

The Beauty 72

Chapter 72 Nanrong Hao Went to His Grandfather's Place Once

Hongyu Building headquarters.

In the chairman's office on the top floor, Nanrong Wanqing sat quietly in her wheelchair, gazing through the floor-to-ceiling windows at the tall buildings outside, her eyes as still and cold as the moonlit night.

Just then, someone pushed open the door to the office without even knocking.

Hearing the door, Nanrong Wanqing did not turn around but continued to stare out the window. She knew there were only two people in the entire building who would do this, one was Nanrong Hao, the other Su Lin—only family would act so casually.

"Big Sister." Nanrong Hao quickly walked up to Nanrong Wanqing with a trace of displeasure on his face.

"What is it?"

"Why did you let Chen resign?"

"Did he tell you?"

"No, Uncle Liu told me."

Nanrong Hao explained. He had seen Ling Chen at school earlier that day and thought Ling Chen had simply taken leave from the company; he didn't know about the resignation until he heard it from Liu Kun when he got home. Nanrong Hao had been the happiest when Ling Chen first came to live with the Nanrong Family. Now that Ling Chen had left without explanation, he felt very uncomfortable.

From a young age, he was viewed by outsiders as a second-generation rich kid—superficially respectful, but not without their criticisms behind his back. There were few who sincerely befriended him, most of those who did were only after the influence of his family background, trying to gain some advantage from him. It wasn't until he met Ling Chen and Jiang Hao that he experienced what true friendship was.

Although Jiang Hao was a small-time hoodlum, living at the bottom of society, he sincerely treated him like a brother. Then there was Ling Chen, who offered guidance when Nanrong Hao wanted to learn martial arts from Liu Kun. Liu Kun dismissed him without a second thought, citing a lack of talent, but Ling Chen didn't refuse and instead took the time to teach him earnestly. Learning martial virtues before martial arts, Ling Chen taught him not only martial skills but also many principles of life.

He admitted he wasn't as smart as Nanrong Wanqing, but he understood one thing clearly. If someone willingly spends time and effort on you without seeking anything in return, that says everything.

Because of this, upon learning of Ling Chen's departure, he immediately drove to the company to ask his sister upfront why she let Ling Chen go.

Nanrong Wanqing appeared not to feel Nanrong Hao's emotional fluctuations, saying indifferently, "He made the request himself. I didn't force him."

"I didn't force him, then why would he resign of his own accord? I've known Chen for so long; I know best what kind of person he is. If he promised to ensure your safety, he wouldn't just quit halfway. You must have said something to upset him, prompting him to make such an irresponsible decision. Anyhow, whether for the sake of your own safety or some other reason, you must ask Chen to come back."

Nanrong Wanqing turned to look at her brother, a hint of surprise in her beautiful eyes. Throughout these years, Nanrong Hao had never lost his temper with her. Perhaps because she was too dominant, he never dared to be presumptuous in front of her.

Seeing her not making a statement, Nanrong Hao urged, "Big Sister."

"The matter of Ling Chen's employment is a company issue. I am in charge of the company now, and there's no need for me to heed your advice. Also, you just started school today, focus on your studies, you needn't worry about company affairs."

Nanrong Hao frowned slightly, showing no intention of leaving, "Big Sister, you're right, you have full authority over the company now, but don't forget, I am the eldest grandson of the Nanrong Family, the future successor to Hongyu Group. I can ignore other company matters, but this issue must be resolved as I wish. If you consider me your brother, then take my words as a request. If you insist on making

decisions from the company's standpoint, then treat it as a direct command from me. As the eldest grandson of the Nanrong Family, I believe I have that much authority. Even if it comes to grandfather, he will support me."

Watching Nanrong Hao turn and leave, Nanrong Wanqing was momentarily taken aback. Then, a hint of brilliance appeared in her eyes, her beautiful face blossoming like flowers in full bloom, shining with the most radiant light.

Just then, Su Lin walked into the office.

"Wanqing, did Nanrong Hao upset you again? I ran into him when I came out of the elevator, and he didn't even greet me. He's becoming more and more unreasonable." While speaking, she noticed the smile on Nanrong Wanqing's face and couldn't help but be curious. Although she was in the company of Nanrong Wanqing day and night, she rarely saw her smile so happily.

"Wanqing, what's happened?"

"Nothing." Nanrong Wanqing replied indifferently, her gaze shifting back to the window, the corners of her lips slightly rising.

She had almost forgotten how many years it had been since she felt this happy. She had always hoped that Nanrong Hao would become self-reliant and capable, ready to inherit the vast wealth of Hongyu Group. Unfortunately, Nanrong Hao's timid and fearful character had left her disappointed. Perhaps it was also largely due to her own strong-will, which shaped him into what he was.

Now, Nanrong Hao dared to show his temper in front of her, something that had never happened before. Every time he saw her, he acted as timid as a mouse, meek and breathless. As his sister, she naturally wanted to see her brother grow up to be a strong and upright man.

Ling Chen...

She whispered the name in her heart. From Nanrong Hao's words, she could feel that his change was related to Ling Chen. Otherwise, Nanrong Hao would not have been so agitated by Ling Chen's resignation.

Maybe it was indeed time for her to make a change.

In contemplation, the outside secretary walked in quickly, "Chairwoman, Mr. Zhu just sent an invitation, asking you to attend a banquet next Monday."

"What banquet?"

"It's said that Mr. Zhu's company is holding a grand opening next week, and he has invited many high-profile guests. Chairwoman, will you accept the invitation?"

Nanrong Wanqing nodded lightly: "Tell them I will attend on time."

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Night fell.

Inside a bedroom at Qingyun Martial Arts Hall, after showering, Ling Chen walked out of the bathroom wearing only a pair of loose shorts, revealing his well-built upper body with hair still dripping, casually drying himself with a towel in hand.

The bedroom environment was simple but clean and quiet, much better than any hotel. With many rooms available, he no longer had to share a room with Tang Yuan.

Glancing at the time, which was almost ten o'clock, he lay back on the bed, turned off the light with a flick of his hand, and took out his phone to browse through job-seeking websites, looking for any available work.