

The Beauty 112

Chapter 112 Mercenaries (Part 3)

Looking at the tools laid out in the small leather bag, the mercenary's face changed immediately, and he said in horror, "You... you're from the FIB?"

"Knowing in your heart is enough; no need to say it out loud," Tang Yuan said with a smile, "Since you've guessed my identity, you should be clear about our interrogation methods. We're not going to talk to you about human rights."

The two communicated in English throughout, which Ling Chen could understand, but Zhong Wei was utterly confused, not knowing what they were saying at all. However, seeing the mercenary's reaction, he knew Tang Yuan had successfully scared him.

"Ling Chen, your turn."

Ling Chen moved a chair in front of the mercenary and said with a grin, "Friend, I won't make it hard for you, just tell me what you know."

"We were tasked with kidnapping a woman named Nanrong Wanqing. Besides that, I don't know anything; the contact with the employer was handled solely by our leader."

"I believe you." Ling Chen nodded and continued to ask, "If your mission was completed, and you successfully kidnapped Nanrong Wanqing, what would be the next step?"

"We have a phone; the leader told us to contact a person after the mission was completed, and they would instruct us on what to do."

Hearing this, Ling Chen stretched out his hand, and Tang Yuan immediately passed him the mobile phone they had found on the mercenary.

"I'll give you one chance to call and tell that person the mission is accomplished. If you cooperate, I'll let you go immediately; otherwise..." Ling Chen's mouth lifted slightly at the corner, a hint of coldness in his eyes. At the same time, the barrel of a black gun was pressed to the forehead of the mercenary.

The one holding the gun was none other than Tang Yuan.

"Ling Chen, this..."

Seeing Tang Yuan pull out the gun, Captain Zhong's face changed instantly, his eyes filled with complexity.

"Captain Zhong, don't worry, this gun is legal," Ling Chen explained, then turned his attention back to the mercenary.

After a moment of hesitation, the mercenary finally rattled off a phone number.

The phone connected quickly, and soon a voice came through, speaking in a pure English accent.

"How are things?"

"We've got the person, lost two of our own, the hostage is unharmed."

After the mercenary finished his sentence, a few seconds passed before the person on the other end of the line spoke: "Nanxiang Street, 1156, B3." With that, the call ended.

"Friend, congratulations, you've earned yourself a life."

Ling Chen smiled slightly, then pocketed the phone and walked out of the storeroom.

In another room, Ling Chen and Tang Yuan did the same, forcing another mercenary to confess.

After interrogating three mercenaries, Ling Chen compared their testimonies and found no discrepancies.

"Captain Zhong, keep these people locked up here; watch them closely."

"You're going to Nanxiang Street?"

Ling Chen nodded, "Yes, we might find the mastermind behind this."

"Isn't it too dangerous for just the two of you to go? Should I team up with Liang Zhao Hui and cooperate with you?"

"No need, we must have someone stay at home. Also, after we leave, immediately inform the police and have them send more people here; the larger the presence, the better." Ling Chen instructed. He lied to the other side, saying that Nanrong Wanqing had been captured. If there was no sign of alarm from the Nanrong family, that would be very abnormal.

So not only did he need to inform the police, but he also had to create a commotion to confuse the other side and make them believe that Nanrong Wanqing had been kidnapped.

After everything was arranged, Ling Chen and Tang Yuan didn't leave through the main gate but climbed over the wall instead. He worried that there might be surveillance outside the Nanrong family residence; caution was best.

The two ran to the street and hailed a taxi, then rushed toward 1156 Nanxiang Street.

It was already past ten, nearing eleven o'clock, with few vehicles on the road. In less than half an hour, they reached their destination.

"Nanxiang Street, 1156... this is it, no mistake," Tang Yuan confirmed the address.

Ling Chen looked around and saw that the place was an underground parking garage. Reminded of the B3 mentioned on the phone earlier, B3 was an underground floor code; the rendezvous point was on the third underground level of the parking garage.

"Old Tang, let's go!"

"Hey, catch." Tang Yuan casually threw something, and Ling Chen caught it; it was a handgun. He racked the slide to chamber a round, then disengaged the safety and tucked it at his waist.

Perhaps because it was late, there were very few cars in the underground parking garage, with a vehicle entering or exiting only every few minutes.

For safety, Ling Chen and Tang Yuan didn't take the elevator but took the stairs down to the third underground level.

As they pushed open the door to the safety passageway on the third underground level, Ling Chen was immediately met with pitch darkness and a strong, strange smell, as if the place hadn't been ventilated in a long time.

Tang Yuan looked around and whispered, "This level isn't finished yet."

Ling Chen nodded. No wonder the other party had chosen to meet here; the third underground level wasn't operational yet, and people typically didn't come down here.

Since it was too dark to see, and neither Ling Chen nor Tang Yuan had night-vision goggles, they didn't dare to act rashly, pressing their bodies low and moving slowly.

At that moment, a beam of light suddenly shone over. A Mercedes sedan came driving slowly and stopped at the center of the level. Then, the door opened, and a man in a suit got out and ran toward the exit of the parking garage.

The car didn't turn off; Ling Chen frowned slightly, watching quietly. Ten minutes passed without any movement.

"Hey, do you think that car could be prepared for those mercenaries? Maybe there are clues inside about the next step."

Hearing Tang Yuan's words, Ling Chen thought it made sense. After hesitating, he nodded, "Let's split up. You go left; I'll go right. Let's encircle it."

As they spoke, he drew the handgun from his waist.

"Be careful," he patted Tang Yuan's shoulder as a reminder.

Although both were members trained by the Ghost, highly capable, they never dared to be careless on any mission because it could mean life or death.

Confidence is good, but overconfidence could be deadly.

Reaching the right side of the Mercedes, Ling Chen kept an eye on his surroundings, then stepped toward the car door.

By the time Ling Chen got to the right door, Tang Yuan had also reached the left door. Almost at the same time, both opened the car doors and pointed their guns inside.

"Clear!"

Tang Yuan spoke two words, his expression relaxing slightly.

But at that moment, a cellphone ring suddenly came from inside the car.

In the empty underground level, the ringing was exceptionally loud.

Ling Chen swept a glance and quickly found a cell phone in the storage compartment of the front passenger seat. After a moment's hesitation, he still pressed the answer button.

Immediately, he heard a burst of cold laughter from the phone, "Mr. Ling, you finally decided to pick up the phone."