

The Beauty 71

Chapter 71 Tang Yuan's Secret

Zhu Xiaozhu slightly opened her pearly teeth and said, "If you have nowhere to stay, why not move into the Martial Arts Academy? Mr. He's disciples have all moved out, and many rooms are now vacant. I'll go speak with Mr. He in a bit; he will surely agree. The academy has become so deserted now; if you're willing to move in, Mr. He would have someone to keep him company."

Ling Chen thought to himself that this was a good idea.

"Alright, then please ask Mr. He for me. If possible, I'll move in tomorrow. Oh, I also have a friend, he..."

"No problem. You can bring your friend too. It's still early, so you can go pack your things and move in tonight."

"Okay, I'll head back to the hotel first." Having said that, Ling Chen got up and walked out.

"Eh, where did Big Brother go?"

Shortly after, Little Hua poked her head in from outside, puzzled.

"He's gone back."

"He left so quickly?" Little Hua snorted through her nose, feeling indignant in her heart. She had kindly created an opportunity for him, and he didn't cherish it at all.

"Yeah, he's going to stay over tonight."

"What?" Little Hua exclaimed, her small face filled with surprise as she looked at Zhu Xiaozhu, "Stay over? Xiaozhu, aren't... aren't things progressing a bit too fast between you two?"

"What progressing too fast?" Zhu Xiaozhu was momentarily startled, then immediately understood Little Hua's implication. Her smooth, porcelain cheeks instantly flushed with embarrassment, like a freshly bloomed flower, radiant and dewy, "You little devil..." She scolded, pinching Little Hua's ear and gently twisting it, her annoyance tinged with shame, "That's for your nonsense, that's for your nonsense."

"Ow, ow... Xiaozhu, Little Hua... Little Hua won't dare to speak nonsense anymore." Little Hua quickly begged for mercy, vigorously squeezing a few crystal-clear tears from her fluttering large eyes.

Seeing her pitiful look, Zhu Xiaozhu's heart softened. She knew Little Hua was exaggerating her expressions, but she couldn't bear it and let go, saying, "Don't talk nonsense in the future, or I'll spank you next time."

"Got it. Xiaozhu, about that Big Brother..."

Zhu Xiaozhu explained, "He currently has nowhere to stay, so I invited him to move into the Martial Arts Academy. It would also give Mr. He some company."

"Really? Yay! That's great!" Little Hua exclaimed excitedly, "No more having to deal with that boring old man..." As the words left her mouth, she abruptly realized something and hastily covered her mouth with both hands, her round eyes darting around.

Zhu Xiaozhu raised an eyebrow, "What old man are you talking about?"

"Nothing... nothing..." Little Hua waved her hands, retreating step by step toward the door. At the doorway, she quickly turned her head and dropped a sentence, "I'm going to find Master," then bolted out.

Zhu Xiaozhu was both amused and annoyed. This little girl was getting more and more disrespectful, daring to refer to her own Master as an old man. And, although she was only a seven-year-old girl, her thoughts were anything but pure, even speaking of such matters. She wondered how Mr. He usually taught her.

Back at the hotel, Ling Chen called Tang Yuan, then dragged out the leather suitcase from under the bed. That's when he noticed a large cowhide bag underneath as well, bulging as if filled with a lot of stuff, probably Tang Yuan's luggage.

Thinking of this, he casually pulled out Tang Yuan's bag as well. However, when he lifted the bag, he found it very heavy, weighing over a hundred pounds; it couldn't possibly be just clothes and daily necessities.

"What on earth has this guy packed?"

He muttered to himself, glancing at the tightly shut room door. Hesitating, he curiously reached to unzip the luggage bag, wanting to have a look. But, his sharp eyes soon spotted a strand of hair at the end of the zipper. To anyone else, a single hair would be meaningless. But Ling Chen knew that it was a simple yet effective trick to prevent someone from stealthily opening the bag.

Carefully removing the hair, he unzipped the bag, revealing clothes and daily necessities on the surface. Emptying out the clothes, Ling Chen's gaze suddenly sharpened. At the bottom of the cowhide bag was a hard panel with a six-digit mechanical combination lock. The six-digit combo was complex, but not a challenge for Ling Chen. He took a fine steel wire from the room, cut it into two pieces, and skillfully began to work on it.

If it were an electronic lock, he might have had trouble opening it quickly, but a mechanical lock was different; its structure was simpler. In no time, a faint 'click' sound was heard, and the secret compartment sprang open.

Looking at the items inside, Ling Chen's expression instantly darkened. Several pieces of equipment were arranged there, including surveillance devices, and a standard individual combat gear set. There was a QSZ92 semi-automatic pistol with two full magazines and a silencer; a radio receiver and earpiece; a military-grade dagger.

Tang Yuan professed himself as a discharged soldier, yet he carried so much equipment—hardly the look of someone who had retired from the military. Clearly, he was deceiving him.

His thoughts raced as he speculated the purpose of Tang Yuan's trip to East Sea City. Tang Yuan hadn't retired, that much was certain; his visit to East Sea City was most likely for a covert mission. But what he

couldn't understand was why Tang Yuan would contact him and say he was coming to join him if he had a mission to carry out. Could it be... could it be that Tang Yuan's target had something to do with him, so he wanted to use him to get close to the target.

The more he thought, the more Ling Chen believed his conjecture. These tactics were not unfamiliar to him. Moreover, he was well aware of the way his former team operated—it had to be this way.

Checking the time, and fearing Tang Yuan might return at any moment, he quickly put the clothes back in place, zipped up the bag, pushed the cowhide bag back under the bed, and cleaned up all traces to avoid Tang Yuan noticing he had tampered with his luggage.

He had intended to confront Tang Yuan face-to-face, but on second thought, even if he did question him, there would be no use. The rules of the organization were clear; Tang Yuan wouldn't reveal more than he should. Moreover, he didn't want this matter to ruin the brotherhood between him and Tang Yuan.

After finishing tidying up, he heard a soft click from the door lock and Tang Yuan entered from outside.

"What were you up to?" Ling Chen asked casually.

Tang Yuan flashed a grin, "Just took a walk to get familiar with the surroundings. Hey, did you really find a free place to stay?"

"Nonsense. Hurry up and pack your things; I'll go downstairs to call a cab."

Watching Ling Chen exit the room, Tang Yuan's smile faded. He silently pulled out his luggage from under the bed, checked the hair on the zipper, and the position of the clothes inside. After confirming nothing was amiss, he hoisted the bag and walked out.