

The Beauty 341

Chapter 341 Expert Appearance

"Wanna know?"

Bai Huanjun nodded solemnly with clasped hands, "Please enlighten me!"

Ling Chen swayed with pride and snorted twice. You think I have to tell you just because you want to know? Even Bai Huanjun, so full of openings in front of this young master, aren't you ashamed?

"I just won't tell you! Die of anger!"

Although Bai Huanjun is not on the assassin list, he surpasses those who are.

Within the industry, there aren't many who excel at Disguise Skills, and those like Thousand-year-old Fox who have long been famous and have the ability to be on the list are even fewer.

Although Bai Huanjun is not on the list, it's mostly due to his disdain. He and Thousand-faced Fox once crossed paths, competing in their skills. It's not for outsiders to comment on who was superior, but ever since then, wherever one appeared, the other would make a detour. This at least suggests their skills must be closely matched.

However, their biggest difference lies in temperament. Thousand-year-old Fox is very pragmatic, especially adept at assessing the situation, and if something seems off, he prioritizes his own safety first, never stubbornly fixated on one point, and certainly doesn't insist on achieving a result by any means necessary.

This was also why Thousand-faced Fox immediately retreated last time, claiming he wouldn't interfere. His reason was that seven million wasn't worth it, which was partly true, but behind those words, wasn't it also reflecting that he indeed didn't have the confidence to take down Ling Chen? The seven million wasn't worth the risk for him.

Bai Huanjun, on the other hand, tends to be stubborn. Once he sets his sights on a target, he doesn't rest until he achieves his goal. Last time, he lost the lives of two assistants, and yet, here he is again in just a few days.

"This time, I didn't wear a human skin mask, so there shouldn't be any flaws in my facial expressions. How did you see through me?"

Compared to killing Ling Chen, Bai Huanjun was more curious about why he was exposed again this time.

Ling Chen sighed and said, "Are you really that dumb or just pretending? The fact that someone with your intellect is still alive, I must say, is truly a miracle."

Bai Huanjun frowned without a word, then after a long pause still clasped his fists solemnly, "Please enlighten me!"

"Enlighten what?" Ling Chen said impatiently: "As a man disguised as a nurse, at least you should understand what the most obvious difference between men and women in appearance is, right? Yet you recklessly tossed your head acting coy, and your Adam's apple popped out!"

Bai Huanjun was stunned. Such a simple thing, such a foolish mistake!

"You escaped last time and had the guts to come back; looks like you're really in need of money."

Bai Huanjun nodded, "I know it's not easy to kill you, and I was planning to leave, but you've become too popular lately and your price has gone up, I had to give myself another chance."

"I'm afraid this is your last chance," Ling Chen said coldly. "What I hate most in this world is someone like you, an omnipresent annoyance like a fly. Since you've come today, don't even think about leaving!"

Bai Huanjun smiled charmingly, and even though Ling Chen now knew that the lovely little nurse before him was a man in disguise, he couldn't help his heart skipping a beat.

Damn it, how can a grown man smile so seductively? This really makes life unbearable!

"Die!" Ling Chen's eyes narrowed as he kicked a nearby trash can towards Bai Huanjun's face, his figure immediately pouncing forward.

Bai Huanjun deftly spun to the side, his hand suddenly filled with several scalpels, flicking them towards the onrushing Ling Chen.

The whistling of the blades was incessant, Ling Chen twisted his body in mid-air, narrowly dodging, and landed with an unadorned kick straight to the chest!

At the same time, Jiang Yunkai launched another attack, still with his firm and domineering punches, faintly accompanied by the sound of wind and thunder, throwing fourteen or fifteen punches in the blink of an eye, completely sealing off Bai Huanjun's path of retreat.

To the left was a wall, to the right a window, in front was Ling Chen delivering a fierce kick, and behind was Jiang Yunkai blocking with punches; Zhao Zhengxiong had already called over a dozen people to encircle the area.

Bai Huanjun was trapped, with escape seeming as impossible as ascending to the heavens, let alone causing harm to anyone.

Just as Bai Huanjun seemed on the brink of falling beneath Ling Chen's foot, a patient leaning on a cane sitting by the stairwell suddenly leaped up, showing no signs of mobility issues.

The cane in his hand was as swift as lightning, aiming straight for Jiang Yunkai's back; the tip of the cane glittered coldly, apparently concealing a blade!

"Watch your back!" Ling Chen's kick almost reached Bai Huanjun's chest when he noticed the sneak attack, promptly issuing a warning. However, unexpectedly, the man in front abruptly twisted his body and without hesitation crashed through the window!

This was the twelfth floor; if Bai Huanjun wasn't courting death, then he must have made some preparations in advance.

Unable to concern himself with the suddenly emerging assassin, believing in Jiang Yunkai's skill, even if he couldn't subdue the attacker, self-protection should be no problem—at the very least, there would be no life-threatening danger.

Ling Chen had no time to think further, striding to the window just in time to see Bai Huanjun stop at the seventh or eighth floor, appearing to step on something, his body oscillating slightly up and down.

With Ling Chen's keen eyesight, he meticulously observed and finally discerned a steel wire stretched between the floors, difficult to spot against the night sky.

Bai Huanjun's choice for landing was extremely precise, touching the wire with his toes to counteract the force of the descent. With such a setup, there were probably one or two more wires below, and jumping from the twelfth floor wasn't an insurmountable task.

Ling Chen was furious, treating him as if he was just a dish to be sampled at will, taking bites when he pleased and running away when he failed. Was he content just getting a whiff?

Ling Chen hastily pulled a scalpel that Bai Huanjun had previously thrown into the wall, flicking it back at him. However, given the distance, Bai Huanjun easily dodged and continued to descend a few more floors, indeed landing on another steel wire.

This guy was really like a rabbit; not even trying for a second strike if the first one missed, but rather, he escaped quite nimbly. Who knew when and in what bizarre guise he would appear next?

Watching as Bai Huanjun reached the ground and arrogantly gestured a sign of victory towards Ling Chen, Ling Chen felt annoyed, but then a sudden change occurred below!

A dark shadow dashed forward, void of any fancy or complex moves, speed like lightning, reaching the still-smug Bai Huanjun. Grabbing the unsuspecting Bai Huanjun, he swung him heavily against the wall.

Before he could fall from the wall, the shadow soared up and delivered a flying kick straight to Bai Huanjun's temple. Bai Huanjun didn't even make a sound before sliding down the wall to the ground, silence ensuing.

The entire process took just a few seconds. Ling Chen watched from above, dumbstruck, his heart chilled. Bai Huanjun's combat power was average, but his agility was extremely slippery and cunning, having escaped him twice. Who would have thought the shadow below would deal with him as if he were as insignificant as a kitten or puppy, slamming and kicking to settle the matter?

Chapter 342 Dongfang Yu

Just as Ling Chen felt a shock of alarm, the black shadow, without pausing, rapidly scaled the exterior wall of the hospital building, reaching the fifth floor in the blink of an eye.

Seeing this scene, Ling Chen couldn't help but widen his eyes in disbelief, staring at the black shadow as his mind temporarily froze, unable to snap back to reality.

Is... is this even human?

Scaling walls and walking on roofs!

With just this skill, the person's physical ability could very well be on par with He Ziyun.

A gust of wind struck his face, and without time for further thought, Ling Chen took steps backward. He still hadn't figured out the black shadow's origins, so he had to remain cautious. As his thoughts raced, the black shadow had already entered through a window, landing in the corridor of the hospital.

Ling Chen's heart tensed, his fists slightly clenched, as he sized up the person with piercing eyes, his expression immediately taken aback.

Bathed in the bright corridor light, the appearance of the black shadow was laid bare before Ling Chen. Silver hair, skin covered in wrinkles, eyes dark and ominous, a light red tumor on the chin the size of a pigeon's egg, dangling slightly, somewhat bizarre.

At first glance, this old man appeared to be at least seventy or eighty years old. Besides the old man's appearance, the cane in his hand also caught Ling Chen's attention.

The three-foot long, pure wooden cane was brown, very much like a twisted tree trunk, with deep, convoluted grain patterns, and a '7'-shaped handle at the top. At this moment, the old man was leaning on his cane, sizing up Ling Chen with the same chilly, shadowy eyes.

Those who are good do not come; those who come are not good.

Ling Chen's intuition told him, this old man was not here to make friends. With this thought, his eyes slightly narrowed as the Inner Strength within his Dantian began to move slowly, the robust Inner Strength flowing like a tiny stream through his meridians, ready to erupt at any moment.

"Are you Ling Chen?" the old man was the first to speak.

