

The Beauty 481

Chapter 481 Hunting the Traitor (Part One)

At this moment, Hu Fei swung open the passenger door of the Chevrolet and plunked himself down.

"What are you doing here?" Ling Chen looked at him with suspicion.

Hu Fei chuckled: "I feel safer with you."

"Get lost!" Ling Chen cursed with a smile: "You're not a woman. Why are you looking for a sense of security here? Old Tang, let's hit the road."

Tang Yuan nodded, picked up the walkie-talkie, and began coordinating with the vehicles ahead.

Five Chevrolet SUVs entered the road, gradually picking up speed. Through the window, Ling Chen saw that nearly every intersection they passed had police officers. The intersections would only resume normal traffic flow after their convoy had passed.

Soon, the convoy maintained a speed of 120 miles per hour toward the airport.

A speed of 120 miles per hour was the standard for mission execution; this way, they could immediately detect if anyone was following them.

"Don't worry, God Organization's people won't make a move in the urban area," Mr. Yun, seated in the center, spoke up.

Ling Chen glanced at him and said indifferently, "For your life's sake, you'd better pray that we reach the airport without trouble."

"We can't hide forever. God Organization's people will find us sooner or later. It's up to you guys to handle them," Mr. Yun said, then looked up at the sunroof as if searching for something.

Seeing his actions, Ling Chen and Tang Yuan exchanged glances and both looked up to the sky.

"There!" Suddenly, Hu Fei sitting in the passenger seat pointed to the right side of the convoy and said, "See that? There's a drone over there."

"Old Tang."

Tang Yun immediately understood, handing over a pair of binoculars to Ling Chen. Ling Chen raised the binoculars to look into the distant sky. Indeed! A quadcopter drone hovered in the air, its camera aimed directly at the convoy's position, following their slow movement.

"Old Tang, pass the word along, tell everyone to be on alert."

"Understood."

After putting away the binoculars, Ling Chen turned and asked, "Mr. Yun, you've been with God Organization for so long, you must be very clear about their operations. What do you think they will do?"

"Methods? Hmph! God Organization always resorts to any means necessary. As long as it serves their goal, they would do anything. You better just look out for yourselves."

"Tang Yuan, three minutes before we leave the city and enter the airport expressway."

Ling Chen nodded, his eyes flashed a faint light as he looked ahead at the approaching tunnel.

After passing through nearly a hundred-meter-long tunnel, the five Chevrolet SUVs finally entered the airport expressway at a sudden increase to 150 miles per hour.

At this moment, through the hovering drone's camera, the live feed was transmitted into a mobile communications vehicle.

Watching the screens that appeared on her computer, a statuesque, seductively dressed beauty tapped lightly on the keyboard, laughing softly, "Target has entered the airport expressway, reaching the interception point in five minutes." After speaking, the long-legged beauty lazily stretched and with a flirtatious look turned to the silent man behind her, her voice dripping with charm, "Captain, can I take a few days off after this mission?"

"Let's talk after the mission," the man stared unwaveringly at the screen and suddenly ordered: "Rewind the footage to twenty seconds ago."

"Captain, is there a problem?" the long-legged beauty asked, while rewinding the footage.

The man watched the convoy entering the tunnel, silently counting numbers. When the convoy emerged from the other end, a barely perceptible cold smile appeared on his face.

"Bring up the blueprints of the tunnel."

"Yes."

As the tunnel's structure diagram appeared on-screen, the man stood up and said, "Inform the people at the interception point to withdraw a squad and head to the tunnel to meet me immediately."

The long-legged beauty asked in confusion, "Why?"

The man earnestly explained, "They've been maintaining a speed of 120 miles per hour, but the tunnel is less than a hundred meters long. I just calculated; they only needed about twenty-three or twenty-four seconds to pass through, but they took a few seconds longer. There's definitely a problem. Besides, you've seen the tunnel's structure diagram. From there, one can go through the sewer and directly reach the subway. I suspect they're planning to split their forces and divert our attention."

After a pause, the man continued, "Of course, these are just my guesses, which can't be completely certain. In any case, we can't let our guard down. That Ling Chen is not simple. Whatever happens, we must complete the task given from above. The traitor must die!"

...

Meanwhile, in the gloomy sewer, Ling Chen carefully led Mr. Yun forward. The foul stench in the sewer caused both of them to cover their noses.

"Ling Chen, do you think we can fool them this way?"

"I'm not them; how would I know?" Ling Chen turned back to look at Mr. Yun and asked: "I've always been curious, with your status and position, why would you betray God Organization? There are only two of us here, you might as well tell me."

Mr. Yun replied indifferently: "God Organization does not allow personal agendas. Everything must be for the core goals of the organization."

"Do you have a personal agenda? Are you trying to usurp the throne and take control of God Organization?"

Mr. Yun shook his head: "I don't have such big ambitions. Everything I've done has been purely for myself and for Wanqing. Ling Chen, what you've been targeting is the power I've amassed in secret, not God Organization. Twenty years ago, I joined God Organization and after ten years, I became the manager of God Organization in Asia. Officially, I'm a senior member of God Organization, but actually, among all the seniors, my position is the lowest."

"Why?"

"God Organization's focus has always been overseas, and it wasn't until I took over Asia that God Organization's influence began to slowly penetrate here. However, with decades of establishment overseas, their roots are deep and far beyond comparison to Asia. A region's strength dictates the control and influence one has in God Organization. As the weakest branch of God Organization, my position naturally wouldn't be very high. Of course, this also has to do with my own actions. Over the years, I've been secretly building my force and hid a lot from God Organization, which is why I've never been promoted."

Ling Chen frowned and asked, "You don't want to work for God Organization, so what do you want to do?"

"I told you already, it's for myself and Wanqing. I joined God Organization to use their resources to expand my influence. Moreover, only by infiltrating their ranks can I conveniently conduct my investigations."

Chapter 482 Hunting the Traitor (Part Two)

"An investigation?"

Mr. Yun's words immediately piqued Ling Chen's interest, who asked, "Investigate what?"

"You don't need to know. Ling Chen, there are many things in this world that seem unrelated on the surface, but are actually intricately linked and closely connected. Some things you are better off not knowing. The more you know, the worse it is for you. If I were you, I would stay out of it and not attract trouble."

Hearing Mr. Yun's caution, Ling Chen changed the topic and asked, "You've been with the God Organization for so many years, you must know who the leader of the God Organization is."

"He is Asian, that's the only information I've managed to get over the past twenty-plus years. Besides that, I don't even know whether he's male or female, let alone seen him in person. He always appears as a virtual image in meetings, and even his voice has been altered. To my knowledge, no more than three people in the entire God Organization know the leader's identity."

"How were you exposed this time?"

"Because of you." Mr. Yun looked at Ling Chen and said, "Because of the obstacles you created, I failed to handle several matters assigned by the God Organization. The higher-ups are dissatisfied with me, thinking that my capabilities are limited and wanting to push me out of my position. Moreover, they have already started investigating me secretly. Once they discover the secrets I've kept over the years, all my efforts will have been in vain; thus, I have no choice but to make a last stand."

"Do they know your identity, including your relationship with the Nanrong Family?" Ling Chen asked. This was critical—if the God Organization knew that Nanrong Wanqing was Mr. Yun's daughter, they certainly wouldn't let the matter rest.

"Don't worry about that. Before I joined the God Organization, I had already forged a new identity, completely unrelated to the Nanrong Family. If it wasn't to protect them, I wouldn't have started using the name 'Mr. Yun.'"

"That's good." Ling Chen quietly sighed in relief.

Walking along the sewer for a few hundred meters, Ling Chen pulled out his phone, looked at the distribution map on the screen, pointed to a passage on the right, and said, "Take this way, the subway station should be about four hundred meters away."

Before long, they could hear the whooshing sound of the subway from beyond the sewer walls.

