Chen didn't beat around the bush and got straight to the point: "Officer Xia, I want to know if there's been any progress on Shiyun's case, whether you've caught the suspect or not."

Hearing him mention Tang Shiyun, for some reason, a nameless rage started bubbling up from the bottom of Xia Mutong's heart, cursing inwardly, this bastard, to think he approached me for this, actually to ask about another woman, doesn't he know to show some concern for me?

Pah, pah, pah! Her pretty face slightly flushed, who needs his concern anyway, what am I even thinking? This annoying bastard took my first time, I should hate him.

Noticing the change in her expression, Ling Chen looked at her puzzled and asked, "Officer Xia, are you alright?"

"Better than you anyhow," Xia Mutong retorted.

Ling Chen touched his nose, completely unconcerned about her attitude. This woman has been quite irritable and moody lately, probably time of the month. He was understanding, considering the special circumstances.

"Officer Xia, about Shiyun's situation..."

Xia Mutong cut in impatiently: "We're still investigating, no suspects found yet." As she spoke, something seemed to occur to her, her eyes widening in surprise: "Why are you asking about Miss Tang, and you call her Shiyun so intimately, are you very familiar with her?"

Ling Chen smiled and nodded: "She is my friend."

He and Tang Shiyun are friends? Xia Mutong was surprised. She also enjoyed Tang Shiyun's songs, she was a fan. She never chased after celebrities, Tang Shiyun was the exception. She didn't expect that the man before her had this connection with Tang Shiyun.

At that thought, she couldn't help but feel jealous. This bastard's luck with women really ran deep, cohabitating with beauties like Su Lin and Nanrong Wanqing, both top-tier stunners, and now there was Tang Shiyun too, seems like he knew every beauty in the world.

This thought, popping into her head, left her feeling not only jealous but also a strange emotion, sour and unclear, very uncomfortable.

"If you don't have anything else, I'm leaving, I'm not as idle as you."

"Then I won't delay Officer Xia any more."

Xia Mutong took a few steps away, only to stop and turn back to ask: "Do you really have nothing to say about those two assassins?"

Ling Chen spoke innocently: "Officer Xia, you watched the TV yesterday too, I'm just a good citizen who assisted out of goodwill, it's my duty to cooperate with the police work, but I really don't know anything, I would have told you otherwise."

As if I'd believe you! Xia Mutong muttered to herself, Ling Chen definitely knew something, he just didn't want to say.

Watching two police cars speed away, Ling Chen didn't stay at home any longer, he drove his muscle car straight to Hongyu Group.

A day passed peacefully, except for the attack in the morning, all was calm during the daytime.

Ling Chen spent the entire day in the security department's office, eyes closed in meditation, conserving his energy, waiting for the real danger to arrive.

...

As the evening lights began to shine, the night turned dark as ink, and the moonlight shimmered like water.

At 7:30 pm, after dinner, Ling Chen took a break to digest his meal, then bid farewell to Nanrong Wanqing and drove away from Wealthy Manor alone.

After half an hour of driving through the crowded traffic, circling the city center twice, Ling Chen parked the car by the curbside and walked into a luxurious high-end bar on the street, Dream Garden.

Since joining Hongyu Group, his income had also reached the ranks of the white-collar elite, with a monthly salary of tens of thousands aside from the occasional hefty bonus. He had never checked his salary card, but conservatively estimated, there must be at least a few hundred thousand in it, most of which were rewards and thanks from the Nanrong Family, besides his monthly fixed salary.

With money to spare, he naturally wouldn't shortchange himself.

Dream Garden Bar is an establishment with high consumption, a place that never lacks beautiful women fishing for affluent men.

Inside the bar, the dim lighting and figures made for an ambiguous atmosphere, and as soon as one entered, the scent of tobacco, alcohol, and women's perfume hit the nose. The bar was large and just past eight, it was almost full, bustling and without a single empty seat.

On the stage to the east of the hall, several youths in strange attire with guitars and basses swung their heads frantically to the passionate beat, their hair flailing as they screamed into the microphone, spittle flying as if venting all their emotions.

Ling Chen had little interest in this kind of heavy metal music, finding it impossible to stir up any appreciation. He walked through the crowd shoulder-to-shoulder and headed straight for the central circular bar to find a vacant spot to sit down. A scantily-clad, sexy bartender asked with a sweet smile, "What would you like to order, sir?"

"Two bottles of Budweiser," Ling Chen casually replied, taking a hundred-yuan note out of his pocket and placing it on the counter.

The so-called high-consumption places only mean good location, nice decoration, and better service. The beer that costs a dozen or so yuan outside was sold for fifty here, multiplying the profits severalfold and could be described as excessive.

Under the hazy and blurred lights, Ling Chen took a sip of beer to moisten his throat and scanned the surroundings of the bar.

Some couples sat in private booths, rubbing cheeks and ears affectionately and making bold gestures, filled with ambiguous vibes. Of course, there were also beautiful women who had successfully lured affluent men with warm advances and threw themselves into their embraces. Several eager men and women couldn't hold back and were passionately kissing in the dimly lit corners of the bar, carelessly indulging in physical stimulation regardless of the stares from people around.

Before long, Ling Chen realized that he too had become a target for those beautiful women; in no time, several had thrown flirtatious glances his way. This secretly thrilled him; at least, he could say his face was an audience-pleaser.

However, those beautiful women looked okay, but Ling Chen wasn't interested.

He was usually surrounded by top beauties with outstanding looks and qualities such as Nanrong Wanqing, Su Lin, and Zhu Xiaozhu, so he was no longer impressed by these ordinary ones. Besides, he didn't like second-hand goods others had used.

Just then, Ling Chen's gaze was suddenly captivated by a beauty across the bar and he found it difficult to look away.

The beauty wore a purple off-shoulder long dress that showcased her graceful figure, stylish and mature, with slightly curled shoulder-length hair exuding a hint of elegance and sensuality. The dim light fell on her face and, although he couldn't see her clearly, her facial features seemed extremely delicate. In the obscurity, her mysterious allure was only heightened.

This was what you'd call a beauty with grace!

Chapter 264 Hero Saves the Beauty

The extraordinarily poised beauty sat at the bar, her captivating eyes as delicate as silk, her slender legs wrapped in black stockings crossed elegantly, her posture hiding the allure beneath her skirt, seductively charming.

