

The Beauty 79

Chapter 79 Leng Feifei (Part 2)

"What do you mean 'selling' me to someone else? I'm doing what's best for you, trying to find you a good family. What's not to like about Mr. Qi? It's your good fortune that he fancies you."

"This 'fortune' of mine, I'd rather not have."

"You..." The man in glasses was livid, his body trembling with rage.

"Zheng Guozhong, you've truly failed as a father, not even being able to handle your own daughter," Qi Jianhui snorted coldly. "Don't forget what you promised me. If we can't settle things today, don't blame me for turning my face against you."

"No... that won't happen..." Zheng Guozhong looked panicked and hastily said, "Mr. Qi, rest assured, I'll definitely sort this out and won't let you down."

Hearing their conversation, Ling Chen felt puzzled. Leng Feifei's last name was Leng, and her father's was Zheng. Could it be that she isn't his biological daughter? That would make sense; what kind of biological father would side with an outsider to go against his own daughter?

"Feifei, don't blame your father for being ruthless. You must come with me today," Zheng Guozhong seemed to have made up his mind.

Ling Chen took a glance at Leng Feifei and saw that she was unmoved. He immediately understood her intentions. He glanced at Zheng Guozhong and said indifferently, "Unless Feifei is willing, no one can take her away as long as I am here."

Zheng Guozhong narrowed his eyes and said coldly, "Kid, I advise you not to make trouble for yourself."

Ling Chen shrugged, completely disregarding the other's words, "Sorry, I don't have other hobbies, I just like to poke my nose into others' business."

"Fine, you're asking for it. Feifei, I foresaw that you wouldn't come with me easily today, so I've come prepared. Guangwu!"

As soon as he finished speaking, five young men rushed into the shop. The leader, a twenty-something with dyed red hair and a cigarette in his mouth, was dressed flamboyantly. The others were dressed similarly, like typical gangster youths.

"Dad."

Zheng Guangwu called Zheng Guozhong and then looked towards Leng Feifei. His eyes, obscured by smoke, showed a flash of lustful intent.

"My dear sister, why make things difficult with your family? As long as you're obedient, it will benefit all of us."

Leng Feifei looked at her so-called brother, and her fists clenched unconsciously, her cheeks slightly pale with distress.

Feeling that something was off with her, Ling Chen couldn't help but take another look at Zheng Guangwu. He found it odd; judging by Leng Feifei's reaction, she seemed to absolutely loathe the guy.

"Guangwu, since Feifei is unwilling to come with us, you know what to do."

"Dad, leave it to me," Zheng Guangwu curled his lip, flicked the cigarette butt from his hand, and walked towards Leng Feifei. "Sis, make it easy for the both of us and just come with me. Don't make this difficult for your brother."

"Get lost! I don't want to see you."

Hearing her sharp rebuke, Zheng Guangwu's mouth quirked up in a cold smirk, "Looks like you prefer punishment over a toast. If that's the case, then don't blame me for not being polite." After speaking, he reached out to grab Leng Feifei's wrist.

However, what he grabbed was not Leng Feifei's hand but Ling Chen's.

"Buddy, what are you doing? I'm not into that sort of thing, you must be mistaken," Ling Chen said as he shook off his hand and pulled out two tissues from the counter to wipe his hand, looking completely disgusted.

"You..." Before Zheng Guangwu could finish, Zheng Guozhong roared beside him, "Guangwu, this punk is the problem. Teach him a lesson."

Zheng Guangwu glanced at Ling Chen, his mouth twisting up in a scornful smirk, "Kid, move away if you don't want to get hurt."

"Give it a try."

"Hmph! Trying to act the man in front of my sister? Fine, I'll let you."

With the end of Zheng Guangwu's words, a slap was immediately thrown out.

Smack!

A crisp sound was heard, and all eyes were focused on Ling Chen. However, they quickly realized that they were misled. Ling Chen was completely unscathed, while it was Zheng Guangwu who was covering his swollen cheek, a mix of shock and anger on his face.

Seeing this, everyone was surprised.

It seemed clear that it was Zheng Guangwu who threw the punch, but it wasn't Ling Chen who got hit—it was Zheng Guangwu himself. For a moment, people looked at Ling Chen with curiosity, wondering how he pulled it off.

"How dare you hit me?" Zheng Guangwu cursed. "Boys, take him down."

Seeing those youths charge at her all at once, Leng Feifei worriedly said, "Ling Chen..."

"Don't be afraid, I'm here." Ling Chen gave her a reassuring look, and casually slapped one across the face.

Smack!

The youth at the forefront fell to the ground as a response.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

A series of slaps were thrown, and the youths became dazed and confused, tumbling to the ground, piling up.

Seeing Ling Chen effortlessly take down these people with a few slaps, everyone was taken aback. Zheng Guangwu looked at Ling Chen with sheer terror and unconsciously stepped back.

"Buddy, didn't you just say you were going to beat me up? Come on, continue."

"You... don't get too arrogant."

Ling Chen curled his lip, "If you don't dare to make a move, then get lost quickly. Don't embarrass yourself here. And you two..." he pointed at Zheng Guozhong and Qi Jianhui, "if you don't want to crawl out of here, then disappear from my sight immediately."

"Mr. Qi..."

Zheng Guozhong looked at Qi Jianhui, somewhat at a loss.

"Hmph, if you can't handle this matter well, then you sort it out." Qi Jianhui coldly dropped a remark and turned to leave.

"Mr. Qi, Mr. Qi, don't go." Zheng Guozhong hastily followed, but at the doorway, he turned back to look at Leng Feifei with a grim expression, "Remember this, it's not over. As long as you're my daughter, don't think you can escape this."

After Qi Jianhui and Zheng Guozhong left one after the other, Zheng Guangwu also didn't dare to stay any longer. Covering his swollen cheek, he and his men shamefully ran away.

Ling Chen took a breath, turned his head to look at Leng Feifei beside him, and was about to speak, but saw that her eyes were already brimming with tears.

"Are you alright?" He offered her a tissue, expressing his concern.

Leng Feifei gently shook her head, "Thank you for helping me."

"Don't mention it."

"Feifei."

At this point, the store's owner, Zhang Huan, came over with a hesitant look. Seeing his conflicted expression, Leng Feifei immediately understood, "Boss, I'm sorry for causing trouble. I won't work here anymore."

Zhang Huan sighed helplessly, "Don't blame me, I can't provoke Qi Jianhui. If you continue to stay here, he definitely won't let me off the hook."

"I know."

"You should go back and rest well. I'll transfer the rest of your wages to your account."

"Okay, then I'll be going."

Leaving the mall, Leng Feifei intended to take the bus home, but Ling Chen still pulled her into his car. After what happened just then, he was worried that Leng Feifei was unsettled and might do something rash, so it was better to stay by her side.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked. He knew Leng Feifei certainly didn't want to go home now, but there had to be a destination, "Or shall I take you back to school?"

Leng Feifei looked out of the window, took a while before saying, "Let's go to a hotel."

"You're planning to stay at a hotel tonight?"

"Yes, I... I hope you can stay with me." After saying this, Leng Feifei lowered her head, a faint blush on her pretty face.

Ling Chen's eyes widened, somewhat unable to believe what he had heard. The development of the plot seemed to be a bit unexpected. He thought Leng Feifei would find a quiet place to sit for a while, perhaps go to a bar to drown her sorrows, but he did not expect her to go straight to the hotel and ask him to accompany her.

What does this mean?

Could there really be such good luck as pie falling from the sky?

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