Seeing the light appearing ahead, Ling Chen's eyes lit up, and he quickened his pace, urging Mr. Yun to keep up.

The light was at the end of the sewer, next to a metal door. Ling Chen glanced at it and his expression suddenly changed. Next to the metal door was a smashed lock. Judging from the remaining marks on the door, it seemed to have just happened. Moreover, there were footprints around the metal door.

Could it be...

Ling Chen was startled, and before he could express his concern, he heard a noise from behind.

Without hesitating, Ling Chen quickly turned his head and saw two people suddenly jump out of the mud on both sides of the sewer, wielding knives, lunging towards Mr. Yun.

"Watch out!" Ling Chen shouted, his body reacting instantly, moving in front of Mr. Yun. Before the two men could get closer, Ling Chen kicked out twice in succession, sending the two men flying, who were attempting to assassinate Mr. Yun.

"Run!"

Ling Chen vigilantly watched the surroundings, shielding Mr. Yun behind him, quickly retreating towards the metal door.

"Nice skills."

Suddenly, a cold voice echoed through the sewer.

Hearing that voice, Mr. Yun's complexion drastically changed, he said in a deep tone, "It's him!"

"Do you know him?"

"He's called the Magician, specifically responsible for eliminating traitors within the God Organization. No one targeted by him has ever survived."

"Mr. Yun, since you know so much about me, how dare you betray the organization? You should know that no one who betrays the organization has ever escaped its pursuit. Given your high position within the organization, you must have dealt with many traitors; have their fates not taught you a lesson?"

"Enough!" Ling Chen said impatiently, "Cut the chatter, as long as I'm here, you can't harm a hair on his head."

"Ling Chen, I know you are highly skilled. But even the most formidable person has weaknesses."

Ling Chen frowned and scanned the surroundings of the sewer, hoping to locate the source of the voice. However, the voice shifted unpredictably from left to right, making it difficult to pinpoint.

"Ling Chen, be careful. The reason he is called a magician is that his methods are bizarre and difficult to guard against."

Hearing Mr. Yun's caution, Ling Chen nodded silently. He was not afraid of a direct confrontation, but he was worried about sneaky tricks.

Looking around, Ling Chen pointed towards a corner next to the iron door. Mr. Yun immediately understood and retreated alone to the corner, pressing his back against the wall.

With Ling Chen guarding in front, and a wall at the back, even if the magician's tactics were ingenious, it would be impossible to silently kill Mr. Yun.

At this moment, the magician's voice had disappeared in the sewer, nowhere to be found.

Ling Chen perked up his ears, listening intently to the movements on both sides. Some things can't be seen with eyes, but can be heard with ears.

Suddenly, Ling Chen's slightly squinted eyes burst open, then he turned and looked at the mud on the ground. Immediately after, his right hand plunged into the mud.

As he pulled his hand out of the mud, he was holding a colorful little snake.

The Gabon Viper!

Ling Chen's pupils shrank, his face colored with a hint of horror, and he quickly threw the viper against the wall and punched it squarely on the head. Under the impact of the Inner Strength, the viper's head exploded instantly, splattering blood everywhere.

That was close!

Ling Chen took a breath of relief. It was a Gabon Viper, one of the top ten deadliest snakes in the world, known for its camouflage and potent venom. A bite would undoubtedly be fatal.

The magician's skills were indeed superior, capable of controlling the viper. If it weren't for his keen hearing and quick reflexes, he might have already fallen victim to the attack.

While pondering, a smoke suddenly surged through the sewer passage.

Seeing the smoke approaching, Ling Chen immediately stepped back, shielding Mr. Yun behind him, to prevent the magician from taking advantage of an ambush.

However, just then, a subway train suddenly roared past outside the wall, creating a tremendous noise.

Seeing this, Ling Chen thought to himself that this was bad. The sound of the subway completely drowned out all other sounds in the sewer, making it impossible for even his keen hearing to distinguish anything.

"Ling Chen."

Mr. Yun's voice rang out, and Ling Chen instinctively replied, "What's up?"

But as soon as he spoke, he immediately realized something was wrong. Mr. Yun was supposed to be behind him, yet the voice came from his side.

In a flash of thought, a strong sense of crisis surged from the depths of Ling Chen's heart. Without hesitation, Ling Chen raised his steel fist and blasted it out, his Inner Strength surging wildly.

Eh?

As the steel fist thundered, a look of surprise flashed across Ling Chen's eyes.

Chapter 483 First-Class Acting

The moment he threw his punch, Ling Chen clearly felt a touch feedback from his fist, as if it struck something, yet it was light and lacked force. To protect Mr. Yun's safety, Ling Chen dared not strike rashly and had to stay put, lest the magician should attack again.

Seconds and minutes passed by, the sound of the subway gradually faded, and the smog in the sewer also began to dissipate.

Ling Chen looked intently and saw a piece of discarded clothing on the ground.

So that's how it is!

Ling Chen nodded inwardly, that punch just now must have hit the clothing. Unexpectedly, the magician had some skill, using the tactic of Golden Cicada to dodge his attack. Unfortunately, had that punch hit its target, the opponent would have been dealt with.

Ling Chen was very confident in his current fighting abilities.

Seeing that the magician didn't appear after a long time, Ling Chen gestured to Mr. Yun behind him, signaling him to leave through the iron gate.

The sewer was too cramped, and if the opponent used weapons of mass destruction, it might endanger both their lives, so Ling Chen had to be cautious.

However, as Mr. Yun walked up to the iron gate and pushed to leave, a loud 'bang' suddenly came from outside the gate, with sparks flying and the pungent smell of gunpowder filling the air instantly. At the same time, Mr. Yun was blown back by the blast, slamming heavily into the wall, and then fell into the foul-smelling sludge, face down, motionless.

"Mr. Yun!"

Ling Chen's face changed drastically, he hurried over and lifted Mr. Yun from the mud.

At this moment, Mr. Yun's eyes were tightly closed, breathless, covered in numerous wounds, a ghastly sight to behold.

"Mr. Yun." Seeing his miserable state, Ling Chen felt a surge of urgency. It was all because he had been too careless, failing to notice the trap laid by those people at the gate.

If he had been the one to open the gate just now, probably it would not be Mr. Yun lying here.

"Mr. Yun, wake up, you can't die now... Mr. Yun... Mr. Yun..."

Ling Chen was slapping his cheeks hard, trying to wake him. However, Mr. Yun showed no reaction at all, his head limply hanging in Ling Chen's arms, lifeless.

"Damn it! You beasts, wait for me, I swear I won't stop until you are dead." Ling Chen roared angrily, his voice echoing in the sewer for a long time.

Composing himself, Ling Chen picked up Mr. Yun's body, covered his face with a coat, and then walked through the blasted iron gate, striding towards the subway station. Along the way, he made a phone call.

Exiting the subway station, two police cars were already waiting by the side of the road for Ling Chen's arrival.

Ling Chen sat in the back seat of the police car without uttering a word, and once the car started, he glanced out of the window, then removed the coat covering Mr. Yun.

"It's okay now, no need to pretend anymore."

As soon as he spoke, Mr. Yun's tightly closed eyes immediately opened, showing a faint, weak smile and asked, "He didn't notice?"

"Your acting was good, you should have fooled him." Ling Chen said with a smile.

Mr. Yun replied weakly, "I really almost died."

"Don't worry, you won't die, you're wearing a bulletproof vest, the explosion didn't hit your vitals."

When Mr. Yun was blown away earlier, Ling Chen immediately rushed to his side and checked his pulse, knowing there was no danger to his life. But Mr. Yun's appearance was really tragic, looking utterly deceased, so Ling Chen took the chance to deceive the magician.

Fortunately, Mr. Yun's cooperation was good, and the two performed a scene together. From the sewer all the way out, the magician never showed up, probably deceived into thinking Mr. Yun was dead.

