

Ye Chen 4451

Chapter 4451

After that man shouted, he realized that he was now a prisoner, so he immediately shriveled up again and stopped talking.

However, the look in Ye Chen's eyes was already full of awe.

Ye Chen asked in a cold voice, "Who is your so-called Ying Lord?"

The man looked up at Ye Chen and said in a trance-like manner, "I don't know"

"You don't know?!" Ye Chen coldly shouted, "You claim to be ready to die for Lord Ying, and now you're telling me you don't know who Lord Ying is?! Do you take me for a three-year-old child?"

The man said with immense fear, "I really don't know from the day I remember, I knew I had to dedicate everything to the Ying Lord, but I really don't know who the Ying Lord is, and I have never seen the Ying Lord"

Ye Chen frowned: "Then who told you to devote everything for the British Lord?!"

The man was busy saying, "My parents"

"Parents?!" Ye Chen asked coldly, "What is your parents' role in this organization?"

The man said, "My father, like me, was a dead soldier He died thirty years ago in glorious battle As for my mother she was born to other dead soldiers daughter, who was rewarded to my father by the British Lord After my father died, she took poison and committed suicide as the British Lord had requested"

When Ye Chen heard this, his heart was appalled!

From hearing this, it seemed that the structure of this organization was so big that it was beyond his imagination.

So, he continued to ask, "Your father is a dead soldier and your mother is the daughter of other dead soldiers, does that mean that all the boys born to dead soldiers are raised as the next generation of dead soldiers since they are young, while the girls born to dead soldiers are married to other dead soldiers and continue to raise the next generation?"

"Yes....." the man nodded and said, "This is true of every dead soldier, they all start from the first generation and continue to be passed down to the present, one generation is a dead soldier, the next generation is a dead soldier, and the daughters of dead soldiers are the only way to marry dead soldiers, to If you want to break away from the dead soldiers in the future, the only way to have a chance to be promoted is to be brave and successful in battle"

Ye Chen listened in horror.

From the reproduction of dead soldiers alone, it could already be concluded that this was a mysterious organization with a long history, and the structure of the organization was extremely tight, even so tight that it could train dead soldiers from generation to generation!

Moreover, this man's father could not have been a first-generation dead soldier, for his mother, a daughter born of other dead soldiers, meant that by the time he arrived, he was already at least a third-generation dead soldier.

What is the concept of three generations, given his age of over thirty, and going forward twenty years span for each generation, that's a span of at least over seventy years for these three generations!

On the side, Wan Bajun was similarly appalled by a series of

Even he had never heard of such a terrifying mysterious organisation.

Ye Chen pursued the question at this point, "What generation of dead soldiers are you?!"

"I" the man said in a trance, "I am the tenth generation of the dead"

"Tenth generation" Ye Chen's jaw dropped as he listened!

Ten generations of dead soldiers, a span of more than two hundred years already

On the side, Wan Bajun also couldn't help but marvel, "Mr. Ye, if this seems to be the case, there is no need to check the faces, DNA, and fingerprints of this group of people today, because it is impossible to find out"

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The person also smiled bitterly and said, "Indeed there is no need to check, the dead soldiers, is the slaves bred by the organization, forever internal intermarriage, never escape, so we, these people, in this world in any national database, is not recorded, not to mention fingerprints, face, even DNA has been locked up, after ten generations of reproduction, our DNA, basically no longer with the outside world. To put it bluntly, we are slaves that no one in this world knows about, no one knows about our lives, and no one knows about our deaths"

For the first time, there was an unspeakable feeling of tension in Ye Chen's heart.

This tension did not originate from fear, but from a kind of scruples against the unknown giant.

The mere existence of the dead soldiers had already turned his three views upside down.

He dared not imagine how huge this organisation really was.

Immediately, when he saw the man's dishevelled expression, he seemed to be not absolutely loyal to the organisation either, so he asked, "From what you said, you seem to have some slight words for this organisation and Lord Ying as well?"

"A word?" The man laughed miserably, "I would like to kill everyone in this organisation so that I can avenge my father, my grandfather and my ancestors nine generations back!"

The organisation has given us extraordinary strength, but that strength is also a bomb hidden in our bodies, and every seven days we have to take a drug to suppress it. Otherwise, our whole body will burst and die, so we can't escape, and we don't dare to escape, let alone resist, because everyone's life, is firmly controlled by the organization, not only me, but also my wife, and my two children"

Ye Chen raised his eyebrows and asked, "You already have children?"

