

Ye Chen 4761

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Due to time constraints and the number of intelligence leads that needed to be checked, when Wan Breaking Army's men inquired about these missing persons, they only looked up the missing status of these people in the US police system.

However, they did not go further to check the exact details of their disappearance and where they had disappeared from.

However, Ye Chen was keenly aware of the strangeness of it, and always felt that that Zhou Bihua's son, going to Mexico at such a time was not normal in itself.

Therefore, he also subconsciously felt that those people who had disappeared and were unaccounted for before, the odds were that they were also related to Mexico.

The efficiency of Wan Bajun is also very fast, he in a very short time, then detailed access to the case files of these missing people, and then surprised to say to Ye Chen: "Mr. Ye, these people are actually all missing in Mexico.

Ye Chen's eyes lit up and he hurriedly asked, "Take a look at where in Mexico they all disappeared and who they were last in contact with."

Wan Breaking Jun was busy saying, "I need to check the report files of these people after they disappeared in detail and look at the statement transcripts provided by their families."

"Good." Ye Chen urged, "Get a few more people to look at it together, I'll wait for your news!"

"Subordinate obeys!"

Wan Bajun hung up Ye Chen's phone, and then took a number of Wan Long Hall's intelligence analysts with him to go through the dossiers of as many as a few dozen people in detail.

In the end, they came to the conclusion that almost all of the missing persons were related to Mexico, and without exception, all of them had disappeared in the port cities of Mexico.

What was even more coincidental was that the information their families gave back to the police said that the reason they had all gone to Mexico was that they had gone there to apply for jobs as seafarers.

And according to their responses, they all came into contact with a very capable ethnic Chinese and chose a career as a seaman on the recommendation of the other person.

The reason is that the ethnic Chinese told their families that seafarers work very hard and may spend half or even most of the year at sea, without being able to contact their families.

It was also said that some people were a*signed to fishing boats and then were out at sea for more than a year at a time.

Families had been psychologically prepared long before the missing person set off, so they didn't find it unusual at all when they were still unable to contact the missing person for up to six months or even a year.

By the time the time is far longer than expected and makes them feel that something is not right about this matter, time has often passed for at least a year, and in the longest cases even a year and a half.

By this time, when these families go back to the Chinese man for advice, he is no longer available.

By the time the family realises that something is wrong and goes back to the police, the case has missed its best window to be solved.

Moreover, since the victims disappeared in Mexico, even if the police wanted to get to the bottom of the matter and dig deeper, they would not be able to do so.

This is because Mexico is a place that is different from most countries.

In Mexico, there is a large number of armed criminal groups, murder in this country, more common than car accidents.

In this part of the world, there are more members of criminal groups than even the entire Mexican army and police.

And they are almost all armed to the teeth, the government and the police can do nothing to stop them.

Not only that, but the Mexican criminal groups have openly kidnapped and assassinated politicians on numerous occasions in the country and have infiltrated the military and political system, so in Mexico, the criminal groups are at the top of the food chain.

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Whether it's the police or the army, or the police or the FBI in the US and Canada, they are all out of their league.

Because no one can control the criminal groups in Mexico.

Unless, of course, it's a bigger crime syndicate.

So, when these Americans go missing in Mexico, it is very difficult for the US police to investigate them in depth, so they end up as unsolved cases.

When Wan Bajun reported this information to Ye Chen, Ye Chen couldn't help but mutter, "Strange, if they tricked people into going to Mexico and then let them return to the US from Mexico with contraband, this I can understand, but after they tricked them into going to Mexico, the people just disappeared, this is a bit strange, they tricked these people into going to Mexico, what value could it create for them? What value can they create?"

Wan Bajun said, "Mr. Ye this subordinate also didn't think about it for a while, and I found a characteristic, all these people who disappeared in Mexico, their family situations are very similar to Zhou Bihua's son, they are all the kind of people who are about to go bankrupt or have gone bankrupt personally as well as their families, to put it more directly, those who were tricked into going to Mexico are all poor people."

“Well” Ye Chen said with a gloomy expression, “Mexico is already underdeveloped, the cost of labor in that kind of place should be very, very low, if one goes through all the trouble to trick people into going to Mexico as free labor, it seems like some more work than it’s worth.”