Half an hour later, escorted by police cars, Ling Chen, accompanied by Mr. Yun, smoothly arrived at the Jin Hai City airport.

On the airplane, Tang Yuan, who had already received the notice, had prepared the medical team. Watching Mr. Yun being carried onto the stretcher, Ling Chen secretly breathed a sigh of relief. Regardless, he had managed to deliver Mr. Yun to the airport without incident.

"Old Tang, I'm leaving him in your care. Be extra careful."

"Aren't you coming back to Beijing with us?"

Ling Chen shook his head and said, "No, I am only responsible for handing him over to you. You guys can handle the rest. Mr. Yun, being a high-ranking member of the God Organization, definitely has a lot of intelligence. This is a great opportunity for you guys."

"If that's the case, then I won't keep you." Tang Yuan patted Ling Chen on the shoulder and said, "Wish you a safe journey."

"You too."

"Mr. Ling." At this moment, a medical staff member in a white coat came out and said, "The patient is asking for you. He has something to tell you."

Ling Chen glanced at Tang Yuan, then followed the medical staff member into the room.

Lying in the bed and ready to receive treatment, Mr. Yun waved to Ling Chen, gesturing for him to come closer. Ling Chen got the hint and quickly moved closer to Mr. Yun.

"Keep Wanqing safe; she... she is the key."

The key?

Ling Chen looked at Mr. Yun with a puzzled face and asked, "What key?"

Hearing his question, Mr. Yun silently closed his eyes, evidently not wishing to answer.

"Mr. Ling, please step out for a moment, we need to treat the patient."

The medical staff's voice came through, and Ling Chen reluctantly left the room. He knew that if Mr. Yun didn't want to talk, no amount of coercion would work. Now he could only place his hopes on the Ghost Organization to see how much they could extract from Mr. Yun.

Leaving the special plane to Beijing, Ling Chen, accompanied by Hu Fei and Qiu Yong among others, bought tickets for a flight to East Sea City and then waited in the departure lounge for boarding.

"Big Brother, did you encounter any resistance on your way here?"

"Just some small fry, all dealt with."

After speaking, Qiu Yong changed the topic and said, "Ling Cheng, what are your plans when we return to East Sea City?"

"Carry on with life as usual. Big Brother, do you have any plans?"

Qiu Yong nodded and said, "We eight oddballs have always felt at home everywhere and rarely stay in one place for long. We've stayed in East Sea City this long only because of you, breaking our norm. Now that there's nothing pressing, we want to travel, visit some famous mountains and rivers."

Ling Chen looked troubled and said, "Big Brother, I'm afraid I can't join you. You know, in East Sea City..."

"It's okay! No need to explain." Xia Yue laughed and interjected, "We know you've got a lot on your plate, so we didn't plan to ask you to join us. Just letting you know. Without us to help you, take care of yourself."

Yuan Yun added, "Xia Yue is right. Ling Cheng, if you run into any trouble, just give me a call. We'll definitely come back to help you."

"Thank you, everyone!" Ling Chen expressed his gratitude.

The eight oddballs, although diverse in temperament, were utterly sincere and selfless when it came to their own brothers.

Chapter 484 Safe Return Home

At two o'clock in the afternoon, the flight carrying Ling Chen finally arrived at East Sea International Airport.

Stepping out of the airport, Qiu Yong and the others went straight back to their accommodations to pack their luggage, ready to leave. Ling Chen had wanted to see them off, but Qiu Yong said that there would be plenty of opportunities in the future, and as they were all easy-going people, there was no need for such formalities.

After seeing Qiu Yong and his group off in a taxi, Ling Chen patted Hu Fei on the shoulder and said, "Fatty, I owe you big time for this, thanks!"

Ling Chen's thank you was heartfelt; if it weren't for Hu Fei's timely arrival, he would have been buried at sea by now.

"Alright! No need for thanks, just remember what I've done for you."

"Right!" Ling Chen switched topics, asking, "What's going on with that Secret Society situation, any results yet?"

"You mean the Snake King?" Hu Fei also looked puzzled when mentioning this, saying, "It's a strange situation. The Snake King complained to the Secret Society about me, saying I violated the middleman's rules. According to the rules, the Secret Society should investigate me, but months have passed and there's been no action, I'm not sure if they've forgotten about it."

"What about the Snake King?" Ling Chen inquired, "Any news of him?"

"Nothing. I've been keeping an eye out for him, but these past few months, he hasn't appeared at all. I've also asked other connections, and no one has any news of him – the guy seems to have vanished into thin air."

"Keep an eye out. I don't think he'd give up that easily."

"Got it, I'm heading back then. We'll touch base when we have the chance."

After watching Hu Fei leave, Ling Chen also took a taxi toward the headquarters of Hongyu Group. Nanrong Wanqing should be at the office by now.

Sitting in the cab, Ling Chen was still thinking about the Snake King.

Originally from what Kaelina had told him, the Snake King's real name was Nanrong Zhengqing, the brother to Nanrong Yong and son of Nanrong Gang, also the uncle of Nanrong Wanqing.

Based on his guess, something unpleasant must have happened between the young brothers Nanrong Yong and Nanrong Gang, resulting in Nanrong Gang leaving the Nanrong Family, leading a lonely life, and ultimately dying in a foreign land. Nanrong Zhengqing, as the son of Nanrong Gang, tried to assassinate Nanrong Wanqing multiple times, undoubtedly seeking vengeance for his father.

Although the specifics of their grudges were unclear, from his perspective, these were old grievances of the previous generation, and it wasn't necessary to involve the next generation. Especially Nanrong Zhengqing, it was too much for him to harm his own niece.

Regardless, Ling Chen had to capture Nanrong Zhengqing before he could strike again and ensure that he would not endanger Nanrong Wanqing's safety.

Lost in thought, the taxi arrived at its destination.

After getting out of the cab, Ling Chen, with a backpack slung over one shoulder, strode straight into the company lobby.

"Hey! Isn't that Ling? Tsk tsk! Ling, haven't seen you for more than ten days, where have you been gallivanting without saying hello to your brother?"

Seeing Wei Jun approaching with a smile on his face, Ling Chen responded with a laugh, "Wei, I could never be as carefree as you. Look at how radiant you look, have you struck it lucky with love or hit the jackpot recently?"

Wei Jun smiled proudly and said, "Can't say I struck the jackpot, but I did make a little fortune. How about it, I'll treat you tonight, take you out for some fun?"

"No thanks, better to save that offer for someone else."

Having hung around Wei Jun enough, Ling Chen knew exactly what the man was into; from gambling to women, everything but drugs. Ling Chen had been considering whether to keep his distance to avoid being led astray.

"Wei, where's the chairman?"

"She should be in her office. Are you looking for her?"

Ling Chen nodded and said, "I'll go greet the chairman first, then come to your office later."

"Okay, I'll wait with tea ready."

Taking the elevator to the top floor of the company, he saw the secretary Wang Lan holding a cup of milk tea, wearing headphones, and watching the computer screen with relish, completely unaware of Ling Chen's arrival.

Ling Chen silently chuckled, stealthily moved behind her, and attempted to play a prank on her.

However, when he got behind her chair, he realized that an erotic movie was playing on the computer screen. And this girl, fearing she'd be caught, had minimized the video window.

Getting closer, he could even hear the moaning and panting from the headphones.

Tsk tsk!

Who would have thought, this girl who usually seems so quiet and demure, has such a hobby.

"Ah!"

At that moment, Wang Lan caught sight of a reflection on her screen and was startled, almost spilling her milk tea.

Seeing her frantically trying to close the video, Ling Chen suppressed his laughter and said with a straight face, "Lan, you're slacking off during work hours. Be careful or the chairman might dock your pay."

"Ling... Mr. Ling... I... um..." Wang Lan's cheeks blushed as she stammered, "When did you get here?"

