

## The Beauty 52

### Chapter 52 Distant You

Editor: Larbre Studio

After hanging up the phone, a cold gleam flashed in Ling Chen's eyes. That guy Snake King really is relentless. If he dares to make a move this time, I won't let him off as easily as before.

Arriving at the underground parking lot, Zhong Wei, Liang Zhao Hui, and Zhou Qing had already escorted Nanrong Wanqing to the Rolls-Royce, getting ready to get in the car.

Liang Zhao Hui and Zhou Qing had been discharged from the hospital two days ago and officially returned to the team. The other team members received a hefty compensation and resigned.

"Captain Zhong. You and the others take Miss Su and drive off first, the chairman will stay behind."

Zhong Wei hesitated: "This seems inappropriate."

"We just got intel that Snake King will likely take action, it's best we change the plan."

Nanrong Wanqing's face was expressionless, as if she didn't take the assassin's threat seriously, whereas Su Lin seemed more worried: "What should we do?"

"What is there to be afraid of? With me by her side, she won't get hurt."

Zhong Wei nodded: "Alright then, you and the chairman be careful."

After the last incident, Zhong Wei and the others had a lot of trust in Ling Chen. Since Ling Chen had intelligence indicating that the Snake King could threaten the chairman's safety, they wouldn't disagree, only try their best to cooperate.

From beginning to end, Nanrong Wanqing didn't speak, letting Ling Chen make the arrangements.

She was the chairman of Hongyu Group, with tens of thousands of employees under her command, and had met countless people, having her own skills in judging others. However, she could never see through Ling Chen. This man, who usually seemed to have no rules and was somewhat careless, exuded mystery in every aspect.

Thinking about it, a man who doesn't even consider the top ten assassins in the world a threat, how could he be simple?

After Zhong Wei and the others left in the Rolls-Royce, Ling Chen drove the old Santana to the front of Nanrong Wanqing.

Getting out of the car, he opened the passenger door, disregarding Nanrong Wanqing's icy gaze. He picked up her delicate body and gently placed her in the seat, then thoughtfully buckled her seat belt.

Folding up the wheelchair, Ling Chen returned to the driver's seat, started the car, and the vehicle started to shake with a rattling noise.

Breathing in the odd smell of the car's interior, Nanrong Wanqing's beautiful crescent-like brows slightly raised, and a trace of displeasure flitted across her fair and jade-like face.

"Can't we switch to a better car?"

Ling Chen shrugged: "Chairman, this is the car you arranged for me. How about getting me a Land Rover after this?" Seeing that Nanrong Wanqing remained silent, he immediately lowered his demands: "Even a Volkswagen Tiguan would do."

"Drive."

Facing Nanrong Wanqing's icy face, Ling Chen couldn't help feeling helpless. This woman was like an iceberg, always with an unwelcoming expression, as if nothing in the world could make her happy.

Women will inevitably get married one day, and I wonder what it feels like for the future husband of Nanrong Wanqing to live with an iceberg every day, it's quite the experience I'd like to have.

He idly fantasized while shifting gears and driving out of the underground parking lot.

With Zhong Wei's Rolls-Royce as a decoy, Ling Chen wasn't worried about his old clunker being targeted by Snake King. Of course, confidence is one thing, caution is another—when on a mission, he never took things lightly.

The Santana joined traffic and headed towards the Nanrong Family. It was currently the rush hour, the roads were congested with vehicles, and with frequent red lights, more than ten minutes had passed without covering more than a few hundred meters.

Bored with nothing to do, and with Nanrong Wanqing not engaging in conversation, he turned on the car radio and casually flipped through stations to find something to listen to.

"Hello to all our friends listening, welcome to today's Music Wave. Up next is a new song we'll play for you, called 'You in the Distance,' presented by Silver Star Entertainment. It's composed and written by the famous producer Zhu Yansong, but the singer's name has not been revealed yet. Please enjoy..."

In the city beyond the early morning

Splendor has faded

I stand alone before the window

Mired in memories

The streetlights outside accompany my sleepless night

Do you, in the distance, also think of me

...

The sweet singing voice echoes inside the car, Ling Chen actually lost focus for a moment. That ethereal voice touched the bottom of his heart, as if it was a breeze from nature, gently brushing over his heart, stirring the most primal emotions from the depths of his soul.

Not only was Ling Chen intoxicated by the singing, Nanrong Wanqing was also drawn to that sweet voice, her icy face seeming to thaw like frost in the spring breeze. On closer inspection, her eyes, bright as the stars, twinkled with tears, looking pitifully charming.

Sssssss...

Suddenly, the car's radio signal seemed to be interfered with, and the music from the station immediately turned into noisy static, pulling Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing back to reality.

"What a crappy radio."

Ling Chen cursed in annoyance, slamming his hand on the control panel, and the radio that was still emitting static noise immediately made a silent protest, completely breaking down.

"This car is company property, if you break it, it will be deducted from your salary."

Hearing Nanrong Wanqing's stern words, Ling Chen couldn't help but feel aggrieved: "How can this be blamed on me?"

"I saw it with my own eyes, you still want to deny it?" Nanrong Wanqing's expression was cold, her eyes fixed on the road ahead, as if she hadn't seen Ling Chen's widened eyes.

Ling Chen opened his mouth, hesitated for a moment, and then forcibly swallowed back the word "Damn".

This woman... Thinking of how he, as a grown man, couldn't be bothered to stoop to her level.

The car joined the ring road, where the traffic gradually flowed smoothly. Ling Chen drove while his mind still replayed the singing voice from earlier.

It's her!

It definitely is her!

Even though the sound was refined, he could not mistake it, it was Tang Shiyun's voice.

Ever since hearing from Jiang Hao that Tang Shiyun had moved, he had been looking for her address, hoping to get in touch with her and hand over the money, but there had been no news, and no one in the Old City neighborhood knew where her family had moved to.

Hearing this song today, he knew that the girl had made her choice.

With Silver Star Entertainment and Zhu Yansong backing her, coupled with the sweet voice just now, Tang Shiyun becoming famous was just a matter of time.

She probably wouldn't have to worry about money now.

But he wondered when he would be able to see her again.

"Can you drive any faster?"

Nanrong Wanqing's voice came through, pulling Ling Chen from his thoughts back to her.

"Are you in a hurry?"

"There's a guest at home."

Ling Chen glanced at the ice queen beside him from the corner of his eye, feeling slightly surprised, for in Nanrong Wanqing's pure and innocent eyes, he could read a sense of urgency, as if she couldn't wait to meet someone.

Yet, within that urgency seemed to be a hint of complex emotions, indescribable and unclear.

He was curious, just who could stir up Nanrong Wanqing's emotions like this.

As he pondered, a Mercedes-Benz van suddenly sped past the Santana at a speed of over a hundred miles. On this crowded ring road, driving at such a high speed was no different from courting death unless the driver was very confident in his driving skills or there was an emergency.