"Yes." The man nodded, with a rare trace of warmth between his eyebrows, and spoke, "When a dead man reaches the age of twenty, he is of marriageable age, and will, as required, marry a woman of the right age from the dead man's offspring, to breed offspring for the dead man. My wife is also the daughter of a dead man, and she has given birth to two sons for me, the older one is thirteen, and the younger one is ten."

Ye Chen asked again, "And your two sons, who will raise them?"

The man said, "My wife will raise them, but the rest of the time they will be trained by the older dead soldiers, and when they reach the age of sixteen, they will become the next generation of dead soldiers and start carrying out missions for the organisation."

Ye Chen asked, "Do the dead soldiers ever think about rebelling?"

"Of course." The man said, "There are people in every generation of dead soldiers who want to resist, but there is no point, we leave the organisation, and the longest we can live is only seven days, there used to be people who didn't believe in evil and always thought they could fight against that power inside them, but without exception they all died."

Speaking of this, the man added: "The organization also has strict rules, one person defecting, the whole family is implicated, if I try to escape, not to mention whether I can survive the seven days, my wife and children, will all be killed, so we are like slaves controlled by the white man back then, there is no chance to resist."

Ye Chen asked curiously, "You still know about white people and slaves, having learnt this?"

"Learned." The man nodded, "We had a lot of lessons to learn as teenagers and had a certain cultural foundation."

Ye Chen asked him, "Where do you usually live? Which country?"

"Not sure", the man shook his head, "As far as I know, since my grandfather's generation of dead soldiers, we have lived in an underground base, that base keeps expanding every day, and now the scale is comparable to a small underground. Whenever it was time to go on a mission, the organisation would come up with a list of missions and then inject everyone on the list with drugs, after the drugs were injected, we knew nothing and when we woke up again, we were already at the place where we were going on the mission."

Saying that, he gave a slight pause and continued, "Like this time, after we injected the drug underground, we woke up and were already in New York."

Ye Chen frowned and asked, "Then how did you carry out the mission? Who issued the mission for you? Who guided you to the stadium?"

The man answered offhandedly, "It was the guide."

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"The Guide"

Ye Chen mouthed a soft sentence and asked, "Have you met with the guide?"

"No." The man explained, "I don't know who exactly the guide is, we arrived in New York this time and woke up in a closed garage, the organization left the equipment needed for the mission there as well as some information, the information listed the target, the target's kinship and social connections, as well as the situation of the masters around them, since we knew there would be several high rank Martial artists, so we were specially prepared with enhanced weapons, and we were also reminded of what we needed to pay attention to and what tactics we should adopt, after which we were given some time to familiarize ourselves with the information, and then we waited for the departure notice, and after we arrived at the scene, the guide informed me of the appropriate time to attack through the transit."

Ye Chen asked, "What does transit mean?"

The man said, "The organisation does not allow any form of direct contact between us and the guide, so the guide will relay the situation to her counterpart in the organisation, who will then pass the information on to me."

Ye Chen asked him, "By what means does your buttress pass on information to you?"

The man replied, "They have left us communication devices, but only my device can hear the voice of the docking person."

Ye Chen asked again, "Is your docker a man or a woman?"

The man shook his head, "With the voice changer, I don't know if it's a man or a woman."

Ye Chen said at this time, "In that case, that third aunt of mine, who should be the guide you are talking about, was the one who reported the right time to attack to your counterpart, who then commanded you to launch the attack."

The man nodded, "I think so, I saw the woman who was carried out, it seems she also took poison and killed herself, she must be from the organisation."

Ye Chen asked him, "Then the order you received was to kill all the people inside, or to keep certain people alive?"

The man spoke, "The orders were to not let us keep any alive."

Ye Chen frowned, "Then wouldn't you have to kill even the guide? Does the guide himself know?"

The man shook his head, "I don't know if she knows either."

Ye Chen asked him, "Do you know anything about the guide?"

"Not much to know." The man shook his head, "Guides and dead soldiers, in the organisation, are just different identities, of which the dead soldiers are the most ill-informed, because we are always under the organisation's close surveillance, equivalent to prisoners, so there is little extra information to learn about, what the organisation lets us know, we know, and what the organisation does not let us know, we have no way of knowing."

Ye Chen nodded gently and asked him again, "If your mission is completed, what is the follow-up process?"

The man then said, "After the mission is completed, we have to withdraw to the garage and then receive the drug injection there, the rest is not our concern, the organization will take us back."

