

The Beauty 90

Chapter 90 The Big One (Part 2)

"You don't think that question is redundant?" The words had barely fallen when the man suddenly asked, "Is the young lady in your arms perhaps Nanrong Wanqing?"

"I'd know even without asking."

"Very well, very well, very well." The other party spat out three 'very well's' in succession, expressing the joy within, "Just as the saying goes, finding what you search desperately for often comes when least expected—easy when not struggled for. Who would have thought Miss Nanrong would come right to my doorstep? I have a few questions I'd like to ask Miss Nanrong."

Miss Nanrong Wanqing responded coldly: "What do you want to ask?"

"I know you've secretly established a secret research lab. Just tell me the location of the lab, and I'll let you go immediately."

Although Ling Chen couldn't clearly see the changes in Nanrong Wanqing's expression, he distinctly felt her body tremble slightly.

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

The man chuckled sinisterly, "Miss Nanrong, let's not beat around the bush. I wouldn't ask such questions without being absolutely sure. Miss Nanrong, there is an old saying in your country, 'A wise man submits to circumstances.' I advise you, don't make it harder for yourself. Otherwise, don't blame me for being rude."

"Friend, there isn't just Miss Nanrong here; don't forget about me," Ling Chen was slightly annoyed, hearing that person's words, which seemed to completely disregard his presence.

"This has nothing to do with you; if you don't want to die, scram." The man spoke to Ling Chen with a cold tone, laden with a murderous intent.

"Then I really want to see, who will be the one to scam from here."

Ling Chen's eyes turned cold as he walked to a corner of the VIP room, carefully setting Nanrong Wanqing down, "Stay here."

Nanrong Wanqing bit her lip, a hint of worry flashing in her bright eyes.

"Be... careful."

Hearing the concern in her voice, Ling Chen grinned, "Don't worry, he's not competent enough to kill me." With that, he stood up and strode into the lounge.

Nanrong Wanqing's cell phone barely lit up the VIP room and couldn't reach the lounge, which remained pitch black.

Ling Chen remained undaunted, slightly closing his eyes. In this environment, eyes were of no use; it was all about the ears. Calming his mind, the breathing of the other person gradually became clearer.

Suddenly, the breathing changed in its frequency. At the same moment, Ling Chen's upright body lunged forward. A fist came towards him; he slightly shifted his body, tilting his head to the left, dodging the punch. Then, using the momentum, he surged forward, using his shoulder and elbow forcefully to thrust.

However, before making contact, he felt a pair of arms blocking his shoulder and elbow, thwarting his attack.

With his attack blocked, Ling Chen quickly withdrew, stomping on the ground with one foot, leaping up high, and sweeping across with a high sweeping leg aiming for the opponent's neck.

The opponent reacted swiftly, raising his arms at the exact moment of the kick, attempting to block the strike. However, when Ling Chen's kick landed, a dull thud was heard; the man's body immediately tilted to the side, almost unable to stay upright, accompanied by a crisp sound of breaking bones.

In the darkness, Ling Chen's lips curled up slightly, bearing a mocking smile. Daring to directly counter his leg strike was simply asking for trouble.

He seldom used leg techniques, not because he was poor at them, but because he feared he couldn't control the power of his legs well, easily causing death.

Now, after taking a kick from him, the man staggered back several steps, widening the distance between them. From the opponent's heavy breathing, it could be heard that the kick had seriously injured him.

Ling Chen was sure, the man's right arm was broken.

"Who are you?" After a few seconds of silence, the man couldn't resist speaking up.

"You won't even tell me your identity, why should I tell you mine? You think I'm easy to take advantage of? How about this, let's make it fair - you tell me who you are first, then I'll tell you who I am, that way no one loses out."

"I'm not obliged to reveal my identity to you."

Hearing this, Ling Chen couldn't help but shrug his shoulders. Although the other party couldn't see it, he still habitually made this gesture, showing his helplessness.

"You know what I really can't stand? It's people like you who act all high and mighty, thinking you're something special. You won't say, huh? Fine, I won't force you - I'll beat it out of you."

As he spoke, Ling Chen bent his waist, like a cheetah in the night, suddenly darting forward with incredible speed. In the blink of an eye, he had charged in front of the man.

This time, he didn't use his fist but chose to use his legs instead. With this kind of person, he didn't want to waste time.

A sweeping leg kick, and the opponent immediately jumped high. Having experienced Ling Chen's leg power, he no longer dared to clash head-on.

"Still trying to dodge?"

Ling Chen snorted lightly, his body following the momentum and his head fiercely thrusting toward the opponent.

The man was about 1.9 meters tall, and because he jumped, Ling Chen's head hit right into his abdomen. With this hit, the opponent's body immediately lost balance and fell heavily to the ground.

Before he had a chance to get up, Ling Chen had already straddled him, sitting on him, his fists pounding down like hammers.

"Teaching you a lesson for showing off in front of me, teaching you a lesson for showing off in front of me..."

While muttering, Ling Chen's fists didn't stop, raining down on the man, making thudding sounds.

At first, the man struggled a few times, but after several continuous punches, he completely lost the ability to resist and lay quietly under Ling Chen, motionless, almost as if he were dead.

Ling Chen inwardly cursed, quickly reaching to check his breathing, seeing he was still breathing, then punched down again.

"Teaching you to play dead in front of me."

"Stop... stop hitting..."

Finally, the man couldn't endure the physical pain any longer and voluntarily begged for mercy.

Ling Chen grabbed his collar, pulling him close, and said in a lecturing tone, "Remember this, keep a low profile from now on. Now talk, who exactly are you and why are you going against Miss Nanrong?"

"I... I'm done for. There's a master beside Nanrong Wanqing, very skilled, I don't know his name, you guys should be careful from now on, don't forget to find out his identity and kill him to avenge me..."

Listening to the man's puzzling words, Ling Chen's mind raced, quickly shifting his gaze, he noticed the man's left hand had somehow slipped into his pocket.

Damn!

He inwardly cursed, quickly pulling the man's left hand out. Instantly, he saw that the man was holding a cellphone, the screen showing a connected call, with the call duration more than ten seconds.

Clearly, the man's plea for mercy was to buy time so he could make a call. The words he said earlier weren't meant for him, but for the person on the other end of the phone.