“Yes.” Wan Bajun also said with great agreement, “It’s hard to see how the logic of this can be self-consistent, it’s a bunch of profit-oriented people in itself, but they chose a bunch of victims who have nothing to gain.”

Ye Chen said indifferently, “The best way to find out what kind of tricks they are playing is to go to Mexico yourself.”

Saying that, Ye Chen asked Wan Bajun, “Zhou Bihua’s son, what part of Mexico is he going to?”

Wan Bajun said, “Tijuana, Mexico, this city is the border city of Mexico and is very close to Los Angeles.”

Ye Chen smiled faintly and spoke, “His plane is the day after tomorrow right?”

“Right.” Wan Xiaojun said, “The flight is early the morning after tomorrow.”

Ye Chen looked at the time and said, “Then it’s just over 30 hours before takeoff, the plane should have opened for check-in, so check to see if Zhou Bihua’s son has checked in yet, and see if the seat next to him has been taken by someone else? If not buy me a ticket and choose the seat next to him.”

Surprised, Wan Xiaojun asked, “Mr. Ye, what are you doing?”

Ye Chen laughed: “If you don’t enter the tiger’s den, you won’t find the tiger’s son, since you can’t figure out why they want to trick people into going to Mexico, then it’s natural to go deep into the tiger’s den and find out what’s going on.”

The first time I get off the plane with Zhou Bihua’s son, you’ll pretend to be Mei Yu Zhen’s man and pick him up first. Then I’ll pose as him and go and meet up with Mei Yu Zhen’s contact in Mexico.”

Subconsciously, Wan Bajun said, “Mr. Ye, if you want to find out what’s going on, then why don’t you let my subordinates go to Mexico on your behalf?”

Ye Chen said indifferently, “No, you also have your own mission.”

Wan Bajun said, “Please give me orders, Mr. Ye!”

Ye Chen said, “Immediately dispatch a hundred elite soldiers from the Ten Thousand Dragons Temple to Mexico, and be ready to respond in Mexico at any time. I think Mei Yu Zhen is inextricably linked to the criminal syndicate in Mexico, and she will probably flee to Mexico.

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Hearing Ye Chen’s order, Wan Xiaojun said without thinking, “Don’t worry, Mr. Ye, I will immediately dispatch my elite soldiers from the Ten Thousand Dragons Hall to Mexico, at that time, as long as Mr. Ye gives the order, Buddha will kill Buddha, God will kill God!”

“Good!” Ye Chen’s tone was full of authority as he said in a loud voice, “Tell the soldiers below that I will give them a credit for the completion of this matter! At that time, a feast will be held in Mexico to celebrate the merits, and I, Ye Chen, will make all of them take a step forward in strength!”

Ye Chen had the intention to raise the overall strength of the Ten Thousand Dragons Hall, and now that he had raised a large amount of funds for the Hall, the next thing he needed to do was to increase the fighting strength of the soldiers of the Hall.

Right now, the best solution was to help them raise their cultivation levels.

For most of the generals, instead of a whole Blood-Scattering Heart-Saving Pill, even a third or a quarter of a Blood-Scattering Heart-Saving Pill would be able to further their strength. If they added some Spring Return Pills, or some Peiyuan Pills, the powerful spiritual energy would definitely help them open up more meridians.

Therefore, Ye Chen intended to use the pills to make some wine that could boost a martial artist's cultivation after this operation was over, so that he could not only celebrate their achievements at that time, but also take their strength to the next level.

As soon as Wan Bajun heard this, he also guessed Ye Chen's intention, and was instantly excited, saying in a loud voice, "Don't worry, Mr. Ye, my subordinates will do their best!"

Ye Chen gave a hint and asked, "By the way, how is my mother-in-law's situation inside the prison?"

Wan Bajun immediately said, "Your mother-in-law's side has been taken care of according to your instructions, and with our female warriors around, it is impossible for anyone at Bedford Hill Correctional Facility to dare offend your mother-in-law."

Ye Chen sighed and said indifferently, "Now I am not worried about her being bullied by others, I am now worried about whether she will bully others recklessly, if she bullies those who have provoked her there is no harm in that, but I am afraid that she will take advantage of having a backer inside and act like a bully to others."

Saying that, Ye Chen instructed, "Have someone keep an eye on her for me, don't let her go too far."