No one knew when this beauty had appeared there; as soon as the men in the bar noticed her, their attention was irresistibly drawn as if magnetized, unable to shift their gaze. Even men who were with their girlfriends couldn't help but take a few extra glances, forgetting the presence of their partners, which resulted in a 'gentle' caress from their girlfriends' hands.

The lady in black stockings seemed accustomed to being the focus of everyone's attention, nonchalant as she openly surveyed her surroundings, seemingly searching for something. The men in the bar puffed out their chests and stood taller, eagerly trying to catch her eye and become her 'prey.'

However, the black stockings beauty seemed barely interested in those attempts, her gaze consistently wandering through the crowd.

After a while, some brazen men took the initiative to approach and court her, but the black stockings beauty seemed uninterested, sipping her drink without giving those men a glance. One by one, the men faced rejection and retreated, causing other hopeful men to lose interest. Those who were chatting continued their conversations, and those who were drinking carried on.

Ling Chen slightly curled up the corners of his mouth, drinking his beer nonchalantly. He had come to the bar with a purpose today, he was waiting—for what, no one knew.

At that moment, an intrigued gaze fell upon him. Ling Chen glanced over and noticed the black stockings beauty at the bar eyeing him; her attractive red lips slightly upturned, her tongue teasing the corner of her lips—a sight so provocative it sent hearts racing.

Their eyes locked, and Ling Chen suddenly smiled broadly, lifting his beer bottle in a toasting gesture to the mysterious beauty.

It was a rare moment that this woman showed interest in him; idle as he was, he decided to entertain the idea.

The black stockings beauty seemed to accept his invitation, picking up her drink, clutching a delicate handbag, and walking over with a swaying grace, then sitting next to Ling Chen. Seeing her approaching Ling Chen, envy, jealousy, and resentment filled the eyes of the other men.

"What's your name, handsome?" the voice of the black stockings beauty was magnetic and melodiously gentle, a pleasure to the ear.

Now up close, Ling Chen could finally see the black stockings beauty clearly.

Just as he had guessed, she was very beautiful—the light makeup on her oval face enhanced her already delicate features, her brows light yet profound, eyes full of allure, and long eyelashes slightly curled, every detail radiating beauty.

Not only was she beautiful, but she was also quite young, around thirty, at the most dazzling age for a woman, mature yet with a touch of youthful vigor, even more enchanting.

"Ling Chen. And you?"

"Shen Yueying."

"So you are Miss Shen." Ling Chen smiled slightly, his eyes clear, "With so many men here, Miss Shen chose me over everyone else, truly I'm honored."

Shen Yueying replied gracefully: "You are different from the other men."

"How so?"

"Your eyes." Shen Yueying raised her finger elegantly, picking up her wine glass, her lips as seductive as the red wine pouring into her mouth. Watching her finish the strong spirit in one gulp, Ling Chen's expression brightened—this woman could really hold her liquor.

He did not continue the conversation, instead waiting for Shen Yueying to speak.

She set down her glass and Shen Yueying extended her tongue, playfully licking the remaining liquor from her fragrant lips, a mesmerizing gesture that made hearts flutter.

"Don't get me wrong, other men look at me, and all they want is to spend a night tangled up with me. But you're different, your eyes don't carry that vulgar desire, just admiration. That's why I'm interested in you." As she spoke, she slightly lifted her shapely, long legs, her high heels intentionally or unintentionally touching Ling Chen's shin, her eyes carrying a hint of intoxicating allure.

She moved closer to Ling Chen, their faces only inches apart, and cooed, "What about you? Are you interested in me?" As her lips parted slightly, a fragrant breeze mixed with the scent of alcohol swept over him.

Ling Chen wasn't drunk, but his heart was intoxicated. This woman was simply a temptress, too skilled at stirring desires.

"I..."

Ling Chen was about to respond, but suddenly, the light in front of him seemed to dim, as if something was blocking the dim light.

Turning his head, he saw three burly men standing by his side, their eyes unabashedly roaming over Shen Yueying's silky legs, their eyes gleaming, their mouths gaping almost drooling.

"Beautiful, are you free to hang out with us three brothers?" one of the burly men directly issued an invitation, in an indisputably commanding tone.

Shen Yueying furrowed her brows slightly, sizing them up, her seductive red lips curling into a beautiful arch as she smiled and responded: "Sure. But, you must ask my boyfriend's permission first." With that, her slender finger lightly pointed towards Ling Chen at her side.

Immediately, three fierce gazes landed on Ling Chen, who blurted out boldly, "Bro, mind if we borrow your girlfriend for some fun? No issues, right?"

Ling Chen helplessly looked at Shen Yueying, who had just used him as a shield.

At this moment, the men in the bar were all watching this scene; their previously envious looks had turned into schadenfreude.

Picking up a beer bottle from the table, Ling Chen acted as if he hadn't heard those three men, continuing to drink leisurely.

Seeing that he didn't respond, the three burly men's expressions immediately turned grim, and they coldly said, "Kid, I'm talking to you. Did you hear?"

Ling Chen fiddled with his ears, muttering to himself, "Some dog is barking, how annoying."

"Damn it, you dare curse us brothers, looks like you're tired of living."

A roar broke out, and the burly man closest to Ling Chen raised his fist, swinging it towards Ling Chen's left face. Ling Chen still sat unmoved, as if he hadn't seen the incoming attack.

As the fist was about to make contact,

Suddenly, Ling Chen swung one arm out, sending two beer bottles from the table flying directly at the man's face.

Crack! Crack!

Accompanied by two crisp sounds, the beer bottles shattered instantly, glass shards scattering across the floor and onto the surrounding customers. Seeing that things were going south, the nearby customers quickly dodged out of the way to avoid getting involved.

The burly man reacted quickly; as soon as Ling Chen made his move, he retracted his hand and threw both fists, shattering the two incoming beer bottles.

Ling Chen looked at him in surprise, not expecting this man to have some skills. In a moment of surprise, he seemed to think of something, his gaze meaningfully glancing at Shen Yueying beside him, then stood up from his seat, a faint smile lifting on his lips, facing the three burly men.

