

The Beauty 30

Chapter 30 Beautiful Policewoman (Part 1)

The woman who had just confronted Ling Chen snapped back to reality from Nanrong Wanqing's stunning beauty and quickly stepped to block Liang Zhao Hui's way. Then, she pulled out a badge from her pocket and held it high for everyone to see.

"Police. Who are all of you?"

Ling Chen was shocked, not expecting the woman to be a police officer. He glanced at the badge in her hand, Xia Mutong, a rather unisex name.

"We are members of Hongyu Group's security department, this is our chairman Nanrong Wanqing, Miss Su is the chairman's sister, we are here to take her back. Also, we have reported to the police, you can check if you don't believe it."

"She is Nanrong Wanqing?"

Xia Mutong was secretly astonished, no wonder she had such outstanding looks and aura, she indeed was the golden flower of East Sea City that everyone talked about, and her attitude became slightly more polite.

Regaining her wits, she immediately took out her phone to call the reception desk and after confirming everyone's identity, she let them pass.

However, the disappointment in her eyes as she watched Su Lin being taken away was unmistakable.

After leaving the bar, Nanrong Wanqing stopped Ling Chen, who was about to get into the car.

"Chairman, is there anything else?"

"Come over."

Ling Chen didn't understand what she wanted, but still obediently walked over.

As he approached, Nanrong Wanqing suddenly raised her arm, and a slap flew toward Ling Chen's cheek.

Seeing this, Ling Chen immediately stepped back and reached out to grab Nanrong Wanqing's delicate wrist. He was already frowning with anger rising in his heart, but when he grasped her bone-soft hand, it seemed to have a kind of magic, causing a jolt in his heart as if he had been electrocuted, and for a moment, he found himself unable to speak.

Feeling the strangeness in Ling Chen's eyes, Nanrong Wanqing's face turned red for no reason, and she quickly pulled her hand back.

"Cough, um, Chairman, what are you doing?" Ling Chen said awkwardly.

"You know very well what you've done."

"Chairman, please speak plainly, I don't understand what you mean."

"Ling Chen, I didn't misjudge you, it was my grandfather who was wrong about you. You are not trustworthy at all, do not show up in front of me again, I don't want to see you anymore."

Having said that, Nanrong Wanqing was pushed in her wheelchair by her subordinates onto the Rolls-Royce.

"Chairman..."

"Enough."

Zhong Wei interrupted him, coldly saying, "You should leave now, don't follow us anymore. You can go to the company and complete the resignation procedures on your own tomorrow."

"Captain Zhong, what exactly did I do wrong?"

Ling Chen really couldn't understand why Nanrong Wanqing hated him so much. He had brought Su Lin back, she shouldn't be treating him this way.

"Don't you know what you did? Go take a good look at yourself in the mirror."

Watching the slowly departing motorcade, Ling Chen returned to his car alone, and carefully looked at himself in the mirror. Soon enough, he saw a lipstick mark on his neck.

At that moment, he figured it out.

Earlier, in the scuffle with Su Lin, her clothes got disheveled, and there was a lipstick mark on his neck. Anyone would have thought the worst. Nanrong Wanqing must have thought he took advantage of Su Lin while she was drunk.

Having realized this, he couldn't help but smile bitterly.

He was too wronged, not even knowing when that lipstick mark got there.

Well, the misunderstanding had been made. Considering Su Lin's attitude towards him, she would definitely not step forward to explain. He wasn't a man out of his senses. Since she hated him to such an extent, why should he continue to stay at the company and make people uncomfortable? It was only unfortunate to lose such a generous salary, he was originally counting on that money to pay for Tang Shiyun's tuition.

At this time, across the street, a white Buick was parked by the roadside.

Watching the Santana merge into the traffic, the driver in the Buick took out his phone and dialed a number.

"The information you gave me was inaccurate, and there is still the identity of one security personnel that hasn't been clarified. That person is no ordinary individual – feels like he's in the same line of work as me. You better check this out thoroughly. We're taking action tomorrow, so make sure you find out tonight."

The next morning.

Ling Chen leaned against the wall, arms crossed over his chest, a blade of grass dangling from his mouth, watching Nanrong Hao practice his boxing on the empty lot with a casual eye.

After finishing a set of moves, Nanrong Hao, wiping the sweat from his forehead, ran up to Ling Chen, full of enthusiasm.

"Chen, how was it? I've made some pretty good progress, haven't I?"

"Not bad, but you need to work harder, especially since your foundation is still weak." Ling Chen chuckled.

Ling Chen checked the time; it was almost eight o'clock, time to go to the company to handle his resignation.

Seeing Ling Chen's downcast expression, Nanrong Hao couldn't help but say, "Chen, is everything okay? Did you suffer any setbacks at work? Tell me, I'll take care of it for you."

"You're that capable?"

"Of course, except for my Sister and cousin, who in the company dares not to give me face."

"Then you're talking nonsense."

"Eh... Chen, the one who troubled you, it wasn't my Sister, was it? If that's the case, you're on your own; I can't help you."

"You really are disloyal."

Amidst their conversation, the two arrived at the parking area.

Ling Chen was about to get into his car when suddenly his gaze was drawn to a Buick in front of him. The sight of the familiar license plate made his eyes narrow instantly.

It was the same Buick that had escaped last time.

At that moment, the driver of the Buick gently pressed on the accelerator, lurching the car forward and stopping again as if taunting.

"Haozi."

"Chen, what's up?"

"Give me your car keys; you take mine and go back to the company."

"Okay."

Nanrong Hao didn't ask for the reason and simply tossed the keys to Ling Chen.

Getting into the car, Ling Chen started the engine and pushed down on the accelerator. Simultaneously, the Buick shot out like an arrow.

Soon, both cars joined the traffic on the road.

Eight in the morning is the peak of rush hour; traffic was congested, but Ling Chen's Audi A8 and the Buick sped away furiously, quickly reaching a hundred miles per hour.

Woo woo!

Woo woo woo woo!

"Please pull over immediately for an inspection, the two cars ahead."

Amidst the crowded traffic, Ling Chen glanced at the rearview mirror; a police car was catching up fast from behind. Without thinking, he floored the accelerator, clinging to the other car's tail to keep it from getting away.

After chasing for several kilometers at breakneck speed, not caring how many red lights they ran through, the number of police cars in pursuit kept growing. Suddenly, Ling Chen saw that the traffic two hundred meters ahead was jammed, impossible to get through.

"Perfect chance, let's see where you can run now."

No sooner had the thought occurred than the Buick in front made a sharp brake, its tail swinging quickly, drifting into an alley on the side of the road.

Without a word, Ling Chen pulled the handbrake, and the tail of the car immediately swung left. As the car's nose was about to align with the alley entrance, he coordinated his hand and foot movements – shift gears, accelerate, release handbrake – in one smooth motion.

The alley was narrow, just wide enough for one car, posing a serious challenge to driving skills.