

The Beauty 85

Chapter 85 Rejection

"Wanqing."

Under Zhu Hong's gentle call, a spotlight simultaneously fell upon Nanrong Wanqing.

With everyone's gaze fixed on her, Zhu Hong stepped forward and walked straight towards Nanrong Wanqing. The spotlight above him followed his steps, slowly moving.

Watching Zhu Hong approaching, Ling Chen smirked. Making a deep confession in public, he really had to hand it to him. However, such sudden romance was likely irresistible to any woman. With this thought, he couldn't help but sneak a peek at Nanrong Wanqing to see her reaction.

At this moment, hearing the footsteps behind her growing closer, Nanrong Wanqing wheeled around to face the approaching Zhu Hong.

"Wanqing..." Zhu Hong stared affectionately at the beauty before him, "I know this may be abrupt, but I can't control my feelings for you. I just want to tell you, as long as you're willing, I will always be by your side, to cherish you, to protect you, to prevent you from any harm."

Nanrong Wanqing looked back at him, her eyes as calm as ever, without the slightest ripple of emotion. After a moment of silence, under the anticipation of the crowd, she parted her lips and spoke softly, "Is this the surprise you prepared for me?"

Zhu Hong, with his intoxicating smile, crouched before her, his tone gentle, "Since time was limited, my preparations aren't thoroughly comprehensive. But that's not important. What matters most is letting you know my feelings. Wanqing, I—"

"I think you might have misunderstood. I only see you as a friend, nothing more." Nanrong Wanqing said in a light tone, as though discussing something unrelated to her.

At her response, Zhu Hong was momentarily stunned, swallowing back the words he had prepared.

Before making this decision, he had considered various possibilities, but he had never imagined Nanrong Wanqing would reject him so directly, without sparing any face for him. In his view, even if Nanrong Wanqing were to reject him, she would convey it tactfully, allowing him some dignity. However, he didn't expect Nanrong Wanqing to refuse him. After all, they had known each other for years, childhood friends who grew up together. Although it had been several years since they last saw each other, their past affection was still profound.

Moreover, he was confident in himself. Over the years, with his looks and graceful demeanor, any woman he set his sights on couldn't escape his control.

Coming back to his senses, he hurriedly said, "Wanqing, my feelings for you—"

"There's no need to say more." Nanrong Wanqing cut him off, her voice cold, a hint of annoyance visible in her eyes, "I think I've made my attitude quite clear. If there's nothing else, then I will take my leave now. Thank you for your hospitality tonight."

At this point, the guests in the banquet hall whispered amongst themselves, originally thinking that Nanrong Wanqing would accept, only to see her reject him outright, landing Zhu Hong in an awkward situation.

Tsk!

At that moment, a mocking laughter suddenly entered Zhu Hong's ears. He furrowed his brows slightly and turned to look, finding the source of the laughter was the young man sitting on the sofa.

Feeling Zhu Hong's gaze upon him, Ling Chen slowly raised his head, meeting Zhu Hong's eyes with a hint of amusement. Nanrong Wanqing was indeed Nanrong Wanqing, rejecting others so unapologetically. He couldn't help but laugh; Zhu Hong was truly asking for it. He wanted to play at romance, but ended up losing face instead.

However, he could understand why Nanrong Wanqing was so merciless.

Zhu Hong's public confession wasn't purely motivated. If the two shared deep affection, then naturally, it would go without saying, everything would fall into place. But the thing is, Zhu Hong's relationship

with Nanrong Wanqing existed only in the past, not the present. His public display of affection was simply to show everyone that Nanrong Wanqing was his target, warning others not to covet her. In addition, Zhu Hong was leveraging the situation. In his view, with so many powerful figures gathered together, Nanrong Wanqing would consider his dignity and couldn't bear to reject him.

However, Nanrong Wanqing's character was unique and unconventional; she couldn't be judged with the same perspective as an ordinary woman.

With Nanrong Wanqing's intelligence, she likely saw through Zhu Hong's motives, hence her cold demeanor.

"Is it you?"

Under the dim lights, Zhu Hong fixed his gaze on the young man on the sofa, his eyes immediately flashing with a trace of coldness. At this moment, Nanrong Wanqing also noticed Ling Chen, surprise flickering in her beautiful eyes.

Why is he here?

Ling Chen said with a smile, "You have a good memory, remembering who I am."

"Did you come with Wanqing? I didn't see you when you entered just now."

"What, she didn't tell you? I have resigned from the Nanrong family, I have nothing to do with her now."

"Is that so?" Zhu Hong crossed his arms behind his back, strode up to Ling Chen, and looked down at him, his voice cold and distant, "Then how did you get in here? I don't recall inviting you to the banquet."

Ling Chen opened his mouth, about to speak, but before he could utter a word, he saw Gao Yuan quickly approaching through the crowd.

"Mr. Zhu, please don't misunderstand. Mr. Ling is a shareholder of Qingyuan Club. President Liu couldn't come in person, so he asked Mr. Ling to attend tonight's dinner on his behalf."

After hearing his explanation, Zhu Hong was a bit displeased, not expecting Ling Chen to be a shareholder of Qingyuan Club. Having just been rejected by Nanrong Wanqing, and now having to endure Ling Chen's sneer, he was seething with rage, wishing he could vent his anger.

However, now that he knew Ling Chen was officially invited to the dinner, he could only forcefully suppress his anger. Taking a deep breath, he put a slight smile back on his face and appeared gentle once again.

"Mr. Ling, I apologize, I lost my composure just now. Please forgive me. I have other matters to attend to, please enjoy yourself."

Watching Zhu Hong turn and leave, Ling Chen's eyes narrowed slightly.

This guy... is not simple.

He had clearly felt Zhu Hong's anger, but in just a few words, the man had managed to suppress it and act as if nothing happened, revealing the depth of Zhu Hong's scheming.

Such people are often the most dangerous.

However, he also found it strange, since Zhu Hong was so cunning, why would he confess to Nanrong Wanqing at a time when he wasn't fully confident.

"Ling Chen, that's not cool of you. We were standing right beside you, and you didn't even say hello. Do you not consider us friends?"

Liang Zhao Hui's voice rang out, pulling Ling Chen back to the present. He laughed awkwardly, "I was looking at my phone just now and didn't notice you."

Liang Zhao Hui and Zhong Wei knew he was making excuses, but they didn't make a big deal out of it. They were very aware that the main reason Ling Chen didn't greet them was because of Nanrong Wanqing.

During their conversation, Nanrong Wanqing was seen pushing a wheelchair over.

Seeing this, Zhong Wei quickly walked over and said, "Chairman, let me take you back."

"No need. You go ahead and sit over there; I have something to say to Ling Chen."

Hearing this, Zhong Wei and Liang Zhao Hui exchanged awkward glances at Ling Chen. Didn't their chairman really dislike Ling Chen? Why was she now actively seeking to talk to him? Despite their curiosity, when Nanrong Wanqing spoke, they didn't dare refuse and quickly stepped aside.

Looking at the woman in front of him, who seemed as if she had stepped out of a painting, Ling Chen leaned casually on the sofa and asked nonchalantly, "Miss Nanrong, do you have something to discuss with me?"