Ye Chen looked at him and asked, "Your men have all committed suicide by taking drugs, what will your organisation do to your families?"

The man said, "We failed in our mission this time, the organization will define us as the Ying Lord doing his duty, so they will not make things difficult for our families, on the contrary, they will give our families better treatment."

Ye Chen said indifferently, "No wonder you and your men were so decisive when you took poison to kill yourself."

"Yes." The man nodded and said, "For the vast majority of dead soldiers, they basically do not end well, and most of them die tragically, if they die with loyalty, there is little pain, it passes in the blink of an eye, and they can give their families better living conditions, so it is a good death."

Ye Chen asked again, "Then how big is the size of your dead soldiers?"

"The size of the dead soldiers?" The man thought for a moment and shook his head, "I don't know the camp of dead soldiers that we are in has a total of eleven hundred families and nineteen hundred dead soldiers, the total population, men, women and children combined, is probably a few thousand."

Ye Chen was surprised and asked, "So, your organization is more than just your part of the dead soldiers?"

"Right." The man nodded and said, "There are battalions of dead soldiers all over the world, but exactly how many there are, I don't know."

Ye Chen's heart grew more and more shocked, and after a moment of contemplation, he asked again, "You said you were injected with drugs before you came here, and that you had already arrived in New York when you woke up, so do you know how long you were unconscious in total?"

"I don't know." The man shook his head, "In the death camp, no one is allowed to know the date and time, we don't see the sunrise or the sunset, we just work when the lights are on and rest when the lights are off, and I once quietly calculated that our routine in the death camp doesn't seem to follow a 24-hour day, they seem to deliberately make each day slightly different, today is longer than it seems that they deliberately make each day slightly deviated, today is longer than yesterday, and yesterday is longer than the day before, over time, even if we knew the exact time when we went on the mission, after we went back for a period of time, the records would still be deviated."

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Ye Chen asked him, "What did you rely on to calculate the deviation in time?"

The man said, "I made a very fine hole in the bottom of the bowl and filled it with very fine sandy soil, starting from the time when the bell rang on the first day, leaking until the bell rang on the second day, and then leaking the fine sandy soil again, and when the bell rang on the third day, the fine sandy soil

would sometimes finish leaking early, and sometimes it would not finish in time, so I guess the time inside was presumed to deviate from the time outside, so after a long time, we don't know exactly what year or month it is outside."

Ye Chen asked curiously, "Are you quietly doing so many things to find a chance to escape?"

"Not really." The man let out a bitter smile and said, "Even if I had the chance to escape, it would inevitably be a death, I would prefer to learn more about the mechanism of how the Deadman Camp operates, if I really have the chance to escape, I will expose everything in the Deadman Camp, if I can destroy the Deadman Camp so that no one else will repeat my mistake in the future, that would be great."

Ye Chen nodded and said indifferently, "It seems that you haven't been completely brainwashed by the organisation either."

"Brainwashed?" The man shook his head, "The organisation doesn't bother to brainwash us, our own lives and the lives of our families are in the hands of the organisation, brainwashing or not doesn't matter, the organisation also knows that none of us want to be slaves for generations, from this point of view, we can be counted as the people who hate them the most in this world, but they don't care either, because they know that we don't have the guts or the ability to betray the organisation."

Ye Chen nodded slightly, knowing clearly in his heart that this man had pretty much said everything he knew.

At this time, Wan Bajun opened his mouth and asked, "You should know where the garage you woke up in is, right?"

"I know." The man said truthfully, "The garage we woke up in is in Brooklyn, New York."

Wan Bajun looked at Ye Chen: "Mr. Ye, this is the only place where they have ever crossed paths with the organization, that gang must have left a message when they set up the garage in advance, if we use this as a clue to backtrack, we should be able to find out some clues!"

Ye Chen waved his hand and said indifferently, "There's no need to check."

Wan Bajun hurriedly asked, "Mr. Ye, this is the only clue!"

Ye Chen said seriously, "Then there is no need to investigate, since the other party is so cautious, the clues that should have been dealt with have already been dealt with, if we go there to investigate at this time, we will only expose ourselves, and even if we find out any clues, there is no point, we are still far from having the strength to compete with such an organisation, all we know now are the dead soldiers and the guides. And we don't know how many dead soldiers and guides they have, let alone, what other organisational structures they have besides the dead soldiers and guides, maybe the other side's real strength is even greater than we think."

