

The Beauty 33

Chapter 33 Assassin (2)

Putting away his phone, the man crossed through the crowd and walked alone into an alley beside the road. As he passed the trash can, he found a black plastic bag from the pile of garbage, and then made his way to the end of the alley where there was a broken rolling gate.

Entering the gate, the man turned on the light, and under the dim yellow glow, there was a small room less than ten square meters, cluttered with sundry items and exuding a pungent, strange odor.

The man expressionlessly tore open the plastic bag and took out a briefcase. Upon opening the case, it contained a Colt M1911 pistol, complete with a silencer and several magazines.

Securing the gear close to his body under his clothes, the man lifted a shoulder bag from the plastic bag and slung it over his back.

Once everything was ready, he glanced at the time, then sat down quietly to one side, closed his eyes, and began conserving his energy.

At nine forty in the morning, there were still fifty minutes until the signing ceremony.

At this moment, inside the police station, Ling Chen and Jiang Hao were sitting in the detention center, engaged in sporadic small talk.

"Chen, Hao," a voice called out.

Lifting their heads, Ling Chen and Jiang Hao saw Nanrong Hao coming quickly towards them, led by Xia Mutong.

"How did you get here, kid?"

"Chen, you crashed my car; how could I not know? Are you hurt?"

"My body's tougher than that old car of yours. You've come just in time; hurry up and get us out of here."

Nanrong Hao helplessly said, "I just asked; they can only release Hao, not you."

"Why?"

"You need to be detained for a full seven days before being released," Xia Mutong said coldly from the side.

"Haozi, come here."

Ling Chen beckoned with his finger, calling Nanrong Hao closer, and advised, "Tell Liu Kun or your grandfather that someone is out to harm your sister. Tell her to be careful, it would be best if she could beef up security and minimize going out."

He knew getting through to Zhong Wei would be useless; it was more practical to report directly to Liu Kun.

"Chen, you might not know, but my sister went to the Old City today to attend a signing ceremony."

"What?"

Ling Chen was taken aback.

The environment in the Old City was chaotic; if he were an assassin, he would definitely choose to strike there.

"Haozi, this is no joke—we're talking about your sister's life. You must inform her immediately to return to the company and not stay in the Old City."

Seeing the seriousness in Ling Chen's demeanor, Nanrong Hao also grew anxious and nodded quickly, "Okay, I'll go right now."

"Jiang Hao, go back to the Old City with Haozi."

"Got it, Chen."

After watching the two head out, Ling Chen turned to Xia Mutong, speaking gravely, "Officer Xia, I'm not kidding; an assassin is after Miss Nanrong. Please dispatch additional personnel for support right away."

"Ling Chen, I'd advise you to save your breath; I won't be taking your word for it. Besides, the Old City is already under martial law; any assassin going there would be walking straight into a trap."

After speaking, Xia Mutong turned and left the detention room.

Back in her office, Xia Mutong had just sat down when a colleague walked in and handed over a document, "Officer Xia, I've checked the owner information of that Buick car, the owner is traveling abroad; it wasn't driven by him."

"It might be a family member or a friend then."

"I've asked, but his family members are all traveling abroad too; the car has been parked at home and wasn't lent out."

Xia Mutong's brow furrowed slightly, and she immediately took the document.

At ten ten in the morning.

At the center of the venue.

Zhong Wei set down his phone and whispered in Nanrong Wanqing's ear, "Chairwoman, Housekeeper Liu just called and wants you to return home immediately; he says it's the old master's command."

"Did he say why?"

"Ling Chen reported to the old master that an assassin is targeting you; the old master is worried about your safety, so..."

"The signing ceremony is starting in twenty minutes, and important city government officials have arrived; how can I explain my departure at this time?"

With that, she paused, looked at Zhong Wei, and asked, "Do you believe Ling Chen's words?"

"This..."

"If there is really an assassin, can you guarantee my safety?"

"Chairwoman, rest assured, we will not let anything happen to you."

"That's good enough, I trust the people I trust."

Zhong Wei stepped aside and gestured to Liang Zhao Hui, who immediately approached him.

"Captain Zhong, what is it?"

"Did you check the surroundings yesterday? Are you sure there are no problems?"

Liang Zhao Hui assured, "There are no commanding heights around; even if there were an assassin, they couldn't use a sniper rifle; the only method would be up close. With the few of us here, no assassin can get near the Chairwoman."

Then, he couldn't help but jest, "Captain Zhong, do you also believe Ling Chen's nonsense? How could amateurs like him compare to professionals like us? Don't worry, nothing will happen."

"Let's hope so."

At this time, Nanrong Hao and Jiang Hao hurriedly drove to the Old City.

As soon as they got out of the car, the two rushed towards the venue.

"Hao, Brother Hao, over here," called someone.

Jiang Hao stopped in his tracks and turned to face the man approaching, surprised.

"Xiong, what are you doing here?"

After some time of recuperation, Zhao Zhengxiong's legs had mostly recovered, and he could walk without crutches.

"I received a message that Yang Sheng is gathering his troops; I figure he wants to make a big move, so I brought my brothers over."

Hearing this, Jiang Hao immediately became furious and burst out cursing, "That bastard caused me no small trouble. If he didn't come for me, I wouldn't let him off the hook. Haozi, go find your sister; I'll gather the guys."

"Okay."

Nanrong Hao quickly acknowledged and hurried to the venue.

The area around the venue was under martial law; no one without permission was allowed to enter, not even Nanrong Hao. Fortunately, a member of Zhong Wei's team was patrolling nearby; he recognized Hao and let him in.

"Sister, Sister..."

Nanrong Wanqing, seeing Nanrong Hao drenched in sweat, frowned, "Why have you come?"

"Nanrong Hao urgently said, "Sister, someone wants to kill you; you should hurry back."

"Where did you hear such news?"

"Chen told me."

"Who?"

"Chen, Ling Chen—you know him, he's from our company."

Nanrong Wanqing's face turned cold, and anger brewed in her eyes.

"Are you involved with him?"

"I..."

Seeing the chill emanating from his sister's face, Nanrong Hao's shoulders shrank, and he swallowed his words.

"Nanrong Hao, listen to me; from now on, you are not permitted to have any dealings with that scum. If you dare go against my advice, then don't blame me for being an unsympathetic big sister."

"Yes... Sister."

Nanrong Hao nodded submissively. Deep down, he could not help but bitterly think, Chen, what exactly did you do to offend my sister so severely that she regards you as an enemy? Had he known, he would not have mentioned Ling Chen's name.