

The Beauty 91

Chapter 91 The Poison Sac

"Farewell, I will avenge you."

As he pondered, a deep voice came from the cellphone, and then the call was abruptly cut off. Simultaneously, the man's left hand fell limply down.

Ling Chen was startled and immediately reached for the man's philtrum. As expected, there was no breath; he was dead.

He then took out his phone, lit up the screen, and examined the man's face closely, noticing a trickle of black blood seeping from the corner of his mouth.

"A poison sac?"

His brow furrowed slightly. This man had been carrying a poison sac in his mouth at all times. Such tactics were common, often used on devoted warriors in ancient times. Even in modern days, many secret organizations still use these archaic methods because they are secure, effective, and hard to detect.

At this moment, he was curious about this man's identity and the powers backing him. Even in death, the man had not revealed any information, showing his unwavering loyalty to his organization. Any organization capable of instilling such loyalty in a person was not simple.

Collecting his emotions, he picked up the man's cellphone, then stood up and returned to Nanrong Wanqing's side. This man's appearance was unexpected, but he hadn't forgotten that the Snake King currently posed the greatest danger.

"The man... is he dead?"

"Uh-huh." Ling Chen nodded, looking at Nanrong Wanqing's fair and delicate face, feeling somewhat at a loss for words. Why were there so many people wanting to harm her?

Just then, the dark VIP room suddenly lit up, restoring electricity. It seemed that the repairs at Yulong Mansion were quite timely.

Carrying Nanrong Wanqing, Ling Chen swiftly left the VIP room. In the banquet hall, where the white smoke was gradually dissipating, guests were lying all over the floor, many of whom had sustained minor injuries amid the chaos.

"Wanqing, Wanqing."

Upon their arrival, Zhu Hong hurried over anxiously, "Are you alright?"

"Mr. Zhu, with me by her side, you can rest assured." As he finished talking, Ling Chen's gaze shifted and he pointed to the VIP room, "Mr. Zhu, who was staying in there?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Nothing much, just wanted to remind you that there's a dead person inside. You'd better call the police quickly."

"A dead person?" Zhu Hong seemed to think of something, his expression changed drastically, and without further concern for Nanrong Wanqing, he hurried towards the VIP room.

"Chairman."

Just as Zhu Hong had left, Captain Zhong and Liang Zhao Hui came over, pushing a wheelchair.

Ling Chen gently placed Nanrong Wanqing down and casually took a blanket to cover her legs, saying, "Captain Zhong, please keep a good watch on Miss Nanrong. I'll be right back."

"What if the Snake King shows up?"

"He wouldn't dare make an appearance at a time like this. Not unless he wants to risk exposure." After speaking, Ling Chen turned and returned to the VIP room.

As soon as he entered the resting room, he saw Zhu Hong crouched in front of the man, his brows tightly knitted and his complexion very grave.

Hearing the footsteps, Zhu Hong immediately looked up and faced Ling Chen who was approaching.

"Did you kill this man?" As he asked this, a strange light flickered in Zhu Hong's eyes.

"He meant harm to Miss Nanrong, I had no choice but to act. However, as you can see, he committed suicide by taking poison, which has nothing to do with me. Mr. Zhu, do you recognize him?"

Zhu Hong shook his head, "I've never seen him before. He might have slipped in with the assassin. Ling Chen, thanks to you just now, Wanqing was not injured. I give you my thanks on her behalf."

Hearing this, Ling Chen couldn't help but curl his lips.

"Mr. Zhu, the way you talk, it's as if you could take Miss Nanrong's place. Enough with the nonsense, I'll take Miss Nanrong home first. If the police arrive, tell them to find us at the Nanrong Family."

Watching Ling Chen turn and leave, Zhu Hong's expression immediately darkened, his obsidian-like pupils hiding a hint of venom.

It wasn't until Ling Chen was out of sight that he lowered his head to look at the body, muttering to himself: "I told you not to target Wanqing, but you wouldn't listen. Luckily she's unharmed, otherwise, I wouldn't have let you off either."

Back in the ballroom, Ling Chen didn't go directly to find Nanrong Wanqing but approached Tang Yuan and Hu Fei instead.

"How is he doing?"

"Thankfully, his fat saved him; the vital parts weren't hit, and he narrowly escaped death." Tang Yuan wiped the sweat off his forehead. Saving this guy had drained quite a bit of his energy.

"You've worked hard." Ling Chen patted his shoulder, "You take him to the hospital first, then wait for me at the Martial Arts Academy. I need to talk to you."

"Mhm."

Leaving Yulong Mansion without incident under Ling Chen's escort, Nanrong Wanqing returned safely to the Nanrong Family.

After getting out of the car and seeing Ling Chen standing by the side without intending to enter, Nanrong Wanqing took the initiative to say, "Come inside and have a rest."

Ling Chen hesitated for a moment, then shook his head, "No need, I have other things to do. Liang, could you please take me back to Yulong Mansion? My car is still there."

"No problem."

Watching Ling Chen walk away, Nanrong Wanqing's lips tightened slightly, then she pushed her wheelchair to catch up with him, whispering, "Thank you."

"You're welcome."

"Do... do you still mean what you said earlier?"

"What did I say?" As soon as he spoke, Ling Chen immediately understood what she meant. Back at Yulong Mansion, in front of Zhu Hong, he had stated that he accepted Nanrong Wanqing's invitation to rejoin Hongyu Group. He said that only to avenge Zhong Wei and the others, without any other intentions.

Now, sensing the expectation in Nanrong Wanqing's eyes, he didn't know how to answer for a moment.

"Miss Nanrong, let's talk about this tomorrow, have a good rest, I won't disturb you any longer." With those words, he turned and climbed into Liang Zhao Hui's Range Rover.

Returning to the Martial Arts Academy, it was already past ten o'clock, and Tang Yuan had long returned from the hospital.

At this time, He Ziyun and Little Hua had already gone to bed.

Ling Chen, carrying a couple of bottles of baijiu and some snacks he bought on the way, entered Tang Yuan's room.

"Yo!" Tang Yuan's eyes lit up, happily taking the two bottles of baijiu, "Kid, you really know me well, I was just getting hungry, and here you come with food."

With a few snacks laid out, Tang Yuan poured a glass of baijiu for each of them and downed it in one gulp.

After a few drinks, Ling Chen put down his cup and looked at the voracious Tang Yuan, "Old Tang, isn't it time you told me something?"

"Tell you what?" Tang Yuan looked up puzzled.

"Stop playing dumb, you think I don't know? With our years of brotherhood, let's just be straight with each other. I know you aren't really discharged. You came to East Sea City on a secret mission. If I'm not wrong, your mission has something to do with Nanrong Wanqing."

Tang Yuan paused, then forced a smile, "You saw everything in my luggage? Sigh, I didn't manage to keep it from you, you're too sly."

"Cut the crap, just tell me, why did the General send you to protect Nanrong Wanqing? Don't tell me it's because of the Snake King, I won't believe such crap."

"I'm not treating you any differently, but you know the rules; I can't disclose the mission details."

Ling Chen glared, "You won't talk? Believe it or not I'll beat you up."