Wan Bajun hesitated slightly for a moment, but still nodded gently.

Even Ye Chen had said so, so he did not dare to act rashly.

Ye Chen looked at the man and said indifferently, "You have cooperated well today, but I am not ready to kill you just yet."

After saying that, he said to Wan Bajun, "Bajun, I'm leaving, take him to Syria in secret and take good care of him, don't let anyone outside the core members of the Ten Thousand Dragon Hall know about his existence."

Wan Bajun nodded without thinking and said, "Don't worry Mr. Ye, I will make the arrangements!"

Ye Chen looked at the man again and asked, "What is your name?"

The man said with a grateful look on his face, "Back to Mr. Ye, then down to Five Four Seven!"

Ye Chen asked him, "Which five? Wu as in martial arts, or Wu as in Shan Li Ren?"

"Neither." The man laughed bitterly, "It's a number, I don't have a surname or a first name, even my ancestors didn't know what their original surname was, we were just born and given a number by the organisation, and then we took that number as our first name."

Ye Chen had mixed feelings in his heart, and after a moment of silence, he nodded gently and said seriously, "You live well, I will let you see the complete demise of this organization with your own eyes!"

An unprecedented light of expectation suddenly flashed in Five-Four-Seven's eyes as he stared at Ye Chen and asked respectfully, "Mr. Ye, I have answered so many questions from you, I hope you can tell me, for the sake of my cooperation, how exactly did you completely seal that power inside me?"

Ye Chen smiled coldly and spoke, "My power is far stronger than it!"

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To Ye Chen, aura, was his biggest trump card at the moment.

This mysterious organisation was indeed powerful, even too powerful.

However, the power they used to control these dead soldiers, or rather, the power they used to enhance the strength of these dead soldiers, was still no match in front of Aura.

It was precisely for this reason that Ye Chen was certain that someday in the future, he would be able to dig out this mysterious organization as a whole.

Five-Four-Seven could also feel that Ye Chen's strength far surpassed his own perception, even that energy that even the twentieth generation of dead soldiers could not fight against could be sealed up without any effort in front of Ye Chen, thus it could be seen that Ye Chen's words about making the organisation completely extinct were never just words.

So, he said gratefully, "If Mr. Ye can eradicate the organisation, I am sure that these dead soldiers will serve you willingly!"

Ye Chen waved his hand, "It is still too early to say this, the day I eradicate them, I will definitely return your freedom.

Five-Four-Seven said gratefully, "Mr. Ye is merciful! On behalf of all the dead soldiers, their relatives and those who have not been able to die in the past two hundred years, I would like to thank Mr. Ye for his great kindness!"

Although Five-Four-Seven had just led an attempt to kill his grandfather and grandmother's entire family, Ye Chen still felt that this man, as well as the other dead soldiers, were too pitiful.

For twenty generations, they had been kept as slaves without seeing the light of day, a fate far more tragic than that of the black slaves trafficked to Europe and America by the white man.

It would be a merit if we could give these soldiers their freedom.

If they were willing to work for him, that would be the icing on the cake.

Afterwards.

Ye Chen said to Wan Bajun, "Bajun, dispose of all the clues and have someone take Five-Four-Seven out of the United States tonight, be cautious and cautious again, never leave any traces."

Wan Bajun immediately said, "Yes Mr. Ye, my subordinates will arrange it immediately!"

Ye Chen nodded and said, "I'm going to Hong Kong Island in a couple of days, go ahead and wait for me on Hong Kong Island, first get a clear picture of Liu Jiahui's background and the whole Hong Kong Island, I'll see you on Hong Kong Island then."

Wan Bajun did not know why Ye Chen suddenly wanted to go to Hong Kong Island, but still said without thinking, "Then after my subordinates send them off, I will leave for Hong Kong Island before dawn."

Ye Chen nodded and looked at Five-Four-Seven again and spoke, "Five-Four-Seven, your dead soldiers should have mastered many specific tactics, right? Otherwise, you guys wouldn't have been able to face eight-star martial artists this time with such ease."

Five-Four-Seven hurriedly said, "Back to Mr. Ye, we do have many different tactics in our daily training, usually special tactics with special equipment, these were all taught to us by our instructors after they were developed in the organization."

Ye Chen gave a hint and said, "After you arrive in Syria, you try to tell the people of the Ten Thousand Dragons Temple about the tactics of your dead soldiers, so that the Ten Thousand Dragons Temple can also train them and raise their overall strength!"