Ling Chen teased, "I've been here since the couple in the video was switching positions."

Hearing this, Wang Lan's face turned as red as an apple, both cute and tempting.

Seeing her embarrassed and coy demeanor, Ling Chen laughed heartily, "Alright, I'll stop teasing you. Honestly, are you longing for a man? It's about time at your age to find a boyfriend."

Wang Lan, with her head down, said embarrassedly, "I have a boyfriend now."

"Really? When did this happen? Last time I asked Wanqing, she said you were still single."

Wang Lan said, blushing, "I just started dating him a few days ago."

"No wonder..." Ling Chen said with a meaningful drawl, "Well, you keep on learning. I won't bother you. But as someone with experience, I think these things require more practice."

"Mr. Ling!" Wang Lan was so embarrassed she wished she could vanish into thin air.

"All right, all right, I'll stop," Ling Chen ceased his teasing and asked, "Is the chairman in the office?"

"Yes. Do you want me to notify the chairman?"

"No need, I'll go in myself." With that, Ling Chen walked towards the office. After a few steps, he turned back, whispered to her, "Lan, if someone comes looking for the chairman later, just say the chairman is busy." After speaking, he even winked at Wang Lan.

"Got it." Wang Lan nodded with a red face, understanding Ling Chen's meaning.

Pushing open the door to the chairman's office, Ling Chen peeked in to see Nanrong Wanqing sitting at the desk, busy with paperwork. Seeing that she hadn't noticed him, Ling Chen quietly shut the door and tiptoed over.

It had been about ten days since he last saw her. Nanrong Wanqing was as beautiful as ever, with delicate features, silky smooth skin that made one yearn to bite into it. Below her fair neck, she wore a modest one-piece woolen sweater, which completely concealed any hint of allure at the neckline.

Chapter 485 Ling Gengqiu (1)

It's often said that focused individuals are the most charming, and indeed, that's no lie.

Nanrong Wanqing's arms were resting on the desk, with her right hand holding a pen, scrutinizing each word in the document before her, diligently making annotations, completely oblivious to Ling Chen standing by the side of the desk.

Perhaps she had been reviewing for too long. After a few minutes, Nanrong Wanqing put the pen down and rubbed her somewhat sore arms, her gaze instinctively drifting upwards. Suddenly, her movements stiffened, and she stared dumbly at Ling Chen in front of her, taking a long while to react.

Seeing her dazed appearance, Ling Chen broke into a grin and said, "What's the matter, not recognizing your own man after just over ten days?"

Hearing the term 'your own man,' Nanrong Wanqing couldn't help blushing, her pretty face turning as red as a freshly bloomed flower, bright and captivating.

Ling Chen smiled as he walked over to Nanrong Wanqing, wrapped his arms around her neck, and drew her close into his embrace, whispering softly, "I missed you."

"Mhm." Nestled against Ling Chen's broad chest, Nanrong Wanqing closed her eyes, basking in the warmth of his arms, and let out a soft hum through her nose.

"Mhm what, you mean you didn't miss me?"

Nanrong Wanqing answered bashfully, "I never said that."

"So you did miss me? That sounds more like it. I thought I was the only one pining." Ling Chen chuckled, resting his head on Nanrong Wanqing's shoulder, cheek pressed against her smooth skin, inhaling the faint scent of her body, as his hands unconsciously began to wander downwards.

"Stop it!"

Catching sight of where Ling Chen's hands were reaching, Nanrong Wanqing's cheeks flushed with embarrassment, and she protested coquettishly, "Cut it out the moment you get back, and we're not even at home. What if someone saw us?"

Ling Chen said with a mischievous smile, "Are you implying that at home, you'd let me..."

"Don't you dare say it." Nanrong Wanqing swatted away Ling Chen's hands, hugging her chest protectively as she voiced her flustered complaint, her face still red, "We haven't seen each other for more than ten days, and you've become more shameless. You must've been up to no good while you were away."

"Who says?" Ling Chen defended himself. He had accomplished quite a few good deeds on his trip, having saved the lives of several hundred people on a ship. However, when it came to misdeeds, his thoughts immediately drifted to the 'porridge girl.'

That woman had done so much for him, only to leave without a word, denying him the chance to express his gratitude. Every time he thought of it, a sense of guilt gnawed at him.

Seeming to sense the shift in Ling Chen's mood, Nanrong Wanqing turned her head towards him, noticing the flicker in his eyes, and asked with concern, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." Ling Chen gave a slight smile, putting thoughts of the porridge girl temporarily aside. Since he didn't know her whereabouts, he decided to wait for a chance encounter with her in the future.

"You've just returned, why don't you rest for a bit? Once I finish with my work, we can go home together."

Ling Chen nodded in agreement. For some reason, his heart felt exceptionally warm when Nanrong Wanqing mentioned 'home.' Perhaps, having often drifted from place to place, being rootless and alone, he had developed an inexplicable yearning for home.

Looking at Nanrong Wanqing's enchanting face, Ling Chen couldn't resist embracing her neck and leaning in for a kiss, savoring her cherry-like red lips.

After a long moment, they parted lips.

Meeting Nanrong Wanqing's autumn-water-like beautiful eyes, Ling Chen smiled and said, "Don't tire yourself out, make sure to rest."

Nanrong Wanqing obediently nodded, "Understood."

After leaving the office and seeing Ling Chen come out, Wang Lan immediately lowered her head, seemingly afraid to look directly at Ling Chen, worried he would tease her about the earlier incident.

Returning to the security department, Ling Chen greeted Zhong Wei and the others.

Sitting in his office, Ling Chen leaned back in his chair, legs crossed, savoring the green tea Wei Jun had brewed while casually pulling a document envelope from his backpack.

This envelope was handed to him by the Heavenly Mechanism Pavilion Master when he disembarked, claiming it contained two very important pieces of information.

Opening the envelope, Ling Chen took out two documents. With his experience, he could tell at a glance that the documents were copies, each bearing the seal of the Heavenly Mechanism Pavilion and stamped with the word 'treasured.'

Documents categorized as treasures by the Heavenly Mechanism Pavilion were bound to be extraordinary.

Ling Chen put down the tea cup, unable to wait any longer, and started to read one of the documents word by word.

After spending more than ten minutes reading the document, Ling Chen's mood couldn't calm down for a long time. The document detailed the secret history of the Martial Arts world hundreds of years ago, to be exact, it was the legendary life of a martial artist. And this person was none other than the creator of the Prajnaparamita Sutra.

Ling Gengqiu!

That was the name of the man.

Ling Chen chuckled to himself, never expecting this legendary figure to be his kinsman.

According to the records, Ling Gengqiu was born into a Martial Arts family. Not yet twenty, he was already among the top masters of the younger generation, unbeaten among his peers. However, Ling Gengqiu had the character of a prodigal son, handsome and unrestrained, unbound by family rules, often breaking them. After several warnings, Ling Gengqiu simply ran away from home to indulge in pleasure-seeking and live a carefree life.

With his good looks and martial arts prowess, Ling Gengqiu naturally won the hearts of many women. But he was too fickle, never spending too much effort on any one woman, fleeing immediately after winning her over, leaving behind many resentful women.

When Ling Gengqiu was in his forties, he finally met a woman who drove him mad with passion. But the woman was just in her twenties, much younger than him. Nonetheless, Ling Gengqiu did not care at all. When it came to the women he desired, no one could escape his grasp.

With years of experience in the game of love, unsurprisingly, Ling Gengqiu succeeded in capturing the woman's heart. Although they did not marry, they lived together and even had a child. Such behavior was unacceptable by the norms of the time. When the Ling Family learned about this, they were furious, considering Ling Gengqiu's actions disorderly and a disgrace to the family name. Hence, in anger, the Ling Family Patriarch ordered Ling Gengqiu to be expelled from the family.

