

The Beauty 42

Chapter 42 Ghosts

After communicating with the other party, Ling Chen shut down the computer and left alone.

The security facilities of the Nanrong Family had been fully upgraded, and it was broad daylight; even Snake King wouldn't dare to attack rashly, so he was quite at ease.

Leaving from the main gate, a Land Rover was already parked at the door.

After getting in the car, Ling Chen glanced at Zhong Wei in the driver's seat and said, "Head to Nanming Road."

"What are you going to do there?"

"Meet someone."

In the past few days, he had figured out that instead of always guarding against Snake King's assassination, it would be better to actively seek him out. Most independent assassins and mercenaries needed an intermediary to receive missions, except for those from organizations.

Coincidentally, he knew someone in East Sea City who specifically handled domestic business—the person he had just contacted on the computer.

When the car arrived at Nanming Road, Ling Chen opened the car door and said, "You find a place to park. Contact me later."

Nanming Road had an open-air square, a tourist attraction in East Sea City. At the moment, the square was full of tourists.

Ling Chen looked around, scrutinizing his surroundings. Soon enough, a fat man sitting on a bench came into his view. In one hand the fat man held an ice cream, and in the other, a newspaper folded into a distinctive shape, which was the agreed-upon secret signal.

"Fatso."

The fat man on the bench hadn't realized anyone was approaching until a hand landed on his shoulder. He swallowed a mouthful of ice cream and hastily looked to the side. Before he knew it, Ling Chen was already sitting to his left.

When he saw Ling Chen's face clearly, his expression changed instantly, blurting out, "It's you?"

"Since you recognize me, it seems I didn't find the wrong person; did you provide Snake King with the intel?"

The fat man's heart raced as he said, "Who... who exactly are you?"

"Snake King asked you to check on me; don't you know my background?"

"I only know you're called Ling Chen; I can't find any other information. You know how to contact us, which means Snake King's guess is right; you're one of us. Ling Chen, you should be clear about our rules. Business is business, personal vendettas are personal vendettas."

"I know the rules. I won't ask for your employer's information; I just want Snake King's whereabouts. You're his contact in Huaxia; he will surely reach out to you if his mission fails."

"This..."

The fat man hesitated.

"What if I don't tell?"

Ling Chen patted his shoulder and said with a grin, "Let's be frank. I know about the organization behind you; if I killed you, they wouldn't let me off easily. As I understand, in your line of work, as long as the

price is right, any information can be sold. So, how about you treat it like I'm buying information from you?"

Relieved by these words, the fat man licked his ice cream and smiled, "Great, I love to do business. Here's what we'll do—I'll give you a 20% discount, two million. If I have Snake King's whereabouts, I'll inform you immediately."

"I don't have money."

"What?"

Ling Chen spread his hands and said, "I really don't have money. However, I won't take your information for free; I'll trade you information for it."

"That depends on whether your information is worth that much."

"You all know Blood Wolf was killed recently, right?"

"Blood Wolf is a legendary figure in the mercenary and assassin worlds—who doesn't know that."

Ling Chen said with a smirk, "Then do you know who killed him?"

The fat man abruptly looked up, gazing into Ling Chen's eyes eagerly, "You know?"

Ling Chen nodded slightly.

"Deal. Tell me who killed Blood Wolf, and I'll help you find Snake King right away."

"Fatso, that piece of information should be worth more than two million, shouldn't it?"

"What do you want then?"

"Consider it a favor you owe me. If I need help with something in the future, don't you shirk."

The fat man thought it over and, gritting his teeth, said, "Alright, deal."

Getting his hands on that piece of information could definitely net a good price. It was well worth the exchange for a favor.

"Now can you tell?"

Ling Chen smiled and let out two words: "Ghost."

"Ghost?"

The fat man was taken aback and murmured, "So it's Ghost. Who else but him could have the capability to kill Blood Wolf. But wait!"

He looked at Ling Chen skeptically, "Ghost is notorious for being elusive—heard of but never seen. No one knows his identity; how can you be sure it's him?"

"I have my sources of information; I assure you, this is one hundred percent accurate."

The fat man pressed on, "How much do you know about Ghost?" Before Ling Chen could reply, he quickly added, "I'll pay any amount for this intel."

Ling Chen shrugged and said, "I'd like to know the answer to your question too. Fatso, I've said what I had to. Don't forget about Snake King. Let me know as soon as you have news; you know where to find me."

With that, he patted his seat and left.

Ghost.

The most mysterious figure in the mercenary and assassin worlds; no one knew where he came from, nor had anyone ever seen him. Yet everyone feared the Ghost.

Like its namesake, the Ghost appears unseen and leaves without a trace. Anyone targeted by the Ghost was doomed to die. At least, until now, there had been no exceptions.

Once upon a time, two intelligence organizations in the world had spent countless effort and money trying to reveal Ghost's identity, only to return empty-handed.

No more than twenty people in the world knew of the existence of Ghost.

Ghost was not an individual, but an organization, part of Huaxia's most secretive military force, tasked with secret missions.

There were a total of twelve members in the Ghost Organization, scattered across the globe.

Ling Chen was once one of them, even the foremost Ghost, the strongest member.

When he was ordered to take out Blood Wolf, the organization dispatched two teammates to ensure the success of the mission.

It couldn't be helped; as a legendary figure in the mercenary and assassin worlds, Blood Wolf was not ordinary. Even he didn't have full confidence.

For that mission, he prepared for months, ultimately intercepting and killing Blood Wolf in a hotel. However, he was also seriously injured in the process, nearly losing his life. It was his oversight; thinking Blood Wolf was dead, he didn't expect the latter to detonate the bomb he carried, intent on dying together.

Luckily, his two teammates discovered it in time and protected him with their bodies.

Although he was saved, the two teammates sacrificed themselves.

Since then, he had lost heart, blaming himself for his teammates' deaths. Although the organization didn't fault him but praised him instead, he couldn't get over it and chose to retire, leaving the place that brought him grief.

Before leaving, he gave all his severance pay to the families of the two teammates, hoping to make amends for his failings.