"Yes!" Wan Bajun said respectfully, "Please don't worry, Mr. Ye, I will arrange everything in the prison."

"That's good." Ye Chen smiled and said, "Then let's meet in Mexico the day after tomorrow."

Wan Bajun said with some concern, "Mr. Ye, my subordinate has a matter that is quite worrying"

Ye Chen said, "Speak."

The first thing I want to do is to go to Mexico and pretend to be Zhou Bihua's son, but I'm afraid that this will not work, in case their counterparts in Mexico have already gotten his information in advance, I'm afraid they will be able to recognize your identity as a fake at a glance."

The first thing I can do is to bet that their counterpart only knows the name of Zhou Bihua's son and does not know his face, or that their counterpart is face-blind to Asians and will not be able to see any clues, allowing me to muddle through"

At this point, Ye Chen put away his smile and said seriously, "It doesn't matter if they really recognize me at a glance, I have other ways to make sure my plan can go smoothly."

It was not the first time for Ye Chen to go deep behind enemy lines.

When he first went to Hamid's base in Syria alone, as an East Asian face, he would be extremely wary of almost anyone who saw him in that kind of place.

However, Ye Chen still managed to get in and out of Hamid's heavily guarded base that time by relying on strong mental cues.

So, he thought that when he got off the plane in Mexico, if the docking person found out that he was a fake, the big deal would be to give him a psychological hint so that he would subconsciously believe in the truth.

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After all, Ye Chen's real aim was to use the docking person to bring himself to the other party's base camp in Mexico.

Only when he arrived at the other party's base camp could he find out for himself who Mei Yuzhen's backers in Mexico really were, and what tricks and hookups she was up to in Mexico.

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In the meantime.

The Bedford Hills Correctional Facility.

After enjoying a full body ma*sage from seven or eight people, Ma Lan was so comfortable that her whole body was floating.

Only the flighty Chloe from earlier was miserable.

As per Maran's request, she began to give each person in the cell a foot ma*sage in turn.

It took until the lights went out in the prison and only four or five people had been squeezed.

When it was time to go to bed, Maran said to Chloe in a cold voice, "You press my feet until tomorrow morning, if you dare to be lazy, see if I don't beat you to death!"

Chloe cried and nodded, choking back a sob, "I know I won't be lazy"

Marashi grunted, then pointed at her wet bed and said coldly, "This is all your work, from now on you will sleep in this bed and I will sleep in yours."

How dare Chloe say more, she hurriedly said, "Yes Ms Ma, I'll do whatever you want"

Ma Lan thought of the bed being drenched, her heart was a little upset again, pointing at those few men who were previously Chloe's men, she said in a cold voice: "You few, tonight, water all your beds through before you sleep, from now on, every night before you go to bed pour two pots of water, then give me three days in a row to sleep!"

After that, she looked at Chloe and said coldly, "From tomorrow onwards, you will also sleep in the watered beds, they will sleep for three days, you will sleep for ten days!"

The crowd was shivering with fear.

The weather had warmed up, but sleeping in a soaking wet bed would be unbearable.

And they had to sleep for three days in a row. If they slept for three days, they would probably get rheumatism all over their bodies.

Chloe was even more devastated.

It's three days for others, ten days for her.

What was ten days? She would be paralysed in bed by then?

Thinking of this, she hurriedly begged for mercy, "Ms. Ma, I'm already in such a bad way, please let me off the hook If I have to sleep in a bed that is watered through for another ten days, I'm afraid I won't be able to get out of bed anymore!"

Ma Lan gave an exaggerated humming laugh and said disdainfully, "Ouch! How come when it comes to you, you're afraid you won't be able to get out of bed? How come when it comes to me, you're not afraid that I won't be able to get out of bed?"

Saying that, Ma Lan said with a cold face, "We have an old Chinese saying, do unto others as you would have them do unto you! This is all your idea, I'm just returning the favour, thanks to your own creativity, otherwise I wouldn't be able to come up with this torture method if you asked me to think about it for a week."

Chloe broke down and cried at these words.

Marashi said in a cold voice, "Crying? If you cry, I'll give you more time! If ten days are not enough, then fifteen, if fifteen days are not enough, then thirty! I'll see how long you can cry for!"