To this, Ling Gengqiu was indifferent; having been away from home for many years, he had no deep feelings for the Ling Family.

So, Ling Gengqiu spent a few peaceful years with his woman and child. However, as the saying goes, it's hard to change one's nature. Ling Gengqiu was not a man to settle down, so he secretly met with other women behind his own woman's back.

Until one day, his woman accidentally discovered this and was infuriated.

However, considering the years of affection, she chose to forgive Ling Gengqiu. But to her dismay, not only did Ling Gengqiu not reform, he escalated his behavior, sometimes staying away from home for months at a time, which completely disheartened her.

As it is often said: deep love begets deep resentment.

A woman turned hateful from love is the most terrifying.

Chapter 486 Ling Gengqiu (Part 2)

When Ling Gengqiu returned home after half a year of wandering, his woman, as usual, silently prepared a table full of food for him, including a pot of his favorite Daughter Wine.

Ling Gengqiu mistook his woman's silence for compromise and forgiveness, never suspecting that she would poison his food and drink.

Upon waking, Ling Gengqiu was terrified to discover that he had lost not only his manhood but his wife and child had also vanished without a trace.

From then on, Ling Gengqiu lived in deep melancholy and eventually decided to become a monk, while his wife and child disappeared after that night, never to be heard from again.

The Prajnaparamita Sutra was the Internal Cultivation Method Ling Gengqiu created during his monastic life.

The document detailed Ling Gengqiu's licentious life as well as his profound martial arts skills. Despite his frivolous and unruly character, it was undeniable that he was a martial arts prodigy.

Before his monastic life, there were few in the world who could match him.

After examining the document, Ling Chen felt that the woman both ruined and made Ling Gengqiu.

Had that woman not destroyed Ling Gengqiu's philandering ways, he would not have devoted himself to studying martial arts, nor would he have brought forth the Prajnaparamita Sutra. Furthermore, according to the secret manuals found by Ling Chen, aside from martial arts, Ling Gengqiu was also adept in medicine, Buddhist philosophy, and astronomy, proving him to be a true genius.

However, Ling Chen remembered the Heavenly Mechanism Pavilion Master had once told him that Ling Gengqiu had fought a match with the Pavilion Master, with neither able to best the other, ending in a draw. Why wasn't this recorded in the document?

With that in mind, Ling Chen carefully reviewed the document again. Soon, he noticed that the last section of the document seemed to have no conclusion, as if there should be more to follow, but the rest was missing. It was unclear whether the Heavenly Mechanism Pavilion Master had printed one page too few or intentionally concealed the subsequent events.

Regardless, Ling Gengqiu's life could indeed be called legendary. Merely by his affairs with so many women, he could evoke envy, jealousy, and hatred in countless men.

Having put away the document, Ling Chen opened another, and his gaze was deeply captivated just by the introduction.

After reading through the document in one breath, Ling Chen felt enlightened, understanding much all at once.

So that's how it was.

Ling Chen secretly smiled, feeling obliged to say that the two documents gifted to him by the Heavenly Mechanism Pavilion Master were exceedingly precious and greatly beneficial, especially the last one, which would be of great help to his future martial arts cultivation.

At five-thirty, Ling Chen packed his things and prepared to pick up Nanrong Wanqing. As he left the office and saw the off-duty crowd, his gaze suddenly brightened, a teasing smile curving at the corner of his mouth.

He saw Wang Lan and Ji Beizhao walking hand in hand, chatting and laughing as they left.

Wang Lan had told him before that she had a boyfriend, but Ling Chen never expected it to be Ji Beizhao, which was quite the surprise. Ling Chen had dealt with Ji Beizhao a few times and knew that he was a man prone to shyness, sometimes blushing more easily than a woman. However, Ji Beizhao had a good character, was humble and honest, likely the homemaking type of man; it would be a good thing if Wang Lan ended up with him.

By the time he returned to Wealthy Manor, it was already past six in the evening.

It must have been Nanrong Wanqing who had communicated with Nanny Wang beforehand, as Nanny Wang had specially prepared a sumptuous dinner to welcome Ling Chen's return. Not only that, but there were also two red candles and a bottle of red wine on the dining table. Under the dim lights, a romantic ambiance naturally emerged.

Looking at the setup on the dining table, Ling Chen took Nanrong Wanqing's hand, his face adorned with a warm smile, and asked, "Did you prepare this?"

With a shy nod, under the candlelight, Nanrong Wanqing's tender white cheeks seemed to bloom with two little red flowers, exquisitely charming.

"Thank you! I should have been the one preparing this for you."

Nanrong Wanqing smiled sweetly: "It's alright, next time it'll be your turn to prepare."

As they were about to sit down and enjoy this delightful moment, a mood-shattering loud voice came from outside the door: "Chen, you're back!"

With a darkened face, Ling Chen turned to look towards the entrance, only to see Nanrong Hao quickly running in, exclaiming joyfully, "Chen, I've missed you so much."

"Can't you pick another time to visit? Can't you see that people are having dinner here?" Ling Chen said irritably.

Noticing the red candles on the table, Nanrong Hao immediately realized the situation and awkwardly chuckled, scratching his head and saying, "Uh... Sister, Chen, you two enjoy, I won't disturb you anymore."

After saying this, Nanrong Hao didn't forget to give Ling Chen a thumbs-up and a knowing wink.

"Scram now, and close the door behind you," Ling Chen said with a cursing smile. The great atmosphere was spoiled by this tactless guy.

"Yes, yes," responded Nanrong Hao, chuckling and hurriedly backing out.

Once Nanrong Hao had left, Ling Chen picked up a glass of red wine and made a toasting gesture through the air, looking at Nanrong Wanqing across the table and said, "This glass is to you, thank you for giving me the warmth of home. Before, I was homeless, wandering from place to place, not knowing where I would be tomorrow after today. Especially during the New Year's reunion dinners, seeing other families' joy, my heart was filled with envy. I've always longed for my own home. But back then, home seemed like an unattainable existence to me. It was not until I met you that right here, right now, I had this feeling. During my time away, I was constantly thinking about you, wishing I could fly back to your side immediately. I think only when a person has something to care about can they feel the warmth of home. So, I want to thank you, for giving me what I've always dreamed of."

Nanrong Wanqing chuckled and said, "If that's something to be thankful for, then shouldn't I be thanking you as well. You know, I lost my parents when I was young, and it was my grandfather who raised me by himself. But because of Nanrong Hao, because of the responsibilities and pressures of the Nanrong family, I've always been learning to be a strong person, to protect my family. It wasn't until I

met you that I knew what it felt like to be cared for. As long as you are by my side, I can let go of all pretense and burden, and truly be myself."

"As long as you are willing, I will protect you for a lifetime, that's my promise to you, and also..." Ling Chen's words abruptly stopped.

"And also what?"

Ling Chen shook his head with a smile, "It's nothing."

He would not tell Nanrong Wanqing that he had once promised her father he would spare no effort to ensure her safety.

"Wanqing, have you ever thought about what kind of man your father was?"

"He..." Nanrong Wanqing swirled the red wine in her glass and spoke softly, "I don't know how to describe him, my understanding of him is limited to what Nanny Wang has told me. However, I hope that he was a man like you, brave enough to take responsibility."

Chapter 487 Ghost Under Attack

Willing to take responsibility?

After learning about Mr. Yun's actions, Ling Chen really didn't know how to judge him. Although Mr. Yun repeatedly said it was for himself and Nanrong Wanqing, he never revealed his true purpose.

Ling Chen felt that Mr. Yun had set up such a big game, spent twenty years secretly building a huge force, and the things he wanted to do were definitely not simple.

"Ling Chen, where's your father?"

"Hm?" Ling Chen was momentarily stunned, looking up at Nanrong Wanqing, he absentmindedly said, "My father?"

"I've never heard you talk about your parents."