Ling Chen nodded, his heart on guard, his lips slightly turning up with a faint smile, he replied neither humbly nor arrogantly, "Do you need something from me?"

The old man did not hesitate and, leaning on his cane, pressed forward one step closer, staring straight into Ling Chen's pupils, he cut to the chase, "Where is Qiu Yong?"

"Qiu Yong?" Ling Chen was momentarily stunned. He thought the old man was here to trouble him, it seems he was overly sentimental. He looked at the old man perplexedly and asked in return, "What do you want with Elder Qiu?"

"That is my business; you don't need to know. Tell me, where is he?" The old man's tone was insistently demanding.

Ling Chen spread his hands and said, "Sorry, you've asked the wrong person. I haven't seen Elder Qiu in a very long time."

The old man coldly stated, "My people have told me that you have frequent contact with the eight eccentrics, surely you can't be unaware?"

Ling Chen immediately pleaded innocence, "That's nonsense. Whoever your informant is, you should definitely fire them, too irresponsible, spouting nonsense with eyes wide open. Yes, I know the eight eccentrics, but I'm not familiar with them, it's useless to ask me."

"If you don't get a lesson, you won't be ready to tell the truth." As the words left him, the old man's eyes suddenly widened, brimming with sharpness and emitting an intimidating authority. With just this attitude, Ling Chen's legs involuntarily stepped back, like a willow branch in a gale, unable to hold ground.

So powerful!

Ling Chen observed the old man, his pupils slightly constricted, internally startled.

This old man's strength was probably beyond the Tiger List.

Not only him, but Jiang Yunkai alongside him was also filled with shock, staring at the old man in disbelief.

With thoughts swirling, the old man who leaned on the cane made his move, swift as a gust of wind, and in an instant, he was upon Ling Chen, his withered fingers transforming into a claw, reaching for Ling Chen's face.

Ling Chen gathered his spirit and quickly raised both hands to protect his vital facial features, hoping to block the opponent's attack. However, as soon as he made a move, Ling Chen realized that the old man's attack had suddenly shifted from a high line to a mid-line, striking rapidly towards his chest and abdomen.

Ling Chen acknowledged his own reaction abilities weren't weak, but in front of the elder, his actions couldn't keep up with his sight. Watching as the withered claw struck, Ling Chen found himself utterly helpless. For the first time, he felt a profound sense of powerlessness.

"Stop!"

Jiang Yunkai saw that the situation was grim and, concerned for Ling Chen's safety, didn't hesitate to leap forward and strike out with a single palm. However, the elder didn't even glance at him, shaking his walking stick lightly. Before Jiang Yunkai could see the move clearly, his forward-charging body was sent flying and smashed heavily against the wall.

"Kai!" Ling Chen's expression changed slightly, his eyes filled with concern.

"You should watch out for yourself first." The elder snorted coldly, his vigorous attack unabatedly targeting Ling Chen's vital points.

Just in the blink of an eye, a sharp sword light suddenly shot forth, aiming straight for the elder's head.

The sudden change caused the elder's expression to change, prompting him to immediately withdraw and step back.

Clang!

Accompanied by a crisp sound, a cold, gleaming sword was firmly embedded in the wall, half the blade sunk in, the hilt trembling slightly, the force not yet dissipated.

The elder glanced at the sword, his eyes instantly turning cold as he shouted, "Who's there, come out!"

"Dongfang Yu, long time no see. I trust you've been well."

An elderly and familiar voice came through, and Ling Chen's eyebrows lifted slightly. A trace of joy appeared on his sharp-featured face as he turned to look at the newcomer.

The one who had lent a timely hand was none other than He Ziyun.

At this moment, He Ziyun was dressed in a Tang suit, hands clasped behind his back, walking with head held high and chest out.

"It's you?" Seeing He Ziyun, Dongfang Yu's face suddenly fell, revealing a clear sense of discontent, "Mr. He, this is my private affair, don't intervene."

He Ziyun spoke indifferently, "Ling Chen is a friend I deeply respect. If you intend to harm him, I will be the first to object."

Hearing this, Dongfang Yu's gaze flickered, seemingly hesitating. After a moment, he looked intently at Ling Chen and squeezed a few words from between his teeth, "Fine, Mr. He, for your sake I will let him go for now. But as long as he doesn't reveal Qiu Yong's whereabouts, I will never let this rest."

With that, Dongfang Yu turned and leaped towards the window, spreading his hands like a great roc spreading its wings, vanishing instantly into the ink-like night.

Ling Chen quickly walked to the window, watching Dongfang Yu leaving, and let out a sigh of relief.

That was close! Had He Ziyun not arrived in time, he probably couldn't have escaped this disaster.

"Mr. He..."

He Ziyun waved his hand, cutting off Ling Chen's words, and said, "You should first sort your own affairs out and then come to the Martial Arts Academy to find me." With that, He Ziyun walked to the wall, pulled out the sword with his hand, sheathed it, and strode away.

At this moment, Jiang Yunkai got up from the ground, clutching his aching right shoulder, and watched He Ziyun's departing figure with a tinge of shock in his eyes.

"Ling Chen, who is that man?"

"He Ziyun, Mr. He." After a pause, Ling Chen added another sentence: "A master of the Earthly List!"

Chapter 343 Courting Bai Huanjun

Upon hearing the words 'Earth Rankings', Jiang Yunkai's eyes widened not with mere shock but with astonishment. As if stupefied, he stood there, his gaze vacant and unfocused.

After a while, regaining his composure, Jiang Yunkai gave Ling Chen a meaningful look. In this moment, he finally understood why Ling Chen was so confident during that day at the First-class Residence, promising that by following him, he could surely make great strides in his martial arts progression.

A person who knows masters of the Earth Rankings surely wouldn't have a simple background. And moreover, Dongfang Yu's skills just now were also extraordinary, likely not below those of the Earth Rankings. Thinking of this, Jiang Yunkai became even more resolute in his decision to stay by Ling Chen's side. As long as he was with Ling Chen, he wouldn't need to worry about not encountering masters.

With Dongfang Yu's situation temporarily resolved, Ling Chen, taking Jiang Yunkai with him, immediately took the elevator down to the hospital's ground floor.

In the hospital's green belt, the two found Bai Huanjun lying in the grass.

Having suffered a heavy blow from Dongfang Yu, Bai Huanjun had lapsed into a coma, his face pale and consciousness lost, with a trace of blood remaining at the corner of his mouth. It seemed his injuries were very severe. Jiang Yunkai glanced at Bai Huanjun and asked, "Should we call the police?"

Ling Chen thought for a moment before responding, "No need, take him to the hospital first. Keep a close eye on him personally, don't let him escape again."

"Understood."

Jiang Hao's injuries were serious, but fortunately, not life-threatening. He would need to spend the better part of a month in the hospital. As for the incident of Jiang Hao's attack, Ling Chen left Zhao Zhengxiong to handle it entirely.

Regarding this matter, Ling Chen's heart actually bore some hidden worries. He saw things from a different perspective; he liked to consider the bigger picture. The sudden attack on Jiang Hao was not just a catalyst but also a reminder.

Leaving the hospital, Ling Chen glanced at the time before driving straight to Qingyun Martial Arts Hall.

At this moment, only the main hall of the academy was lit; Little Hua had already gone to sleep, while He Ziyun was sitting alone in the hall, holding a copy of the Prajnaparamita Sutra, reading under the dim light. Hearing footsteps at the entrance, He Ziyun slowly lifted his head and, seeing Ling Chen coming towards him, stretched out his hand to point at the seat beside him, "Please sit."

Ling Chen, without any pretense, sat down beside He Ziyun and inquired, "Mr. He, who exactly is this Dongfang Yu we faced today?"

"He is also a master of the Earth Rankings."

Indeed!

Ling Chen silently exclaimed that his guess was not wrong.

"From what I know, he seems to have a grudge against the Eight Eccentrics. The Eight Eccentrics are known for their elusive whereabouts. You've had contact with them, so that's why Dongfang Yu came after you."

"I see." Ling Chen nodded, then quickly changed the topic, "Mr. He, do you know what the grudge between him and the Eight Eccentrics is about?"

He Ziyun explained, "Dongfang Yu once had a disciple, a master on the Dragon List, but the disciple had character issues, and not many people liked him. Somehow, he got into a conflict with the Eight Eccentrics, vowed to kill them, but ended up being killed by the Eight Eccentrics instead. Dongfang Yu's intent is merely to avenge his disciple." Pausing for a moment, he continued, "If you can somehow contact the Eight Eccentrics, you might want to give them a heads-up to be more cautious. Someone like Dongfang Yu will not rest until he achieves his goal."

