

The Beauty 321

Chapter 321 Zou Yu

Ling Chen spread his hands with an innocent look, "How did I insult you? Miss, could it be that you're overthinking things?"

Hearing him repeatedly address her as 'Miss', the woman's face turned ghostly pale with rage, pointing at Ling Chen's nose, she shouted angrily, "Fine, you've got guts. If I don't make you roll out of here today, then I'm not Zou Yu. Security, where on earth are all the guards?"

At this time, more and more onlookers gathered around, pointing and discussing amongst themselves.

"Move aside, move aside." At this moment, Wei Jun and a few security guards pushed through the crowd and came inside, asking, "What's going on... Eh? Ling, what are you doing here?" Wei Jun was slightly taken aback upon seeing Ling Chen.

Zou Yu, with a frosty face, asked, "You know him?"

"Of course, he's an employee in our security department."

"Good, then fire him for me right now." Zou Yu commanded arrogantly.

Wei Jun looked at Zou Yu in surprise and asked with confusion, "Miss, who might you be? Since when is it your place to manage our security department's affairs?"

Zou Yu raised her head with an air of arrogance, "Don't worry about who I am, just do as I say. Otherwise, you won't end well either."

"Heh." Wei Jun laughed suddenly, saying with interest, "I've been working here for years, but no one has ever threatened me before. Ling, it's up to you to handle this."

Ling Chen, not bothering to waste words with that woman, waved his hand impatiently, "Wei, throw her out, don't disturb the company's order."

"Alright then."

Wei Jun signaled with his eyes, and several security guards immediately grabbed Zou Yu's arms and forcibly dragged her out of the company. Zou Yu hadn't expected these bastards to dare such boldness, struggling desperately and cursing, "You two just wait, I will not let you off."

Watching Zou Yu being dragged out of the door, Ji Beizhao didn't show any reaction and smilingly said to Ling Chen, "Chen, thank you!"

"Don't mention it." Ling Chen patted Ji Beizhao's shoulder and advised, "Don't be so timid in the future, be a bit braver; if there's anything you can't solve, come find me in the security department."

"Okay, I'll get back to work now."

"Go ahead."

After Ji Beizhao left, Ling Chen shook his head to himself, thinking that Ji Beizhao had a good nature, but was somewhat meek. In a big company, such a personality doesn't win favor and only makes one seem easy to bully. He remembered when he first joined Hongyu Group, he endured a lot to gather tuition for Tang Shiyun. Later, he resigned angrily because he couldn't stand Nanrong Wanqing's intentional targeting.

He had thought that there would no longer be any dealings between himself and Nanrong Wanqing, but many things are unpredictable and nobody knows what will happen tomorrow. He had never expected that his and Nanrong Wanqing's relationship would develop to this extent.

...

Night fell.

Ling Chen accompanied Nanrong Wanqing back to Wealthy Manor. At dinner time, Su Lin habitually turned on the TV to watch local news.

"Today at three in the afternoon, the police received a report and discovered a corpse in a rented apartment. The victim is a woman named Zou Yu, twenty-six years old, employed at Hongyu Group. According to information disclosed by the police, the victim was tortured to death. The perpetrator's methods were extremely cruel, not only torturing the victim before death but also mutilating the body afterwards. The case is currently under further investigation and we will continue to follow up on this report..."

Hearing the news broadcast, Ling Chen was shocked, staring blankly at the screen on the TV.

"Wanqing, this woman is actually an employee of Hongyu Group," Su Lin said with slight surprise.

Nanrong Wanqing nodded, took out her cellphone from her pocket, ready to contact the head of the HR department. Since she was an employee of Hongyu Group, the company definitely had to respond, and a condolence payment was unavoidable.

After making the call, Nanrong Wanqing noticed that Ling Chen had a troubled expression, and she asked, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, nothing," Ling Chen came back to his senses and said, "This morning at the company, I had a conflict with her, and later I had the security staff kick her out." Saying this, Ling Chen felt some self-reproach and sighed softly, "If I hadn't done that, maybe she wouldn't have had this misfortune."

"Don't think about it anymore," Nanrong Wanqing consoled, "The murderer's methods are cruel, obviously a premeditated vendetta, if it didn't happen today, it could have happened tomorrow, it's all just coincidence. Now we can only hope that the police can catch the murderer quickly to bring solace to her spirit in heaven."

After dinner, Ling Chen sat alone in his room, still thinking about Zou Yu's matter. At this moment, his cellphone rang with an unfamiliar number. Ling Chen answered the call, said 'hello', and asked, "Who is this?"

"Mr. Ling, hello, do you remember me?"

Hearing the voice on the other end, Ling Chen immediately thought of a person, Deng Guoyong.

"So it's Mr. Deng. Does Mr. Deng have something for me?"

"Mr. Ling, you'd better hurry to the Old City. If you're late, I'm afraid you won't be able to see your brothers," said Deng Guoyong before hanging up directly.

Ling Chen's heart tightened. It had been less than two days since his negotiation with Deng Guoyong, and he didn't expect the other party to act so quickly. Without time to think further, he rushed out of the bedroom and drove towards the Old City. On the way, he took out his cellphone and dialed Jiang Hao's number.

"Hello, Chen, got something for me?"

Jiang Hao's voice came through the phone, mixed with loud music and noisy chatter, either from a bar or a nightclub.

"Where are you?" Ling Chen asked urgently.

"What? Chen, speak up, it's too noisy here, I can't hear you clearly."

"Where are you?" Ling Chen almost shouted.

"Oh, I am at... hey, what are you doing, let go of me, brothers, fight them to death..." Jiang Hao's words were cut off before he could finish, and the phone lost its signal.

Listening to the 'beep beep' busy tone, Ling Chen's brows furrowed tightly. He redialed several times, but no one answered. Not just Jiang Hao, Zhao Zhengxiong's phone was the same, unreachable.

Deng Guoyong was indeed skilful. Knowing the strategy of capturing the leaders first, by capturing Jiang Hao and Zhao Zhengxiong, he would be cutting off the head of the snake in the Old City.

While he pondered, the cellphone rang again, and it was Deng Guoyong.

"Mr. Ling, if you don't want your brothers to come to harm, you'd better agree to our terms. I guarantee they won't be hurt at all, otherwise... you'll have to fish their bodies out of the sea."

"I'll agree, but at least let me see them first, to ensure their safety."

"No problem," Deng Guoyong said with a laugh: "In thirty minutes, come to the Dongling Pier of Hongyu Group. Remember, you must come alone, I don't want to see any police show up."

"Okay." Ling Chen tossed his phone on the co-driver's seat, hit the gas pedal to the floor, and raced towards the agreed location like a bolt of lightning.

Chapter 322 Arrogance

Less than half an hour had passed when Ling Chen had already driven to his destination.

He parked the car at the roadside and headed straight for Dongling Pier. It was already half-past nine in the evening, and there were still dock workers unloading cargo. As Ling Chen walked, he was on the lookout for Jiang Hao and Zhao Zhengxiong's whereabouts. Shortly after, a man in a suit appeared before him and waved at him.

Following the man in the suit, Ling Chen quickened his pace and arrived in front of a huge container. The doors were opened, and the man in the suit gestured for him to enter with a 'please'. Without any hesitation, Ling Chen stepped in.

The space inside the container was large, with a table and several wooden chairs arranged. At that moment, Deng Guoyong was sitting at the table, savoring a bottle of red wine intently. Beside him, Jiang Hao and Zhao Zhengxiong were tied to chairs with black hoods over their heads, with four men in suits watching over them.

Seeing that Jiang Hao and the others were not in mortal danger, Ling Chen's expression slightly relaxed, and he took a seat across from Deng Guoyong.

"Mr. Ling, this is a cellar-aged red wine airlifted from Lafite Vineyard, with a vintage of twenty years. Why don't you try some?"

"Thanks, but I'm not really interested in red wine."