Chloe sniffed, hastily held back her sobs, reached up to wipe away her tears, and choked out, "I I'm not crying anymore"

Maran laughed and asked her, "Chloe, this time you know what it's like to be bullied, don't you?"

Chloe's eyes were already filled with tears and she nodded her head with immense resignation, "I know"

Ma Lan smiled and said, "Remember, those who insult others are always insulted!"

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This night, Chloe had to go back and forth between the bathroom and every single bed, and she had to give every single person in the prison a foot massage for at least half an hour, as Marashi had requested.

Not to mention the sleepless night, she will not be able to stay awake even during the day tomorrow.

As for her former henchmen and minions, they were forced to lie on the wet beds, tossing and turning.

They did not dare to lie in one position for too long because their bodies could not stay in contact with the wet bed for long, because in a short while, their bodies would become cold and painful.

So the only thing they could do was to keep rolling across the bed, like sausages on a grill, rotating and baking.

Surprisingly, Marlane, who had managed to turn over, did not fall asleep either.

The next morning.

Marashi, who hadn't slept all night, looked more refreshed than anyone else in the cell.

When she got up from bed, Chloe was still trying desperately to force herself to give her cellmate's feet a squeeze.

By now, she had come to know what it was like to be so tired that both of Marashi's arms were about to give out.

And this night, she finally understood what it was like to be bullied and abused.

She was so tired that she was about to collapse numerous times this night, and subconsciously wanted to stop moving her hands.

But when she thought that Ma Lan was a vengeful person who would retaliate tenfold or a hundredfold, she subconsciously dared not think of slacking off again.

Marashi stretched and stepped over to Chloe, staring at her for a moment without saying a word.

When Chloe saw Marashi approaching her, she was frightened and scared, but after glancing at her twice, she hurriedly lowered her head and continued to knead her cellmate's feet.

The only thing was that Chloe's arms were so sore and swollen that every time she exerted force, the pain was excruciating, and she unconsciously slowed down her speed and strength.

But then Marashi suddenly lifted his foot and kicked her to the ground, and then he heard Marashi scold her coldly, "D*mn it, move faster! What are you dawdling about?"

Chloe cried, "I can't really use my arms and hands"

Ma Lan said with contempt, "Serves you right! You forced your Ma grandmother to pinch her feet what, why don't you think about your Ma grandmother is more than fifty years old, how can you get so much strength in your arms and hands?"

As she said that, the more Ma Lan thought about it, the angrier she got, she pointed at her and cursed, "With a b*tch like you, you have to be even worse and crueler than the b*tch you are, or you'll never f*cking learn in your life!"

Chloe truly regretted it, but it was too late for that now.

For the rest of the day, Chloe had spent almost all of her time squeezing her cellmate's feet, except for going to dinner and letting off steam.

Marashi, on the other hand, had a refreshing day.

Apart from the three female warriors from the Hall of Ten Thousand Dragons, almost everyone else surrounded Marashi with constant attentiveness.

For the first time, Marashi felt good about the prison, and this feeling of being high and respected made her very content deep inside.

So, this whole day, she did not even make a single phone call to Ye Chen or Xiao Churan.

Originally, she had planned to make at least three calls a day to urge her son-in-law, Ye Chen, to hurry up and get herself out.

But today, she felt, again, that it didn't seem necessary to go out too early.

It was much better to experience the feeling of one call in here than to go out.

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The next morning.

Fei Ke Xin personally drove Ye Chen to the New York airport.

When she found out that Ye Chen was going to Mexico, Fei Ke Xin was somewhat worried.

She originally wanted to go with Ye Chen, but Ye Chen did not agree.

For Ye Chen, many times it was better to have no one around to help than to have someone to help.

With someone to help, he would have to take care of the other person, which was far less comfortable than being on his own.

What's more, when he went to Mexico, he intended to go deep into the tiger's lair and play the role of a pig eating a tiger, so if he took Fei Ke Xin with him, his hands would be tied.

When she heard that Ye Chen was going to take the place of a potential victim in the other party's death trap, she knew that if she went with him, she would not be able to play any positive role other than holding Ye Chen back.

So, she could only give up resentfully.

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When the car stopped at the entrance of the airport, Ye Chen said to Fei Ke Xin, "You have a special status, so don't get out of the car."

Fei Ke Xin was busy saying, "Then Mr. Ye you must pay attention to safety!"