"I understand." Ling Chen affirmed. When he last bade farewell to the Eight Eccentrics, Qiu Yong had given him a phone number. If there were ever a need, he could use the number to reach them at any time.

"Mr. He, thank you for your help this time. If it hadn't been for your timely intervention, I might not have been so fortunate."

He Ziyun offered a faint smile, "Why stand on ceremony between us? I just happened to learn an old friend had come to East Sea City and followed him all the way here. I never expected he was actually looking for you."

"Right, Mr. He." Ling Chen suddenly thought of something and spoke up: "There seems to be something odd about the Prajnaparamita Sutra."

"Odd? Why do you say that?"

"I feel... ever since I started cultivating the Prajnaparamita Sutra, even my personality seems to be changing. Isn't that somewhat abnormal?" Ling Chen was somewhat troubled. His feelings were most profound these past few days. Especially when he saw women, he found it increasingly difficult to control himself, always unable to resist making a few teasing remarks. To think he, a proud man of integrity, would, due to the Prajnaparamita Sutra, turn into a lecher—his reputation of half a lifetime would be destroyed.

He Ziyun said with interest: "Is that so? Well, any cultivation technique can cause a certain impact, but this is not a major issue. You have to learn to restrain yourself. Restraint is also a kind of training for oneself."

Hearing this, Ling Chen appeared to have gained some enlightenment and nodded.

After talking with He Ziyun at Qingyun Martial Arts Hall until late into the night, Ling Chen saw that it was getting late, so he bid his farewell and returned to Wealthy Manor.

The next morning.

Ling Chen dropped Nanrong Wanqing off at the headquarters of Hongyu Group, intending to go rest in the security department, but he received a call from Jiang Yunkai saying that Bai Huanjun had woken up and asked him to visit the hospital.

He arrived at the hospital by nine o'clock in the morning.

In the intensive care ward, Ling Chen saw Bai Huanjun, who was resting in bed. Since last night, Jiang Yunkai had been keeping vigil in the ward non-stop to prevent Bai Huanjun from escaping.

Looking at Bai Huanjun, whose body was wrapped in bandages, Ling Chen asked, "You wanted to see me?"

"Thank you for saving my life." Bai Huanjun was still very weak and spoke feebly.

Ling Chen casually moved a chair to sit by the window, waving his hand, he said, "Don't be in a hurry to thank me yet. I'm still considering whether to hand you over to the police."

"No!" Bai Huanjun's face changed slightly. Now, with his serious injuries, if he fell into the hands of the police, he probably would spend the rest of his life in prison.

Ling Chen... no, Mr. Ling, please be a good Samaritan to the end, please don't call the police. As long as you can set me free, I'll agree to any of your conditions," Bai Huanjun begged earnestly.

"Really?" Ling Chen said with a smile that was not quite a smile: "What if I let you go and then you turn around to kill me, wouldn't I be at a great loss? Besides, do I look like a good person to you?"

"This..." Bai Huanjun was momentarily at a loss for words, not knowing how to respond.

Ling Chen grinned, picked up an apple, took a bite, and while chewing said, "You're an assassin, and assassins are all about money. How about this, from now on, you work for me. I can't promise you much in the short term, but at the very least you won't have to worry about food and clothing. If everything goes smoothly, once we grow and become strong, not to mention seven million US dollars, even ten million dollars will not be an issue."

Ling Chen tried to persuade him, "Really, what's so good about being an assassin? You're always living on the edge of life and death, never knowing when you'll bite the dust. It's better to be down-to-earth

as a person. It's pointless to make money if you don't live to spend it. You're capable, and as long as you're willing to follow me, I'll make sure it's worth your while. What do you say?"

Hearing this, Bai Huanjun hesitated for a moment, bowing his head in deep thought and saying nothing.

Jiang Yunkai chimed in, "Don't forget who saved your life. One should appreciate kindness and repay favors. If you're an ungrateful and heartless person, then just disregard what we've said."

Chapter 344 Mr. Yun's Visit

After hesitating for a long time, Bai Huanjun raised his head, seemingly determined, and looked directly into Ling Chen's clear eyes, saying, "If you want me to follow you, fine! But you must agree to one demand."

"Speak." Ling Chen suppressed the joy in his heart and replied indifferently.

"First, give me two million, I urgently need it. After I get the money, I need to leave for a while. When I have dealt with my matters, I will come back to you and fulfill my promise."

Jiang Yunkai slightly frowned and said, "How do we know you will keep your word? If you take the money and run, where would we find you?"

Bai Huanjun glared at Jiang Yunkai and retorted, "Assassins value reputation the most, I do what I say. If you don't believe me, I..."

"I believe you," Ling Chen interjected, "Although you have tried to kill me several times, I am willing to trust you once. First, take good care of your injuries. Tomorrow I'll bring the money."

Leaving the hospital room, Jiang Yunkai closely followed behind Ling Chen, asking, "Do you think he can be trusted?"

"I don't know." Ling Chen smiled faintly, "If two million can test his sincerity, I think it's worth it." This was his sincere thought; Bai Huanjun was a capable man, and having him on board would undoubtedly be a significant help.

Moreover, two million wasn't much; the reward from the Nanrong Family would probably exceed this amount.

After dealing with Bai Huanjun's matter, Ling Chen returned to his car and then took out his phone, dialing a number.

Dial tone...

"Hello!"

A familiar voice came through, and Ling Chen smiled, saying, "Elder Qiu, it's me. You remember me, right?"

"It's Ling. What do you need from me, Ling?"

"It's like this..." Ling Chen then shared the incident involving Dongfang Yu's appearance the previous night. After listening, Qiu Yong snorted slightly, his voice tinged with a hint of coldness, "Although Dongfang Yu's disciple is a master from the Dragon List, he's nothing but scum. Such a person isn't worth mourning over. If Dongfang Yu seeks revenge, let him come. We siblings are not afraid."

"Elder Qiu, I know you all are formidable, but Dongfang Yu is, after all, a master from the Earthly List, better be careful."

"I know that. But, a mere master from the Earthly List is not worth our attention. Ling, anyway, we siblings thank you for your reminder."

"Don't mention it, let's meet up again when you're free."

After hanging up the phone, Ling Chen drove straight back to the headquarters of Hongyu Group.

Upon arriving at the company entrance, Ling Chen suddenly saw a luxury car parked outside, casually glanced at the license plate, and his expression suddenly changed.

It's him!

Why has he come here?

Without further thought, Ling Chen quickly got out of the car and hurried toward Nanrong Wanqing's private elevator. At the same time, he pulled out his phone and frantically dialed Nanrong Wanqing's number.

However, the call was met with a busy signal, indicating the line was already in use.

Could something have happened? Ling Chen anxiously wondered, watching the elevator numbers changing constantly, his brow slightly furrowed.

Ding!

With a crisp sound, the elevator finally reached the top floor of Hongyu Group.

Ling Chen strode briskly, covering three steps in two, quickly rushing to the door of the chairman's office. Ignoring the shouting of Secretary Wang Lan, he directly pushed the door and walked in.

Upon entering, Ling Chen immediately heard a burst of hearty laughter. Looking intently, he saw a middle-aged man in a suit and leather shoes sitting on the office sofa, with two personal bodyguards standing behind him. The middle-aged man had a gentle smile and a refined aura, giving off an approachable feeling. At this moment, Nanrong Wanqing was sitting opposite the middle-aged man, laughing brightly about something amusing.

Ling Chen's sudden intrusion immediately drew everyone's attention. The two suit-clad bodyguards standing behind the middle-aged man saw Ling Chen appear, their expressions changed slightly, and they immediately reached for their waist, watching Ling Chen warily.

Nanrong Wanqing did not notice the unusual behavior of the two suit-clad bodyguards. She walked up to Ling Chen, smiled lightly, and said, "How come you're here? Let me introduce you, this is Mr. Yun. Mr.

Yun is an overseas Chinese running a large enterprise abroad, and he's here in East Sea City to discuss cooperation with our Hongyu Group."

During her speech, Mr. Yun had already stood up from the sofa, fastened the button in front of his suit, and strode towards Ling Chen, extending his hand with a smile, "Hello, I'm pleased to meet you."

"Mr. Yun, this is Ling Chen, an employee of our company's security department," Nanrong Wanqing introduced.

Ling Chen stared at Mr. Yun in front of him, shaking his hand with a faint smile, "I'm also very pleased to meet you."

Mr. Yun seemed not to notice the sharpness in Ling Chen's eyes, turned his head to look at Nanrong Wanqing, and said, "Miss Nanrong, I still have matters to attend to. Let's find another time to have a good chat and discuss business."