"Good!" Five-Four-Seven said without a second thought, "I will definitely offer all the tactics!"

"Good." Ye Chen took out two blood dispersing heart saving pills from his pocket and handed them to Wan Bajun, saying seriously, "These two pills should help you break through the Ming realm to its fullest extent, take them as soon as you get on the plane, I believe that when we meet again in Hong Kong Island, you will be a Dark realm expert."

He said with fear and trepidation, "Mr. Ye, you have spared my life and allowed my parents to be buried in peace, I am already grateful. I haven't had the chance to repay these kindnesses, so how can I accept such a valuable potion from you again"

The first thing you need to do now is to improve your strength quickly, otherwise if you die one day, you won't have a chance to repay your kindness. "

After saying that, Ye Chen handed the pills to him and spoke, "Advance to the Dark Realm, the road behind you is longer!"

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Hearing these words, Wan Bajun immediately said with immense gratitude and respect, "Thank you, Mr Ye! My subordinate will definitely live up to the expectations!"

Ye Chen nodded, "I'll go first, you can handle this."

Wan Xiaojun was busy saying, "My subordinate will see you off!"

Ye Chen looked at the time, it was only after three in the morning, so he waved his hand and said, "No need, I'll walk alone."

Then Wan Bajun said, "Then I will see you out!"

When Ye Chen walked out of the villa, the entire Long Island was silent.

After all, it was already past three in the morning, and the rich and powerful who lived here had generally finished their nightlife and entered a dreamland filled with money and lust.

Ye Chen was walking alone on the street, with mixed feelings in his heart.

He couldn't imagine how big this mysterious organisation would be, he had been interrogating FiveFourSeven for over an hour and didn't even know what the name of this mysterious organisation was.

Even when they left Yanjing and came to Jinling and settled in an old mansion, they always had smiles on their faces as they tidied up the house and bought furniture together, always optimistic and looking forward to life.

So, he couldn't help but wonder if this mysterious organisation was responsible for his parents' death or not.

If so, had his parents sensed the danger approaching before their accident?

If so, did they have any specific knowledge of this mysterious organisation or not?

After pondering for a long time, Ye Chen let out a light sigh and shook his head.

Thinking too much about unanswerable questions would only make one more exhausted.

So, he decided to put this matter aside for the time being and continue to dig deeper when he had the chance in the future.

Right now, the first and foremost problem to solve was that Liu Jiahui who wanted Uncle Zhong's life.

If there were no surprises, Ma Lan would be here tomorrow, the day after tomorrow.

If there were no surprises, one would have to depart for Hong Kong Island immediately after watching the concert with one's wife the night after tomorrow.

Since he was going to meet that Liu Jiahui for a while, he must give himself a suitable identity and opportunity.

Thinking of this, he immediately took out his mobile phone and called Wang Dongxue.

Wang Dongxue was dealing with official business in her office at the moment. Somehow, her mind was suddenly a bit empty, so she subconsciously turned on a tablet computer on her desk.

After unlocking it, she found a photo from the tablet's album and stared at it alone.

The scene in the photo was exactly her office.

The person in the photo, however, was not herself, but Ye Chen sitting on the sofa.

This was something that Wang Dongxue had quietly taken after Ye Chen's last visit to the Dihao Group.

Ye Chen was a rather odd person, he hardly sent out any friend circle, and never sent out any selfie, so much so that it was difficult to keep a picture of him.

So, Wang Dongxue secretly took a picture of him and hid it in her tablet. Whenever she thought of Ye Chen, she would quietly find the picture and look at it.

Just when she was a little lost in thought, her mobile phone suddenly rang.

When she saw the word "Chairman" on the phone, she was as happy as a young girl.

She wanted to grab the phone immediately, but somehow managed to fix her hair in front of the mirror reflected in the gla*s cabinet, before she pressed the answer button.

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"Hello! Hello Chairman!"

Wang Dongxue's voice carried a bit of leap and excitement, but Ye Chen could not penetrate it.

He went straight to the point and asked, "Dongxue, how much do you know about Liu Jiahui of Hong Kong Island?"

"Liu Jiahui?" Wang Dongxue was slightly stunned, and then said, "This Liu Jiahui is a very famous tycoon in Hong Kong Island, and he is very flirtatious, why are you inquiring about him?"

Ye Chen said, "I'm looking for him to talk about something, but I don't want to use my real identity, so I want to ask you if there's a good opportunity for me to meet him normally after I go to Hong Kong Island."