"C'mon, let's see what you've got."

Chapter 265 The Hero Doesn't Always Save a Beauty

"Let's go together."

Immediately, three burly men surrounded Ling Chen in a besieging manner, their demeanor fierce, and they rushed to his proximity in an instant.

Ling Chen did not back down and swung his fists to meet them. Amidst the dull sounds, the four had already exchanged a few hard punches, with no one gaining the upper hand.

Judging by the strength displayed by the three burly men, the adversary was as well a master of close-quarter combat, with explosive power and precise moves without any fancy actions, all straightforward and targeting vital points.

Soldiers!

After exchanging a few blows, the word sprung into Ling Chen's mind. These three burly, formidable men were definitely soldiers, evident from their combat techniques. However, these three were clearly not soldiers from Huaxia, because their fighting skills contained Western-style jujitsu, and their close-quarter techniques were incredibly fierce.

Earlier, when in close quarters, Ling Chen was almost caught off-guard and nearly let them take advantage. Fortunately, although these three guys were formidable, he was not a pushover either.

Continuous punches, kicks, and elbow strikes, both sides employed a hard-hitting approach, which was exactly to Ling Chen's liking. He was a master of external martial arts, never afraid of competing in physical prowess.

Moments passed, and the faces of the three burly men grew increasingly unpleasant. They were horrified to find that Ling Chen was becoming more vigorous as the fight went on, seemingly with inexhaustible strength. Each collision not only did not give them any advantage but instead made their arms numb.

In a split second, one of the burly men took a step back, while the other two immediately pressed forward, their attacks ferocious, relentless.

Just as Ling Chen was handling them, the man who had quietly stepped back suddenly moved to his rear, forcefully stepping forward, rapidly closing the distance to his back, raising his elbow to strike fiercely. Yet, his movement, though stealthy, was noticed early by Ling Chen.

At the moment when the vigorous wind approached, Ling Chen suddenly turned around, his toes twirling on the ground, his knee lifted sharply, heading towards the burly man's elbow.

Crack!

A crisp sound, the burly man's face instantly turned pale, cold sweat dripping from his forehead, one arm hanging limply at his waist, clearly broken.

Thinking about ambushing me? No way!

Ling Chen inwardly thought they deserved it, shifting his gaze and locking onto the other two burly men. Seeing their companion injured, with a disabled right arm, the expressions on the two burly men did not change much, still maintaining their stern, composed coolness.

Suddenly, a gust of wind arose.

The bodies of the two burly men leapt into the air in an instant, their momentum ferocious, pouncing toward Ling Chen. Both arms raised high, fists clenched, veins bulging, their strength had been brewed to the extreme.

Fast! Very fast!

But Ling Chen was faster.

He pushed off the ground with his toes, leaping into the air, jumping half a meter higher than the two burly men, his legs suspended perfectly targeting the heads of the two men.

Faced with this sudden change, the faces of the two burly men finally changed.

Before they could react, Ling Chen's legs had already fiercely kicked out, striking right below the necks of the two burly men with powerful force. Instantly, the two men, who hadn't even touched the ground yet, were sent flying through the air and landed heavily on a round table, along with the drinks on the table, in a very sorry state.

Having dealt with those two burly men, Ling Chen straightened his clothes and didn't look at them again. He was very confident that those two men wouldn't be getting up anytime soon.

Turning around, Ling Chen leisurely glanced at Shen Yueying, who was sitting at the bar, smiled, and then shifted his gaze to another burly man, beckoning with his finger.

"Do you still want to continue?"

The burly man's face turned ashen, and frowning, he stared at Ling Chen, his left hand moving towards his waist, pulling out a dagger, and slowly advancing.

"Stop! Everyone, stop!"

Just then, a cold voice suddenly rang out in the bar.

Hearing that familiar voice, Ling Chen shrugged and slipped his hands into his pockets. He knew the fight couldn't continue any longer.

"Ling Chen, it's you again!" Xia Mutong, furious, rushed over from behind and scolded: "Fighting and brawling in a public place, do you want to spend a few days in detention?"

Just when she and her colleagues were about to finish their task and return, they happened to see that muscle car parked on the roadside. In the whole East Sea City, only one person owned that unique car, and she recognized it at a glance. She intended to go straight back to the station, but for some reason, as if possessed, she couldn't help but enter the bar to see what that bastard was up to.

As soon as she entered, she saw the mess all over the place, along with two unconscious burly men on the floor, and Ling Chen was the main culprit.

Before Ling Chen could even begin to explain, the graceful Shen Yueying approached, smiling sweetly, "Officer, you've misunderstood. Mr. Ling only intervened because he saw me being bullied by three thugs."

Seeing the alluring and seductive Shen Yueying in front of her, Xia Mutong felt unnaturally angry and jealous. Why she was angry, nobody could really say.

How come this bastard keeps on running into such strokes of luck, encountering a stunningly beautiful woman, and even successfully playing the hero to win her favor? Why do such good things never happen to me?

While she was lost in thought, Ling Chen noticed her slightly angry and indignant expression, seemingly reading his mind, and said meaningfully with a slight smile, "Officer Xia, don't misunderstand, playing the hero doesn't always involve saving a beauty."

Xia Mutong sized up Shen Yueying and muttered to herself, wondering how such a high-quality beauty didn't count as a beauty.

At that moment, Shen Yueying's gentle and beautiful visage remained smiling, but a barely noticeable strange light flickered in her eyes.

"Playing the hero sometimes doesn't involve saving a beauty... it could also involve saving a transgender!"

Finally, Ling Chen spoke the last crucial words, then, smilingly, looked at Shen Yueying, "Miss Shen, I'm not wrong, am I? I think the name Shen Yueying is also fake; perhaps calling you Thousand-faced Fox suits you better, don't you agree?"

Xia Mutong was momentarily unable to respond, her face full of confusion, asking, "What transgender, what Thousand-faced Fox, what are you talking about?"

At this point, with her identity exposed, Shen Yueying chuckled seductively, not losing her charm even after being uncovered by Ling Chen, she cheerfully said, "You truly are an interesting target, being able to see through my disguise."