"No problem."

"Then, I'll be going first."

"I'll see you out."

After leaving the chairman's office, Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing, along with Mr. Yun and his two suit-clad bodyguards, walked into the chairman's private elevator. However, when Nanrong Wanqing was about to enter the elevator, Ling Chen stopped her, giving a slight smile, "You go ahead with your work, I'll take them down."

"Okay." Nanrong Wanqing nodded gently, not insisting, "Mr. Yun, take care, and you're welcome to visit Hongyu Group again."

"Sure thing," Mr. Yun replied with a smile.

The elevator doors slowly closed. At the moment when Nanrong Wanqing was blocked outside the elevator, Mr. Yun's two suit-clad bodyguards quickly drew out daggers from their waists, guarded Mr. Yun behind them, and raised their knives, ready to stab Ling Chen.

"Stop!" Mr. Yun shouted to stop them, then pointed at the upper left corner of the elevator, where there was a surveillance camera.

"What are you doing here?"

Hearing Ling Chen's question, Mr. Yun, still smiling, replied, "Why can't I come here? As a father, don't I have the right to see my daughter?"

Ling Chen curled his lips, "I don't believe you."

"So, what do you want to do, catch me now?"

It must be said, Mr. Yun's words somewhat tempted Ling Chen. With only two suit-clad bodyguards present, it was the best opportunity to apprehend Mr. Yun. However, seeing the mysterious smile on Mr. Yun's face, Ling Chen was not very confident.

This man dared to come to Hongyu Group openly; he couldn't possibly be unprepared. For a moment, he hesitated.

Mr. Yun glanced at the elevator's floor display, smiling ambiguously, "We will soon reach the lobby, if you don't act now, there won't be another chance."

Ling Chen's brows furrowed, his piercing gaze sweeping back and forth over the two suit-clad bodyguards, still unable to make up his mind.

Ding!

The elevator door opened, and Ling Chen, burdened with too many concerns, ultimately did not make a move. He silently followed behind Mr. Yun, walking straight out of the company's main entrance.

Chapter 345 Stunning

At the car, a suited bodyguard opened the door, Mr. Yun smoothly got into the back seat, then rolled down the window, looked at Ling Chen outside, and smiled, "Actually, you don't need to be nervous, I just came to see Wanqing, I have no other intentions. If I wanted to harm her, why would I let you come back and ensure her safety?"

"I hope so. However, given your identity, it's best to keep your distance from Wanqing."

"What else do you want to do to me? Kill me?" Mr. Yun laughed unrestrainedly, "Ling Chen, you wouldn't dare kill me, unless you want Wanqing to resent you for a lifetime." After that, Mr. Yun closed the window and ignored Ling Chen.

Watching the sedan slowly merge into the traffic, Ling Chen's clenched fist slightly relaxed, and he turned to head back to Hongyu Group.

Chairman's office.

Ling Chen pushed open the door, only to see Nanrong Wanqing bustling in front of the office, handling the company's documents.

Hearing footsteps, Nanrong Wanqing slightly lifted her head, her beautiful eyes gazing at the approaching Ling Chen, the corners of her mouth slightly curled up, flashing a captivating smile.

"Is he gone?"

Ling Chen nodded, asking, "What business did Mr. Yun want to discuss with you?"

"He wants to collaborate with our docks to handle import and export trade."

"It's better to have less contact with him in the future."

"Why?" Nanrong Wanqing asked, puzzled.

"He..." Ling Chen opened his mouth, unsure of how to explain. He couldn't just tell Nanrong Wanqing that Mr. Yun was actually her biological father and a high-ranking member of the God Organization, a true international criminal. If Nanrong Wanqing knew these details, who knows what she might do.

After thinking it over, it seemed best to keep Mr. Yun's true identity hidden for the time being.

"Wanqing." Ling Chen turned serious for once and spoke, "Trust my judgment, I would never harm you, nor would I damage the interests of Hongyu Group, but Mr. Yun is not entirely clean."

"Do you know him?" As soon as she spoke, Nanrong Wanqing seemed to remember something, blurting out, "I remember, you once asked me if I knew a Mr. Yun, are you talking about him?"

"Correct." Ling Chen went along with a lie, saying, "You should know, I have connections with the military. According to what I know, the military suspects his background is dirty and has been investigating him, they've already gathered some evidence. I'm involved in this matter, so I know Mr. Yun, but he doesn't know me, nor is he aware of my background."

"I see." Nanrong Wanqing nodded gently, "Got it. Don't worry, I'll try to avoid contact with him."

Seeing that Nanrong Wanqing believed his words, Ling Chen breathed a sigh of relief.

"By the way, are you free tonight?"

"What's up?"

"There's a gathering tonight, attended by celebrities of East Sea City."

Ling Chen's lips curved up, playfully saying, "You want me as your male companion? What role are you thinking? Boyfriend, or future husband?"

Nanrong Wanqing's cheeks flushed, she retorted coquettishly, "That depends on your performance, for now you're at most a temporary boyfriend, whether you get promoted depends on further evaluation."

"Evaluation?" Ling Chen's eyes twinkled, his face filled with mischief, "Okay, tonight I'll come to your room for a thorough evaluation."

Nanrong Wanqing couldn't stand this teasing, her cheeks instantly reddened, her eyes shyly annoyed, she snapped, "Get lost, stop being so flippant."

...

Night fell.

The moonlight was like water, the street lights like scenery, dazzlingly splendid.

In the room, Ling Chen changed into a sharp suit, stood in front of the mirror, swivelled around showing off, and adjusted his tie while murmuring, "Handsome, really handsome!"

"Hmph, I've never seen such a narcissistic man." Ling Chen turned around to see Su Lin standing in front of the bedroom door, pouting her sexy red lips, and delivered a merciless jab.

"That's confidence." Ling Chen discontentedly corrected her.

"Narcissists usually are very confident."

Ling Chen, not wanting to argue with Su Lin, took a glance at her, his eyes instantly lighting up.

Tonight, Su Lin was also invited to the banquet. Dressed in a purple off-shoulder gown, her shoulders as white as snow, smooth as cream, perfectly accentuated her ***** figure. Aside from the specially prepared gown, her tender earlobes were adorned with two sparkling translucent diamond earrings, and a delicate necklace hung on her rosy neck.

This girl was naturally beautiful and, with the enhancement of jewelry, looked even more enchantingly beautiful, like a blooming flower that never tires the eyes.

Feeling Ling Chen's admiring gaze, Su Lin's heart throbbed with shyness, satisfaction, and pride, summoning a light blush that spread softly across her charming face, adding an extra touch of seductive allure.

"Lady Su, do you have a male companion tonight?"

"Why do I need a male companion when a female one will do?"

"Female companion?" Ling Chen blinked in surprise and asked, "Who?"

"Wanqing, who else?"

Ling Chen touched his nose, feeling that he had asked a redundant question.

"Ling Chen, are you ready?"

The voice of Nanrong Wanqing came from outside the bedroom, and Ling Chen immediately answered, then quickly walked out. He was eager to see how Nanrong Wanqing was dressed tonight.

Stepping out of the bedroom, upon seeing Nanrong Wanqing descend the stairs, Ling Chen froze on the spot, his mouth agape and his face full of awe.

Tonight, Nanrong Wanqing wore a snow-white evening gown, slightly revealing her shoulders, her complexion smooth and fair, her delicate face as pure as a snow lotus atop an iceberg, sacred and flawless, exuding an ethereal charm that seemed above the worldly, untouchable and irresistible.

Though simply dressed without any jewelry, the aura emitted by Nanrong Wanqing alone was enough to steal the scene.

Seeing Ling Chen staring dazedly, Nanrong Wanqing's heart swelled sweetly, and a faint smile graced her lips, captivating and intoxicating, like a rich wine that ensnares one completely.

"Still looking." Approaching him, Nanrong Wanqing playfully scolded, "Haven't you seen enough?"

Ling Chen recovered from his stupor, smilingly replied, "A lifetime wouldn't be enough."

"Oh please." Su Lin pouted, sourly saying, "Aren't you two too cheesy? Mind my feelings a bit."

Ling Chen grinned and said, "Envious, huh? Then hurry up and find a boyfriend. However, finding someone as outstanding as me is practically impossible. Or you could negotiate with your sister to share me, I won't mind taking a bit of a loss."

Su Lin snorted dismissively, "Keep dreaming. Humph, men are really all fickle and greedy, not satisfied with one, they want two. Wanqing, don't say I didn't warn you, you must keep a close eye on him, never let him have the chance to meet other women."