Ye Chen nodded gently and said goodbye to her before pushing the door and getting out of the car.

Ye Chen then took out a small suitcase from the trunk and stepped into the airport without looking back.

The suitcase was filled with some daily clothes that he had bought yesterday.

Ye Chen didn't know what was waiting for him in Mexico, but he had to pretend to be a person who was unprepared for danger, and he was going away, so he naturally had to bring some personal items with him.

After coming to the counter to exchange his boarding pa*s, Ye Chen went through the security check alone and arrived at the designated boarding gate early.

As he had bought economy cla*s this time, he could only find an empty seat at the gate and waited for his target to appear while waiting to board the plane.

Ten minutes later, a middle-aged Asian man, in his early 40s, hurried over.

Ye Chen recognised the other man at a glance; he was Zhou Bihua's son, Lang Hongjun.

Like Ye Chen, Lang Hongjun had a 20-inch suitcase with him, but he had a bulging shoulder bag more than Ye Chen.

In his 40s, Lang Hongjun looks a bit old, not only does his hair look grey, but his face is also more wrinkled than his peers.

From the state of his entire body, it is clear that he is at the lowest point in his life, looking forlorn, sad and unhappy.

By now, there were only five minutes left before boarding began, and some anxious pa*sengers were already queuing up at the gate.

Lang Hongjun also dragged his suitcase to the end of the queue.

Seeing this, Ye Chen immediately stood up and pulled his suitcase to line up behind Lang Hongjun.

Afterwards, he asked Lang Hongjun in Chinese, pretending to be curious, "Excuse me, are you Chinese?"

"No." Lang Hongjun shook his head and said to Ye Chen very seriously, "I am Chinese American and have been a naturalized citizen for many years."

Ye Chen frowned slightly, it seemed that Lang Hongjun seemed to be more concerned about the issue of nationality, so he asked curiously, "Did you migrate here for work?"

Lang Hongjun straightened the collar of his shirt and said with an expression of a little pride, "I was a public student, but at that time, because of my outstanding achievements, the American side gave a good opportunity to get a green card directly, so I directly chose to stay in the United States."

Ye Chen nodded his head.

In fact, Ye Chen had read all these information about Lang Hongjun, the reason why he asked again was just to take the opportunity to get acquainted with him, and in the meantime, he also took the opportunity to get to know this person's character during the chat.

Ye Chen saw that on the one hand he was very concerned about his nationality, and on the other hand he talked about his status as a public study student back then and was very proud of it, so he couldn't help but feel a little disgusted in his heart.

In fact, he didn't really like this kind of person.

It was true that many graduates from prestigious universities in China, as well as those who had studied abroad at public expense, eventually chose to stay overseas, and it was said that as many as ten thousand Tsinghua graduates chose to stay in the Silicon Valley in the United States.

After all, he was a publicly funded student who had spent the country's money to study abroad and should have returned to serve the motherland after he had accomplished his studies, but he chose to stay in the United States directly.

Therefore, in the work of a few words, he had a bit of antipathy towards Lang Hongjun.

However, he was not overly emotional, but deliberately complimented the other party, "The gold content of the students sent abroad for public study is said to be very high, you are really something!"

Hearing Ye Chen's compliment, the pride on Lang Hongjun's face was overwhelming, but his attitude towards Ye Chen, however, was also quite friendly, and he said with a smile, "In those days of ours, the requirements for public study abroad students were indeed very high, and there were only a few places for a school."

Ye Chen nodded and asked curiously, "By the way, what are you going to do in Mexico? Are you going on official business, or are you going to do business?"

Lang Hongjun's expression was momentarily stunned, and then he said in a less than natural manner, "I I'm going to work"

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When it comes to work, Lang Hongjun's expression is obviously a bit unnatural.

To be more precise, he, who was originally proud of his status as a public study abroad student, suddenly felt somewhat inferior because of the mention of working in Mexico.

Ye Chen keenly sensed his change, combined with his previous years of continuous job changes, lower and lower income, and then simply unemployed for more than a year, can also guess, he went to Mexico this time, is absolutely forced to life's choice.

So he sighed lightly and spoke, "Looking at you, old brother, I think going to Mexico to work is also a helpless choice, I am actually the same as you, I don't want to go to Mexico unless I have to."

