

Dragon King's Son-In-Law Chapter 7 -

: Emergency Meeting

Hao Ren never expected things would be like this. He had thought Zhao Yanzi and her parents would go directly to the administrative office. To his astonishment, a sedan was sent to pick him up.

“Maybe, is it an invitation to my own funeral, or a disguised kidnap?”

“Whatever it is, I don't think they will harm me.” After a moment of consideration, Hao Ren stepped into the car.

Bang! Bang!

The car doors closed.

His three dormmates stared at the luxury sedan in astonishment. From what they knew about him, Hao Ren came from an ordinary background. They wondered what he had done to be taken away like this.

The black sedan drove out of campus without incidents.

On the way, Hao Ren restrained himself from asking the men sitting on either side of him any questions, He believed that he would get answers when he got to the destination.

While the sedan drove forward smoothly, a sense of heroic tragedy rose in him as if he would never come back.

After about half an hour of traveling through half of East Ocean City, the car came to the busy downtown.

A skyscraper with seventy floors came into Hao Ren's view. On top of the building, there was a huge sign with two large words in it—Mingri Group.

Listed on NASDAQ in the United States, Mingri Group was one of the biggest business groups in China and undoubtedly a business empire in East Ocean City.

“Sir, please get off the car.” When the sedan stopped at the gate of the skyscraper, the two men got off and opened the door for Hao Ren.

Glancing up at the skyscraper, Hao Ren was a bit dizzy. After he got off the car, he was ushered into the building by one of the men.

The receptionist, as beautiful as a movie star, glanced at the men and smiled. She didn't ask them to register and opened the security pathway for them.

Hao Ren was suddenly struck with a wave of nervousness.

The man led Hao Ren into an elevator before pressing on number 75, the top floor of the building.

The elevator rode up speedily while Hao Ren stared at the serious man silently.

"Who on earth is these men's 'master'? Who can work in a place like this?"

Ding!

The elevator reached the top floor.

The gates of the elevator slid open, and Hao Ren was greeted with bright red rugs, a golden lobby, and magnificent chandeliers...

The lobby was as luxurious as a five-star hotel.

The man was still silent when he led Hao Ren out of the elevator and ushered him forward.

He stopped outside of an office room with a sign that read "President's Office".

Knocking on the door, he raised his voice, "Master, here he is."

"Bring him in." a dignified but fatigued voice came from the room.

The man opened the door and ushered Hao Ren into the room.

A big magnificent office room with an area of at least 200 square meters came into Hao Ren's view

A man with a crew cut and a square face locked his intense eyes on Hao Ren.

Also, he was flanked by four serious-looking men who were all in black suits.

"Is it on him?" He asked the man who had ushered in Hao Ren.

"It is. I can feel it," the man answered carefully.

"Zi told me everything. I won't cause trouble for you if you hand it over now," the man who seemed to be the president gazed at Hao Ren and said.

"I don't have it," grinding his teeth, Hao Ren said.

Without further ado, the square-faced man spat out two words, "Search him."

Four men jumped out and quickly grabbed Hao Ren's arms and shoulders while the man who brought Hao Ren here began to search him in a very professional manner.

Hao Ren knew he had fallen into the "tiger's den", but he was sure they could do nothing to him when they found nothing on him.

As he predicted, the man found nothing when he finished the first round of searching. When he began the second round, his smooth movements became stiff.

He raised his head with alarm, "Master..."

"I've told you many times not to call me Master. Call me Boss!" The square-faced man was incensed.

"Yes. Boss." The man pointed at Hao Ren, "The thing...from Ms. Zi is in his stomach."

The square-faced man froze while the others' faces also changed expressions.

"Summon the elders." After some considerations, the square-faced man ordered.

"Yes!" Eight of the nine men in the room walked out, and only one was left standing beside the square-faced man.

"Pick up Zi from the school." The Square-faced man told the man beside him.

"Yes!" The man took the order and was out of the room immediately.

Now only Hao Ren and the square-faced man were left in the room.

"My name is Zhao Guang. What is your name?" The square-faced man gazed at Hao Ren and asked.

"Hao Ren," Hao Ren answered.

"Ah, Hao Ren, Good Person. This matter got tricky, and you have to stay here a little longer," he continued, still looking at Hao Ren

"Ok." Hao Ren's face didn't show the confusion he felt. He couldn't remain calm while there was some object in his stomach, especially when the object seemed to be related to the tattoo.

"Take a seat." Zhao Guang pointed at the seats beside him.

Hao Ren walked over and sat on a leather sofa. Through the glass of the room, he had a complete view of East Ocean City and even a glimpse of the sea in the distance.

They kept silent while time clicked away.

About half hour later, people began to hurry in. They all looked confused and anxious.

A little later, accompanied by a man, Zhao Yanzi walked in.

When she saw Hao Ren, she snorted with contempt. Of course, Hao Ren responded likewise.

“Zi, don’t make that expression. It was all your fault,” Zhao Guang scolded Zhao Yanzi.

Zhao Yanzi pursed her lips, looking defiant.

Shortly, more than a dozen people came into the big office room.

“Since everyone is here, let’s go in for the meeting. Zi, come in too,” after looking around, Zhao Guang said with a serious expression.

A hidden door opened automatically, and a small meeting room that was connected to the office room was revealed.

While people began to walk into the meeting room, Zhao Guang turned to Hao Ren and said, “Please sit here for a while and wait for the results of the meeting.”

Hao Ren had no choice but to nod his head in agreement. After all, it was not a good feeling when you had an unnamed object in your stomach.

He hoped those people could find a way to take the bead out of him without surgery.

Alone in the spacious and luxurious office, he looked down at the city, feeling like he was sitting on the clouds.