"Both of you, cut it out." Nanrong Wanqing looked at them helplessly, "It's getting late. Let's go, we shouldn't be late."

Leaving the Nanrong family home, the three hopped into the car, with Ling Chen naturally taking the driver's seat.

Not long after driving out of Wealthy Manor, a pleasant ringtone suddenly echoed. Ling Chen pulled out his phone, saw the displayed number, and his heart skipped a bit.

Why is it him?

Chapter 346 Charity Banquet

Ling Chen answered the phone and greeted, "Elder Qiu, is there something you need?"

The caller was none other than Qiu Yong, the leader of the "Eight Eccentrics." Ling Chen had just spoken to Qiu Yong that day, and he was curious why he would be receiving another call at this time, wondering what it was about.

"Ling, where are you? We've arrived in East Sea City."

Qiu Yong's voice came through the phone, and Ling Chen was momentarily taken aback.

Arrived in East Sea City? Why hadn't they informed him earlier so he could prepare? Right now, he needed to accompany Nanrong Wanqing and Su Lin to a banquet. He had no time to host them.

Seeing that Ling Chen did not respond, Qiu Yong seemed to guess something and said understandingly, "Ling, if you have matters to attend to, then go ahead with your business. We will find our own place to stay, and we can get in touch later."

"Alright."

After hanging up the phone, the corners of Ling Chen's mouth lifted slightly. Eight Eccentrics... no, it should now be Seven Eccentrics. With the Seven Eccentrics gathered in East Sea City, it seemed like there would be an interesting show to watch.

Following the traffic for about half an hour, the trio finally arrived at their destination.

Yulong Mansion, back to the familiar place. Ling Chen had fresh memories of here since a lot had happened in this place.

At this time, Yulong Mansion's exterior was filled with luxury cars, each worth millions. Cars worth a few hundred thousand didn't dare park here and were left far away on the roadside. At the entrance of Yulong Mansion, two rows of neatly dressed attendants stood, holding trays with champagne-filled flutes.

Pairs of beautifully dressed ladies and gentlemen in suits walked arm in arm towards the mansion.

After parking the car, Ling Chen opened the rear door, gentlemanly extended his right hand, slightly bowed, and welcomed Nanrong Wanqing, dressed in snowy white, out of the car.

Nanrong Wanqing's appearance instantly attracted the gaze of guests outside the mansion. Men were dazzled, and women were jealous. Once upon a time, Nanrong Wanqing was known as a golden flower of East Sea City. It was a pity that, due to her leg disability, despite women being jealous of her appearance and talent, they felt balanced knowing she was disabled.

But now, Nanrong Wanqing's legs had recovered, shattering the only sense of equilibrium in the hearts of those envious women.

Feeling everyone's stares, Nanrong Wanqing remained indifferent, gently holding Ling Chen's arm, her pretty face blushing slightly, lifting her brows modestly as they walked shoulder to shoulder towards the entrance.

Seeing Nanrong Wanqing's actions, everyone's eyes gathered on Ling Chen, full of surprise, curiosity, and envy.

In East Sea City, Nanrong Wanqing's reputation was well known, yet no man had ever won her favor. Even last time at Yulong Mansion, Zhu Hong, a handsome man and Nanrong Wanqing's childhood friend, publicly confessed to her only to be gently rejected. This was common knowledge, and since then, everyone had been speculating about what kind of man could catch Nanrong Wanqing's eye.

At this moment, with Nanrong Wanqing holding Ling Chen's arm, this was definitely big news because no man had ever received such treatment.

Facing the surprised and questioning gazes from the crowd, Ling Chen remained calm and composed, not taking them to heart. Instead, he held his head high and puffed out his chest, rather showily flicked his bangs falling over his forehead, and made what he thought was a very cool gesture.

After a few steps, Ling Chen seemed to remember something and suddenly stopped walking, turned his head to look behind, and saw Su Lin following them alone at a measured pace.

Seeing Ling Chen halt, Su Lin lifted her head, looking at him with curiosity, not knowing what he was about to do.

Their eyes met, and Ling Chen grinned, extending his right hand. Su Lin paused briefly, instantly grasping Ling Chen's intention and a light blush spread across her pretty face.

She glanced at Nanrong Wanqing beside her and, seeing that her older cousin showed no reaction, Su Lin immediately stepped forward to link her arm with Ling Chen's right arm and started walking with him toward the mansion.

Seeing Ling Chen flanked by beauties on both sides, and each a top-tier looker at that, the surrounding men were instantly filled with envy. Then, glancing at the women by their sides, their envy quickly turned to jealousy.

Sensing the distinctive gazes of the men around him, Ling Chen was both satisfied and proud. If he had a tail, it would probably be wagging up to the sky by now.

What defines a successful man? This is it!

Amidst the welcoming voices of numerous attendants, Ling Chen entered the mansion with Nanrong Wanqing and Su Lin.

On the way here, Ling Chen had already asked Nanrong Wanqing about their event for the evening – a charity gala. Put simply, it was an occasion where a bunch of rich people gathered to donate money for poverty relief.

Rich individuals either genuinely wanted to contribute to society or sought a boost in their reputation. Nonetheless, as long as the donations were genuine, their motives were commendable.

Ling Chen had no money, so his main task today was to accompany Nanrong Wanqing.

Upon entering the venue, the guests had already arrived en masse, with hundreds of people filling the enormous banquet hall. In the center of the hall, a temporary stage was set up, and several employees were busy adjusting equipment, preparing for the upcoming event hosting.

Ling Chen had initially wanted to find a spot to sit and rest for a while, but he quickly realized that this simple wish was impossible to fulfil. As the Chairman of Hongyu Group, Nanrong Wanqing had too many people to mingle with. Almost everyone present was queuing up to exchange a few words with her.

At first, Ling Chen still maintained a pleasant demeanor, shaking hands and introducing himself. After more than ten minutes, feeling his smile growing stiff, he retreated behind Nanrong Wanqing, taking on the role of her temporary bodyguard to avoid further interaction with the guests.

"Eh?"

Just then, Ling Chen noticed that Su Lin, that girl, had disappeared. He had been too preoccupied with assisting Nanrong Wanqing to notice where she had gone.

Looking through the crowd for a while, Ling Chen finally located Su Lin. She was gathered with a few girls of similar age, engaged in a lively and joyous conversation.

"Ling Chen."

Hearing Nanrong Wanqing's voice, Ling Chen uttered a huh, asking, "What's up?"

"Why don't you have a look around first? I need to discuss some matters with a few CEOs," suggested Nanrong Wanqing, seeing Ling Chen was bored and thus urged him to relax a bit.

"Sure thing! I'll just be around here, call me if you need anything." Ling Chen couldn't be happier; he held no interest in those stifling business talks.

Watching Ling Chen walk away, a middle-aged man asked with a smile, "Miss Nanrong, was that your boyfriend just now?"

Nanrong Wanqing's face blushed slightly, and she nodded gently.

The middle-aged man laughed heartily, saying, "I didn't expect East Sea City's prized beauty to be taken too. You must introduce your boyfriend to us next time. To capture Miss Nanrong's heart, he must be extraordinary indeed."

Chapter 347 The Hidden Qin Wu

"Miss Nanrong, what high position does your boyfriend hold?" the person next to her asked with interest.

"President Liu is joking, it's nothing high profile; he works in security at Hongyu Group, responsible for my safety."

"Security?"

Hearing this, the several presidents gathered around Nanrong Wanqing were stunned. This news was too shocking for them; the boyfriend of the distinguished chairman of Hongyu Group was just an ordinary security staff—this was something that probably few would believe.

Thinking of this, everyone couldn't help but admire Ling Chen's capabilities, never expecting that the toad could indeed eat swan meat.

At this moment, Ling Chen, with his hands behind his back, was leisurely strolling back and forth in the banquet hall, enjoying champagne and fruit platters, quite contented. However, Ling Chen, weaving through the crowd, suddenly noticed a man next to Su Lin—and it was a very familiar man.

Qin Yang!

This guy also came to attend the dinner.

Seeing Su Lin with a cold expression, Ling Chen felt a sudden heaviness in his heart and immediately quickened his pace towards her. Upon getting closer, he heard Su Lin's displeased voice: "Mr. Qin, I have nothing to say to you, please don't come over and bother me."

"Linlin, why bother? We are all acquaintances; if we can't be lovers, we can still be friends," Qin Yang tried to persuade kindly.

"Sorry, I'm not interested in being friends with you; you should go ask some other women instead." After saying this, Su Lin turned around and was about to leave. However, Qin Yang, quick and alert, immediately grabbed Su Lin's arm, attempting to pull her back.

