

The Beauty 87

Chapter 87 Snake King Appears (Part 1)

"What's with the big blowup?"

Suddenly, a voice came from the lounge next to the VIP room.

Mr. Zhu's gaze sharpened instantly, and he waved his hand, "Everyone leave, no one is allowed to enter without my permission."

"Yes."

After the bodyguards left, a man slowly stepped out of the lounge. However, his attire was rather unusual; adorned in a red trench coat, a hood over his head, and hands tucked in his pockets, his entire figure was concealed. The only identifiable feature was his height - nearly one meter ninety, his head almost touching the door frame.

The man walked over to the sofa, picked up a bottle of red wine from the table and remarked, "'82 Lafite, Zhu Hong, you really know how to enjoy it."

Zhu Hong's face turned steely, "What are you trying to say?"

"I just want to remind you, the money for the banquet, as well as these wines, who paid for them. The support from above was strong when you returned to the country, giving you everything you wanted, but don't forget your mission. The issue with the little girl hasn't been settled and you've lost so many men, this made people from the top quite unhappy. However, I can understand you, He Ziyun is indeed a tough nut to crack, so I pleaded on your behalf in front of them, urging them to grant you some more time."

"Rest assured, I will handle that matter as soon as possible."

"I believe you'll take it seriously. But remember, your task isn't just that. Setting aside the little girl for a moment, the matter regarding Nanrong Wanqing must be resolved soon, the people on top are getting impatient, and have urged me several times. Zhu Hong, you voluntarily took on this mission at the

beginning, claiming you could get the thing in a short time. Yet, nearly half a month has passed without any progress. Don't blame me for urging you, people above have no patience, and neither do I. I'm giving you one more month, if you can't take care of it by then, then I'll have to personally intervene."

Zhu Hong frowned slightly, "What do you intend to do?"

"It's simple, use our usual method. Capture her directly, and use harsh interrogation, she'll talk eventually."

Zhu Hong stood up abruptly, his eyes sharp, "No, I won't allow you to harm her."

The man slightly lifted his head, his gaze slantingly sweeping over him, his tone carrying a trace of disdain, "You won't allow? Zhu Hong, don't forget who you are. You don't have the right to say such a thing in front of me. Sit down, you know I don't like looking up at people."

Zhu Hong clenched his fists, flames of rage flickering in his eyes. However, after hesitating for a moment, he eventually sat down.

The man in front of him was someone he couldn't afford to provoke, at least not yet.

"Did you find out who was behind the assassination attempt on Wanqing last time?"

"What does it have to do with me, anyway? It wasn't our doing. It's normal for the Nanrong family, with such a large enterprise, to have several enemies."

"Aren't you afraid she'll be killed? By then, we wouldn't be able to get what we want at all."

"It's better if she dies. There is still Nanrong Hao in the Nanrong family. If Nanrong Wanqing dies, Nanrong Hao will definitely take over Hongyu Group, and I heard that Nanrong Hao is a useless freeloader without real skills. If Hongyu falls into his hands, it'll make our job much easier. Zhu Hong, I know your relationship with Nanrong Wanqing, if you don't want her to get hurt, you better hurry up and complete the mission. As long as the item is in our hands, we won't touch a hair on her head."

"I understand, I will hand over the item within a month."

"Good, I'll be waiting for your good news."

Just as the sound cut off, the lights in the VIP room suddenly dimmed, plunging everything into darkness.

Bang!

Simultaneously, a crashing sound broke through the door, followed by tense voices.

"Mr. Zhu, are you okay?"

"I'm fine, don't worry."

After two or three seconds, the lights in the VIP room came back on. Except for Zhu Hong, the man from before had disappeared, and no one knew how he left.

"What just happened?"

"I guess there was a power outage; now we're using backup power."

"Go ask the staff of Yulong Mansion, there are so many guests in the banquet hall, make sure nothing goes wrong."

At this moment, in the banquet hall, everyone was discussing the sudden blackout. The manager of Yulong Mansion hurried over from outside, explaining the situation to everyone.

"I'm very sorry, there was a problem with the wiring just now. On behalf of Yulong Mansion, I apologize for the inconvenience caused to everyone. Please rest assured, the backup power has been activated, and you can continue to enjoy..."

"Ah!!!"

Suddenly, a piercing scream rose from the crowd.

"Dead... there's a dead person..."

Dead person?

Ling Chen's expression changed slightly, and he quickly stood up and walked towards the crowd. After taking a few steps, he turned back and reminded, "Captain Zhong, please protect Miss Nanrong."

"Got it." Zhong Wei responded, positioning himself next to Liang Zhao Hui, flanking Nanrong Wanqing.

As he pushed through the crowd, Ling Chen saw a man lying on the ground, bleeding profusely from his abdomen, his body twitching slightly, still breathing.

Hu Fei?

When he recognized the man's face, his heart skipped a beat, it was Hu Fei.

Coming back to his senses, he quickly took off his suit jacket, pressed it against Hu Fei's wound to stop the bleeding, and shouted at the bystanders, "What are you staring at? Call an ambulance right now."

"How is he?"

At this moment, Tang Yuan rushed over from the crowd, looking at the pale-faced, weak-breathing Hu Fei, frowning deeply.

"Not good, I'm afraid he won't last until the ambulance arrives."

"You keep an eye on him, I'll figure something out." After speaking, Tang Yuan squeezed through the crowd and hurried away. In no time, he returned with the emergency kit provided by the Mansion.

Seeing Hu Fei's eyes gradually losing their vitality, Ling Chen slapped his cheeks vigorously, shouting, "Fatty, wake up, don't sleep."

Hu Fei, half-squinting, his lips turning white, managed to utter a word unclearly: "Snake... snake..."

Ling Chen raised his eyebrows, "You mean Snake King?"

"Snake King at the banquet?" Tang Yuan exclaimed in shock, blurting out, "This is bad, Nanrong Wanqing is in danger."

Ling Chen saw all the worry displayed by Tang Yuan. At this moment, Tang Yuan's reaction confirmed his suspicions.

Tang Yuan's target was indeed Nanrong Wanqing, it seems he was here to ensure her safety. No wonder he said last time he was coming to join him; it turns out he wanted to take this opportunity to get close to Nanrong Wanqing, and nothing justifies protecting a target more than being her security.

However, he was somewhat puzzled, why would the Ghost Organization care about the safety of Nanrong Wanqing. If it were just because of a Snake King, the Ghost Organization wouldn't interfere.

Could it be that there are secrets about Nanrong Wanqing that he doesn't know?