"There's nothing surprising about that, the three troublemakers who made their move just now weren't ordinary; they have the Iron Blood Aura, I'd guess they must be military trained, top-class foreign mercenaries. Plus, in this bar full of men, you chose to approach me. I'm a very suspicious person, it's normal for me to suspect you."

Chapter 266 Thousand-faced Fox

"Ling Chen, who is she?" Xia Mutong, baffled by their conversation, couldn't resist asking.

Ling Chen raised the corners of his mouth slightly and enunciated, "Thousand-faced Fox, the sixth-ranked assassin among the world's top ten."

Among the top ten assassins in the world were all kinds of eccentric characters, few of whom were normal. The Thousand-faced Fox, active for a decade, had an age unknown to anyone. She became infamous for her ruthless exploits and history.

It was said that the Thousand-faced Fox was a handsome young man from a well-off family who tragically had his family annihilated by an enemy. To seek revenge, she schemed to get close to the foe with the intent to take their life. However, after repeated failures to take action, she couldn't even get near her enemy. In the end, she went as far as to undergo gender reassignment surgery, transforming from a man into a stunningly beautiful woman.

Her efforts were not in vain; over the course of two years, she successfully caught her enemy's eye and even became his woman. That was when her vengeance truly began.

No one knew how she exacted revenge on her enemy—some claimed she cut him up piece by piece to feed to dogs. Others said she devoured his heart whole. In any case, these rumors shrouded the Thousand-faced Fox in mystery and emphasized her ruthlessness in the world of assassins.

Due to personal reasons, the Thousand-faced Fox had one rule: no matter who hired her, she only killed men.

To men, a stunning beauty was like poison, irresistible and overpowering. With this advantage, the Thousand-faced Fox never failed; any man targeted by her was unable to escape her grasp.

"Assassin?" Xia Mutong's expression changed slightly, and without another word, he immediately drew his gun, aimed it at the Thousand-faced Fox, and barked, "Don't move, hands up!"

The corners of the Thousand-faced Fox's lips curved up in a sweet smile, unfazed, as she observed Ling Chen with interest, nodding slightly, "You're an interesting man. Anyone I want to kill can't escape me, but you are an exception."

"Thanks for the compliment."

"If it were before, I would have tried every means to kill you, but not now."

Ling Chen said in a surprised tone, "Why?"

"Seven million dollars is too little; it's not worth the risk. To kill you, the reward would need to be at least ten million dollars," the Thousand-faced Fox stated with her lips barely parting.

Hearing this, Ling Chen burst into laughter, gave a thumbs-up, and said with agreement, "You've got the right idea. My life is indeed worth more than seven million, but..." His tone shifted, "Since you're already here, why not 'stay as a guest' in East Sea City? I'm sure Officer Xia here will arrange a luxurious single room for you with all-inclusive services."

The Thousand-faced Fox smiled holding back a giggle, "Mr. Ling, I'm afraid I'll have to disappoint you." While she spoke, a touchscreen phone appeared in her hand, her thumb precisely on a red virtual button in the center of the screen.

"Mr. Ling, you better advise your police officer friend to lower the gun. You've seen the handbag over there; as soon as I release my hand, everyone here will become my funeral companions, including you both. So, it's best if you do not act rashly."

Xia Mutong was taken aback and quickly pulled out his phone to call for backup. But at that moment, Ling Chen swiftly reached over and pressed down on her gun barrel.

"Go ahead."

"No!" Xia Mutong protested anxiously, "She can't get away!"

Ling Chen smiled calmly, "Officer Xia, if Thousand-faced Fox wants to leave, you can't keep her here. This is the best way to minimize casualties."

"You do understand me. Well then, I'll take my leave." Before departing, the Thousand-faced Fox didn't forget to give Ling Chen a flirtatious wink. However, he couldn't quite appreciate it, knowing that despite her appearance, the Thousand-faced Fox was not a genuine woman. Just the thought made him uncomfortable all over.

At the entrance of the bar, the Thousand-faced Fox suddenly turned around, her words loaded with meaning, "Mr. Ling, I wish you luck and hope you can get out of here safely." With that, she chuckled and vanished into the crowd of the bar.

Ling Chen, with a slight concern in his furrowed brow, interpreted the words of the Thousand-faced Fox as a warning. Although he was safe for that moment, as soon as he left the bar, there could be unknown dangers awaiting him.

Xia Mutong quickened his pace and rushed towards the outside. Seeing this, Ling Chen followed swiftly behind, grabbed her hand, and asked, "Where are you going?"

"She's an assassin, we can't let her escape."

"Trying to catch her alone is suicidal."

"I..."

"Let it be," Ling Chen said and pointed to the handbag by the bar, "Quickly evacuate the crowd and call the bomb squad to handle the bomb."

Xia Mutong hesitated, but ultimately stayed behind, prioritizing the safety of the public, as was her duty as a police officer. After making the call, she turned to Ling Chen, "Backup will take fifteen minutes to arrive. Hey, where are you going?"

She saw Ling Chen heading out and shouted to stop him.

But Ling Chen seemed not to hear her shouting and continued straight towards the door, ready to step outside.

The damn bastard... Xia Mutong cursed in her heart and hurriedly followed, blocking his path and demanded, "Where are you going?"

Ling Chen looked at her angry face and said helplessly, "Officer Xia, I have things to do. Why follow me and bother about what I do?"

Xia Mutong blurted out, "It's not my concern, but if an assassin is after you, I can't ignore it." As she spoke, her frustration seemed undiminished, scolding, "You're not young anymore; why do you always joke with your life?"

Hearing this, Ling Chen's lips curved into a barely-there smile as he looked at Xia Mutong, his eyes clear with an unusual gleam.

Is this little girl actually concerned for me?

Recognizing his gaze, Xia Mutong's cheeks flushed, and unable to maintain eye contact, she wondered why she had said that. This annoying guy, let him die for all she cared, why bother with him?

Lost in her thoughts, Ling Chen slightly smiled, "Officer Xia, I know what I'm doing. Rest assured."

He left the Nanrong family residence to wander around out of concern for not wanting assassins to locate the Nanrong family, potentially endangering Nanrong Wanqing and others. Also seizing the opportunity to draw out the assassins once and for all.

With that, disregarding Xia Mutong's attempt to stop him, Ling Chen pushed the door open and walked out.

