

The Beauty 81

Chapter 81 Banquet at Yulong Mansion (Part 1)

Hearing him suddenly drop such a question, Leng Feifei was taken aback, her pretty face immediately flushed red, and she stammered, "I was thinking... if my body was no longer pure, maybe they would stop pressuring me."

Uh... Ling Chen was somewhat dumbfounded; he hadn't expected Leng Feifei's reason to be so simple. Had he known this, he would have driven straight to a hotel. Alas, such a pity, a perfect opportunity to lose his virginity wasted away.

Seeing his disappointed face, Leng Feifei seemed to see right through him, snorting lightly, "What, are you regretting it now?"

"Who said that!" Ling Chen snapped back to reality, indignantly saying, "Am I the type of man who takes advantage of others? Feifei, even though Zheng Guozhong is a scumbag, you must believe that there are still good men in this world, like me."

"You?" Leng Feifei gave him a glance, unmercifully striking back, "I can't see anything good about you."

"That's a problem with your vision." Ling Chen swished the bangs on his forehead, full of confidence, "Just spend more time with me, and sooner or later you'll notice all the qualities that a good man should have in me."

"Forget it, I'm not interested in men like you."

"Why not?"

"Handsome men are playboys, so it's better to find a more down-to-earth man to live life with."

Hearing this, Ling Chen was momentarily speechless, his mouth agape but unable to utter a single word. This woman was completely unpredictable; is being handsome a crime now? If being handsome is a crime, wouldn't he be sentenced to life with his looks?

He shamelessly thought to himself.

After dropping Leng Feifei off at school, Ling Chen drove back to Qingyun Martial Arts Academy. During the drive, Liu Kun and Nanrong Hao each made a call, inviting him to the Nanrong Family; Nanrong Yong wanted to meet him. However, just the thought of Nanrong Wanqing soured his mood, and he directly rejected the invitations.

Although he'd admit deep down that Nanrong Wanqing was beautiful, with an ethereal quality that could drive every man who saw her mad, he found that kind of woman too self-important, always acting as if they're above the rest, and he disliked that feeling.

Two days passed.

As night fell, East Sea City, a city that never sleeps, shimmied out of its daytime bustle and indulged in a world rampant with material desires.

Bars, nightclubs, with a never-ending stream of customers, enjoying the thrills of life, venting the pressures of living.

Half-past seven.

Ling Chen put on a sharp suit and got into his classic old muscle car.

Accompanied by the roaring growl akin to that of a beast, along with its conspicuous appearance, though Ling Chen preferred to keep a low profile, the car's head-turning rate on the road was an incredible ninety-nine percent, extremely flashy. As for the remaining one percent, that came from blind people.

After a twenty-minute drive, Ling Chen finally arrived at his destination, Yulong Mansion.

Yulong Mansion was a manor with over a hundred years of history, built by the nobility of the past, consuming a vast fortune and covering thousands of square meters. In its day, Yulong Mansion was a place for the elite to seek pleasure and amuse themselves; however, it later fell into decline and was

leased privately, keeping the style of the late Qing period on the outside while the inside was completely renovated, exuding a luxurious atmosphere everywhere.

The car arrived at the entrance of Yulong Mansion, and a young valet service attendant immediately came over. He respectfully opened the door with a slight bow, politely saying, "Sir, welcome to Yulong Mansion."

Ling Chen nodded slightly and got out of the car. He straightened the collar of his suit and walked towards the entrance of the mansion.

At this moment, the parking lot outside the mansion was like a luxury car party, with Ferraris, Porsches, and Bugatti Veyrons... All sorts of famous sports cars from around the world were present, dazzling to the eyes. However, among all the luxury cars, Ling Chen's muscle car stood out, exceptionally prominent, drawing the attention of many people.

This dinner was of very high standards, and an invitation was necessary for entry. Ling Chen lingered at the entrance for a while, and soon enough, an imposing middle-aged man with a friendly smile came down the stairs.

"Hello, are you the Ling Chen that President Liu mentioned?"

"Yes, I am. Are you Mr. Gao Yuan?"

"Yes. I'm sorry, Mr. Ling, for making you wait."

"It's alright, I have just arrived not long ago."

This Mr. Gao Yuan was an entrepreneur from East Sea City, a friend of Liu Xiyao. Since Liu Xiyao couldn't attend the banquet herself, she had Ling Chen go in her place, but she was worried about him not being accustomed to this kind of high society socializing, so she specifically asked Gao Yuan to accompany Ling Chen to avoid any mistakes.

Entering the mansion, Ling Chen was about to go to the banquet hall accompanied by Gao Yuan. But at that moment, the entrance suddenly livened up, with all the guests standing at the door stopping to look back down the stairs.

Out of curiosity, Ling Chen took a longer look. Suddenly, he saw a Rolls-Royce stopped at the entrance of the mansion, and a familiar figure emerged from the passenger side, gently opening the back door. Subsequently, a woman sitting in a wheelchair was pushed out from the spacious back seat by a man in a suit.

Nanrong Wanqing!

Her appearance immediately attracted countless gazes. Her arrival instantly became the focus of everyone at the scene.

Although Ling Chen had no special fondness for Nanrong Wanqing, he had to admit that whenever and wherever she appeared, Nanrong Wanqing always had the ability to amaze, and this moment was no exception.

Today, Nanrong Wanqing wasn't overly adorned. As usual, she wore a simple, elegant white dress and her legs were covered with a thick woolen blanket. Her look was fresh and simple, and even without the enhancement of a grand gown, her natural grace was hard to conceal. Her flawless features were calm as a still well, as if the heat of early autumn couldn't melt the frost on her face. A head of jet-black hair casually draped over her shoulders, while her fair hands gently clasped together.

Under the gaze of the crowd, Nanrong Wanqing's expression remained calm, her bright eyes like a dazzling galaxy of stars, seemingly like serene lake surfaces undisturbed by the passing breeze.

It was this simple, unaffected demeanor that attracted everyone's attention, making it difficult to look away.

"Wanqing." At this time, an excited voice rang out.

Then, a handsome man hurried out from the mansion, it was Zhu Hong.

As the host of the dinner, Zhu Hong was dressed in a white tailcoat, dignified yet elegant, his handsome face bearing a gentle scholarly smile. His deep-set eyes shone with infinite charm, enchanting all who beheld him.

Seeing Zhu Hong approaching, a soft smile momentarily blossomed on Nanrong Wanqing's fair and smooth cheeks, like thousands of flowers blooming, exquisitely beautiful.

Yet, the calmness in her beautiful eyes remained unchanged despite the smile on her face.