But what Qin Yang didn't expect was that his action would trigger Su Lin's fiery temper. Su Lin suddenly turned around, and without a word, delivered a slap straight across his face.

Slap!

Accompanied by a crisp sound, a bright red palm print immediately appeared on Qin Yang's left cheek, very striking.

Feeling the fiery pain on his face, Qin Yang was momentarily dumbfounded, never expecting Su Lin to hit so hard, not leaving any dignity for him. At this moment, the surrounding guests were all drawn to the loud slap.

Seeing Qin Yang's swollen cheek, people started whispering and chuckling quietly. The laughter echoing in Qin Yang's ears felt incredibly harsh. Under the watchful eyes of everyone, being slapped by a woman, how could he face anyone after this? Even more damaging, everyone present tonight was someone of status and position; once this incident spread, he would have no face left to continue mingling.

Thinking this, Qin Yang gritted his teeth, both embarrassed and angry. His face was definitely lost; now it was about whether he could recover a bit of his dignity.

With anger rising in his heart, he raised his arm and aimed a slap at Su Lin's delicate cheek.

However, before the slap could land, Qin Yang felt his wrist being caught by someone, rendering him unable to move. Looking along the hand, a sharp and distinct handsome face suddenly appeared before his eyes.

Seeing that familiar yet annoying smile, Qin Yang's expression changed slightly, exclaiming, "It's you!"

Ling Chen slightly tilted his lips, smiling and said, "Mr. Qin, as a dignified man, hitting a woman in public, isn't that quite unreasonable?"

Qin Yang clenched his teeth and retorted, "She hit me first."

"If you didn't shamelessly pester her, getting hit serves you right."

Qin Yang scoffed, forcefully twisting his wrist, trying to break free from Ling Chen's hold, but Ling Chen's grip was as solid as steel bars, tightly binding his wrist, making it impossible to escape.

"Let go!"

Ling Chen didn't linger, simply shrugged his shoulders, loosened his fingers, and stepped back next to Su Lin.

"Are you okay?"

Su Lin smiled sweetly, feeling delighted to see Ling Chen standing up for her. It felt great to have a dependable man by her side, but unfortunately, he wasn't hers. With this thought, she silently sighed.

"Big brother, what's wrong?"

At that moment, a voice as clear as spring water chimed in from the crowd, drawing Ling Chen's gaze. In his clear eyes, a flash of surprise appeared.

It was her!

Seeing the newcomer, Qin Yang seemed to have found his backbone, hurriedly approaching her and said anxiously, "Sister, you arrived just in time."

Qin Wu observed the swelling on Qin Yang's left cheek, her slender eyebrows slightly furrowed, and she asked, "What happened?"

"It's all because of that despicable woman Su Lin. I spoke to her nicely, and she hit me," Qin Yang stated indignantly.

Hearing this, Qin Wu turned her head, glanced at Su Lin, then shifted her gaze to Ling Chen.

"Mr. Ling, Miss Su, regardless of what my brother did wrong, it's still not good to hit someone in public. I hope you both can apologize and make peace."

Su Lin was about to speak, but Ling Chen interjected, "Miss Qin, hitting people is wrong, but is harassing women okay then? You know very well what kind of person your brother is. If you want us to apologize, fine, let your brother apologize to us first."

Qin Yang felt enraged, shouting furiously, "Ling Chen, don't push people too far! It was clearly that despicable woman who hit me, why should I apologize?"

Upon hearing this, Ling Chen's eyebrows slightly furrowed, a cold glint flashing through his sharp eyes.

"What did you just call her?"

"Despi...."

Before the words 'despicable woman' could be fully pronounced, Ling Chen, who had been standing still, suddenly lunged forward with swift steps. In the blink of an eye, he was right in front of Qin Yang, and his hand delivered a fierce slap.

Qin Yang never expected Ling Chen to strike without a word, and the speed was so fast that he didn't even have time to react. As the slap rapidly enlarged in his eyes, he stood there dumbfounded, at a loss.

However, just as Ling Chen thought his slap would surely land, a smooth, delicate white wrist suddenly stretched out from the side, accurately grasping his wrist, stopping him from moving further.

Huh?

Following the direction of the wrist, Ling Chen saw that it was none other than Qin Wu.

This woman... turned out to be a master hiding her strength. He had almost misjudged her.

But the slap was already in motion, and withdrawing halfway would only serve to let Qin Yang off easy. With thoughts racing, Ling Chen's eyes narrowed, and the inner strength in his Dantian surged crazily, condensing into a fine stream flowing towards his right hand.

With the sudden burst of power, Ling Chen instantly broke free from Qin Wu's hold.

Slap!

The crisp sound of a slap echoed, and a handprint immediately appeared on the right cheek of Qin Yang.

This slap from Ling Chen was much harsher than Su Lin's. In an instant, Qin Yang's right cheek swelled up, resembling a steamed bun, amusing to onlookers.

"Mr. Qin, keep your mouth clean. If there's a next time, I'll knock out your teeth."

Seeing her brother repeatedly humiliated, Qin Wu could no longer stay calm. Qin Yang was the eldest son of the Qin Family, and this related to the entire family's reputation. They couldn't just let it slide like this.

Chapter 348 Teasing Qin Wu

With a thought, Qin Wu didn't hesitate at all; without waiting for Ling Chen to back away, she immediately closed in and swung her palm towards Ling Chen's right shoulder.

Ha! This woman still wants to exchange a few moves with me.

Ling Chen secretly smiled, showing no sign of retreat. He clenched his fist tightly, raised it slightly, and met Qin Wu's palm head-on. When fist met palm, both of their Inner Strength erupted instantly, causing them to each take a step back.

Feeling the numbness in his arm, Ling Chen looked at Qin Wu in surprise. One really shouldn't underestimate this woman; her Inner Strength was almost as strong as Jiang Yunkai's.

Interesting!

Ling Chen's mouth curved up slightly, a shallow smile on his face, as he beckoned to Qin Wu with a gesture of his hand, tauntingly saying, "Come on, again!"

Qin Wu bit her thin lips lightly, her toes tapped on the ground, moving as swiftly as a breeze, and she closed in on Ling Chen in an instant. However, just as Qin Wu was about to strike, she was surprised to find that Ling Chen in front of her had disappeared without a trace.

"Looking for me?"

While she was startled, Ling Chen's teasing laugh suddenly came from behind her. Qin Wu was shocked, and without thinking, she turned around and struck out with her palm. However, the moment she turned around, there was no sign of Ling Chen behind her.

Where is he?

"Hey, I'm right here."

A large hand reached out and lightly patted Qin Wu's shoulder.

With her quick reflexes, Qin Wu immediately reacted, swinging a high kick sideways. Ling Chen stepped back at once, dodging Qin Wu's leg strike. At the same time, his eyes brightened, and he looked at Qin Wu with a smile, saying, "So Miss Qin likes the color purple."

"What?"

Qin Wu was slightly startled, not catching on immediately. Once she saw the teasing smile on Ling Chen's lips, she instantly understood, and her pretty face, originally coated with a light powder, blushed bright red.

The onlookers watching were somewhat puzzled. Why did her face turn red during the fight?

The others might not know, but Ling Chen was well aware. All the women at tonight's banquet were wearing evening dresses, which were mainly gowns. Just now, when Qin Wu lifted her leg, she accidentally revealed what was beneath her dress. Because it happened so fast, others didn't see clearly, but Ling Chen saw it vividly.

The white, bare thighs, and the purple panties, tsk tsk. They say women who like to wear dark colored undergarments belong to the implicit yet lustful type. Unexpectedly, despite Qin Wu's sweet appearance and graceful temperament, she also seems to be a woman with internal desires.

"Miss Qin, do you still want to continue?" Ling Chen grinned and said.

Qin Wu bit her silver teeth, her eyes filled with embarrassed anger as she stared at Ling Chen. After a while, her expression flickered, and then she turned around, pulling her elder brother with her as they left the crowd.

Without more spectacle to witness, the onlookers dispersed in a commotion.

"Well done," Su Lin said with a giggly laugh. Ling Chen had avenged her, making her feel extremely satisfied.

Ling Chen withdrew his gaze from Qin Wu's retreating figure and reminded, "Stay away from that Qin Wu in the future."

"Why? After all, she's no match for you."

Ling Chen did not give any further explanation. Although Qin Wu was not his match, this did not mean she was not formidable. On the contrary, Qin Wu was a master; her being toyed with earlier was mainly due to her lack of actual combat experience.