Watching his retreating figure, Xia Mutong stamped her foot in frustration and anger, then quickly followed him out.

Chapter 267 Ghost Shadow Ninja

Leaving the bar, Ling Chen walked to the roadside, preparing to get into his car. However, hearing the sound of footsteps, he shook his head helplessly; this woman really didn't know when to stop. Thereupon, he turned around and said, "Xia..."

No sooner had he spoken than his eyes suddenly sharpened, and his body involuntarily swerved to the side. In the instant he made his evasive move, a sharp crossbow arrow whizzed past, nearly grazing his ear as it flew by his cheek.

Damn! He thought Xia Mutong had followed him, but it turned out to be an assassin—a rookie assassin at that—who couldn't even seize such a perfect opportunity.

Having missed the first shot, the assassin panicked, fumbling to reload the crossbow arrow, preparing to aim once more. Ling Chen curled his lips into a smirk and casually strolled over, reassuringly saying, "Don't rush. Take it slow. Hey, you're aiming the arrowhead off-target. There, that's better."

By the time the assassin had reloaded the crossbow and raised the weapon, Ling Chen was already up close. In a flurry, the assassin, without a second thought, pulled the trigger. This time, Ling Chen didn't even dodge, yet the arrow still missed him.

Seeing Ling Chen unharmed and standing right in front of him, the assassin's face turned pale and his body trembled uncontrollably, his throat rolling as he swallowed his saliva.

Ling Chen sighed, patted him on the shoulder, and advised earnestly, "Brother, with your skills, being an assassin is just a waste of talent. You might as well consider another profession; I think you could earn more setting up a stall on the street than being an assassin."

Bang!

As he finished speaking, a sudden gunshot abruptly rang out.

Startled, Ling Chen quickly pushed the assassin in front of him away, then ducked, scanning the area to locate the source of the gunshot. Soon, his gaze was drawn to Xia Mutong outside the bar, holding a gun with both hands, her face filled with tension, staring at something beyond him.

He immediately turned his head and saw a black shadow swiftly moving upward along the wall. "Crawling on walls?" he exclaimed. The wall was very smooth and over ten meters tall; yet the black shadow, using hands and feet, moved along the wall, a truly baffling sight.

While pondering, two more black shadows quickly emerged from a nearby alley, approaching rapidly toward him. Before he could react, a spherical object flew from one shadow's hand, landed near his feet, and exploded on impact, much like a street-side popper.

However, upon exploding, the sphere released a thick cloud of white smoke that enveloped the area, obscuring his vision.

In an instant, Ling Chen guessed the foe's identity.

Ghost Shadow Ninja!

The fourth-ranked assassin on the assassin list.

The Ghost Shadow Ninja was not a single person, but rather three who were known as senior brothers in the ninjitsu realm. They later fell out of favor with their sect for violating rules and ended up in the assassin trade.

The trio was highly skilled in ninjitsu, notorious for their cruelty; they would eliminate anyone, women or children, as long as the price was right.

It seemed the seven million US dollar bounty held significant allure for the three of them.

As he reflected, two shadows rushed toward him and entered the smoke. Approaching him, Ling Chen's eyes narrowed—cloaked and masked, they indeed were the ones.

Without a second thought, two katanas were drawn from behind them, the blades flashing coldly and ominously. As the two katanas sliced toward him, Ling Chen quickly dipped his hand to his waist, Wolf Kiss flashing into action—with a clanging spark, the short Wolf Kiss bravely blocked the katana's blade, halting their assault.

Landing a successful strike, Ling Chen didn't pause; his body swiftly twisted, avoiding the edge of the other katana.

When their attack was blocked, the masked shadows hurriedly retreated, throwing several spheres as the smoke thickened once again around them.

"Ling Chen!"

At that moment, the anxious voice of Xia Mutong came from outside.

Hearing her voice getting closer, Ling Chen hurriedly shouted: "Don't come over." As soon as he finished speaking, he suddenly felt a stabbing pain in his arms and legs. Unbeknownst to him, two wounds had appeared on his body.

Darn it!

He frowned slightly, almost forgetting. These three guys were not only skilled in Ninjutsu and had high combat power, but their hidden weapons technique was also top-notch. His own voice had just exposed his location.

Thinking of this, he immediately kept moving to prevent the opponent from tracking his position. Suddenly, a whooshing sound rang out, and a masked black shadow fiercely burst into the smoke, hands raised high, swinging a katana towards his head.

In the smoke, his vision was obstructed, visibility less than a meter, unable to discern direction, Ling Chen could only judge based on the subtle sounds of the opponent.

As the blade approached, Ling Chen still stood still, his ears perked up, carefully listening to the sounds around him. Suddenly, he flicked his wrist, and the Wolf Kiss flew out of his hand.

By now, the masked shadow had closed in, less than a meter away, the sharp katana could claim Ling Chen's life at any moment. However, the attacker did not expect that at this critical moment, Ling Chen would pinpoint the position by sound and blind fire.

The one-meter distance was too short to allow ample time for a response; the attacker could only watch in horror as the Wolf Kiss flew towards him, piercing into his body.

Intense pain followed, and the masked ninja endured the pain, turned, and prepared to retreat. But then, a gust of wind rose, he shifted his gaze just as a figure flitted before his eyes, Ling Chen approached swiftly like a specter, in the blink of an eye, was up close, and smashed his fist heavily against the ninja's chest.

At the same time, Ling Chen reached out with his other hand, grasped the hilt of the Wolf Kiss, and pulled the blade out from the opponent's body, blood flowing freely.

At this moment, the other two ninjas rushed into the smoke from the left and right, wanting to coordinate an ambush with their comrade. However, the scene before them caused their pupils to contract, carrying a hint of fury.

"Damn it!"

The masked ninja roared furiously, advancing instead of retreating, striking with anger.

"Damn your sister!"

Ling Chen shouted back defiantly, his body suddenly surging forward, his hand clutching the Wolf Kiss tightly, flinging it out, stopping another charging masked ninja in his tracks. Although it only held the opponent for a second or two, it was enough for him.

Seeing Ling Chen's unabated speed, the ninja in front changed his chopping attack to a sweeping strike at Ling Chen's neck.

