

The Beauty 41

Chapter 41 The Young Lady's Hunger Strike Protest

This position... it should be right the other way around with the man on the bottom and the woman on top.

He was having wild thoughts.

If Su Lin knew what he was thinking, she would scold him for being a lecher again.

Standing up, he reached out to help Su Lin, who was lying on the ground, but she slapped his hand away.

Massaging her sore lower back, Su Lin was seething with anger.

"Ling Chen, what are you doing? Are you trying to harm me?"

Ling Chen replied with an innocent face: "Miss Su, you can't blame me for this. Who asked you to sneak around? I thought an assassin had broken in. It was pitch dark just now; how could I know it was you? Eh, what's this?"

While speaking, he saw something had fallen on the ground and bent down to pick it up. But Su Lin was quicker, grabbing the item before he could and hurriedly hid it behind her back.

Seeing this, Ling Chen couldn't help but start to laugh.

Su Lin said annoyingly, "What are you laughing at?"

"Miss Su, if I'm not mistaken, that's a cucumber in the bag, right? Are you hungry?"

"Who... who's hungry."

"If you're not hungry, then why are you sneaking around with a cucumber, are you planning to... what?"

Ling Chen looked at her meaningfully, a sly smile on his lips.

Hearing his words, Su Lin seemed to think of something, and her pretty face instantly turned bright red with anger and embarrassment, yelling, "Ling Chen, you... you... you shameless hooligan, pervert, scumbag, you... you..."

"Miss Su, I didn't say anything. Where did your mind go?"

"You... hooligan, don't think I don't know what filthy thing you're thinking."

"This is a grave injustice. Miss Su, I meant to ask, are you planning to use the cucumber for a facial mask? What does this have to do with being a hooligan? Could it be you're thinking something different from me?"

With that, Su Lin's face reddened even further, at a loss for how to retort.

"I have no interest in dealing with a hooligan like you, hmph!"

With that, she dashed up the stairs, and in the blink of an eye, she was out of sight.

Ling Chen smiled to himself. During dinner, Nanrong Hao mentioned to him that these two great beauties were planning to go on a hunger strike to protest. He guessed that Su Lin, the girl, must be starving, and that was why she came sneaking out for food in the middle of the night. She was as stealthy as a thief because she was afraid he would find out.

Checking the time, it was just midnight. He headed straight to the kitchen, opened the fridge, and got to work.

Before long, two steaming bowls of egg noodles were ready. He sprinkled some chopped green onions, added some seasonings, and Ling Chen carried the two bowls of noodles upstairs.

The villa had three floors in total; there were two bedrooms on the second floor, situated opposite each other on either side of the hallway.

It was Ling Chen's first time going upstairs, and he didn't know which room Nanrong Wanqing and Su Lin were staying in.

He placed the two bowls of egg noodles at the corresponding bedroom doors, then gently knocked and returned to the first floor.

The next morning.

Before seven o'clock, Ling Chen was already up.

He went up to the second floor to check and saw that the two bowls of egg noodles outside the bedrooms were still in their places; one bowl empty and the other untouched.

Needless to say, the one who had finished the noodles had to be Su Lin, and the one who didn't was Nanrong Wanqing.

Although he had not known Nanrong Wanqing for a long time, he was well aware of her character; she was not someone who yielded easily.

Before the second lady woke up, he cleared away the two bowls of noodles.

Around eight in the morning, Nanrong Wanqing and Su Lin finally got out of bed.

When they reached downstairs and saw Ling Chen eating noodles, Nanrong Wanqing's face immediately soured.

"Why are you still here?"

"Chairwoman, it was your grandfather's decision, not my own willful insistence to stay. Why must you treat me this way? I'm just an employee."

"You..."

Just as Su Lin was about to speak, Nanrong Wanqing interrupted her, "There's no need to waste words on him. He's right, he doesn't call the shots in this matter."

Ling Chen grinned and said, "Chairwoman, you are indeed understanding." As he said this, he pointed at the egg noodles in front of him and asked, "Would you like some?"

"Not interested."

Su Lin replied angrily and then led Nanrong Wanqing out of the villa.

This little gal... Ling Chen curled his lip, saying she wasn't interested, yet she had polished off the bowl of egg noodles last night, not even leaving a drop of soup behind.

Due to yesterday's assassination attempt, Nanrong Wanqing planned to rest at home for a few days and not go to the company for some time.

However, Ling Chen was the opposite of idle, with much work to be done.

Soon after breakfast, Zhong Wei arrived. The two had agreed the night before to comprehensively upgrade the security facilities of the Nanrong family's home.

Ling Chen handed over a list he had prepared to Zhong Wei and asked, "Can you get a hold of these devices?"

Zhong Wei merely glanced at it and pocketed it.

"No problem, they can be ready within half a day."

Hearing this, Ling Chen was quite surprised. There were a few military-grade items on his list that couldn't be purchased on the open market. He had listed them casually, hardly expecting them to be acquired. It seemed the Nanrong family's connections were broader than he imagined.

By the end of the morning, Zhong Wei had all the requested equipment ready.

With another half day's effort, and with the help of Zhong Wei and Nanrong Hao, Ling Chen installed all the devices. Not only were infrared detectors added to all surveillance cameras, but sound monitoring devices were also deployed around the lawn. Once activated, they could detect the footsteps of anyone entering the backyard lawn.

After a busy day, Ling Chen returned to the villa to find Nanrong Wanqing and Su Lin had already returned to their rooms, staying out of sight. According to Nanrong Hao, the two beauties hadn't eaten anything again today, presumably intending to carry their hunger strike to the end.

Out of compassion, Ling Chen still made two bowls of egg noodles and left them in front of the ladies' bedrooms. Just like the previous night, he knocked on the door and then left, waiting until the next morning to pick up the bowls.

As expected, only one bowl was finished.

Ling Chen was helpless; he'd played the good guy, but if his kindness wasn't appreciated, there was nothing he could do.

At nine in the morning, Ling Chen called Zhong Wei and then buried himself in his bedroom. Turning on his computer, he accessed a complex website and selected an advertisement at the bottom right corner. Then, he filtered the information in a unique way, eventually arriving at a website address and a series of codes.

Inside the website was a hidden chatroom, and shortly after entering the codes, he was notified that a stranger had come online to join the chat.

"13-4, 16-5, 17-1, 19-6."

Ling Chen typed in several numbers.

"8-4, 25-8, 4-16."

The other party quickly responded, similarly using ordinary numbers.

Seeing those numbers, Ling Chen's mouth curled upwards, and he continued to converse with the individual using this special method.

This was a common contact method in the assassin and mercenary communities, where each set of numbers represented a word. Given the insecurity of the internet, they had to ensure the conversation remained confidential.