"They..." Ling Chen said with a bitter smile, "To tell you the truth, I don't have much of an impression of either of them, I'm not even sure if they're still alive. My childhood memories are very blurry. I only remember being born in a very lively family with many family members. But, later, for some reason, my father took me and left. I spent very little time with my father, and when I was a bit older, he sent me to the army. Before he left, he told me he had a very important matter to handle, and that he would come back for me after it was done. I've waited many years for his promise, but he never appeared. Later, I lost heart and stopped expecting anything; after all, I got used to being on my own."

Nanrong Wanqing asked curiously, "In your memory, what kind of person was your father?"

"It's hard to say, ever since we left home, I never saw him smile again, he always looked preoccupied with worries, and sometimes it was hard for me to exchange even a few words with him over half a month."

Nanrong Wanqing said, "Your dad must have had his troubles, and those things were very important to him."

Ling Chen shrugged his shoulders, dismissively saying, "It doesn't matter. It's been so long, with or without him it's the same."

Hearing this, Nanrong Wanqing said with a gentle smile, "Is it that all you men like to say things you don't mean, always wanting to show your strong side to others?"

"Why do you say that?"

"I've been to your room. You've always kept your father's photo there. That photo is very old, and the fact that you've kept it in good condition shows that you care about him deep down. I understand how you feel, over time the expectations you have in your heart gradually turn into resentment. To put it bluntly, that's all childish behavior. It's not just you, sometimes I do the same, always complaining about my parents, why they left and haven't been willing to come back to see me for over twenty years."

Ling Chen looked meaningfully at Nanrong Wanqing, asking, "If you could see your father, what would you want to say to him?"

Nanrong Wanqing thought for a moment, then gently shook her head, saying, "I don't know. I have imagined this scenario countless times in my mind, with hatred, resentment, but then I came to a realization. No parent wants to leave their own flesh and blood unless there's a compelling reason. So, if I get the chance to see my parents, I would choose to forgive them."

"It's good that you can think this way." Ling Chen smiled, not continuing the topic.

When there's a chance later on, he would tell Nanrong Wanqing about Mr. Yun's matter.

After enjoying a candlelit dinner, Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing snuggled on the living room sofa. They turned on the TV but didn't watch much, more focused on chatting. However, at this moment, Ling Chen's attention was suddenly captivated by the scene being broadcast on the TV.

"Dear viewers, this evening, a severe fire broke out at a manor in the northern suburbs of Beijing, accompanied by multiple explosions during the incident. After hours of rescue efforts by firefighters, the blaze was finally brought under control, but the number of casualties is still unclear and is currently being tallied. According to official reports, the fire was caused by a gas leak..."

"Ling Chen... Ling Chen..."

Nanrong Wanqing called out a few times to bring Ling Chen back to his senses. She asked, puzzled, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing... nothing." As he said that, Ling Chen got up from the sofa, adding as he walked away, "I'm going to make a call in my room."

Back in his bedroom, Ling Chen's expression turned grave in an instant; he hurriedly took out his phone and dialed Tang Yuan's number.

The scene of the fire broadcast just now was precisely the location of Ghost Base; this was definitely not a coincidence. Ling Chen thought that God Organization had confirmed Mr. Yun's death, but now it seemed that things were not as smooth as he had imagined.

"Beep... beep... beep..."

The call to Tang Yuan connected, but no one answered for a while, which made Ling Chen anxious, worried that something had happened.

"Hello!"

Just as he was thinking, the call finally connected.

"Old Tang, how are you, is everyone alright?"

"You saw the news?" Tang Yuan's voice had a trace of weariness.

"I just saw it. What's the situation there?"

Tang Yuan sighed, saying, "It's a long story, if you have time, it's best to come over tomorrow, there are some things I can't say over the phone."

"Okay, I will catch the morning flight to Beijing. Take extra care, don't let anything else happen."

Coming out of the bedroom, Ling Chen looked at Nanrong Wanqing sitting on the sofa and said with a guilty face, "I have to go to Beijing tomorrow. Old Tang has run into some trouble there, I need to go help him."

"Then it's perfect, I'll go with you."

"You're going too?" Ling Chen was startled.

"It's almost New Year, and the Beijing branch office is going to hold an annual meeting. How can I, as the chairman, be absent? The itinerary is all arranged, I was planning to go in a couple of days. Since you're in a hurry to go, I'll ask Lan to move the schedule forward."

Chapter 488 Shocking Bad News

The next morning.

Before seven o'clock, Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing boarded a private jet to Beijing. There were not many people accompanying them, only Zhong Wei and Liang Zhao Hui.

Half past eight.

The plane landed on time at Beijing International Airport.

Leaving the airport, Ling Chen first dropped Nanrong Wanqing off at the hotel, then hurried by car to the Ghost Base.

When Ling Chen arrived at the manor, the once bustling estate had turned into ruins, with broken walls and rubble everywhere, the site scorched black. Over a dozen firefighters were cleaning up and clearing the debris.

Ling Chen frowned and took a quick survey of the surroundings. Then, he walked alone towards a detached villa two hundred meters away.

There was more than one entrance to the Ghost Base; the manor was the main entrance, while the villa in front of him was an emergency exit. Arriving at the villa, Ling Chen pressed the doorbell.

Soon after, the door opened, and a tired Tang Yuan appeared in front of Ling Chen.

Seeing Ling Chen rush over, Tang Yuan squeezed out a faint smile and said, "You got here quite fast."

"Cut the chit-chat, how is everyone doing? Are General and Mr. Han alright?" Ling Chen asked impatiently.

"They're all fine, it's just that..." Tang Yuan's voice trailed off, as if choked, unable to utter another word, and he fell into silence.

Ling Chen, unable to restrain himself, urged, "Just what? Come on, spit it out."

With his head hung low, filled with sorrow, Tang Yuan's voice choked up as he said, "When the manor exploded, Uncle Mu and Mrs. Chen were in the room... they... they didn't make it out in time..."

Hearing this, Ling Chen felt as if struck by lightning, blanking out instantly and standing dumbfounded at the door for a long time, unable to snap back to reality.

Tang Yuan composed himself, looked at the dazed Ling Chen, and said softly, "Tang Yuan..."

"They... they're dead? No! That can't be. They can't be dead. Old Tang, you must be lying to me, right? Tell me, are you lying to me?" Ling Chen cried out, grabbing hold of Tang Yuan's collar, shouting hoarsely.

"Tang Yuan, I wish I was lying to you, but..."

Ling Chen, pale-faced, released his grip as if sapped of all strength, his legs weak, leaning helplessly against the door frame, the color of grief spilling uncontrollably from his eyes.

"Uncle Mu, Mrs. Chen... why did it have to be you..."

Ling Chen muttered to himself, tears streaming down uncontrollably. At this moment, all his strength had crumbled, leaving only boundless sorrow in his heart.

Mu Zhiyuan and Chen Ping, a married couple, both retired secret agents of the Ghost Organization, were responsible for guarding the access points of the Ghost Base and were the base's first line of defense.

After Ling Chen joined the Ghost Organization, he often received care from Mu Zhiyuan and Chen Ping. This couple even treated him like their own family member, providing meticulous care. Before meeting Nanrong Wanqing, this couple gave Ling Chen his first taste of warmth, akin to a family.

All members of the base knew that Ling Chen had a very close relationship with the Mu couple, and referring to them as family was no exaggeration.

Therefore, Tang Yuan was well aware of how devastating the death of the Mu couple was to Ling Chen, and the grief he bore was far greater than that of anyone else.

"Tang Yuan, a person can't come back to life after death; don't be too hard on yourself," Tang Yuan comforted.

Ling Chen wiped away his tears and looked up to ask, "Where have Uncle Mu's and others' bodies been kept?"

"They are inside the base. The General knows that you had a deep relationship with Uncle Mu and the others, so he wanted you to see them one last time."