However, in that instant, Ling Chen's body suddenly leaned back, forming an arch, evading the fatal strike. As the blade swept past, Ling Chen did not wait for the opponent to retract, he stepped forward rapidly, pressing the attacker with his pre-prepared punching power, and knocked him flying out.

Seeing two comrades fail in succession, the remaining masked ninja's eyes widened in shock and anger, hastily retreating out of the smoke.

"Ah!"

Ling Chen had yet to pursue when a piercing scream already rang out.

Not good!

Ling Chen's expression changed instantly; that was Xia Mutong's voice.

Chapter 268 Poisoned

At the critical moment, Ling Chen's legs thrust powerfully, and his body shot forward like a cannonball toward the direction of the scream.

Just as he broke free from the smoke, he saw the masked figure raise the katana high above Xia Mutong's head and swing it down. If the blade struck, Xia Mutong's body would be split in two. At this point, Wolf Kiss had already made his move but held nothing in his hands, still five meters away from Xia Mutong, too far to rescue her.

"Be careful!"

He bellowed urgently, pushing his speed to the limit as he rapidly lunged at the Ghost Shadow Ninja.

At that time, the startled Xia Mutong seemed to snap back to reality upon hearing Ling Chen's cry. As she saw the katana coming down, she almost subconsciously raised her handgun, not bothering to aim, and her finger repeatedly pulled the trigger.

Bang! Bang!

Several bullets fired in quick succession, and although they didn't hit the target, the close-range confrontation kept the masked ninja on edge, wary of being shot as he quickly retreated. He twisted mid-air, the katana's blade pressing against the ground, the force of the blade springing his body back into the air.

Immediately after, he flicked his wrist, and several cold stars were flung from his hand, glittering as they flew swiftly, hitting Xia Mutong directly in her arms and legs. Three Ninja Darts embedded themselves in her body, leaving only half sticking out.

The sudden pain caused Xia Mutong to frown tightly, a shade of pallor appearing on her delicate face.

At this moment, Ling Chen finally reached her side. Seeing her injuries, his eyes turned cold, his gaze sharply locking onto the Ghost Shadow Ninja. Unfortunately, after losing two comrades, the Ghost Shadow Ninja no longer dallied and quickly scaled the wall, disappearing into the darkness.

"Are you alright?" Out of concern for Xia Mutong at his side, Ling Chen stopped the pursuit and asked with a worried expression.

Xia Mutong gently shook her head, her lips parting slightly as if to say something. However, before she could speak, her body suddenly went limp and she collapsed to the ground. Seeing this, Ling Chen's expression shifted, and he quickly supported her delicate body, calling out, "Officer Xia, Officer Xia..."

But Xia Mutong seemed to have fallen unconscious, unresponsive to his calls. Suddenly, the attentive Ling Chen noticed that her lips were turning purple.

This isn't good! His heart skipped a beat, recognizing this as a sign of poisoning—the three Ninja Darts must have been coated with poison, a typical ninja tactic.

Feeling Xia Mutong's breathing gradually weakening, Ling Chen immediately hoisted her delicate body onto his back and hurried towards the muscle car parked by the roadside. But after a short distance, he abruptly stopped, his piercing gaze sweeping the surroundings.

In the nearby alleyway and along both sides of the street, there were more than ten people: some holding a newspaper, some dressed as sanitation workers sweeping the streets, and a couple of lovers wrapped in each other's arms, sitting on a bench enjoying their love talk.

At a glance, nothing seemed out of the ordinary, but Ling Chen was no ordinary man. Having risen to the leader of the Ghosts within the organization, it was not luck that got him there, but his own abilities that helped him climb to that position.

Not the slightest detail could escape his eyes.

These people seemed normal, but they occasionally cast glances his way, with some already sliding their hands into their pockets.

Assassin!

And it's a group of assassins!

Ling Chen slightly frowned; he was not worried about his own safety, but he was worried about Xia Mutong. Xia Mutong was currently unconscious, with toxins invading her body, and if she did not receive treatment soon, her life would eventually be in danger. Moreover, what's more important was that he had been hit by a Ninja Dart just now. Although it was just a scratch, the toxin had still contaminated his flesh and blood.

However, his Inner Strength was abundant, allowing him to slow down the toxic invasion, unlike Xia Mutong who had fainted immediately. But even so, he could not hold on for too long. At this moment, he could already feel the numbing effect of the wound, which would greatly inconvenience his movements.

Turning his head, he looked back at the Dream Garden Bar, his eyes rolling. Xia Mutong had already called for backup, and in about ten minutes, police reinforcements would arrive. By then, the assassins would naturally not dare to act rashly. The question was whether the two of them could last ten minutes.

In a flash of thought, he had made up his mind and quickly backed into the bar, carrying Xia Mutong. With his current situation, he had no chance to escape by car; he was sure that as soon as he approached his vehicle, it would immediately provoke an attack from the assassins.

Seeing the two of them retreating to the bar, the assassins all rose and followed closely, vigilantly watching their colleagues around them.

These assassins were very clear in their minds—everyone was after the seven million dollar bounty. But there was only one bounty, and so many assassins; there were too many monks and not enough porridge. Therefore, while attempting to assassinate the target, one also had to be wary of sneak attacks from peers.

Back at the entrance of the bar, the door had already been closed. When the gunfire started earlier, the owner had shut the door, letting the patrons leave through the back door.

Ling Chen drew Xia Mutong's pistol by instinct, fired a shot at the lock, kicked the door open, and strode in. At this moment, in the luxurious bar, only the owner and a few waiters were cleaning up.

The sudden gunfire and smashing of the door startled everyone, their faces filled with fear as they looked at Ling Chen and Xia Mutong coming in. When they noticed the gun in Ling Chen's hand, their complexions instantly turned pale, and they hurriedly retreated.

Ling Chen glanced at them and said with a slight smile, "Don't be afraid, I won't hurt you. Owner, do you have a first aid kit?"

"Yes... yes we do," the owner replied with a trembling voice, stuttering.

Once the first aid kit was brought over, Ling Chen placed Xia Mutong on a sofa in a booth, then walked straight to the bar, took a bottle of strong liquor, bit off the cap, and poured two mouthfuls into his mouth.