Lang Hongjun asked him curiously, "What are you going to do in Mexico?"

Ye Chen said casually, "I don't know what I can do there yet, but my visa in the United States is about to expire, originally I was thinking of blacking out first, but recently the immigration bureau has been investigating illegal immigrants very closely, and one of my uncles was just deported back some time ago, so I thought I'd hurry up and leave the United States before my visa expires."

Lang Hongjun asked, "You can go back to your country if you can't make it in the US.

Ye Chen said with some embarrassment, "To tell you the truth, I came out because I couldn't stay in China anymore, I owed a lot of money in China before, so if I go back now, I might even be arrested."

When Lang Hongjun heard this, he smiled and spoke, "You're borrowing money to run away, right?"

“Why” Ye Chen laughed sarcastically and said awkwardly, “I borrowed a bit too much, plus the business is not doing well, the deficit is a bit big, and I can’t afford to pay it back, so I can only come out first to avoid the wind.”

As he said, Ye Chen asked with a curious face, “Older brother, since you were a public study abroad student back then, you must be a high-end talent, why are you still going to a place like Mexico? That’s a day and a half compared to the United States.”

Lang Hongjun said with a forlorn expression, “No, I can’t. I’m too old, and in a place like the US, if you haven’t achieved financial freedom by the age of 35 to 40, you’re likely to be eliminated by the capitalists. One person can’t match you, but two together are better than you, right? The three stinkers are better than one Zhuge Liang.”

He said, Lang Hongjun sighed again, “You are like us in the IT business, there are always new technologies coming out, we older employees, our ability to learn in new technologies is no match for the young people, we are easily eliminated.”

Ye Chen nodded and asked in mock curiosity, “Older brother, since you’re in IT, I’m afraid that if you go to a place like Mexico, you’ll have even less development, right? Is it possible that you’ve changed industries?”

Lang Hongjun sighed and waved his hand, “Why, forget it, it’s just a way to make a living, let’s not mention it.”

Ye Chen saw that he was reluctant to talk about it, so he didn’t ask more questions for a while. At this time, the flight had already started boarding, and the two of them passed through the gate one after the other and walked towards the cabin.

Lang Hongjun chose a window seat for himself, seat number 39A. He walked ahead of Ye Chen, and upon reaching his seat, he stopped in his tracks and stuffed his suitcase and shoulder bag into the luggage compartment before squeezing into his seat.

While Ye Chen was holding his boarding pass and pretending to check it against the seat serial number, his mouth couldn’t help but chant, “39B, where is it this 39B”

As he said that, he suddenly looked up at Lang Hongjun and said in mock surprise, “Aiya, old man, fate! My seat is next to yours!”

“Is that so?” Lang Hongjun was also obviously a little surprised.

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He was a compatriot, and when he was in the queue to board the plane just now, he was one behind the other, and he didn’t expect that when they got on the plane, their seats would be right next to each other.

That would be a bit of fate.

So, with a rare sincere smile, Lang Hongjun hurriedly said, “Aiya, this is really destiny! Come, come, sit down!”

Ye Chen nodded and put the suitcase away before he sat down next to Lang Hongjun and said with a smile, "Looks like we have someone to chat with on this trip."

Lang Hongjun also took off his original guard towards Ye Chen and asked him curiously, "Right, old brother, do you have any acquaintances over there when you go to Mexico this time?"

Ye Chen laughed casually, "There is no one I know, I am just going to wander around and see if there is anything suitable for me to do, if there is, I will do it, if not, I will go back."

Lang Hongjun asked curiously, "Aren't you afraid that your creditors will look for you?"

Ye Chen waved his hand: "China is a big place, where the earth is not buried, when the time comes, find a place to settle down first, maybe there is a chance to rise again, when the debt is paid, maybe you can even return home."

He said, Ye Chen looked at Lang Hongjun, once again asked: "Right old brother, you go to Mexico in the end to do what work ah, there is no way to introduce to my old brother?"

"Me?" Lang Hongjun sighed and laughed at himself: "I don't have any way, as long as I have a way, brother, I won't leave my wife and children and run to that ghost place in Mexico."

The president spent so much money to build a wall on the border. It's just to control illegal immigration and drug smuggling there. Who the hell are the Americans who are doing well coming here."