Ling Chen nodded, gathered his emotions, and followed Tang Yuan in a secret elevator to the underground base.

Arriving at the base, Ling Chen noticed that the interior had been damaged to varying degrees, and there were still uncleaned bloodstains on the ground.

"Old Tang, what happened here?"

"We'll talk about it later."

While speaking, Tang Yuan brought Ling Chen to the outside of a room and pointed to the door, "You go in by yourself; I'll wait for you outside."

Pushing open the door, Ling Chen saw two bodies covered with white cloth lying on the bed, an overwhelming sadness filled him, and his eyes moistened.

Standing in front of the corpses for a long time, Ling Chen's expression was complex, filled with sorrow and rage. After a while, he slowly raised his right hand, his tone resolute as he spoke, "Uncle Mu, Mrs. Chen, rest assured, I will make the murderer pay this blood debt with their own blood."

Coming out of the room, Ling Chen looked at Tang Yuan and asked, "Old Tang, tell me what exactly happened?"

"Yesterday evening, the base was attacked by the God Organization. There were over thirty people, all agile, specially trained individuals, and they had also taken enhancement drugs. Less than a minute after the invasion began, Uncle Mu, who was responsible for the first line of defense, sounded the alarm, but when the internal personnel tried to lock down the base, they found a system malfunction, unable to seal off the entrances and exits."

"Traitor!" Ling Chen said coldly, clenching his teeth.

"Exactly," Tang Yuan nodded and said, "Without an insider working with them, they couldn't have breached our defenses so easily, and moreover..."

At this point, Tang Yuan's expression suddenly turned ugly.

Ling Chen frowned and asked, "And what?"

"There's more than one traitor." Tang Yuan let out a self-mocking laugh, saying, "We always thought that Ghost Organization's security measures were very tight, but what happened last night told us that Ghost had long been infiltrated by outsiders; we just didn't know."

"Have the traitors been identified?"

"One is Wu Jun, another is Yang Tao."

"Them?" Ling Chen was shocked. He knew Wu Jun, a veteran within the Ghost Organization. As for Yang Tao, he was even more familiar. Back then, when Yang Tao's mission failed, he and Tang Yuan risked their lives to rescue him from Cyprus. He didn't expect him to be a traitor.

Tang Yuan explained, "Wu Jun is an operative for the God Organization, but Yang Tao was bought by Mr. Yun. The primary responsibility for this attack on the Ghost Base lies with Wu Jun; Yang Tao isn't related to this incident."

"How was he exposed?"

"Because of Mr. Yun. Mr. Yun was captured by the Ghost Organization, and Yang Tao worried that he would betray him, jeopardizing his future. So, he sneaked into the prison intending to kill Mr. Yun to eliminate the threat, but was discovered by the patrolling staff."

"Where are they now?"

Tang Yuan said helplessly, "Wu Jun fled with the people from the God Organization, and Yang Tao has been captured by us, but... Mr. Yun was severely injured and is currently undergoing emergency treatment, it's uncertain if he will survive."

After speaking, Tang Yuan changed the topic, "Let's go, I'll take you to meet the General. Since its establishment, Ghost has never suffered such a severe blow, you can imagine how the General feels. Later, try to console him well."

Chapter 489 The Ghosts Disband

Arriving at Qiao Zhen's office, Ling Chen saw Qiao Zhen standing with his back towards the desk, staring at a calligraphy painting on the wall. The painting bore four vigorous and bold brush strokes that read "a heavy responsibility and a long way to go!"

Through the brush techniques, Ling Chen realized that the characters were identical to those he had seen outside Qingyun Martial Arts Hall, undoubtedly written by He Ziyun.

Hearing the noise from behind, Qiao Zhen slowly turned around, facing Tang Yuan and Ling Chen walking toward him and sat down with a solemn expression.

"Have you seen them?"

Ling Chen knew the question was directed at him and immediately nodded.

Qiao Zhen sighed deeply and said sorrowfully, "Old Mu and Chen have been the pillars of the Ghost Organization, dedicating their lives to it. Yet, they were betrayed by their own people, and I fear they rest uneasily even in death."

"General, rest assured, I will not let the murderer of Uncle Mu and Mrs. Chen get away," Ling Chen promised earnestly.

"I believe you will," Qiao Zhen said, visibly relieved.

"General, how is the investigation into Wu Jun's matter going?"

Qiao Zhen pointed at the documents on the desk, saying, "I've reviewed all the missions Wu Jun has undertaken, and indeed, there are significant problems. According to records, Wu Jun conducted ten missions related to the God Organization. During the initial missions, he was missing for a day and returned with severe injuries. We assumed it was due to the dangerous nature of the missions and didn't think deeper. The Ghost Organization always adheres to the principle of trusting our people without doubt, and would not suspect our members easily. However, based on this incident, I believe that Wu Jun was unfortunately exposed during his initial contact with the God Organization and captured by them. Moreover, he must have reached an agreement with the God Organization to return alive. After that incident, every mission related to the God Organization conducted by Wu Jun was completed without errors, accumulating much merit. Due to his merits, his authority within the Ghost Organization has been increasing."

"Just take last night's incident, for instance; less than ten people have the clearance to enter the central control room of the base; Wu Jun was one of them. If it wasn't for him sabotaging the defense system of the base, external enemies couldn't have possibly breached the Ghost Base. This shows that the God Organization has been secretly assisting Wu Jun, enhancing his position within the Ghost Organization."

At this point, Qiao Zhen looked at Ling Chen and said, "Honestly, this crisis is indeed a major blow to the Ghost Organization, but I am actually very relieved."

"Relieved?" Ling Chen asked in confusion, "General, why say this?"

"You know that I am already of age. Although I wish to continue serving the country, my energy is limited, and I can't do as much. I originally wanted to groom you as my successor, but you insisted on leaving, so I had to look for others. After I step down, Han Bing will take over my position, but his position will need someone else to fill. With Wu Jun's merits, capabilities, and experience, there's no one in the Ghost Organization more outstanding than him, naturally making him our consideration. Imagine, if Wu Jun became second in command of the Ghost Organization, how much disaster would it bring in the future? Honestly, I can't imagine, so I am relieved that this crisis has surfaced all the traitors within the Ghost."

Ling Chen silently nodded, Qiao Zhen's concerns were valid; indeed, if that were the case, the Ghost Organization would likely face destruction.

"General, how do you plan to handle this situation?"

"I'm still waiting for news. Han Bing is currently in Beijing reporting to the higher-ups. However, from what I know, this incident might bring great trouble to the Ghost."

Ling Chen asked worriedly, "How severe?"

"The Ghost... might be facing the risk of dissolution."

Hearing this, the expressions on Ling Chen and Tang Yuan's faces changed abruptly, puzzled, they asked, "Why? The Ghost has achieved so much, has given so much blood and sweat for the country, why would it be disbanded?"

"Because the higher-ups don't trust the Ghost," Qiao Zhen replied helplessly. "Only two traitors were found this time, which has deeply shocked the senior executives. They think, what if there are still traitors within the Ghost? They can't bear the loss and responsibility."

Tang Yuan frowned and said displeasedly, "The Ghost has been established for so many years, we've only encountered a crisis once, why wouldn't they trust us?"

"It's simple," Ling Chen chimed in. "The Ghost has always been the most mysterious organization in the world, even less understood by the public than the God Organization. A problem within such an organization is not just severe but also deadly."

"You're absolutely right," Qiao Zhen nodded. "That's the main reason for the higher-ups' concern. Actually, they've already had a private phone call with me discussing the disbandment of the Ghost Organization. However, they will preserve the existence of Lonely Wolf. After all, those who join Lonely Wolf have all been personally vetted by me, totally trustworthy, with no issues in loyalty." He paused, then continued, "You two are insiders, so I might as well be frank with you, the higher-ups are giving Lonely Wolf a chance, considering my many years of service to the country. If Lonely Wolf encounters problems too, it will face the same fate as the Ghost."