The strong liquor burned its way down his throat, and Ling Chen wiped off the remaining liquid from his mouth with his sleeve. Looking at the uneasy owner and waiters, he said, "Owner, you'd better take your staff and leave quickly. If you don't leave now, you won't be able to when you want to later."

"Yes, yes," the owner said, relieved, and quickly evacuated the waiters through the back door.

After the people had left, Ling Chen picked up the handbag left behind by Thousand-faced Fox in the bar, opened the zipper, and found a bundle of plastic explosives and an explosive device inside. He expertly dismantled the explosive device, separated a small portion of the plastic explosives and kneaded it into a ball.

After setting the explosive device, he tied his phone to it, returned the handbag to its original place, and put the rest of the plastic explosives into his pocket.

Once everything was prepared, he picked up Xia Mutong, took the first aid kit, and went into a private room inside the bar.

Chapter 269 Detoxification

After closing the door, Ling Chen took off his clothes, doused the wounds with strong liquor for simple disinfection. Then, he turned his gaze to Xia Mutong and squatted beside her.

"This is to save your life, don't blame me for taking advantage," he murmured to himself, his hands busy unfastening Xia Mutong's belt and pulling down her trousers, revealing a pair of snow-white, slender legs. Next, he took off her jacket as well, exposing the injured arm.

Looking at the three wounds on Xia Mutong's body, Ling Chen frowned slightly, reached out and grabbed the Ninja Dart embedded in her arm, gritted his teeth, and yanked it out. Immediately, a stream of black blood flowed from the wound. Around the wound, the skin had turned bluish-purple, indicating the poison was spreading inside her body.

To prevent the poison from reaching the heart, Ling Chen did not hesitate, quickly pouring more liquor on the wound to cleanse it. Then, he used his mouth to suck out the remaining poison from the wound, bit by bit. After each extraction, he rinsed his mouth with alcohol before continuing.

Before long, the black blood began to turn red, and the toxins in the wound had been largely cleared.

However, Ling Chen did not pause. There was only one wound on the arm, but there were still two wounds on Xia Mutong's legs that needed attention, one of which was particularly embarrassing. But, for the sake of saving her, he could not afford to care about that.

Holding Xia Mutong's jade foot, Ling Chen felt its smoothness, the round and delicate ankle, and the moist and lustrous skin. Perhaps due to her work, Xia Mutong had exercised a lot, and the curve of her calf was beautiful, tender yet resilient. Such a pair of legs was indeed rare.

Although Ling Chen did not have a fetish for feet, holding these beautiful legs in his hands, his heart still uncontrollably skipped a beat.

Just then, a series of faint footsteps suddenly came from outside the private room.

He turned his head, looked at the tightly closed door, and the corners of his mouth lifted slightly. Following that, he fished out a cellphone from Xia Mutong's pocket and dialed his own number.

Boom!

Although the phone's ringtone sounded off, there was an immediate loud noise outside the private box. The ground shook violently, and the whole bar trembled. Dust kept falling from above, as if the entire building might collapse at any moment.

As Ling Chen looked at the dust seeping through the door crack, he put down the cellphone and refocused on Xia Mutong, no longer paying attention to the Assassin outside.

With his lips sealed over Xia Mutong's wound, Ling Chen began to suck eagerly, extracting the poison-infected black blood a little at a time, spitting it onto the floor.

At this moment, it was unclear whether it was the shaking caused by the recent explosion or the cleansing of the toxins from her body that roused Xia Mutong. Feeling groggy, she opened her eyes, waking from her stupor.

Feeling a numbness at the root, she struggled to lift her head and immediately saw stars in her field of vision, gasping for breath with rage.

Scoundrel! To take advantage while she was unconscious, utterly shameful.

"Ling Chen!" Overwhelmed with shame and anger, she yelled out and reached for a wine bottle next to her, aiming to smash it onto Ling Chen's head. But as she lifted her arm into the air halfway, she felt a wave of weakness, her right hand sore and without any strength, the bottle consequently dropping from her grasp.

However, Ling Chen, quick as lightning, caught the bottle in his hand. Looking at Xia Mutong's face flushed with embarrassment, he said helplessly, "Officer Xia, don't get excited, I was not taking advantage of you."

"You... you still argue, I... I saw it all..." As soon as she spoke, Xia Mutong felt mortified and too embarrassed to continue.

This bastard, clearly taking advantage yet vehemently denying it.

Seeing the tears of shame and anger brimming in her eyes, Ling Chen feared she might misunderstand and quickly picked up the Ninja Dart from the floor, explaining, "Take a good look, it's poisoned. If I hadn't sucked out the toxins, your life would be in jeopardy. If you don't believe me, you can get it tested when you go back."

Xia Mutong opened her mouth but didn't know what to say. Once Ling Chen spoke, she actually believed him. She felt weak all over, her head throbbing with pain, clear signs of poisoning. It's just that... a woman's modesty prevented her from accepting Ling Chen's good intentions.

Ling Chen saw her evasive eyes and blushing cheeks and knew her thoughts well. But he had no time to consider so much and pointed to the wound on her leg, "There's a bit more poison to extract. If you let it reach the bloodstream, not even a god could save you."

Hearing his words, Xia Mutong bit her thin lips, her pretty face blushing even deeper, unable to speak. After a moment's hesitation, she simply closed her eyes, no longer looking at Ling Chen.

Seeing this, Ling Chen did not hesitate any longer and approached her again, covering the wound with his lips and gently began to suck.

Xia Mutong's eyelashes trembled, and her hands unconsciously tightened their grip on the fabric of her clothes. Apart from the pain, her sensitive skin was faintly tingling, as if ants were crawling over it, a sensation beyond words. Her breathing became more and more rapid.

"Mmm..."

Eventually, unable to resist the body's instinctive response, a barely audible moan escaped from her throat.

At that sound, Ling Chen also felt a jolt in his heart.

He lifted his head to look at Xia Mutong, her features bathed in a rosy hue of allure, and he couldn't help himself, embracing this woman.

"Ah!"

Xia Mutong let out a soft cry and immediately opened her eyes.

Chapter 270 Relieving the Siege

"Cough cough!"

Just when the two were unable to restrain their feelings, a sudden coughing sound came through.

