

"It's okay, I just won't let her know. I'll make the excuse of going to a classmate's house, and you can wait for me outside. That's settled then."

After saying this, without giving Ling Chen a chance to refuse, Tang Shiyun bounded back home, jumping with joy.

Ling Chen felt the freshly earned thousand-plus yuan in his pocket, thinking that he was going to bleed money tonight.

But as long as Tang Shiyun was happy, he didn't mind the issue of money.

Being admitted to university, getting one's name inscribed on the gold list, life comes only once, of course, he wanted to celebrate properly for her.

At 7:30 in the evening, night had just fallen.

Tang Shiyun appeared on time under the building.

Seeing Tang Shiyun running over, Ling Chen was dazzled.

The girl seldom went out to play, and she even dressed up a bit. She was wearing a white and blue checkered dress, with her hair tied at the back, her lovely face blooming with a floral smile, and she was wearing a delicate letter chain on her wrist, exuding a youthful and lively aura all over.

"Ling."

"Tell me, where do you want to go for fun?"

"How am I supposed to know? Ling, you have a rich nightlife normally, you pick a place."

Ling Chen scratched his head. Aside from barbeque skewers and beer, his nightlife was nothing special.

"How about KTV?"

"No, that's too unoriginal."

"Then..."

"Ling, can we go to a bar?" Tang Shiyun suggested. "I often hear classmates say bars are fun, but I've never been."

"That place is too chaotic, I'm worried it's not safe."

"What's there to fear when you're around. Please, Ling, just accompany me, please." Tang Shiyun cooed while shaking his arm.

Ling Chen's heart softened, damn it, he could never resist this move.

"Alright, fine, isn't that okay?"

Tang Shiyun made a 'yeah' gesture, happily saying, "I knew Ling was the best."

Originally, Ling Chen wanted to take Tang Shiyun to a bar on Five Miles Street, but remembering that Tang Shiyun had been bullied by Jiang Hao before, he gave up on the idea.

Although Tang Shiyun knew about her associations with Jiang Hao, she didn't have a good impression of him, to be precise, she didn't like any hooligans at all. There were too many hooligans who knew him on Five Miles Street, and they would inevitably have to greet each other if they went; he didn't want Tang Shiyun to interact too much with these people.

So, it was best to find a bar where nobody knew them.

After thinking, he took Tang Shiyun to the street, raised his hand to hail a taxi, and said to the driver, "To a bar, excluding those on Five Miles Street."

"No problem."

After more than ten minutes, Ling Chen and Tang Shiyun arrived at a bar called Qing Song.

This Qing Song bar had a large space, over two floors, totaling more than two hundred square meters, finely decorated and probably one of the more upscale bars in the Old City.

At this moment, with the lights just beginning to glow, the outside of the bar was crowded with people.

"Ling, hurry up," Tang Shiyun pulled Ling Chen's hand, running quickly to the outside of the bar to line up.

At that moment, the two saw a poster on the exterior wall of the bar. The poster featured a sexily dressed woman with attractive looks, holding a guitar in her arms, with 'Lu Yao Solo Performance' written beside her.

"Oh my, it's actually Lu Yao," Tang Shiyun's face lit up with excitement.

"Who is Lu Yao? A famous star?"

"Stars would not come to a bar for solo performances. She is a niche singer who used to perform in bars exclusively. Later, she released an album and gained some fame in our city. I really like her songs. Ling, our luck today is just too good."

"It's your luck that's good, I'm not really interested in her."

After waiting outside the bar for over ten minutes, it was finally their turn. To Ling Chen's dismay, the ticket price was a hefty one hundred eighty each; buying two tickets immediately reduced the money in his pocket by a third.

Once inside the bar, it was already packed to the rafters. Even though Lu Yao was a niche singer, she still had a surprisingly large number of fans.

Moreover, to accommodate more audience, the organizers had removed all the chairs and tables, so everyone had to stand to watch the performance.

Unable to resist Tang Shiyun's enthusiasm, Ling Chen squeezed through the crowd, taking her to the very front of the stage to give her the chance for a close contact with Lu Yao.

Before long, the lights in the bar suddenly dimmed. After about ten seconds, a soft light beamed from the top and focused on a woman in her twenties in the middle of the stage.

The woman had dark golden curly hair, a charming face, lips red as fire, wore a purple cinched-waist low-cut dress with the hem ending at her upper thighs, revealing snow-white skin, accentuating her slender figure.

Seeing the main attraction Lu Yao appear, the entire audience erupted in excitement, shouting out loud.

"Goddess!"

"Goddess!"

...

Ling Chen curled his lips; he was never interested in these sorts of things. Moreover, from her attire, she seemed less like she was here to sing and more like she was here to 'sell her flesh'.

Rather than spending money here listening to songs, he would prefer to find a food stall to satisfy his hunger.

Boredom setting in, his eyes started wandering around. Suddenly, his gaze was captured by the glass window on the second floor.

The bar's second floor was all private rooms, and the glass windows were covered with a film that allowed people inside to see out, but not vice versa.

Ling Chen scrutinized the filmy glass, a slight frown appearing on his forehead. For some reason, he felt an inexplicable unease in his heart.

Having navigated the edge of life and death for many years, he had developed a keen sense of danger, almost like an instinct.

Inside a second-floor private room.

A man around thirty stood in front of the glass, looking down at the performance, his eyes slightly narrowed, his expression as cold as ice, like a wild beast lurking in the shadows, exuding a chilling aura.

The man had an average face, holding a glass of red wine in his hand, gently swirling it.

After a sip of wine, a striking tattoo unveiled on his neck, a green snake with its forked tongue flickering, adding a ferocious touch to his already frosty demeanor.

"Snake King, are you sure you want to work with that guy?"

A voice rang out. The speaker was a young man sitting on a sofa, about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old. Though not old, he was quite overweight, with a height of 1.8 meters and weighing nearly two hundred kilograms. Even as he spoke, he did not stop munching on the snacks provided by the bar.

The man addressed as Snake King slowly turned around, his face expressionless, "I'm seeking him out because he's of use to me. As for working together... he's not yet qualified."

The fat man spat out a jujube pit, saying, "Whatever you do is your business, but let me remind you to be careful with those unprofessional folks, don't let them trick you."

"You don't need to worry about that. You just make sure you do your job."

"My part has been taken care of long ago." The fat man pulled out a document from his carried satchel and threw it on the table: "This is the intel you wanted, the target's recent itinerary is all herein. I spent quite a bit of money on this information, make sure you reimburse me."