Deng Guoyong gave a slight smile and shook his head, "Then you really don't know how to enjoy life. Don't we earn all that money just to improve the quality of our lives and make ourselves a bit better off? Otherwise, who would struggle to their last breath, risking their lives just to scrape a living?"

"My ambitions differ from yours. Now that I'm here, can you release them?"

"Don't rush, let's talk business first. Mr. Ling, I've looked into your background; you are ex-military, a security personnel for Hongyu Group. If I'm not mistaken, the woman who came with you to negotiate that day must be Nanrong Wanqing. It's obvious that Mr. Ling has a special relationship with the Nanrong Family. Actually, our Dongyi Group has long wanted to collaborate with Hongyu Group. In East Sea City, Hongyu Group is the leading business powerhouse, involved in many industries. Although Dongyi Group doesn't have the financial power of Hongyu Group, we are, nevertheless, the underground emperor of the entire East Sea City, which I believe no one can deny. As long as we sincerely cooperate, East Sea City will eventually come under our control. By then, we will have both authority and wealth, and everyone will prosper together. Isn't that a win-win scenario, Mr. Ling? What do you say?"

After hearing Deng Guoyong's words, Ling Chen's lips slightly curled up, and a sharp light flashed in his eyes.

"Your Dongyi Group is quite ambitious, aiming to control the entire East Sea City."

Deng Guoyong laughed heartily, "Mr. Ling, one should have aspirations in life. I hope you can convey Dongyi Group's intentions to Miss Nanrong."

"There's no need to waste time. She won't agree to your demands." Ling Chen said indifferently: "Release my people, and I can pretend nothing happened tonight."

"Mr. Ling, if you don't want your brothers to get hurt, you'd better do as I say. Moreover, I hope you can utilize your connection with the Nanrong Family to facilitate this cooperation. If successful, Dongyi Group will not fail to reward you handsomely."

Upon hearing this, Ling Chen's gaze slightly narrowed and he looked past Deng Guoyong's shoulder towards Jiang Hao and Zhao Zhengxiong.

"I once warned you, if nobody offends me, I won't offend anybody. But if someone dares to bully me, they had better prepare a coffin for themselves."

No sooner had he finished speaking than Ling Chen's eyes blazed with intensity. He exploded from his chair, leaped across the table, and locked his hand around Deng Guoyong's neck, lifting him from the chair and hoisting him into the air.

Seeing his actions, the four suited bodyguards behind were terribly shocked and hurriedly rushed forward, ready to intervene.

"Don't come any closer."

Ling Chen roared furiously, his fingers applying slight pressure. Deng Guoyong's breathing was restricted, his face gradually turning ashen, as he tightly gripped Ling Chen's wrist, trying to pry his fingers open. However, compared to Ling Chen's strength, his effort was futile.

"If you don't want him to die, release them immediately!"

The four suited bodyguards hesitantly looked at Deng Guoyong, and seeing him nod in agony, they immediately lifted the black hoods off Jiang Hao and Zhao Zhengxiong. However, as the faces of the two became clear, Ling Chen felt a sinking feeling in his heart, and a glint of chilly light flashed through Mo Che's pupils.

The ones wearing the black hoods were not Jiang Hao and Zhao Zhengxiong at all, but two strangers they had never seen before.

Not only that, in their hands, each was holding a mobile phone, and each phone's screen displayed an image.

In the image, Jiang Hao and Zhao Zhengxiong were trussed up, hanging from the arm of a cargo ship, with the cold seawater below them. Seeing this scene, Ling Chen's face instantly turned exceedingly cold.

"Mr... Mr. Ling..." Deng Guoyong coughed twice and said with a forced smile: "If you kill me, they won't survive either."

Hearing this, Ling Chen furrowed his brows, hesitated for a moment, then relaxed his grip, and the suspended Deng Guoyong immediately fell to the ground. The four suited bodyguards hurried forward to help their boss up.

Deng Guoyong touched his sore neck and smiled: "Mr. Ling, you have one day to save them. As long as you can convince the Nanrong Family to cooperate with Dongyi Group, I will release them immediately. Otherwise, you better be ready to pick out a couple of graves for them."

Having said that, Deng Guoyong walked away with his subordinates, exiting the container.

Watching their retreating figures, Ling Chen clenched his fists, his expression icy cold. He had initially planned to play a slow game with Dongyi Group, but since they were being so rude, there was no reason for him to hold back anymore.

Returning to Wealthy Manor, it was already eleven at night.

Ling Chen made a call, did nothing more, and went straight to bed.

The next day.

Upon arriving at Hongyu Group's headquarters, everyone was talking about the tragic death of Zou Yu, expressing deep sighs in their words.

Ling Chen escorted Nanrong Wanqing to her office and then took the elevator down to the underground parking lot. At that moment, a Santana was parked not far from the elevator. Ling Chen walked over and knocked on the car window, which immediately opened.

Sitting in the passenger seat, Ling Chen glanced at the driver and asked: "Fatty, have you found out everything I asked you to check?"

"I wouldn't dare be negligent with matters you've entrusted to me." Saying so, Hu Fei threw a document into Ling Chen's hands, rubbing his darkened eye bags and yawning: "I stayed up all night to get this information for you. It may not be complete due to the limited time, so make do with it."

"Thanks for the hard work."

Ling Chen casually flipped through the document and asked, "Do you know who the real boss behind Dongyi Group is?"

Hu Fei shook his head: "That person is very elusive, and it's tough to find any leads on them in such short notice. Aside from that person, I've managed to get clarity on all the big and small leaders of Dongyi Group." Saying this, Hu Fei sighed with an expression of glee: "I reckon the coffin shops are going to be booming these days."

Ling Chen put away the document, opened the car door, and said: "Thanks. Once I'm done with all this, I'll treat you to a meal another day."

Chapter 323 Massacre (1)

After parting with Hu Fei, Ling Chen returned alone to the security department office, pulled out the documents, and meticulously reviewed them, constantly making marks with his pen.

Hu Fei's efficiency in handling matters was unquestionable. The document had all the leaders of Dongyi Group listed by their full names, including their positions and duties within Dongyi Group, and the divisions of their power, all clearly stated and easy to understand.

Remembering Hu Fei's exhausted expression just a while ago, Ling Chen smiled slightly, feeling as if he owed him a big favor.

After organizing his thoughts, Ling Chen made a call to Nanrong Wanqing, telling her he had personal matters to handle and would return later in the evening. He also instructed Zhong Wei to be extra careful.

Once he had given all his instructions, Ling Chen drove away from the Hongyu Group headquarters, heading straight for his first destination.

Xinyu Building.

A high-rise located in North City District, it had seen better days; most of its external glass was shattered, and the advertising billboards hanging at the top had faded from exposure to the sun and wind, the iron frames also rusting.

Despite its dilapidated state, the building was still in use. Several years ago, this building was rented by Dongyi Group and had become one of their strongholds.

Ling Chen entered the building, where several mahjong tables were set up in the lobby, already filled with players. Surrounding the tables were over twenty young men with cigarettes in their mouths, piles of ten and five-yuan bills stacked high on the tables. Others leaned against the walls, watching with interest, occasionally shouting advice.

The noise, the swearing, mixed with the swirling smoke, created a deeply unhealthy atmosphere.

Ling Chen's arrival didn't attract much attention. Even those who noticed him merely glanced briefly before continuing with their own activities, ignoring him altogether.

Ling Chen's mouth curved slightly upward, glad that no one was stopping him, which saved him a lot of trouble. He immediately climbed the stairs all the way to the top floor of Xinyu Building.

Pushing open the door, a pungent smell of smoke immediately wafted from the room. Inside the spacious office, more than a dozen men around their thirties were lounging, each with a cigarette in mouth, beer on the tables, chatting leisurely.