Wang Dongxue said, "Chairman, our Empire Group has no business dealings with him, but I remember that a big section of his main business is ocean shipping, why don't you give Zhiqiu a call and ask around, if it's under the name of Isuzu Shipping, it should be fine."

"Understood." Ye Chen smiled faintly and spoke, "Then I'll give Zhiqiu a call, you go ahead and get busy."

Wang Dongxue didn't expect Ye Chen to hang up so soon and subconsciously said, "Chairman, you wait for a moment"

Ye Chen asked her, "What's wrong? Do you have something for me?"

Wang Dongxue was busy saying, "Uh that is this before you cured my father's illness, my parents have always been quite grateful to you, and have never My mum told me the other day that she wanted to invite you to the house for a meal, and when I told her you were in the United States, she asked me when you were coming back, and if it was convenient, to the house for a meal."

Ye Chen knew that Wang Dongxue's family had been grateful for the poisoning of her father's kidney failure, but he laughed casually and said, "You don't have to be so polite when you tell your aunt and uncle, what happened before was just a hand up."

Saying that, Ye Chen added, "But don't worry, I will definitely take the time to pay a visit when I go back."

Wang Dongxue said happily, "Okay Chairman, then I'll tell my mother so, and come to the house for a casual dinner when you return!"

"OK," Ye Chen agreed readily and smiled, "Dongxue, then I'll hang up first, I'll call Zhiqiu."

"Okay Chairman!"

Ye Chen hung up the phone and then called He Zhiqiu, who was now in charge of Isuzu Shipping.

On the other end of the line, He Zhiqiu was just as surprised as Wang Dongxue and said out of the blue, "Mr. Ye why are you calling me so late?!"

Ye Chen laughed, "It must be afternoon on your side?"

"Yes!" He Zhiqiu said, "It's not late at night on your side, calling me so late, aren't you afraid that your wife will be angry?"

Ye Chen said casually, "No, no, I'm out alone to get some air."

"Oh, so" He Zhiqiu plucked up her courage and deliberately flirted, "Did Mr. Ye miss me and call to chat with me, or did he have something to order me?"

Ye Chen smiled and said, "There is something I want to ask you for."

He Zhiqiu was slightly disappointed, but without thinking, he said, "If there's anything you want, just ask."

Ye Chen then said, "Do you know Liu Jiahui from Hong Kong Island?"

"Liu Jiahui?" He Zhiqiu asked curiously, "That rich and flamboyant man who is famous all over Hong Kong Island?"

"Right." Ye Chen smiled, "That's him."

He Zhiqiu said, "I don't know him, but he had his assistant come to see me some time ago, saying that he wanted to visit Iso Shipping in person and discuss cooperation in the shipping business. The situation is not too good, our ships are not enough, but 30% of his ships are idle and cannot be realized, so he is

eager to cooperate with us and subcontract some resources from us for the mainland and the routes from Japan and Korea to Europe and America.”

Ye Chen asked her, “Then have you talked to this Liu Jiahui?”

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“No.” He Zhiqiu said, “To be honest, if we work with them, we can only transfer the part that we can’t eat to them and charge them some intermediary fees, which is not very substantial for us. ”

“Understood.” Ye Chen smiled, “In that case, then contact him and say that you can consider the cooperation, and then tell him that you are going to send your a*sistant to Hong Kong Island for a visit, and ask him to receive the reception when the time comes.”

The clever He Zhiqiu immediately sensed the key and hurriedly asked, “Mr. Ye, you are not going to impersonate my a*sistant and go to Hong Kong Island for a private visit, are you?!”

Ye Chen smiled and said, “Not really, I just want to meet that Liu Jiahui.”

He Zhiqiu was busy saying, “You are my boss, how can you impersonate my a*sistant this is not a bit inappropriate ah ”

“There’s nothing inappropriate about it.” Ye Chen smiled, “Just tell him my name directly, say that I am your a*sistant, and then ask him to send someone to pick me up at the airport within the specified time.”

“Okay” He Zhiqiu knew that Ye Chen must have another intention in doing so, so he said, “You should still be in the US now, right? When are you planning to go to Hong Kong Island? I will communicate with him at that time.”

Ye Chen smiled, “You can communicate with him now, just say that I will arrive in two days.”

“No problem!” He Zhiqiu said, “Then I’ll give his a*sistant a call now.”

Ye Chen explained, “No, you should call him directly, with a high profile attitude, you have to make him feel flattered.”

