

National Forensic Doctor

Chapter: 80

"so?"

Wei Zhenguo nodded, and said: "If you brag to the leader like this, you will be able to ask for more funds, understand?"

Just now Mu Zhiyang thought that he should write down what Master said, but now he doesn't know whether to write it down or not.

Boom boom boom.

The two rang in Room 4 on the 12th floor.

The person who opened the door was Tan Yong, the subject of this conversation, an ordinary man in his thirties who was divorced, a bit stocky and rough-skinned.

"We're from the Ningtai County Bureau. I have a few questions I want to ask you..." Mu Zhiyang reported his family name, followed the procedure to ask questions, and said, "Can I go in and talk?"

"Okay." Tan Yong put on a cheerful look and let the two of them in.

Seeing that he was not confrontational, Mu Zhiyang was already a little disappointed, so he asked a few more questions, knowing that Tan Yong's Luqiao Group Engineering Company once sent him to do engineering work in Ding Lan's factory, so he might have come into contact with Ding Lan. The bike is even more relaxing.

The people they met this time were all fingerprints on Ding Lan's bicycle, and strangers who had no work and life intersected were more likely to cause vigilance.

Mu Zhiyang looked at his master Wei Zhenguo again, and saw that he didn't intend to ask any questions, so he asked as usual, asked what should be asked, and left his contact information again, and the two left.

Tan Yong politely sent the two of them out.

"Okay. You can go back and rest." Mu Zhiyang pressed the first floor, watched the elevator close, and was full of laziness like a business dog.

"There's something wrong with this person." Wei Zhenguo watched the elevator count down all the way, and his muscles gradually tensed.

Mu Zhiyang looked at Wei Zhenguo unexpectedly, and subconsciously said: "This person is an employee of a state-owned enterprise and has no criminal record..."

Wei Zhenguo shook his head slowly.

"What's wrong then?"

"He's not like everyone else."

Mu Zhiyang knew that Wei Zhenguo was referring to other people he was talking to, so he couldn't help but recalled: "There are also state-owned enterprises among the others. Among the others, most of them are young people. This Tan Yong is in his 30s, but he is not the oldest..."

"It's not that different." Wei Zhenguo shook his head again.

"That is....."

"This Tan Yong..." Wei Zhenguo frowned, and repeated: "This Tan Yong... is uglier than everyone else."

"ah?"

"Think about it carefully. The people we met today, including the people we met yesterday and the day before yesterday, are all good-looking. As long as they are men, they look better than you." Wei Zhenguo said, taking out his mobile phone to send text messages, and his tone quickened. He said: "This Tan Yong is uglier than you."

Mu Zhiyang wanted to laugh in a daze, but he didn't dare to laugh, and said helplessly, "Being ugly doesn't mean you're a bad person."

"It's ugly, so there's no reason to touch Ding Lan's bicycle." Wei Zhenguo continued to send text messages, and at the same time organized his thoughts: "Look now, those who have touched Ding Lan's bicycle and left fingerprints are mainly three types of people, one is Ding Lan's office colleagues, a total of four, we have not seen this time. One is Ding Lan's female friends, very few people. The third is what we thought was her ex-boyfriend, or I met men on social software, but after this trip, I found that these men all have one thing in common, and they look better. Except for Tan Yong."

Mu Zhiyang's train of thought followed Wei Zhenguo's, and his body became tense: "Really, you are right, this Ding Lan is a handsome dog. The criterion for finding a man is good-looking?"

"What is his criteria for finding a man? We can check with her colleagues and friends later, but all the men who have touched her bicycle are prettier than you...except Tan Yong!"

"You don't need to emphasize this..." Mu Zhiyang smiled wryly, and then hesitantly said: "But this Tan Yong went to Ding Lan's factory to do a project, and he may accidentally come into contact with Ding Lan's bicycle..."

"Well, what you said is also reasonable. You can't scare the snake... Let's find evidence first." Wei Zhenguo's eyes were bright.