In a corner of the office, two young women in their early twenties, wearing nothing, squatted on the ground, their bodies dirty and bruised, sobbing continuously, a dog collar locked around each of their necks, chained to the wall. A middle-aged man, bare-chested and wearing shorts, wielded a leather belt, ruthlessly whipping them, cursing foully as if dissatisfied with the women's services.

The others watched the women being disciplined; everyone smirked broadly, chatting away without a trace of sympathy or pity.

At that moment, noticing Ling Chen at the doorway, a burly middle-aged man with a vicious face immediately stood up and came over, blocking Ling Chen at the door, squinting at him and asking, "Kid, who are you looking for?" He glanced outside the door, puzzled. There were men guarding the stairwell, so he wondered how this guy had got in.

Ling Chen didn't answer but instead took out a notebook from his pocket, flipped through two pages, and started reading names to himself, "Chen Qian, Luo Zifei, He Gang, Huang He... are you them?"

The middle-aged man took a drag of his cigarette and blew smoke in Ling Chen's face, saying with a feigned smile, "Kid, you're right. We are all here. Do you want us to introduce ourselves so you can tell who is who?"

"No need for that," Ling Chen closed his notebook, patting his pocket, and looked at the middle-aged man with a smiling face, and quipped, "In the end, the result is the same, why bother being so specific."

The middle-aged man asked with interest, "What result?"

"Die!"

As soon as his words fell, without waiting for the middle-aged man to react, a chill flashed in Ling Chen's eyes as he ferociously swung his fist, knocking the man to the ground with a punch.

The others present changed their expressions drastically upon seeing this.

"Kid, you dare to cause trouble on Dongyi Group's turf, you're seeking death!"

With a roar, over a dozen men and women rushed towards Ling Chen, grabbing chairs nearby and smashing them towards his head. Ling Chen tapped the ground with his toes, twisted his waist, and with a snap kick, he sent the flying chair off course, then turned around and side-kicked towards the man coming head-on, hitting him right in the neck.

Crack!

With a crisp snap, the man's neck broke instantly, his head limply hanging to one side.

Seeing their companion killed, the crowd's pupils shrank, filled with shock and anger, not expecting Ling Chen to strike with such lethal force and without mercy.

"Get the weapons."

A middle-aged man with a tattooed face quickly rushed to a desk, frantically pulled open a drawer, and drew out a machete, roaring loudly as he aimed for Ling Chen's head.

However, before the machete could fall, a sharp cold light suddenly flashed, and the tattooed man's neck was immediately slashed open, his blood gushing out like a fountain and splattering on the ground.

After killing two people in quick succession, Ling Chen showed no mercy, leaping towards the others, his Wolf Kiss blade reaping lives with each swing.

In less than a minute, the office had fourteen fewer people and fourteen more corpses.

Two women curled up in the corner, hands tightly covering their mouths, shaking uncontrollably and watching Ling Chen with terror. Seeing him step closer, the two women uncontrollably screamed in horror, pleading, "Don't... don't kill me... please..."

Ling Chen said indifferently, "Remember, you didn't see anything." After speaking, he pulled out a cellphone from a corpse's pocket and threw it in front of the two women, "Call the police yourself."

Leaving Xinyu Building, Ling Chen got back into his car and crossed out the names of those people from the notebook.

Those fourteen were all low-ranking heads of Dongyi Group, street bosses responsible for recruiting underlings, each with blood on their hands, and extensive criminal records stretching across several boxes at the police station; such people deserved to die.

Ling Chen has never been one to show mercy. If someone offends me, I shall offend them in return. He is merciless towards those who dare threaten him. Deng Guoyong made a fatal mistake; he threatened someone out of his league. Kidnapping Ling Chen's friend and threatening him crossed Ling Chen's line.

Hu Fei provided very detailed information to Ling Chen. According to the intelligence, there were twenty-six low-ranking heads in the Dongyi Group. Ling Chen had only dealt with half; the rest were scattered throughout various streets, bars, nightclubs, and bathhouses in East Sea City.

As Ling Chen looked over the remaining names in his notebook, he set his next target, started the car, and continued towards his next destination.

Shortly after Ling Chen left, several police cars and ambulances arrived with sirens wailing, reaching Xinyu Building.

Chapter 324 Massacre (2)

Nestled within a high-end office building in the heart of the city, floors ten through thirteen were leased by Dongyi Group, serving as their headquarters.

At this moment, within an office on the thirteenth floor, Deng Guoyong sat in the executive chair with an ashen face, silent, while several suited bodyguards opposite him kept their heads down, not daring to even breathe loudly.

"Are you certain?" It took a while before Deng Guoyong squeezed out three icy words from between his teeth.

"Yes, all the top figures in Xinyu Building were murdered, and the police are currently clearing the scene."

Suppressing his rage, Deng Guoyong gritted his teeth and asked, "Do you know who did it?"

"For now, it's unclear. The scene has been cordoned off by the police, and our people have been detained. We have no information."

"Contact others, tell them to ensure their own safety and come here to meet as soon as possible," Deng Guoyong decisively ordered.

Several subordinates didn't hesitate; they immediately took out their phones to contact other leaders.

However, as minutes passed and seeing his subordinates' increasingly pale faces, Deng Guoyong grew impatient and asked anxiously, "What's happening?"

"Boss, we... we can't reach anyone. The calls go through, but nobody answers."

"What?" Deng Guoyong was startled and in disbelief, "This can't be possible."

As the words left his mouth, he suddenly heard his phone vibrate on the desk; it was a text message. Deng Guoyong picked up his phone, only to see several images attached—pictures of blood-drenched corpses, all of whom he recognized as his own men.

Looking at those horrifying images, Deng Guoyong felt a chill down his spine, a wave of coldness inexplicably rising in his heart. Having been in the underworld for decades, it had been a long time since he'd felt such fear.

"Issue the order, all management personnel of Dongyi Group must gather at the company within half an hour. Also, contact Zhang Bo and have him come here immediately."

Less than ten minutes later, a middle-aged man in his forties, skinny, bespectacled, and gentlemanly, walked into the office. The man's face looked terrible; as soon as he entered the door, he asked without any courtesy, "Deng, what's going on?"

"Old Zhang, don't ask me. I'm not clear on the details either."

Zhang Bo, one of the top executives of Dongyi Group, apart from the mysterious behind-the-scenes boss, was the only person who could stand on equal footing with Deng Guoyong, specifically responsible for handling the group's affairs. Inside the Group, like civil and military roles, they shared different responsibilities but both held substantial authority.

"I've already notified all our management personnel to return and assemble immediately. No matter who initiated this attack, if they dare to oppose Dongyi Group, I will not let them off easily," Deng Guoyong said coldly.

Zhang Bo hesitated for a moment, glanced at a few subordinates beside him, and asked quietly, "Should we notify him? After all, this incident has blown up, and he will find out sooner or later."

"This..." Deng Guoyong's eyes flickered, unsure. He knew well the temperament of that person; Dongyi Group had suffered such a severe loss, and both of them could not escape responsibility. Now, their only way to lessen the punishment was to catch the perpetrator and thus redeem themselves.

During his contemplation, a suited bodyguard put down his phone and said, "Boss, everyone has arrived one after another."

Deng Guoyong nodded, looked at Zhang Bo, and said, "Let's go and meet them together."

Upon reaching the conference room on the tenth floor, seven people were sitting inside, all in suits and accompanied by two personal bodyguards each. At this moment, knowing the situation, everyone was worried, whispering to each other, discussing countermeasures. Seeing Deng Guoyong and Zhang Bo enter, they all stood up and greeted them.

"Please, take your seats." Deng Guoyong gestured with his hand, leaned his hands on the table, leaned forward slightly, and scanned the room. He then spoke, "You must have all heard about what happened at the Xinyu Building. Over twenty people died, all of them lower-tier leaders, not a single one missed. I'm worried that you might be the next targets, so I gathered you all here. From now on, until the crisis is over, no one is allowed to leave this office building. Also, call everyone you can; I want to see if the person daring this has the guts to completely wipe us out."