It was evident from their exchange that Qin Wu had at least over ten years of foundational training in martial arts, but she had always practiced routines and had never engaged in real combat, hence her lack of experience and inability to make accurate responses and predictions.

If Qin Wu were given some time to temper herself, her strength would definitely not be inferior to Jiang Yunkai.

Ling Chen was curious about the background of this woman; despite her young age, she possessed such exceptional combat skills, surely a disciple of a distinguished master.

While Ling Chen was pondering, on the other end of the banquet hall, Qin Yang sat on a sofa in a corner, pressing a hot towel to his swollen cheek, seething with resentment, "Sister, we must not let that Ling Chen and that cheap woman Su Lin get away with this."

Qin Wu glanced at her inept brother, her tone ice-cold, "Who asked you to provoke them?"

Qin Yang hurriedly replied, "I was thinking of our Qin Family's interests."

The Qin Family had recently faced some economic crises, with business going poorly and suffering heavy financial losses. Were it not for using real estate as collateral to borrow over a billion from the bank, it would have been very difficult for the Qin Family to survive. Hence, Qin Yang had set his sights on Su Lin. He was well aware that Su Lin came from a notable background; her parents were overseas businessmen with assets worth at least tens of billions. If he could rekindle the relationship with Su Lin and turn cooked rice into a done deal, not only could it ease the Qin Family's financial strain, but they

could also ride on the coattails of the Nanrong Family. At that time, the glory of the Qin Family would be within reach.

However, Qin Yang had not expected Su Lin to be so cold-hearted, not giving him any chances.

Qin Wu shook her head slightly, not wishing to speak further. She had never had much hope for her brother. If the Qin Family's future was left in Qin Yang's hands, it would be tantamount to ruin. As a member of the Qin Family, she could not let this happen.

"Sister, didn't you say that your senior brothers were coming to East Sea City tonight? Maybe..."

"My sect's people are not the Qin Family's thugs, don't get any ideas."

"Sister, you can't say that. Think about it, you are also part of the Qin Family. Ling Chen and Su Lin slapping my face is like slapping the Qin Family's face. If we don't settle this score, how can our Qin Family hold our heads high in front of others? Moreover, Grandfather is quite old now. If he learns about tonight's incident, he would surely be furious. We can only explain to him after we've settled this matter."

Upon hearing this, Qin Wu fell into deep thought, wondering. After a while, she stood up and said, "Don't worry about this; I will handle it." After speaking, Qin Wu turned and walked into the crowd.

Watching his departing sister, Qin Yang's lips curled with a sneer. He understood his sister very well. By saying those words, it meant she had accepted his suggestion.

Humph! Ling Chen, Su Lin, just you wait and see; there will be suffering coming your way.

At this moment, after completing her mingling with the guests, Nanrong Wanqing rejoined Ling Chen and Su Lin, and seeing Ling Chen chomping on an apple, she shot him an irritated look and chided, "In just a blink of an eye, you've managed to cause trouble, quite the feat."

Ling Chen spread his hands, looking innocent as he said, "How can you blame me? It was that Qin guy who came looking for trouble with Lin. Do you expect me to just stand by?"

"You still should be mindful of the impression you make. So many people are watching."

"What's there to be afraid of, I am the man of the Hongyu Group's chairman, who dares to touch me?"

Nanrong Wanqing felt a blush creeping up, and with a small fist, she lightly punched Ling Chen, her tone both annoyed and embarrassed, "Why do you say such things so loudly?"

Su Lin covered her mouth and chuckled, "Ling Chen, you really have a knack for it, proud even of mooching off a woman, probably the only one in the world."

"That's right. Do you think just anyone qualifies to enjoy such a cushy life?" Ling Chen boasted proudly.

Chapter 349 Auction

"Alright, everyone, stop fussing. The banquet is about to begin." No sooner had Nanrong Wanqing finished speaking than a middle-aged man holding a microphone with a friendly smile stepped onto the temporary stage at the center of the venue.

"First of all, on behalf of the organizers, I welcome everyone's presence and thank you all for taking time out of your busy schedules to contribute to the charitable cause. Here, on behalf of those poverty-stricken families that have been supported, I express sincere gratitude to you all."

After the formalities, the host moved on to the main topic.

"As usual, tonight's charity banquet will be conducted in the form of an auction, and I hope everyone will participate enthusiastically. Now, without further ado, let's take a look at the first item up for auction today."

With the host's words, a pretty girl in a cheongsam came over, pushing a four-wheeled cart. On the cart's tray, an item was covered with a red cloth.

When the cart was pushed closer, the host reached out, pinched the corner of the red cloth, and gently lifted it to reveal a piece of blue and white porcelain before everyone's eyes.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is blue and white five-color porcelain from the Qing Dynasty, a precious type of blue and white porcelain. Those in the know are definitely clear about the value of this item, which is an excellent choice whether for display or collection. In view of its rarity, the starting bid is one million; please start your bids now."

"Two million." The bid was quickly called out from among the crowd.

"Three million."

"Five million."

"..."

In less than two minutes, the price of this Qing Dynasty blue and white porcelain had already climbed to tens of millions.

"Twenty million."

As the voice sounded, all eyes turned to Nanrong Wanqing. Ling Chen looked at Nanrong Wanqing in surprise. The bidding had just passed ten million and yet Nanrong Wanqing directly called out twenty million. Could that broken piece of porcelain be worth so much?

After Nanrong Wanqing bid, suddenly no one else raised the bid. Competing with the chairman of Hongyu Group in terms of financial resources was simply asking for trouble.

The host held the gavel, shouting out three times in succession, and seeing no further bids, the gavel finally came down.

"Congratulations to Miss Nanrong for obtaining a piece of Qing Dynasty blue and white porcelain."

Nanrong Wanqing, with an unchanged expression, stood up and said, "Let's go back."

"Go back?" Ling Chen was stunned, "Isn't the auction not over yet?"

Hearing this, Su Lin smiled and mercilessly teased, "How can you be so dense? Wanqing is here for charity, not to participate in the auction."

So that was it.

Ling Chen suddenly understood. Nanrong Wanqing didn't care whether the auction item was worth the price or not; she only needed to donate a substantial sum of money. Since the goal had been achieved, there was no need to stay any longer.

With this realization, Ling Chen stood up and said, "Let's go."

However, just as the trio was about to leave the banquet hall, the host's voice suddenly came through the speakers: "Ladies and gentlemen, the next item up for auction has a history of more than six hundred years. Its specific usage is unknown, but according to several expert appraisers' judgments, this is likely a weapon crafted in ancient times. Please have a look."

At the mention of 'weapon', Ling Chen couldn't help but pause and turn to look at the stage.

Because of the distance, Ling Chen couldn't see very clearly, so he deliberately turned his gaze to the large screen hanging on the wall. On the screen, the camera was capturing a close-up of the weapon's shape.

It was a cylinder about one and a half feet long and about two fingers thick, which could be held in one hand. The cylinder, made of some unknown material, had a smooth surface intricately carved with complex patterns. From its appearance alone, it was hard to discern its function.

"Ladies and gentlemen, do not underestimate this weapon. According to our appraisers, it contains many mechanisms and boasts various effects," the host said. Holding the cylinder in his hand, he gently pressed it with his finger, and a two-foot long sword blade sprung out from one end.

Despite being several hundreds of years old, the blade was still sharp as ever. With its cold, translucent gleam, anyone practiced in martial arts could recognize the extraordinary quality of the weapon.

Ling Chen's eyes gleamed; he hadn't expected to come across such a treasure at a charity auction.

"The starting bid for this weapon, which is only valuable as a collectible, is set at one hundred thousand."

"Two hundred thousand." Ling Chen immediately raised his hand, offering a price.

"Five hundred thousand."

No sooner had Ling Chen's voice trailed off than a crisp voice followed. Ling Chen turned his head and saw Qin Wu also looking at him, eyes filled with animosity.

This woman has a good eye for quality as well.

Ling Chen snickered to himself unconcernedly and continued to bid, "Six hundred thousand."

"One million." Qin Wu quickly followed up with a determined tone.

Hearing Qin Wu's bid, Ling Chen hesitated for a moment. One million was already his limit; he had transferred two million to Bai Huanjun and didn't have much left.

"Two million," Nanrong Wanqing's voice rang out just as Ling Chen was indecisive.

Upon hearing Nanrong Wanqing's bid, the crowd burst into laughter. Everyone had seen her entering hand in hand with Ling Chen. Now, it was clear to all present that this young man was Nanrong Wanqing's boyfriend.