Ling Chen silently sighed, no one wanted to see such an outcome.

"General, after the Ghost is disbanded, how will the members of the Ghost be handled?"

"There's still no conclusion, it will be known after consultations. However, they are all talents nurtured by the nation; even if the Ghost is disbanded, they won't be discharged. My guess is, they will probably be sent back to the military to act as instructors."

Instructors?

Ling Chen and Tang Yuan gave a wry smile. Instructors, that sounds respectable, but in reality, it meant sidelining them, not planning to use them actively.

After serving the country for so many years, shedding blood and sweat, fighting to death, to meet such an end, it is truly not worth it for them.

Seeing the thoughts of the two, Qiao Zhen said, "I know it's hard for you to accept, but we can't help it, our organization values trust; without trust, we have nothing. If you must blame someone, all the responsibility should be on Wu Jun; he single-handedly destroyed the Ghost."

Ling Chen furrowed his brow and spoke, "General, please help find Wu Jun. I will make sure he pays dearly."

"He left with the people from the God Organization, and he probably won't show up for a while. I will have the Lonely Wolf keep an eye out for him and will inform you immediately once there is any discovery."

"Thanks!" Having said that, Ling Chen turned the conversation and looked at Tang Yuan, asking, "Didn't you just say Mr. Yun had an accident? How is he, is it serious?"

Chapter 490 Mr. Yun is Seriously Injured

"His situation is very complicated." Tang Yuan replied: "His primary target is the God Organization, although we tried our best to ensure his safety, he still got shot."

Hearing this, Ling Chen immediately became tense and hurriedly asked, "Is his life in danger?"

Qiao Zhen interjected, "The bullet hit his head, we brought in the best doctors, and his life was saved, but... he has fallen into a deep coma. According to the attending physician, he might remain in this state indefinitely, becoming a vegetative person, or he might suddenly wake up in a few months. Right now, no one can tell, we can only wait."

"That's still good."

Ling Chen secretly breathed a sigh of relief, at least Mr. Yun's life was preserved. As long as he is alive, there is hope.

"General, how much intelligence did you extract from Mr. Yun?"

Qiao Zhen said indifferently, "They are all dispensable pieces of intelligence. I originally wanted to make a deal with him, but before we could discuss it, this happened. However, from the reaction of the God Organization, it's evident that Mr. Yun definitely holds many important secrets, otherwise, the God Organization wouldn't spend such a huge cost to eliminate him."

"Right!" At this moment, Ling Chen seemed to remember something, his eyes suddenly brightened, and he hurriedly said, "Mr. Yun mentioned to me that the mysterious leader of the God Organization is likely an Asian."

"Asian?"

Qiao Zhen and Tang Yuan exchanged glances, their expressions slightly changed, and they inquired, "He said an Asian? Could it be that person..."

Before they could finish, Ling Chen had already understood their implication and nodded, agreeing, "My guess is the same as yours, I suspect that the Asian Mr. Yun mentioned is a native of Huaxia."

Qiao Zhen thoughtfully said, "Within the Ghost Organization, there is a list containing all those posing potential threats, and half of them are Huaxia people. Whether our guess is true or not, it wouldn't hurt to check and see if those people are suspicious." After saying this, Qiao Zhen changed the topic and looked at Tang Yuan, "You go first and see how the cleanup outside is doing, I want to talk to Ling Chen alone."

"Yes, General."

Once Tang Yuan left the office, Qiao Zhen stood up from his office chair, hands behind his back, paced in front of Ling Chen, and asked, "Do you know the true identity of Mr. Yun?"

Ling Chen nodded, "I do."

Mr. Yun is Nanrong Wanqing's father, very few people know about this, Ling Chen has never told anyone else, including Qiao Zhen. Because he had his reservations, given his relationship with Nanrong Wanqing, if Mr. Yun's true identity were revealed, to avoid suspicion, Qiao Zhen would definitely not allow him to be involved.

Now that Mr. Yun has fallen into the hands of Ghost Organization, there's no need to keep concealing it any longer, it's better to just confess.

Qiao Zhen spoke as if to himself, "Mr. Yun, originally named Nanrong Yuan, born in '68, forty-nine years old this year, disappeared twenty years ago, nothing heard ever since. He has a wife named Jiang Yue'e, who is from the Jiang Family in Yangcheng, also disappeared, whereabouts unknown until today." After saying this, Qiao Zhen looked at Ling Chen and asked, "This family is quite interesting, having lived with the Nanrong family for so long, how much do you know about their affairs?"

"General, to be honest, I am as curious as you. Mr. Yun... no, Nanrong Yuan, why Nanrong Yuan and Jiang Yue'e suddenly disappeared, is a secret of the Nanrong and Jiang families, very few people know, even Wanqing doesn't know. However, judging from the timing, Nanrong Yuan probably joined the God Organization a few years after his disappearance. Additionally, his joining the God Organization seems to hold some unspeakable secrets, I've tried to probe a few times, but he never wanted to reveal his real intentions."

"Never mind, it's their private matter after all, I won't inquire further. However, be more cautious while you're at the Nanrong family, don't invite trouble."

"I understand."

"Alright, I've said all I needed to, you can go back now. Tomorrow, I will hold a simple funeral for Old Mu and his wife, don't forget to attend."

"Yes."

Before leaving Ghost Base, Ling Chen made a special trip to visit Nanrong Yuan. Tang Yuan had mentioned that Nanrong Yuan was shot in the head, fortunately his life was spared as the bullet didn't hit any vital parts but was caught by the skull. Now, Nanrong Yuan is in a severe coma, no medical measures are effective, and all they can do is patiently wait for him to awaken.

Back at the hotel, Ling Chen headed straight to Nanrong Wanqing's guest room and silently sat on the sofa, staring out the window at the towering skyscrapers in a daze.

Just then, Nanrong Wanqing, who had just come out of the bathroom after a bath, wearing a bathrobe exposing her tender, fair shoulders and her delicate face still flushed from the steam, looking as adorable and enticing as a rosy apple, walked towards Ling Chen.

However, Ling Chen didn't notice her approach, his eyes like ink staring into the distance as if frozen, unmoving for a long time.

Seeing Ling Chen's delayed reaction, Nanrong Wanqing felt a bit disappointed. More than disappointment, she was puzzled and confused.

Knowing Ling Chen as she did, in the past, if she had made such an advance, he would not have been able to resist, which was not the case now. Additionally, she had never seen Ling Chen this distracted, especially the look in his eyes, all the luster drowned in the black of his pupils, devoid of any sparkle.

"Ling Chen," she called softly.

Hearing the voice of Nanrong Wanqing, Ling Chen finally snapped out of his daze, turned his head to look at Nanrong Wanqing beside him, his handsome face showing a forced smile.

"Sorry, I was distracted just now."

"What's wrong? You look unhappy, did something happen?" Nanrong Wanqing, adept at reading expressions, asked.

Ling Chen hesitated for a moment, then asked, "Do... do you have time tomorrow?"

"I have a meeting to attend."

"Can you postpone it? I would like you to accompany me to a funeral tomorrow."

Nanrong Wanqing's expression changed slightly. No wonder Ling Chen was feeling low, it was because of this. After thinking for a moment, she lightly nodded her head, then picked up the phone from the coffee table, and said, "I'll call them to let them know."

She didn't ask whose funeral it was, as smart as she was, she could tell from Ling Chen's mannerisms that the person who had died must have been very important to him.

After making the call, Nanrong Wanqing went back to the bedroom to change clothes. At that moment, Ling Chen's cell phone rang.

Ling Chen took out his phone, glanced at the caller ID, and answered the call listlessly, asking, "Fatty, what's up?"

"I've found Snake King's whereabouts."