At that moment, outside the upscale office building, a classic muscle car slowly drove up and parked at the curb.

The car door opened, and Ling Chen stepped out of the driver's seat, looking up at the towering building with a slight smile on his lips.

Having dealt with the lower-tier leaders of the Dongyi Group, it was now time for the middle and upper-tier leaders. On his way here, he had confirmed that all seven middle-tier leaders of the Dongyi Group had arrived at the headquarters, including Deng Guoyong and Zhang Bo – it was time to catch them all in one sweep.

Just then, several vans raced from the intersection and stopped in front of the office building. Subsequently, dozens of youths got out of the vans, carrying rolled-up newspapers that concealed long items, and quickly entered the building.

Seeing this, Ling Chen's eyebrows slightly furrowed. He had intended to strike when the opponent was unprepared, but Dongyi Group had acted faster than expected. It was still noon, and many people were in the office building; initiating a move now would certainly cause a major disturbance. Thinking this, Ling Chen abandoned his original plan and found a restaurant by the street to fill his stomach first.

Several hours later, night gradually fell.

By one minute past six, most of the office workers had left, except for the lights still on from the tenth to the thirteenth floor, with only a few scattered offices lit.

After resting all afternoon and feeling recharged, Ling Chen opened his car door and walked towards the back door of the office building. As expected, the front and back doors were guarded by more than ten thugs. Ling Chen calmly walked to the corner, climbed directly up the outer wall where the air conditioning units were installed.

Before long, he had flipped in through a window into the interior of the office building. Finding a fire escape, Ling Chen quickly climbed the stairs to the tenth floor. Just then, voices talking above caught his attention. He stopped, looked up, and saw at the stairway entrance of the tenth floor, several young men leaning on the railing, casually chatting with cigarettes in their mouths.

Ling Chen took a deep breath, didn't stop even for a moment, and immediately ran upstairs, appearing breathless. Reaching the tenth-floor staircase, the young men's attention quickly focused on him.

Bent over, hands on his knees, Ling Chen gasped heavily. Without waiting for the youths to speak, he scanned them, extended two fingers to one of the youths and said, "Bro, give me a cigarette; I'm dead tired."

The young man, suspecting nothing, handed over a cigarette casually. Ling Chen took a drag, slowly raised his head, the swirling smoke somewhat obscuring his face.

"Hey, buddy, where's Boss Song?"

"In the conference room. You looking for him?"

"Not me looking for him, he's looking for me. Damn, didn't even say why, just told me to hurry over, didn't even get to finish my dinner, we small guys really have it tough."

The young men, feeling empathetic, laughed, "Stop complaining, we're all in the same boat, been guarding here without even a sip of water. Alright, go on in, don't delay Boss Song's business."

Chapter 325 Massacre (3)

Upon entering the 10th-floor lobby successfully, Ling Chen smiled to himself — thugs will be thugs; too easy to deceive, without any vigilance.

According to the information gathered from those people, the middle management of Dongyi Group should all be in the conference room. By this time, all the staff on the floor had left work, leaving only the underlings.

Ling Chen strode confidently through the crowd, raising no suspicions. With so many underlings in Dongyi Group, and not everyone knowing each other, no one cared to pry into each other's affairs or to question one's identity — that's the difference between amateurs and professionals.

The conference room was easy to find; one just needed to head where the thugs were most concentrated. Ling Chen passed through the crowd and headed straight for the door of the conference room, then pushed it open and walked in.

In the spacious, well-lit conference room filled with smoke, seven middle-aged men in suits sat upright, with cigarettes in their hands, while the ashtrays on the table were already filled with cigarette butts.

Ling Chen closed the large door of the conference room, locked it, and the corners of his mouth lifted in a faint smile as he looked at the seven middle-level leaders of Dongyi Group.

A middle-aged man who had taken off his suit jacket, wearing a white shirt, his sleeves rolled up, glanced at Ling Chen and asked impatiently, "What's the matter?"

"Mr. Deng sent me with a message," said Ling Chen casually. The mention of 'Mr. Deng' immediately caught everyone's attention, and someone impatiently asked, "Does that mean we can leave now?"

Ling Chen smiled without answering, walking straight to between two middle-aged men, laying his hands on their shoulders. Seeing his actions, the two men's brows furrowed slightly, showing a touch of displeasure.

This person lacks respect for his elders.

Just as the two were about to speak out in rebuke, the smile on Ling Chen's face suddenly turned cold, a sharp glint in his eyes, and he quickly reached for their necks, twisting hard.

Crack!

Accompanied by two crisp sounds, the heads of the two middle-aged men dropped instantly, and they toppled onto the table.

This sudden turn of events startled the other five people present. Before they could come to their senses, Ling Chen, without saying another word, gave a slight flick of his wrist—Wolf Kiss flew out of his hand, stabbing directly into the brow of one middle-aged man.

After swiftly taking down three middle managers, Ling Chen didn't hesitate, his steps shifting as he pounced on the next two closest individuals.

"You..."

Before the words could be spoken, Ling Chen's iron fist had already landed.

Everything happened very fast, in a flash, like lightning striking flint. In less than three seconds, Ling Chen had slain five men. However, there were a total of seven people in the conference room; the remaining two middle-aged men were sitting at the other end of the conference table, at a distance too far for Ling Chen to reach promptly.

During these brief seconds, the two middle-aged men finally came to their senses, their faces filled with terror, desperately rushing towards the door of the conference room, shouting loudly, "People, quickly, get someone!"

Ling Chen cursed silently, hastening over in a few strides, his speed lightning-fast.

Luckily, he had locked the conference room on his way in, buying him a few seconds. Before the two middle-aged men could open the door, Ling Chen moved like lightning, appearing behind them in the blink of an eye.

With a swing of his arms and two dull thuds, the two middle-aged men fell to the floor, their eyes wide open, dying with grievances.

Bang!

At this moment, the thugs outside heard the commotion in the conference room and began desperately pounding on the door. Ling Chen, remaining calm, shifted his gaze to the floor-to-ceiling glass window behind him. Without hesitation, he picked up a chair and smashed it fiercely, shattering the window amid a sharp 'clang' sound of breaking glass.

Taking advantage of the fact that the hoodlums hadn't broken in yet, Ling Chen acted swiftly, pulling off the belts from the middle-aged men, linking them together, then wrapping them around the corner of the desk by the window and leapt out.

As he jumped, the conference room door was finally smashed open and dozens of hoodlums swarmed in.

However, when they entered, they only saw corpses scattered on the floor and didn't catch sight of the murderer, instead, a crisp sound came from outside the glass window.

A few of the youngsters quickly ran to the shattered window, leaned over to look down, and noticed the glass on the ninth floor had been smashed.

"The murderer has fled to the ninth floor, chase him!"

Office building, ninth floor.

Ling Chen dusted the glass fragments off his clothes, his expression calm as he walked towards the stairwell. The hoodlums from the Dongyi Group would definitely follow, but it would take some time for them to rush from the tenth to the ninth floor; he had to leave before they arrived.

Reaching the stairwell, a series of hurried footsteps came from above. Ling Chen's lips curled slightly, and with one hand on the railing, he vaulted over it. Before long, he was already in the underground parking lot.

It was time to contact Deng Guoyong.

Ling Chen thought to himself that if the other party was smart, they would know what to do. Taking out his phone, Ling Chen was about to dial the number. But at that moment, a familiar voice suddenly rang out behind him.

"Don't move, put your hands up."

Ling Chen slowly turned his head, seeing Xia Mutong with a gun, his expression slightly surprised. How could she be here?

In a flash of thought, the corners of his mouth lifted, and he said with a smile, "Officer Xia, what a coincidence, to bump into you here."