Ye Chen nodded and asked curiously, "Older brother, you've been talking about this for half a day, but you haven't said what you're actually going to do."

Lang Hongjun stopped covering up and said seriously, "To be honest, brother, I'm going to Mexico this time to be a seaman."

"A seaman?" Ye Chen asked curiously, "A ship runner?"

"Yes." Lang Hongjun nodded, "A friend of my mother's introduced me to them, saying that the salary is quite good, and that I can get several tens of thousands or even a hundred thousand dollars a year, but it's just a bit harder."

Ye Chen's eyebrows knitted slightly, not knowing what the purpose behind Mei Yu Zhen's deception of Lang Hongjun under the guise of a seafarer was.

But at least one thing was certain, a ruthless person like Mei Yuzhen could never simply trick Lang Hongjun into becoming a seaman.

Ye Chen did not show his voice and said, "Older brother, you are also a high school student, so going to sea to be a crew member is a bit condescending, instead of that, honestly you should return to China to develop, the speed of development in China is so fast, you can definitely find a good way out."

Lang Hongjun was startled, then sighed: "It's not that I didn't think about it, but sometimes I can't keep my face down. My relatives, friends, and former classmates all know that I immigrated to the United States early, and I also took my old mother. I also received a blessing from the United States. For so many years, they mentioned that our family is not only envious but also envious. If I go back to China to develop at this time, they may say what I will say behind my back..."

Ye Chen heard this, smiled slightly, and said indifferently: "Old man Brother, don't think I'm younger than you, but it's a big deal. I see it better than you. The face is something that only cares about after the wife, children, parents, and the whole family are fed and clothed. Now you have to support your family, Why should you care about all this? Can you save your face by going to Mexico as a crew member?"

Lang Hongjun said with a shameful expression, "I'm not going to lie to you, brother, I've been feeling guilty about my country all these years. If I were to become a big shot like them, like a top 500 entrepreneur or executive, I would be willing to return home with the money and donate some money to my old alma mater and set up a scholarship fund to help those children who can't afford to go to school, which would be a kind of redemption"

The key to this is that I'm not fighting for my life," he said sadly. I can't betray my country first, and now that I can't make it outside, I go back and beg my country to take me in, right?"

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Looking at Lang Hongjun's face full of shame, Ye Chen's impression of him had changed a little.

Originally, he thought that he was just an egoist who was greedy for glory and wealth, but now he saw that he still had some conscience in his heart.

Lang Hongjun himself had not said these heartfelt words to anyone over the years.

It was not that he really thought that he had such a great bond with Ye Chen that he could say the deepest hidden words from his heart.

He had just kept them inside for too long, and had not been able to spill them out, only that he had not found a suitable person to pour them out to.

The motherland has always been tolerant of its own children, for so many years, so many people like you have gone back, the motherland has always had open arms, for the motherland, constantly sending talents out for further education, not to pursue every one of them can go back to serve the motherland after completing their studies, but as long as there are always some of these people who are willing to go back As for the part that is lost in the middle, it is just a normal loss."

No matter how tightly you wrap the ice, it is bound to melt away in transit, but that doesn't matter, as long as there is still ice left when it reaches its destination, then these efforts are meaningful."

Lang Hongjun was slightly stunned, and then nodded gently, reciting under his breath, "In fact, back then, we were just attracted by the flowery world of the West, always thinking that the stage was bigger here and that we could give our best to the country, and in fact we didn't really forget our motherland, it was just that we all held an energy in our hearts that if we got better, we would go back and serve our motherland a hundred times, a thousand times, a million times. It's just that there are always some people like me, although they were high-minded and arrogant back then, they gradually disappeared into obscurity"

At this point, Lang Hongjun said with tears in his eyes, "I really want to serve my country! But I can't even feed my own mother, she is in her seventies and still has to work in a Chinese restaurant to earn money and support the family.

Night Chen asked him, “Do you understand the work of a seaman?”

Lang Hongjun shook his head and said, “I only know the general work flow, but I don’t understand the specific working methods, it’s probably just a miscellaneous job on the ship, after all, when I first arrived, it’s still mainly to learn, this job should be the most is a bit hard, a year and a half can not be home.”

Ye Chen asked again, “Do you think you are suitable to be a seaman?”

