

The Beauty 89

Chapter 89 Big Guy (Part 1)

This sudden change shocked all the guests present, causing them to rush outside. However, the banquet hall was pitch dark, and one could hardly see their own hands. Soon, many guests fell to the ground in the chaos, their cries continuous.

"Who is pushing me?"

"Don't... don't step on me... oy vey!"

"Everyone, don't panic, stay calm, to avoid injuring others," someone shouted loudly.

Then, quick-reacting people took out their phones and turned on the flashlight apps. Seeing this, others immediately followed suit. However, due to the explosion just now, the banquet hall was filled with white smoke, enveloping everyone and reducing visibility to less than five meters.

Zhu Hong hastily lifted his phone, shining the light towards Nanrong Wanqing's direction and shouting, "Wanqing, you..." As soon as he started speaking, he froze. He saw a wheelchair left in its place, but Nanrong Wanqing had already disappeared, and Ling Chen was gone too. Only Zhong Wei and Liang Zhao Hui were left.

"Where is Wanqing?" he frowned and demanded from Zhong Wei.

"I don't know, it was too dark, I couldn't see anything," Zhong Wei responded calmly. It was obvious, she must have been taken away by Ling Chen. With Ling Chen by her side, Nanrong Wanqing would surely be safe; such was his trust in Ling Chen.

Knowing he would get nothing from him, Zhu Hong simply stopped wasting words, turning to instruct others, "You guys split up and search. Find Wanqing and ensure her safety. The rest of you, root out the troublemakers. Hmph! I want to see who dares to stir trouble right under my nose."

At this moment, amidst the chaotic crowd, Ling Chen swiftly carried Nanrong Wanqing through, continuously changing their direction.

He was all too familiar with the Snake King's way of doing things. The opponent loved creating chaos and then seizing the opportunity to strike lethally, like a venomous snake targeting the vital spots.

Now unaware of the Snake King's position, the only certainty was that the opponent was hidden while he was exposed. The only option was to keep changing locations to avoid being tracked down.

Fortunately, the banquet hall guests had turned on their phones, and using the light emitted from the screens, Ling Chen was able to dodge and avoid colliding with anyone.

Held in Ling Chen's arms, Nanrong Wanqing didn't utter a word, letting him lead. She knew he was protecting her, and it was best not to distract him at that time.

In a short while, the two of them had moved to the front door of the banquet hall. But somehow, the door was locked, and over a dozen guests were at the door, knocking hard, calling for the staff outside to open it, but there was no response.

Finding the main door blocked, Ling Chen didn't hesitate; he continued to carry Nanrong Wanqing and moved on.

Suddenly, a guest who just passed by Ling Chen splattered with blood on his chest and then fell down stiffly.

This is bad!

Seeing this, Ling Chen's pupils shrank and his feet propelled him forward swiftly. As expected, the next second he raised his foot, a bullet struck exactly where he had just been standing, making a sharp sound.

"Still targeted."

He cursed under his breath and moved quickly towards the edge of the crowd. The Snake King was not the type to show mercy; as long as the task was completed, other people's deaths did not concern him. If they remained within the crowd, it could inevitably lead to collateral damage.

Along the walls of the banquet hall, Ling Chen carried Nanrong Wanqing rapidly, their speed extremely fast.

Before entering earlier, perhaps out of professional habit, he had already observed how many exits there were, as well as how many VIP rooms and rest areas in the banquet hall; he knew them all clearly.

Since the main entrance was blocked, he could only choose another way out and quickly escape with Nanrong Wanqing.

A few seconds later, guided by the dim light, a door to a VIP room appeared before him. Without the slightest hesitation, he instantly sped up, kicked the door open, and rushed in with Nanrong Wanqing.

He closed the door, leaned against the wall, gasped for breath, and regulated his breathing.

The VIP room was pitch black, and with the door tightly shut, there wasn't a single ray of light. Just then, a soft light emanated, shining on both of them.

Looking down, Ling Chen noticed that Nanrong Wanqing had already taken out her phone. Under the white light, Nanrong Wanqing's exceedingly beautiful face was clearly visible, her eyes calm as water, showing no signs of panic.

"Aren't you scared?"

Nanrong Wanqing gently shook her head, her lips parting lightly: "I'm used to it."

Those simple three words, yet they contained endless sorrow.

"Don't worry, with me here, Snake King can't hurt you."

"I know, I've never doubted your ability. What do we do now?"

"Let's stay here for now."

The Snake King must still be outside; if he dared to come in, Ling Chen would welcome it. In terms of close combat, he had never feared anyone.

Once his breathing steadied, at Ling Chen's signal, Nanrong Wanqing held up the phone, directing the light around the VIP room.

Ling Chen observed briefly; on the carpeted floor lay a smashed wine glass, with red wine still staining the brown fur. There was another small door on the left side of the VIP room, leading to a temporary resting room.

He then carried Nanrong Wanqing towards the resting room, planning to send her inside. If Nanrong Wanqing stayed by his side, it would inevitably hinder him during the confrontation with Snake King, preventing him from unleashing his full potential.

The resting room had only one door connecting to the VIP room and no other entrances. As long as he sent Nanrong Wanqing into the resting room and guarded the outside, their safety would be guaranteed.

He opened the door to the resting room and stepped inside. However, before his foot touched the ground, he sensed a fierce gust of wind suddenly coming from the side.

Almost instantaneously, his body reacted instinctively, leaning slightly backward, narrowly avoiding the attacker's blow.

The attacker didn't give up after the failed strike and closed in again. But this time, the target was not Ling Chen but Nanrong Wanqing in his arms.

Seeing this, Ling Chen said nothing, twisted on the ball of his foot, turning gently with Nanrong Wanqing from the front to the back. Then, he kicked fiercely backward. However, the assailant seemed to sense his counterattack and hastily retreated, causing Ling Chen's kick to miss.

Taking advantage of this moment, Ling Chen retreated several steps while holding Nanrong Wanqing, the phone's light illuminating the scene. He squinted, peering into the resting room's doorway. In the darkness, he could vaguely make out the outline of a person. Although he couldn't see the full details, Ling Chen judged from the silhouette that the person was very tall, around one meter ninety.

"Who are you?"