Xia Mutong hummed lightly and said, "You know very well whether it's a coincidence or not. Come clean, what are you doing here?"

"Just passing time, wandering around. And what about you, Officer Xia?"

Xia Mutong said indifferently, "Today there were more than twenty murder cases, and all the victims were core members of the Dongyi Group. I guessed that the murderer wouldn't give up so easily, so I came to check out the headquarters of the Dongyi Group, but I didn't expect that person to be you. No wonder you called me the other day asking about Dongyi Group, you had planned this all along."

Ling Chen stroked his nose, not sure how to explain. His luck was too bad, getting caught red-handed like this.

At this moment, in the office on the thirteenth floor of the office building. Having received the news, Deng Guoyong and Zhang Bo slumped on the sofa, their faces ashen, hands trembling involuntarily.

They were all dead, killed right under their noses, which gave them an unprecedented sense of fear.

Zhang Bo lifted his head, looked at Deng Guoyong, and said in a deep tone, "Tell me the truth, did you offend someone outside?"

"Absolutely not," Deng Guoyong immediately denied.

Zhang Bo tried to keep his tone controlled and said coldly, "If not, then why would someone target us, and kill so many of us in one day?" As he spoke, he seemed to remember something, his brows furrowing slightly, and said, "You told me yesterday that you were confident about securing a partnership with the Hongyu Group, could it be related to this?"

Deng Guoyong's face changed subtly, with a look of surprise, "Could it be him?"

Just as he finished speaking, the ringtone from his pocket suddenly blared. Deng Guoyong quickly took out his phone, saw the caller ID, and his face turned sour, a vague fear in his eyes.

"It's the boss's call."

Chapter 326 The Behind-the-Scenes Boss of Dongyi

Zhang Bo nervously looked at Deng Guoyong's phone. The two exchanged glances, and with unease, Deng Guoyong answered the call, respectfully saying, "Boss."

"I heard there's trouble at the company." The voice on the phone was neither cold nor warm, as if inquiring about something unrelated to himself.

But Zhang Bo and Deng Guoyong, having followed their boss for many years, knew his temperament well: the calmer his voice, the angrier he was inside. Deng Guoyong glanced at Zhang Bo, signaling him to speak. However, Zhang immediately shook his head and shrank further behind the sofa.

Deng Guoyong felt helpless and mustered his courage to reply, "Boss, there's a small issue, but rest assured, we will handle it."

"A small issue?" The person on the phone almost laughed. "So many people have died, and you call that a small issue? Do you need the assassin to find you before you start telling me the truth?"

"No, I..."

"Enough!" The caller interrupted Deng Guoyong's explanation, coldly saying, "I'll be back in East Sea City tomorrow morning. You two find a way to survive tonight."

Beep beep!

The call ended, and as the busy tone echoed from the phone, both Deng Guoyong and Zhang Bo's faces turned exceptionally grim.

"Old Deng, quickly call for backup. I want this building sealed tight, not even a mosquito gets through. Let's see how he can kill us then," Zhang Bo said in a heavy tone.

Hearing his reminder, Deng Guoyong snapped back to reality and immediately grabbed his phone to contact his subordinates. However, he paused mid-dial, staring blankly at the contact names, unsure of what to do next.

Seeing his dazed expression, Zhang Bo couldn't resist urging him, "What are you spacing out for? Call now."

"Call whom?" Deng Guoyong bitterly laughed, threw his phone aside, leaned against the sofa, seemingly drained of all strength, and collapsed there.

Due to Dongyi Group's strict hierarchical management, usually handled top-down with clear levels of command. Now, both the middle and lower-level leaders had been killed, leaving only the two senior leaders. In their usual high positions, they'd never stoop low to directly contact lower-tier subordinates. Normally, a call to the mid-level leaders was sufficient for manpower. But now that everyone was gone, he had no idea whom to contact for reinforcements.

In the underground parking lot of the office building.

Ling Chen looked at the handgun raised in Xia Mutong's hand and clumsily smiled, "Uh... Officer Xia, we all know each other so well, maybe you could put the gun down first, and we can talk it out."

Xia Mutong snorted lightly, knowing too well that such a scene wouldn't intimidate Ling Chen. She holstered her gun and demanded, "Tell me, what mischief have you caused now?"

"Let me clarify, I wasn't the one stirring up trouble. It was Dongyi Group who came after me, kidnapping a friend as a threat, so I just played along."

Xia Mutong said exasperatedly, "You call this playing? Do you realize how many people you've killed?"

"They all deserved it; why fuss about it? Besides, didn't you say over the phone the other day that I could do as I please without police interference?" Ling Chen appeared somewhat innocent.

"Who knew you would be so ruthless," Xia Mutong glared fiercely at Ling Chen. This scoundrel had boldly killed over twenty people without blinking an eye, as if it was nothing, showing a strong nerve.

"Alright, alright, no hard feelings," Ling Chen said as he smiled apologetically, "Once this is over, I'll treat you to dinner and properly apologize."

"It's not over yet?"

"I haven't yet rescued my friend. But let's get one thing straight," Ling Chen interrupted Xia Mutong, "I'll handle this myself, and the police shouldn't get involved for now. You said it yourself the other day, your police force can't touch Dongyi Group. This way, I'm going to help you eradicate this cancer from East Sea City for good."

Xia Mutong was about to reject the idea, but upon seeing Ling Chen's determined eyes, the words at the tip of her tongue were swallowed back.

Seeing she remained silent, Ling Chen cracked a smile, "Since you're not objecting, I'll take it as your agreement." After saying this, Ling Chen turned to leave.

"Wait," Xia Mutong quickly caught up with Ling Chen, blocking his path, "The police may not intervene, but you must let me oversee your actions throughout. If you disagree, I'll immediately call for backup."

Ling Chen, seeing her adamant demeanor, felt somewhat cornered but reluctantly nodded, "Alright, but let me be clear, you can only watch, you mustn't interfere."

Back at Xia Mutong's car parked in the parking lot, Ling Chen took out his phone and dialed Deng Guoyong's number in front of Xia Mutong.

"Hello?"

"Mr. Deng, remember me?"

"Ling Chen?" Deng Guoyong immediately reacted on the other end, already losing the composure he had the first two times they met, "Is this your doing?"

"Mr. Deng, why ask when you already know. You gave me one day; now I'm giving you one hour to release my friend. Otherwise, I won't mind taking a couple more lives." After saying this, Ling Chen continued, "Don't think you're safe hidden in that building. If I could take down those seven people, I can certainly handle you two as well. I won't say more, think it over, and if I don't see my friend in an hour, I'll be visiting you personally."

Before Deng Guoyong could say anything else, Ling Chen had already hung up.

"Do you think he'll release them?" Xia Mutong asked.

Ling Chen smiled slightly, "Doesn't matter. At least now he wouldn't dare harm them since they are his only way to save himself. What I am really interested in now is seeing what he will do next."

During this conversation, Deng Guoyong in his thirteenth-floor office clenched his teeth and cursed, "It really was him."

"Who?"

"Ling Chen, the man who negotiated on behalf of Old City with me that day."

"Is that him?" Zhang Bo was shocked and incredulously asked, "Does he really have that much capability?"

"I only know he was once a soldier." Deng Guoyong frowned deeply, pacing back and forth in his office in deep thought. After a while, he seemed to have made a decision, turned to Zhang Bo, and said, "I have a plan that should ensure our safety tonight."

"What plan?"

"Call the police!"

"Are you insane?" Zhang Bo stared blankly, "Do you think the police aren't aware of our background? I'm grateful enough they haven't kicked us while we're down, and now you actually want to seek help from the police? I'm amazed by your terrible idea."

"With so many from Dongyi Group dead today, it's natural for us to seek police protection. They haven't got anything on us; what's there to fear. Old Zhang, as long as we survive tonight, everything will be resolved when the boss arrives in East Sea City tomorrow. I think, for the sake of our lives, we should endure this one night."