Ling Chen was startled and immediately regained his composure. He quickly turned his head towards the door, only to see that the room door of the private booth had been opened by someone at some point. A woman dressed in a black tight leather jacket and pants leaned against the door frame, her arms folded across her chest, a faint smile playing on her lips, her gaze teasingly fixed on the two of them.

"Uh... Kaelina?" Ling Chen came back to his senses and asked in surprise, "What are you doing here?"

"I think what you should be concerned about now is not that. The police will be here soon, you two better hurry up and tidy yourselves. I don't really mind, but if others see..." Kaelina giggled and then stepped out.

"Ling Chen, you jerk!"

Xia Mutong waved her fist, hitting his sturdy chest, her pretty face blushing red, and she struggled to suppress the shyness in her eyes as she scolded, "Hurry up and get up."

Ling, feeling embarrassed, touched his nose and let out a sheepish laugh. He quickly got up, handed the pants next to him to Xia Mutong and turned his back, secretly reflecting on himself. Recently, he could not control himself, easily tempted, and flames of desire would immediately rise.

Could it be the consequence of practicing the Prajnaparamita Sutra?

At this point, Xia Mutong had already dressed neatly. Although she still felt weak, she could manage to walk a few steps. Looking at Ling Chen standing before her, an involuntary blush rose on Xia Mutong's cheeks, her beauty radiant, and the color of shyness in her eyes could not be suppressed.

Last time she could blame the alcohol, but this time, she remained sober. She clearly wanted to refuse, but she eventually succumbed to Ling Chen's advances and was also seen by another woman. The thought of this made her unbearably embarrassed, her body flushed hot, and she felt too ashamed to see anyone.

Noticing the silence behind him, Ling Chen couldn't help but turn his head back. Seeing Xia Mutong changing expressions and silent, he said, "Officer Xia, you..."

"You go first, I... I'll leave in a moment." Xia Mutong said, looking down, not even lifting her eyes.

Ling Chen knew she was embarrassed to see Kaelina, and he felt the same. He agreed and quickly walked out of the booth.

Upon reaching the bar lobby, the scene was a mess. By the heavily damaged bar, Kaelina found a well-preserved bottle of red wine, poured it into a glass, and sipped elegantly and seductively.

Seeing Ling Chen approaching, Kaelina smiled and teased, "Mr. Ling, it seems you can't escape the nature of men."

Ling Chen cleared his throat and tried to avoid this embarrassing topic, asking, "What are you doing here?"

"Aren't you forgetting, I am also an assassin."

"I know. But a bounty of seven million should hardly catch your eye."

Kaelina's lips slightly curled up, her spirited smile intoxicating as she said, "You are my partner, and if you were dead, I would have to find someone else to cooperate with, which would be too troublesome. So, after much thought, it benefits everyone only if you're alive. Earlier, I took care of the assassins outside for you, oh, and that lone Ghost Shadow Ninja, I sent him to hell to join his companions."

"Thanks!"

"No need for thanks, it was just a small favor. Killing all of the fourth-ranked Ghost Shadow Ninjas should serve as a warning to the other assassins. For a while, no one will trouble you again, unless there really is someone who isn't afraid to die."

Ling Chen nodded, asking, "You're in this business, do you have any information?"

"Are you referring to the ones who paid to put a bounty on you?"

"Exactly."

"I'm not sure about that; the people from the Secret Society always tightly seal their information. Besides, those offering the bounty usually remain anonymous, unless you can trace their method of payment."

"Then never mind," Ling Chen waved his hand dismissively. This bounty was issued by the Secret Society, making it difficult to trace. Moreover, out of the three people who placed the bounty on his head, he could guess two, but the identity of the remaining one eluded him.

Just then, a series of police sirens wailed from outside. Through the window, flashing red and blue lights could be seen outside the bar; not just police cars, but ambulances and fire trucks were all dispatched.

Kaelina put down her empty wine glass and turned to say, "I'm leaving now. Let's keep in touch when we're free."

No sooner had she left than Xia Mutong came out of the private room. Seeing Ling Chen's gaze, she tightened her expression sternly and snapped, "What are you still standing here for?"

"Huh?" Ling Chen was momentarily at a loss for understanding and stood dumbfounded.

Seeing his confused face, Xia Mutong hurriedly said, "I'm telling you to leave, can't you understand? Don't interfere with our police work."

Hearing this, Ling Chen immediately grasped her intent, a slight smile forming at the corner of his mouth. This woman did care about him, otherwise, she wouldn't have asked him to leave. Once the police entered the scene, as an involved party, he would inevitably have to go to the police station. Though it wouldn't be a big issue, it could still be bothersome.

Thereupon, he nodded and said with concern, "Your wound was only patched up briefly; it's best to go to the hospital for proper dressing." After speaking, he walked out through the bar's back door.

By the time he got back to Wealthy Manor, it was quite late.

Ling Chen took a shower, changed into clean clothes, and lay on his bed. Exhaustion from the night quickly swept him into sleep.

...

The next day.

Hongyu Group headquarters.

Ling Chen dropped Nanrong Wanqing off on the top floor and then returned to the security department to enjoy some downtime.

Knock knock knock!

"Come in!"

The door opened, and Nanrong Wanqing looked up from her desk, a hint of surprise in her beautiful eyes.

"Aunt, where have you been these past few days? I haven't seen you at work."

Jiang Ying gave a wry smile and said, "Wanqing, I hope you can take to heart what happened a few days ago, I..."

"Aunt, please don't say such things. I know you did it for the good of my Nanrong family, and I have never blamed you." Nanrong Wanqing interrupted her, wheeling her wheelchair closer to Jiang Ying, "Aunt, I understand your difficulties. Let's forget about the past and not bring it up again."

"Thank you, Wanqing. You always understand me," Jiang Ying extended her hand, gently caressing Nanrong Wanqing's cheek, her eyes revealing a trace of nostalgia as she murmured, "You look so much like your mother."

"Aunt..."

"Wanqing, remember, whatever I do, it's for your and the Nanrong family's good."

Wanqing looked puzzled, "Aunt, what do you mean by that?"

Jiang Ying shook her head, remaining silent. Suddenly, she bit her teeth, and from the ring on her middle finger, a small needle extended and pierced into Nanrong Wanqing's delicate neck.