He Zhiqiu couldn’t help but smile, “Okay Mr. Ye, I understand! Then I’ll contact him now!”

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Meanwhile.

Hong Kong Island, China.

Countless modern buildings stood in the golden Central area.

This was the financial centre of Hong Kong Island, where almost every multinational conglomerate in the world, set up their branches.

In one of the skyscrapers, a fat man with a bloated body is holding a cigar and looking down with a smug face at the Victoria Harbour outside the floor-to-ceiling windows.

There was a knock at the door and without looking back he shouted, "Come in!"

His assistant pushed open the door and, seeing him grinning from ear to ear, said hurriedly, "Chairman, you're in such a good mood today!"

"Of course I'm good!" Liu Jiahui laughed and looked at his assistant and asked, "Ah Min, do you still remember Chen Zhao Zhong, that pouncing b****d?"

The assistant was stunned and hurriedly said, "Of course I remember Ah Zhong Oh no Chen Zhao Zhong that ungrateful pouncer, he has been missing for it's been more than ten years"

Liu Jiahui sneered, "f*cking ran away for twenty years I lost! I thought I would never be able to find this punk in my life, but God is really good, this punk is coming back to Hong Kong Island soon!"

The assistant asked in surprise, "He how dare he go back to Hong Kong Island this is not to send death?"

Liu Jiahui hummed and laughed: "He is now caught by the U.S. Immigration Bureau, illegally staying, the U.S. side will deport him back soon, this pouncer has been hiding outside for so many years, finally he is going home! Hahaha!"

He said, Liu Jiahui couldn't help but hum, "Come back, come back, wanderer~~~ Come back, come back, you're tired of wandering~~~"

Chapter 4459

Knowing that Chen Zhaozhong would soon be repatriated back, Liu Jiahui was in an extraordinarily good mood.

For the past 20 years, he had been feeling green in the head, and now he finally had a chance to wipe out his shame.

Therefore, since yesterday, he has been counting the seconds, in order to hurry up and hope for Chen Zhao Zhong's return.

As long as Chen Zhao Zhong returns, there is no telling how many people on Hong Kong Island will fight to kill Chen Zhao Zhong for the sake of his dark flower.

As long as he died, the green light above his head would naturally disappear.

Just at that moment, his mobile phone suddenly rang.

So he took out his phone and came with a big grin, "Hello, who is it?!"

On the other end of the line, He Zhiqiu said nonchalantly, "Mr. Liu, right? I'm He Zhiqiu from Isu Shipping."

Liu Jiahui's expression instantly became flattering, and with a cigar in one hand and a mobile phone in the other, he said respectfully, "So it's Mr. He! I have long admired you and have been looking for an opportunity to visit you in person!"

He said, Liu Jiahui hurriedly asked, "By the way, Mr. He, I don't know if my assistant has introduced our situation to you clearly before, but we are very eager to cooperate with Isuzu Shipping.

To Liu Jiahui, his assets were naturally much more powerful than those of a professional manager like He Zhiqiu.

However, to measure a person's value, one should not only measure his assets, but also the platform he is on, and the resources behind him.

Although He Zhiqiu herself did not have any assets, she was the head of the entire Isuzu Shipping Line, and now that Isuzu Shipping Line had strong resources and was developing rapidly in Asia, he had to be polite to He Zhiqiu if he wanted to cooperate with Isuzu Shipping Line and realise the idle resources from He Zhiqiu's hands.

At this point, He Zhiqiu said in a bland tone, "Mr. Liu, regarding cooperation, your people have probably introduced it to my side before, and I think that cooperation is not impossible to consider, but before we talk about cooperation, we still need to strengthen our understanding."

Without thinking, Liu Jiahui said, "Of course! This is the right thing to do! If it is convenient for you, Mr. He, I will personally go to the Mainland with the information and the team to introduce it to you face to face!"

He Zhiqiu said, "There is no need to go to such trouble, it just so happens that my personal assistant will be going to Hong Kong Island in a couple of days, if Mr Liu has time, I can arrange for him to meet with you, he can represent me fully."

Liu Jiahui said with surprise, "Wow, Mr. He, that's really great! I am OK for the next two days!"

He Zhiqiu then said, "Then when his schedule is set, I will tell you the exact time, and it will be hard for Mr Liu to arrange a reception."

"No problem! Absolutely no problem!" Liu Jiahui said readily, "I will personally receive him then! I will definitely make him feel at home!"

He Zhiqiu smiled faintly, "Good, then it's a deal."