Chapter 327 Falling into One's Net

Zhang Bo hesitated for a moment, recalling the seven middle management leaders who had been silently murdered, fear involuntarily rose in his heart, and he nodded, "Alright, I'll follow your plan."

After the call, in less than half an hour, several police cars arrived outside the high-end office building. By then, Zhang Bo and Deng Guoyong, flanked by a group of suited bodyguards, were already waiting at the entrance. Seeing the arrival of the police, the two men simultaneously let out a sigh of relief.

At this moment, a tall female officer in a neat uniform, accompanied by several colleagues, approached and said indifferently, "You two, come with me." Turning her head to the officers by her side, she ordered, "You go upstairs and check the situation, report back to me at the station later."

"Yes, Captain Xia."

When they got to the police car, Xia Mutong suddenly turned around, her expression slightly displeased as she frowned at the suited bodyguards who were trailing behind Deng Guoyong and Zhang Bo, "You're going to the station to assist in an investigation, not on a sightseeing holiday. Why bring so many people?"

Deng Guoyong awkwardly apologized and turned to instruct, "You go ahead and wait for me at the station."

Once the suited bodyguards had left, Xia Mutong pointed to the back seat of the car, "Get in." As she finished speaking, she opened the door and sat down in the passenger seat.

The car started, quickly blending into traffic.

Ten minutes later, the police car drove onto the elevated highway and stopped at the roadside.

Deng Guoyong, looking oddly at what he saw through the car window, asked, "Officer, this doesn't seem to be the way to the station, did you take a wrong turn?"

"Who said we were going to the station." A familiar voice came from the driver's seat. Deng Guoyong was startled and instinctively looked at the rearview mirror. As the sharply defined handsome face came into view, Deng Guoyong's complexion instantly changed, and he exclaimed, "It's you!"

"Who is he?" Zhang Bo was completely confused, not understanding what the two were talking about.

"Ling Chen, he's Ling Chen."

Deng Guoyong looked as if he had been frightened, his expression panicked as he hurriedly tried to unlock the door. However, Ling Chen had already locked the doors.

"No use wasting your energy," Ling Chen turned his head to look at Zhang Bo and Deng Guoyong in the backseat, lifting his wrist to show his watch, "I'm giving you one hour's time, now there's less than ten minutes left. If I can't see my friend in the next ten minutes, I'll take you two for a little skydiving." Saying so, Ling Chen looked out the window at the high-rise bridge with a malevolent grin and playfully remarked, "What do you think, if you fall from here, will you turn into a bloody mess?"

Zhang Bo spoke anxiously, "Officer, you..."

Ling Chen waved his hand impatiently, cutting off Zhang Bo's words, "Officer Xia won't be able to help you. Your lives are in your own hands. You have nine minutes left, you'd better make a decision fast."

"Release them." Zhang Bo, with a livid face, glared at Deng Guoyong next to him and roared from his throat, "Hurry up and release them! If you want to die, don't drag me down as your cushion."

Deng Guoyong's gaze was dark, and he said coldly, "Ling Chen, you'll get nothing by opposing Dongyi Group..."

Slap!

A crisp slap sounded, and immediately a bright red handprint appeared on Deng Guoyong's cheek.

"Enough with the nonsense; do you think I'm a three-year-old who would be afraid of your threats? Mr. Deng, you've made one mistake already; better not make a second one."

Deng Guoyong, holding his swollen cheek, swallowed the blood that had oozed from the corner of his mouth, and didn't dare to utter another word. He obediently took out his phone and dialed a number.

"Tell them to hurry. You've got eight minutes left," Ling Chen reminded.

Hearing this, Zhang Bo's face showed fear, as he quickly snatched the phone from Deng Guoyong, shouting desperately, "We're on the overpass, deliver the person in eight minutes. If you're one second late, I'll exterminate your entire family."

In less than six minutes, a minivan approached on the overpass and stopped beside the police car.

The door opened, and Jiang Hao and Zhao Zhengxiong jumped down from the van, rushing to the front of the police car. Ling Chen rolled down the window, glanced at Jiang Hao and Zhao Zhengxiong, and seeing they were injured but not seriously, he was immediately relieved.

"Chen."

"Chen."

"Jiang Hao, Xiong, you guys go back to the Old City and rest. I still have some stuff to deal with here. I'll contact you tomorrow."

Jiang Hao took a glance at Deng Guoyong and Zhang Bo in the back seat, realizing the situation, he nodded and said, "Alright Chen, we'll leave first."

After watching Jiang Hao and Zhao Zhengxiong leave in a taxi, Ling Chen closed the window, started the police car, and drove off the overpass.

"Mr. Ling, we've released the person, can you let us go now?" After much hesitation, Zhang Bo couldn't help but ask.

"Don't rush, we've not finished our business. Dongyi Group is the largest gang in East Sea City, established for decades, with vast influence that spreads throughout the various districts. I'm quite curious to know who has the capability."

Zhang Bo's expression shifted, shaking his head, "No, I can't tell you."

"Is it that you can't tell, or you don't dare to?" Ling Chen asked with a sardonic smile, "You'd better consider your situation. With your past crimes, a death sentence would be more than justified. However, you're just working for someone else if you're willing to divulge who's behind the scenes, Officer Xia will arrange for you to become informants. Though you can't escape a long time in jail, at least you'll have a chance to walk out alive."

Deng Guoyong scoffed coldly, "Don't try to scare us, we are legitimate businessmen and have never done anything illegal; don't wrongly accuse us."

"Really?" Ling Chen said with a smile, "Mr. Deng, you guys are clever most of the time but foolish for once, actually inviting police for protection. Now you're both with me here, while the police are searching Dongyi Group's headquarters. Do you think they might discover something incriminating?"

At these words, both Zhang Bo and Deng Guoyong's faces instantly darkened, their eyes filled with worry, losing the calm they had before.

Ling Chen watched their expressions through the rearview mirror, his lips curling up slightly. He pondered how these two thought it was a good idea to invite the police to their company, effectively crying to a tiger for help, asking for trouble.

After a few moments, Zhang Bo turned away from the window and said, "Mr. Ling, if we become informants, I hope for leniency, a lighter sentence."

"That depends on how valuable the information you provide is." The reply came from Xia Mutong. Ling Chen had dealt with his private affairs; now it was time for her to step in for the official ones.

"Old Zhang, have you lost your mind?" Deng Guoyong snapped coldly, "Do you no longer value your life?"

Chapter 328 Tainted Witness

"I know what I'm doing, it's a dead end either way, might as well seek a glimmer of hope. Officer Xia, can your police guarantee my personal safety?"

Officer Xia nodded and promised, "As long as you're willing to be witnesses, we will initiate the witness protection program. Until we apprehend the perpetrators, you'll be in no danger."

"I accept this proposal."

Deng Guoyong hurriedly said, "Old Zhang, think it over, don't rush to a decision."

"Deng Guoyong, you only get one chance. If you don't accept the deal now, once Zhang Bo spills everything, you'll lose your value. By then, if you want to cooperate with us, we won't agree. So you'd better think carefully."

Hearing this, Deng Guoyong was stunned, Xia Mutong's words were undoubtedly a threat, but he had to admit, it was a very effective one. Nobody wants to die, Deng Guoyong included; this was his last straw of hope.

"Alright."

Finally, Deng Guoyong sighed and made his decision. Just as Xia Mutong said, once Zhang Bo revealed all of Dongyi Group's secrets, he'd become valueless. To stay alive, he had no choice but to make this decision.

Ling Chen flashed a grin, "Officer Xia, congratulations on cracking a major case. Don't forget to treat me to a meal when you get promoted."

Xia Mutong glared at Ling Chen with annoyance. Although she didn't quite approve of his methods, she had to admit that extraordinary situations required extraordinary measures, and following procedures strictly would hardly yield such significant results.