However, it was usually men who spent money on women. Women spending money on men was quite rare, except for kept men. Thus, the smiles on people's faces were far from friendly but rather filled with derision and mockery.

Feeling the ridicule in everyone's gaze, Nanrong Wanqing realized she shouldn't have spoken up for Ling Chen and regretted it, apologetically looking at him.

Ling Chen was well aware of her intentions and smiled slightly, not caring about the glances from others.

"Hmph! Just a kept man who only knows how to live off women, truly a disgrace to men." A sneering voice came through, and without looking, Ling Chen knew who it was.

Qin Yang!

Ling Chen smirked and said, "Well, it depends on whose support you are seeking. Some people aren't even qualified to receive it. Nowadays, to be a kept man also requires skills; unlike some, who, under everyone's watch, get slapped by a woman and don't even have the guts to slap back. That is the real disgrace to men."

Qin Yang's face turned angry, and he wanted to retort, but he was silenced by Qin Wu beside him.

Qin Wu glanced at Ling Chen and then raised her hand high, stating nonchalantly, "Three million."

Ling Chen looked at the weapon displayed on the large screen. Despite his fondness for it, the odd glances from the crowd irked him.

After a moment of thought, he decided to let that woman have it.

Watching Ling Chen turn away and leave, a slight smirk lifted the corners of Qin Wu's lips, outlining a trace of cold amusement.

Leaving Yulong Mansion, Nanrong Wanqing quickly caught up to the ahead-striding Ling Chen, showing the timidness of a woman who had done wrong, hanging her head and softly saying, "I'm sorry."

"Why apologize? You've done nothing wrong." Ling Chen smiled and took Nanrong Wanqing's smooth hand, "It's fine, don't take it to heart."

"Did you really like that weapon?"

"I did, but there's no point in competing with that woman for it. It's meaningless." With that, Ling Chen took out his phone to check the time and said, "Let's go, I'll take you home first. I've got some things to take care of later."

Chapter 350 Finding Fault

After escorting Nanrong Wanqing and Su Lin back to Wealthy Manor, Ling Chen drove alone into the traffic flow.

Thinking of the encounter at Yulong Mansion just now, Ling Chen heaved a silent sigh. The saying "A hero struggles without a penny" held true, for although he possessed remarkable abilities, his pockets were empty, and he could not bring himself to ask a woman for money; it was not in his character. Before, he never cared for money, but now, he realized that being penniless was truly agonizing. Moreover, his power was in a phase of growth, and money was essential. He had to figure out a way to get some.

Lost in thought, Ling Chen took out his phone and dialed Qiu Yong's number. After confirming the address, Ling Chen immediately drove over.

After driving for more than ten miles, Ling Chen glanced at the rearview mirror and the corners of his mouth lifted slightly. These guys were relentless, following him all the way from Yulong Mansion.

Without having to think, he knew that the people in those two cars were surely Qin Family's subordinates. At the banquet hall, Qin Yang and Qin Wu had suffered such a big loss at his hands; they were unlikely to let it go easily.

Well then, since they wanted to play, he might as well indulge them.

More than ten minutes passed, and Ling Chen drove up to a hotel. After parking in the car park, he phoned Qiu Yong, then walked towards the elevator.

But at that moment, three sedans and a van drove in from the entrance of the parking lot and swiftly pulled up in front of Ling Chen, forming a triangle and trapping him inside.

With his arms folded and a faint smile on his face, Ling Chen looked amused as he watched the people getting out of the three cars. The car doors opened, and several suited bodyguards got out one after another. Following them, stepping out from the passenger side of the van, was the red-cheeked Qin Yang. Trailing behind him, Qin Wu, holding up her evening gown, stepped out gracefully from the van. In addition to her, several young men and a middle-aged man emerged from the van.

Upon their descent, Ling Chen couldn't help but take a few more glances.

The middle-aged man exuded a sense of stability and restrained aura, obviously a cultivated martial artist, and moreover, an Inner martial arts expert. Around forty-something years old, Ling Chen wondered if he might be Qin Wu's Master. The young men moved lightly, likely to be martial artists as well.

As Qin Wu and her group approached, Ling Chen grinned and said, "Miss Qin, we just parted ways; did you miss me so much that you couldn't wait to see me? If you wanted to meet me, just meet me, why bring so many people? After all, having so many onlookers at a date can be quite embarrassing."

Hearing Ling Chen's taunt, Qin Wu's face turned frosty as she said, "Ling Chen, don't get too cocky. You humiliated my elder brother in public and tarnished the reputation of the Qin Family. Do you really think my Qin Family can't handle you?"

Ling Chen shrugged, smiling indifferently, "We're all martial artists. A loss is a loss. Calling a group of people to cause trouble after a defeat, what's the difference between that and street thugs? Someone like you, who lacks even the most basic Martial Arts Ethics, does not deserve to be called a martial artist."

"You..."

Before Qin Wu could speak, the young men beside her began to clamor, "Shut up! Show some respect in front of my martial sister. If you dare to speak rudely again, do you believe I'll knock your teeth out?"

Ling Chen beckoned with his fingers, his smile faint, "Save the talk, just bring it on. Do you really think I'm afraid of you?"

"You've got quite an attitude, let's see how I'll deal with you." As the words fell, one of the young men leaped into the air, stepping on the hood of a sedan, and, with a tight fist and fierce momentum, aimed a punch straight at Ling Chen's head.

Facing the oncoming gust of force, Ling Chen didn't even look as he swept his leg around in a whip kick.

Bang!

With a muffled thud, the youth hadn't yet touched the ground when his body flew up again, uncontrollably falling towards a sedan. At this moment, the middle-aged man who had remained silent had a stern look in his eyes, and with a gentle tap of his toe on the ground, he shot forward like a bullet, casually flicking the youth's waist.

With the help of the middle-aged man, the youth immediately adjusted his center of gravity and landed steadily on the ground. However, even though he wasn't hurt by the fall, the kick he had just received from Ling Chen was far from pleasant. The youth clutched his chest, his face pale, breathing heavily.

Seeing their companion injured, the other youths could not sit still and began to shout, "Let's all go at him together, give him a good lesson."

"Shut up!" the middle-aged man said with a slight frown and a soft rebuke.

Upon his command, the impassioned group of youths immediately closed their mouths, standing obediently behind the middle-aged man, not daring to utter another word.

At this time, the middle-aged man was sizing up Ling Chen, and Ling Chen was also sizing him up. The man had a square face, thick eyebrows, and big eyes, and was dressed in a formal suit, exuding an impression of uprightness and integrity.

"Are you Ling Chen? You have a decent foundation in martial arts. However, the purpose of practicing martial arts is not for competing and showing off, but for strengthening the body, activating your potential, you..."

"Can you stop talking to me in this preachy tone?" Ling Chen dug his ear, losing patience, "I'm not your disciple, and I don't need your lessons. To be frank, if you're here to reclaim your pride, stop the nonsense. If you want to fight, let's fight; if not, then get lost and stop wasting my time. Honestly, I have the least respect for people like you who play the **** and still want to set up a shrine."

Hearing this, Qin Wu was infuriated and scolded, "Ling Chen, don't be disrespectful to my master uncle."

Ling Chen spread his hands and said, "Am I wrong? If you were really as he says, you wouldn't be here looking for me. Bring it on, and let's see how capable you are." Ling Chen beckoned to the middle-aged man with a curl of his finger.

"Master uncle..."

The middle-aged man raised his hand to stop Qin Wu's words, saying indifferently, "I also want to see how formidable a Tiger List expert is."

Seeing the middle-aged man make a move, the group of youths immediately laughed, giving Ling Chen a look that seemed to say 'you're definitely doomed'.

Ling Chen shook his arms loose, unconcerned with others' gazes, focused his mind, and walked straight towards the middle-aged man.

The two stood facing each other, and the middle-aged man spoke, "I am older than you, so I'll let you strike first."

Ling Chen couldn't be bothered with small talk. He clenched a steel-like fist, charged forward in an instant, and in the blink of an eye, he was up close to the middle-aged man. His fist roared through the air and suddenly thundered forward.

As the fist approached, the middle-aged man stood still, not moving an inch as if he didn't take Ling Chen's attack seriously. Just as the fist was about two centimeters from the middle-aged man's face, the still-standing man finally made his move.

Without any noticeable motion, Ling Chen just felt a tight grip on his wrist, followed by intense pain shooting through his nerves.

So fast!

Ling Chen was inwardly shocked and quickly retreated. After moving back two meters, Ling Chen lifted the arm he had punched with and saw two purplish marks on his wrist, as if made by finger pressure—indescribably painful—as if his whole arm was becoming numb.