Liu Jiahui exchanged a few pleasantries with He Zhiqiu before hanging up the phone with a smile.

As soon as he hung up the phone, he laughed loudly and excitedly, "Double happiness, double happiness! He Zhiqiu of Isuzu Shipping is sending his personal assistant to Hong Kong Island for an inspection.

The assistant said with surprise, "Mr. Liu, Isuzu Shipping is interested in working with us, that's great! They have all the good routes, and they have all the quality ports and customer resources, so working with them will definitely free up our capacity!"

Liu Jiahui took a puff of his cigar and said with a smile, "This Isuzu Shipping Line, among them, the Ito family's Nanae Ito is the most beautiful woman in the world, the Su family's Su Zhiyu is no less beautiful, and I heard that even this He Zhiqiu is one of the most beautiful women in the world, working with them is only the second thing, if you can kiss her, it will be a real life worth living! "

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As Liu Jiahui's words fell, the door to the office was suddenly pushed open and a middle-aged noblewoman with an extraordinary and beautiful temperament pushed her way in, saying with a grim expression, "Liu Jiahui! Whose Fang Ze do you want a kiss from? It can make you so excited that you don't even want to live!"

At this moment, the female secretary beside the middle-aged woman said with an embarrassed face, "Sorry Mr. Liu Mrs. She insisted on coming in and wouldn't let me report to you"

Liu Jiahui shook his head and said to her and the assistant beside him, "You two go out first."

Hearing this, the two of them hurriedly turned around and left.

Then, Liu Jiahui came to that middle-aged noblewoman with a serene face and said with a smile, "Wife, you know me, I'm just a mouthy person, just now I was just joking with Ahmin"

said, Liu Jiahui hurriedly changed the subject: "You have not asked Mrs. Han to ride together today? Why are you suddenly running to me?"

The middle-aged noblewoman clasped her arms, looked at Liu Jiahui with cold eyes and said in a stern voice, "I heard that all the people on the road in Hong Kong Island are now waiting with their fists in the air to earn your Boss Liu's 30 million!"

After saying that, she angrily questioned, "Why haven't you let go of Chen Zhao Zhong?!"

Liu Jiahui said with an innocent look on his face, "Hey, wife, although I love you very much, it still hurts me when you say that about me! I promised Gu Yanjing's Gu Yanzhong a long time ago that I wouldn't mess with that Chen Zhaozhong for his sake, but Chen Zhaozhong, that lunatic, got himself discovered by the US immigration, so I can't be blamed for that, right?"

The middle-aged noblewoman said angrily, "Do you think I am a child of three years old? You must be behind this!"

Liu Jiahui threw up his hands, "I'm innocent, wife! Chen Zhao Zhong deserved to be caught by the Immigration Bureau, what did I have to do with it? You can't suspect me of ratting him out, can you? I didn't know where he was for so many years, and if I did, I wouldn't have waited until today!"

The middle-aged noblewoman blurted out, "I don't care if you're behind this or not, I only have one request! You immediately take back the 30 million dark flowers now and announce to the whole Hong Kong Island that the 30 million dark flowers are null and void!"

"I'll throw it away!" The good face Liu Jiahui had been wearing vanished without a trace, his eyes fixed on the middle-aged noblewoman as he said in a cold voice, "You f*cking think I, Liu Jiahui, am a turtle? Taking back what you said on your own initiative? What do you want the people of Hong Kong to think of me? You've been making fun of me for twenty years for wearing a cuckold's hat, and now you're asking me to take back my secret flower, isn't it true that I'm going to wear this cuckold's hat until I die?"

The middle-aged noblewoman was frightened by Liu Jiahui's angry expression and involuntarily took two steps back, her tone softened and she begged, "Jiahui, I beg you Chen Zhao Zhong has been hiding outside for so many years, it's already hard enough, this time he was repatriated back, you should not

cross him anymore, his mother has The mother is more than 80 years old, and her health is not good, in case Chen Zhao Zhong died, she does not have a few days to live!”

Liu Jiahui became furious and swung his cigar around his feet and slapped the middle-aged woman across the face, ignoring her shocked face, and pointed at her and cursed, “Fang Jiabin, don’t get ahead of yourself! You think I don’t know that you’ve been seeing that dead old woman behind my back all these years? I only put up with you for the sake of our relationship! You don’t even know how to be grateful, but now you’re justified in coming here to ask me to forgive Chen Zhao Zhong. Do you want to run away with him again?”