Taking down the Dongyi Group was definitely the biggest achievement in recent years. As long as things went smoothly, promotion was a sure thing.

Thinking of this, Xia Mutong couldn't help but admire Ling Chen. To think he could undermine Dongyi Group's interior in just one day was an astonishing feat.

What she didn't know was that Ling Chen's success hinged on two key factors: the intelligence provided by Hu Fei and his own strength, both indispensable.

Upon arriving at the police station, Ling Chen stepped out of the car, waved his hand, and said goodbye, "Officer Xia, unless there's something else, I'll head back now."

Xia Mutong poked her head out of the car window and asked, "Don't you want to know who's behind Dongyi Group?"

Ling Chen smiled indifferently, "Tell me next time if there's a chance."

He was indeed interested, but not so curious that he had to know at all costs. For someone of his perspective, the mystery of a gang boss was nothing special, not worth dwelling on.

Moreover, with the Dongyi Group destroyed, he had lots of things to do; plans that had been scheming in his mind could finally be put into action.

When he returned to Wealthy Manor, it was already midnight.

Nanrong Wanqing and Su Lin had long since fallen asleep, the villa was silent and pitch-black.

Upon entering the house, Ling Chen tiptoed to Nanrong Wanqing's room, and seeing the sleeping beauty on the bed, he felt slightly relieved. At least Zhu Hong hadn't appeared tonight to take Nanrong Wanqing away.

He didn't know what Mr. Yun and Zhu Hong had done to Nanrong Wanqing, but he was certain that Mr. Yun would not harm her. Even tigers do not eat their cubs, let alone humans. From his interactions with Mr. Yun, he could feel Mr. Yun's heartfelt care for Nanrong Wanqing.

Leaving Nanrong Wanqing's bedroom, Ling Chen was ready to go downstairs to his room to rest. However, as he passed Su Lin's bedroom, he heard faint moans coming from the room.

What's that girl up to?

Could it be...

Ling Chen's heart stirred, and his feet unwittingly moved to Su Lin's door, then he pressed his ear against it.

Immediately, the moaning sounds from inside the room became even clearer.

Tsk tsk!

This girl is actually watching ***** in her room in the dead of night.

Thinking this, Ling Chen's mouth curled into a slight smirk, a mischievous idea flashing through his mind. He raised his hand and gently knocked on the door.

As the sound of the door echoed, a flurry of hurried noise came from inside the room, and the seductive moaning abruptly stopped.

In no time, the door opened, and Su Lin appeared before Ling Chen, hair disheveled. Although the hallway light was dim, he could vaguely see Su Lin's blushing pretty face, her eyes spring-like, charming and enticing, her coquettish demeanor sending a ripple through Ling Chen's heart.

Su Lin, half-hiding behind the door, peered out from the crack with her upper body and glared at Ling Chen, asking, "Why aren't you sleeping so late at night and looking for me instead?"

Ling Chen glanced down and saw Su Lin wearing a thin, off-the-shoulder nightgown. Through the slightly parted collar, he could glimpse an intoxicating cleavage and the curves of two semi-arches, round and snow-white.

This girl wasn't even wearing a bra.

Seemingly sensing Ling Chen's lecherous gaze, Su Lin subconsciously looked down at her chest, her eyes suddenly filled with immense embarrassment. She quickly reached to cover her neckline, her face flushed with indignation as she said to Ling Chen, "You pervert, watch out or I'll gouge out your eyes. Spit it out, what do you want? If there's nothing, I'm going back to sleep."

"It's nothing much, I just thought I heard some noise from your room as I was passing by, it didn't seem right, so I came to ask."

Hearing this, a flicker of panic crossed Su Lin's eyes, and she stammered, "What... what kind of noise, you must have heard wrong."

"Is that so?" Ling Chen teased with a smile, "It's so late, why aren't you asleep yet? What are you hiding and doing in your room?"

Seeing Ling Chen's meaningful smile, Su Lin grew a bit flustered and uneasily bit her thin lips, berating herself inwardly. This jerk must have heard something, otherwise, he wouldn't be asking such a question.

Ugh, I should have worn earphones.

Last time Ling Chen found that embarrassing package, and now he's caught her red-handed, he's like her nemesis.

The more she thought about it, the more flustered she became, her cheeks burning hot, like a ripe apple, tempting one to take a bite.

Watching Su Lin's uncomfortable expression, Ling Chen secretly smirked and stopped teasing her, not wanting her to freak out. Flirting with a beauty had to be done just right, not clinging too tightly.

"Get to bed early, you have school tomorrow." As he said this, Ling Chen seemed to think of something and added meaningfully, "Take care of your body, don't overdo it." With that, he walked downstairs.

Listening to the footsteps of Ling Chen leaving, Su Lin recalled his words just now and her face turned bright red, her eyes brimming with embarrassment.

This bastard... so infuriating! What does he mean by 'take care of your body, don't overdo it'? Does he think she was... No, she had to confront him to clarify things. She was pure and innocent, she couldn't let him ruin her reputation.

With that in mind, Su Lin couldn't be bothered to close the door and immediately chased after Ling Chen downstairs.

Arriving in front of Ling Chen's bedroom, seeing that the door was ajar and not fully closed, Su Lin, without a second thought, pushed the door open, and began to say, "Ling..."

Before she could finish her words, Su Lin froze on the spot, her gaze blankly on Ling Chen, her alluring lips slightly agape, her pretty face turning from white to green, then from green to red, overwhelmed with embarrassment.

Chapter 329 Who Wants to Watch You

Just now, upon returning to the bedroom after a busy day, Ling Chen felt like taking a bath, then sleeping soundly. Upon entering the room, he immediately took off his clothes, carelessly throwing them on the floor, preparing to head to the bathroom naked.

But at that moment, the door creaked open. Ling Chen instinctively turned around, only to see Su Lin coming in, which left him startled. Meanwhile, his robust masculine body was fully exposed in front of Su Lin's eyes, though she only paused briefly.

Su Lin's face was flushed, yet she glared with her eyes wide open, even rolling her expressive eyeballs as if blatantly stealing a look.

For a moment, the two stared at each other, both stunned on the spot.

Being unabashedly stared at by a woman, and a temptingly beautiful one at that, made even the thick-skinned Ling Chen feel extremely awkward. After a few coughs, he said, "Hey, haven't you seen enough?"

"Who, who wants to look at you! I, I..." Su Lin's face turned even redder, hurriedly closing her eyes.

Seeing Su Lin tightly shutting her eyes, daring not to open them, the initially awkward Ling Chen's lips lifted into a teasing smile, as he slowly walked towards her.

Feeling the masculine aura enveloping her, Su Lin's delicate body stiffened, her breathing quickened, and her pretty cheeks blushed like the afterglow of a sunset, stunningly beautiful.

Getting closer, Ling Chen could even smell the faint fragrance emitting from Su Lin. Observing her trembling shoulders, Ling Chen slightly curved his lips, suppressing a laugh and asked, "Lady Su, what are you thinking about?"

"I... you..." Su Lin stuttered, too nervous to speak clearly, "You... you should put on your clothes first."

Ling Chen smiled and said, "I have already dressed."

Hearing this, Su Lin slightly relaxed and opened her eyes. But soon, she realized that Ling Chen standing in front of her was still completely bare, truly shameless.

Seeing his muscular body made her heart shudder with embarrassment, and inwardly, she cursed him, "Jerk, scoundrel, how dare you deceive me."

Noticing Su Lin's shy eyes and swiftly changing facial expressions, Ling Chen could tell what she was thinking. With a sly smile, he asked, "Lady Su, are you cursing me as a scoundrel again?"

"Aren't you one?" Su Lin sharply retorted.

Ling Chen blinked, teasingly said, "Since you labelled me a scoundrel, wouldn't I be wronged if I didn't do something scoundrel-like?" Saying that, Ling Chen took a step forward, almost pressing up against her.

