

The Beauty 138

Chapter 138: The Unknown Side

"Mr. Zhu, where are we going?" Once in the car, the driver asked.

Zhu Hong looked out of the window, his face ashen with rage. Nanrong Wanqing's words had struck him like a hammer, grievously hurting his heart, especially whenever he heard her incessantly mention Ling Chen, which fueled his anger even more.

"To the hospital."

"Understood."

Shortly after, the Mercedes sedan slowly drove to the outskirts and stopped in front of a mental hospital.

Next to the locked iron gate, a uniformed security guard emerged from the security room. Upon seeing the credentials shown by the driver, he quickly opened the iron gate and let the Mercedes in.

It wasn't until they reached the underground parking garage that Zhu Hong stepped out of the car.

By now, two doctors in white coats were waiting at the elevator, and they quickly greeted Zhu Hong with smiles as he approached, saying, "Mr. Zhu."

Zhu Hong, with a somber expression, nodded and walked straight into the elevator.

"Mr. Zhu, are you here for an inspection today, or..."

"Arrange a patient for me."

Hearing this, the two in white coats exchanged a glance, their eyes revealing a hint of fear.

Seeing their lack of response, Zhu Hong's voice turned cold, "Didn't you understand what I said?"

"It's not that... We will arrange it immediately."

The elevator reached the fifth floor, and Zhu Hong walked down the hallway to a locked ward at the far end.

"Mr. Zhu, the person has been arranged."

"Good, you two go down first, I'll come to find you after I'm done."

"Understood."

After the two in white coats went back to the elevator, Zhu Hong walked towards the room at the end of the hall. At the door, he grabbed the handle, gently turned it, and pushed the sturdy iron door open.

Instantly, in the dimly lit ward, there was an iron chair, on which sat a man in his thirties dressed in striped patient attire, his entire body bound in bandages, and his mouth stuffed, rendering him unable to speak.

Seeing Zhu Hong enter, the man immediately started making muffled noises, his demeanor strange.

Watching the man before him, Zhu Hong took off his suit jacket and shirt, hanging them aside. Then, he walked to a workbench in the corner, selected a scalpel from a row of tools, and returned to the man's side.

"Muffled screams..."

The man screamed loudly, fear evident in his eyes.

"Don't shout, I'll make you comfortable."

Zhu Hong gave a cold smile, the scalpel fiercely jabbing towards the man's eyes. Immediately, blood spurted out, splattering all over him.

Under intense pain, the man desperately struggled, his body continuously moving, but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't break free from his restraints.

"Does it feel good?" Zhu Hong grinned, his smile grotesquely terrifying under the dim light.

Pulling out the scalpel, he raised his hand and stabbed down again.

Over and again, soon, the man was soaked in blood, his strength to struggle faded, slumping there, letting the scalpel pierce into his body.

"Does it feel good?"

Zhu Hong grabbed the man's hair and lifted his head, shouting fiercely, "I'm asking you, how does it feel?"

The man's left eye was lifeless as he stared back. Even if he wanted to speak, he couldn't; his mouth was gagged.

"Not talking, huh?" Zhu Hong sneered and raised a scalpel, stabbing forcefully into his left eye.

Bright blood instantly flowed everywhere.

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Half an hour later, Zhu Hong finally walked out of the hospital room.

At this moment, he had regained the calm demeanor he had when he first met Nanrong Wanqing, his suit impeccable, his appearance handsome and charming, with a gentle smile on his face.

Not long after he left, several men entered the hospital room. They looked at the body covered in numerous knife wounds, a patient tortured to death, emotionlessly and silently packed the body, and then cleaned the blood off the floor.

They had seen such scenes too many times, even more brutal ones, and had long since grown accustomed to it.

"How is the progress going?"

In the spacious and bright office, Zhu Hong sat on the sofa with a glass of whiskey in hand, looking at two men in white lab coats standing before him, he asked.

"Mr. Zhu, we have conducted twenty-three experiments already, but the results are mediocre. The test subjects' indices are too low, not even reaching sixty points, and the drug effects can't fully manifest. Some of them couldn't even withstand the drug effects and died explosively."

Zhu Hong squinted his eyes and said, "Then find better test subjects."

"Rest assured, Mr. Zhu, I've already arranged for it. Soon, a batch of test subjects collected from across the country will be delivered, and their quality shouldn't be an issue."

"That's good." Zhu Hong nodded, "As the head of the Asia region, I must complete the tasks assigned by higher-ups. If I can't secure my position, you won't have an easy time either. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, we will speed up and definitely won't let you lose face."

During this conversation, the office door was pushed open, and a blond, blue-eyed Caucasian walked in.

"Mr. Zhu, so you are here too."

Seeing the newcomer, Zhu Hong's smile remained as he nodded and greeted, "Stephen, what brings you here?"

"I heard that the new drug assigned from above has arrived, I came to see the results of your experiments."

"You all heard him, Stephen is an authority in this field, if you have questions, take the time to consult him."

Hearing Zhu Hong's lukewarm words, Stephen looked at the two men in white lab coats and said, "You two, step outside for a moment, I need to speak privately with Mr. Zhu."

With a wave of Zhu Hong's hand, his subordinates immediately exited the office.

"Stephen, speak openly."

"Ling Chen, you certainly know him. I want you to kill him, by any means necessary."

Zhu Hong slightly lifted his eyes, looking interestedly at Stephen, "Stephen, why do you want him dead so badly, is there a grudge between you?"

"No, I'm just worried about our identities being exposed."

"What do you mean?"

"The day I sent men to capture Nanrong Wanqing, as a precaution, I prepared a small vial of enhancement drug for one of them, just in case. Later, my men found his body, he had been blown apart by a grenade, turned into countless pieces of flesh. After collecting those pieces and testing them, it turned out he had taken the enhancement drug before dying. In those woods, the only one who could

have killed him was Ling Chen, he must have witnessed the power of the enhancement drug. Before he exposes this matter, we must shut him up."

"Stephen!"

Zhu Hong suddenly stood up, speaking coldly, "Without authorization from above, you dared to use the enhancement drug casually, it seems you are tired of living."

"No, I had authorization, but I didn't expect that person to be killed after using it. Regardless, since it has happened, Ling Chen must die. You are the head of the Asia region, you should handle this."