Lang Hongjun shook his head again, “To be honest, I am in the communication technology, if you ask me how to locate a cargo ship, how to avoid obstacles, how to contact the land via satellite, I can tell a thing or two or three, but if you ask me to be a seaman, I am really confused, I don’t even know the basic structure of a ship, I don’t even know if I will get seasick after I get on board. ”

Said Lang Hongjun, lamenting, “But it can’t be helped, for a living.”

Ye Chen talked with Lang Hongjun for a long time and learned more about Lang Hongjun’s past.

Lang Hongjun used to be considered a talented youngster.

When others had just gotten their high school textbooks, he had already gotten into a major university.

And when others were preparing for their college entrance exams, he had already gone abroad to study as a public study student.

At that time, before they came to the United States, those young people had a heart that was not willing to be ordinary.

At that time, it coincided with the rapid development of the Silicon Valley and the golden period of the Internet changing the world. Lang Hongjun saw Zhang Chaoyang, who studied in the United States with him, return to China to found Sohu, and also saw Robin Li, who also studied in the United States, return to China to found Baidu.

He also saw many of his seniors who stayed in the U.S. to develop their careers in the explosive development of the Internet become rich, some becoming the presidents of listed companies, worth over a billion dollars, while others, as partners in the business, rang the bell on NASDAQ and became worth tens of millions of dollars overnight.

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He also saw many of his seniors who had studied finance enter Wall Street investment banks after graduation and receive high salaries of hundreds of thousands or even millions of dollars as soon as they graduated.

Later, he also saw many outstanding seniors, with venture capital from the United States, return to China and invest in a large number of star companies that would later become extremely famous in China, not only helping those companies to become the world’s top, but also helping their own investment banks to earn huge profits, and they themselves were all famous and profitable, and some were even hailed as the most bullish investors, publishing books and making a name for themselves.

What he had seen and heard had deeply stimulated Lang Hongjun.

He did not want to go back to the US to be an employee of a state-owned enterprise or a civil servant after studying in the US. He wanted to be like those people and become a man of the world, and then return to China as a man of the world to create a great enterprise or invest in a group of great enterprises.

However, in any industry, the pathways left for top talent are very narrow.

Over the years, not even a few hundred of the millions of international students who are supposed to be at the elite level have really made it to the top.

The reason is that in any era, a top talent has to have the right time, the right place and the right people, and it is not always possible to reach the top if one works hard.

This was the case with Lang Hongjun.

He stayed in the US with a dream, but reality kept waving a big stick at him.

In the first few years of his stay in the US, he still had aspirations, but it wasn't long before he started to work for a living and gradually became more and more ordinary.

As Lang Hongjun and Ye Chen talked more and more, and as he revealed his heart more and more, he became teary-eyed from the start.

Seeing that the plane was about to land, Ye Chen handed him a tissue and said, "Older brother, Mexico is not suitable for you, when the plane lands, buy a ticket to go back."

Lang Hongjun shook his head and said, "What would I do if I went back? My wife and children are still waiting for me to feed them, the family car has already been sold, if it goes on like this, I will have to sell my house."

Saying that, he said with a determined face, "Being a seafarer can earn tens of thousands of dollars a year, so I can solve the family's financial problems, so I must grit my teeth and persevere."

Seeing his resolute expression, Ye Chen suddenly felt as if he had to make some adjustments to his previous plan.

He had originally planned to have the people of the Ten Thousand Dragons Temple rob Lang Hongjun in advance, find a place to lock him up first, and then set him free after he had investigated the whole matter and uprooted Mei Yu Zhen and the people behind her.

At that time, where he wanted to go and what he wanted to do would have nothing to do with him.

After all, it was possible that he had saved his life, and this was already considered to be his destiny.

But now Ye Chen suddenly realised that, in the face of this middle-aged man who was almost desperate for life and trying to struggle in a desperate situation, doing so would only cut off the tiny bit of hope he had ignited for life at the moment.

When he returns to the US after his false alarm, his mother will still be working in the restaurant, his wife and children will still be without a roof over their heads, and even their house will be repossessed by the bank.

So, instead of this, it would be better to take Lang Hongjun with him.

Whatever awaits him ahead, let him go and experience it for himself.

Perhaps, after the dust has settled, this experience will enable this confused and miserable middle-aged man to find his way back to the past.