Su Lin bit her thin lips, feeling Ling Chen's breath gently caressing her face. Panicking, she immediately took a step back, her face full of tension, "What... what do you want to do?"

"What do you think?" Ling Chen teased, approaching her step by step.

Soon, Su Lin was cornered against the wall. Back against the wall, she watched Ling Chen draw nearer, instinctively shielding herself with her hands, then turned her head away, eyes tightly shut, her frightened demeanor added a unique charm, making Ling Chen involuntarily swallow.

As they got intimately close, Ling Chen unabashedly admired her beautiful face, like a freshly bloomed flower, pleasing to the eyes.

Noticing Su Lin's increasingly rapid breathing, Ling Chen's smile broadened, he slightly shifted away, casually pulling a towel from a nearby rack, wrapping it around his waist, covering the essential parts.

"Alright, no more teasing." Ling Chen laughed heartily, realizing that the little lady also knew fear.

Half doubting, Su Lin opened her eyes and saw Ling Chen in front of her, now with his lower half wrapped in a towel, her tense expression slightly relaxed, letting out a sigh. However, seeing Ling Chen's smug smile, Su Lin felt a surge of irritation, enraged that he dared to flirt with her. Yet inexplicably, there was a small sense of loss within her.

Chapter 330 Black-faced Judge Bao

However, just at this moment, they suddenly noticed that the living room lights had turned on.

There were three people living in the villa: him, Su Lin, and Nanrong Wanqing, with Nanny Wang residing in the main house. At this time, the only person who would turn on the light, besides Nanrong Wanqing, was no one else. Realizing this, he instantly snapped to alertness, quickly pushed Su Lin away, and dragged her towards the bathroom.

The sudden change left Su Lin somewhat bewildered, not knowing what to do as she looked at Ling Chen.

"Don't speak, Wanqing is here."

"Wan... Wanqing?" Su Lin immediately stood frozen in place, her expression frantic.

Ling Chen couldn't afford to explain any further, he immediately shut the bathroom door, then picked up a towel from the floor and wrapped it around his waist, covering his important parts.

Just after he had secured the towel, Nanrong Wanqing, dressed in her pajamas, appeared at the bedroom door.

Seeing Ling Chen with his upper body bare, his muscles clearly defined, Nanrong Wanqing's pretty face blushed as she glanced at him reproachfully.

"Didn't you go to sleep? How come you're up again?" Ling Chen greeted her with a smile and asked.

"I heard some noise downstairs when I went to the bathroom just now, so I came down to check. Did you just get home?"

Ling Chen nodded, holding the towel, and yawned, "I've been busy all day, nearly dead from exhaustion."

Nanrong Wanqing offered a slight smile and said, "Then you should rest early, I won't disturb you."

Watching Nanrong Wanqing turn and leave, Ling Chen secretly breathed a sigh of relief, grateful that she hadn't discovered anything, otherwise it would have been embarrassing for all three of them. It was all the fault of the Prajnaparamita Sutra causing trouble, making him lose even his most basic self-control.

Back in the bathroom, Ling Chen knocked softly on the door and said, "Come out, Wanqing is gone."

As soon as he finished speaking, Su Lin hurriedly pushed open the door and, without saying a word, ran out of the bedroom with a flushed face.

After closing the bedroom door, Ling Chen walked into the bathroom and stood under the showerhead, his eyebrows slightly furrowed. Nanrong Wanqing had said she came out because she heard a noise downstairs in her room.

But through a floor and so many walls, was Nanrong Wanqing's hearing too acute? If it were him, he might not be able to hear noises coming from his own room upstairs.

With this in mind, Ling Chen was full of doubts.

Could it be because...

In a flash of thought, he vaguely guessed the answer.

...

The next day.

Ling Chen had breakfast with Nanrong Wanqing, then they both rushed to Hongyu Group's headquarters. Until they left the house, Su Lin was nowhere to be seen.

He figures that the girl must be too scared to see him because of last night's incident. Ling Chen thought to himself.

Upon arriving at the company, Ling Chen sat in the security office, with his legs propped up, browsing the news on the computer. Just then, his phone rang in his pocket. Glancing at the caller ID, he picked up the phone and greeted with a smile, "Officer Xia, what's the matter so early?"

"The mastermind behind Dongyi Group has fled." Xia Mutong spoke with a hint of frustration, even a touch of anger.

Ling Chen expressed his surprise, "Fled?"

Xia Mutong gave an affirmative grunt and continued, "According to confessions by Zhang Bo and Deng Guoyong, the mastermind behind Dongyi Group was scheduled to arrive in East Sea City this morning. We obtained the flight information in advance and prepared to arrest him, but the information was leaked, allowing him to escape from the airport."

Hearing this, Ling Chen slightly knitted his brows and said, "Was it someone from your department who leaked the information?"

"It's highly possible, but at the moment it's just conjecture without solid evidence. Although we didn't catch the person, we have secured the identity information of the mastermind, who is a powerful figure from Beijing and started taking control of Dongyi Group from the previous leader, seemingly aiming to expand his influence in East Sea City through Dongyi Group."

After hanging up the phone, Ling Chen shook his head and didn't dwell on it much. He didn't place much importance on a gang's mastermind; it was merely a matter of scale. Despite the Dongyi Gang changing its skin and calling itself a group, its nature hadn't changed much.

Furthermore, the police who had infiltrated Dongyi Group the previous night were no pushovers. Having eyed Dongyi for so long and finally breaking into their stronghold, if they couldn't seal their fate, they really ought to strip off their uniforms and step down.

The urgent task at hand was to get Nanrong Hao ready to take over the vacancy under Dongyi Group's flag. There would be no shortage of people eyeing this juicy piece of meat, and anyone who was slow to act and still wanted a piece would have to brace for another bloody storm to see if they could get a share.

Nanrong Hao who received the call was wildly excited, not finishing his sentences before hanging up – clearly eager to seize the territory first thing.

With a cup of tea and a magazine, Ling Chen spent his shift leisurely and contentedly, but this comfort was interrupted during the lunch break.

The police had arrived!

This time, however, the police team wasn't led by Xia Mutong, but by another unfamiliar face, stern like Judge Bao.

"Mr. Ling, we are here to ask for your assistance with a homicide investigation."

"Homicide? What homicide?" Ling Chen wasn't feigning ignorance – the issue with Dongyi Group had been internally resolved, and those who were killed were arguably deserving of it. It had been dealt with through special channels, so the police had no reason to approach him.

"Do you recognize the name Zou Yu, Mr. Ling?"

Zou Yu? Not unfamiliar nor familiar, Ling Chen had a certain impression of this woman – an on-duty employee of Hongyu Group known for her domineering and pretentious behavior, later to be seen in the news as brutally murdered in her home. How did this case get linked to him?

"Which department are you from?"

"We are from the city's Criminal Investigation Unit." The serious-faced officer pulled out his badge and handed it to Ling Chen, saying, "I am Chu Guoxiong, deputy captain of Xingda."

"So, it's Captain Chu." Ling Chen, knowing it couldn't be a fake as soon as he checked the credentials, inspected it carefully still due to his cautious nature, then handed it back with a smile, "How may I assist?"

Chu Guoxiong nodded slightly, still with an unchanging expression, and said, "Mr. Ling, it's a routine inquiry, please understand. In this case, our investigations revealed you had some conflicts with the victim prior to her death?"

"That's correct." Ling Chen nodded honestly, "It's hardly a conflict, just a few verbal altercations, we didn't know each other before that. Why? Am I considered a suspect now?"

Chu Guoxiong shook his head, "Routine inquiry, you're not considered a suspect. If it's convenient for you, Mr. Ling, please accompany us to the police station to record a statement."

Ling Chen agreed, made a phone call to inform Nanrong Wanqing with two sentences, and followed Chu Guoxiong downstairs with a cheery demeanor.