

The Beauty 82

Chapter 82: Banquet at Yulong Mansion (Part 2)

"Wanqing, let me take you inside."

Zhu Hong took over the wheelchair and slowly pushed towards the entrance of the mansion. To welcome Nanrong Wanqing's arrival, he specially installed rails on the stairs outside the mansion. Perhaps Nanrong Wanqing was the only one who received such special treatment.

"Indeed, as one of East Sea City's golden flowers, she attracts countless eyes wherever she goes," Gao Yuan said with a hearty laugh.

"Even beautiful flowers have their day of being plucked," Ling Chen responded coolly.

"Mr. Ling, your words are intriguing. I really want to see who could pluck such a golden flower. But, Mr. Zhu seems to have a good chance, as it's said that a talented man and a beautiful woman make a perfect match. Don't they look like a pair made by heaven when together?"

Ling Chen shrugged, neither agreeing nor disagreeing.

"Mr. Gao, let's go inside," suggested Ling Chen.

"Alright."

Upon entering the main banquet hall, Ling Chen was immediately shocked by the luxurious decoration.

The banquet hall was vast, spanning thousands of square meters, and even with hundreds of people, it didn't feel crowded. The floor was covered with red velvet carpet that felt soft as one walked on it, ensuring that even a fall wouldn't cause injury. The walls around were made of bright yellow special material, which shone brilliantly under the lighting, resembling a golden palace.

At the top of the banquet hall hung ten crystal chandeliers, all made from expensive natural crystals, not synthetic ones. The light projected onto the crystals emitted a dazzling brilliance as if countless stars were floating in mid-air.

Furthermore, five long tables were placed in the center of the hall, covered with a variety of exquisite dishes, and waiters with trays shuffled through the crowd, providing guests with fine wine and gourmet food.

Ling Chen, having seen many grand scenes, admitted that this was his first time in such a luxurious place.

"Mr. Ling, feel free to look around. I'll go greet some old friends and will find you later."

"Mr. Gao, go ahead, don't worry about me."

After speaking, Ling Chen took a glass of champagne from a server and began strolling through the hall.

Before long, his attention was caught by a man in the crowd.

By a long table piled with food stood a fat man in a suit. The suit seemed ill-fitting, stretching tight over his round belly as if the buttons might pop at any moment. He held a glass of red wine in one hand and an unshelled fried shrimp in the other, placing another shrimp in his mouth before even swallowing the first, clearly enjoying himself.

Ling Chen inwardly muttered, wondering why this person was here.

After a moment's thought, he walked over. The fat man was so immersed in relishing his food that he didn't notice Ling Chen approaching.

"Hey!" Ling Chen patted his shoulder, startling him and almost causing him to drop his glass of wine.

He turned around and said in confusion, "What are you doing here?"

"That's my line. What are you doing here? You, a middleman for assassins, were invited to the banquet too?"

The fat man indignantly said, "That's discrimination! If a security officer like you can come, why can't I?" he retorted, taking a bite of his sandwich, his mouth greasy.

"Be honest, what are you really here for? If you don't tell me, how about I inform the hosts that you're planning something against the guests?"

The fat man glared, "Are you threatening me?"

Ling Chen's lips curled up in a mischievous smile, "What if I am threatening you? What can you do about it? With your physique, you can't beat me."

"You... hmph, forget it. I'm generous-hearted and won't stoop to your level," the fat man said, and after glancing around to ensure no one was paying attention, he whispered, "I'm here to gather intelligence."

"What intelligence?" Ling Chen asked with interest.

"I got information that there's something off with Boyang Pharmaceutical Company. On the surface, it appears to be a pharmaceutical company, but secretly, it's involved in nefarious activities. The company's headquarters is abroad, with massive influence, and now that it's expanding to the domestic market, I suspect they are looking to widen their influence. So, I came here to scout around and see if I can find any valuable intelligence. Many people are watching this company, and if I can gather some firsthand intelligence, I could sell it for a good price."

"Oh?" Ling Chen was surprised. If what the fat man said was true, then Zhu Hong might be involved too.

"Fat man, are you sure about this? This isn't something to joke about."

"If I had solid proof, I wouldn't have to work so hard to come here," the fat man responded tersely.

Ling Chen frowned slightly. If what the fat man said was true, he had to be cautious. It wasn't just about Nanrong Wanqing but because of Nanrong Hao as well. If Zhu Hong was indeed involved in dubious activities, any contact he had with Nanrong Wanqing could eventually impact Nanrong Hao. As Nanrong Hao's friend, he had to consider his safety.

"Fat man, if you find anything, don't forget to let me know."

"Why? I deal in intelligence. You want to know? Fine, pay me," the fat man said, suddenly becoming serious.

"Last time I asked you to find out where Snake King was, and you've done nothing. Don't forget you still owe me a favor. Do you really want to leave it at that?"

"Snake King hasn't contacted me; what can I do? Alright, if I find any evidence, I'll tell you immediately as repayment for your favor. Deal?"

"Deal," agreed Ling Chen.

In the meantime, Zhu Hong wheeled Nanrong Wanqing into the banquet hall.

Their arrival instantly drew the attention of all the guests. One was the host of the banquet, and the other was one of East Sea City's golden flowers, naturally drawing interest. Before long, a group of guests surrounded them to greet them.

Ling Chen diverted his gaze and asked, "Fat man, what do you know about Zhu Hong?"

"He's from the Zhu Family of Beijing. He went abroad years ago and dropped off the radar until he suddenly reappeared a while ago. I've used many of my overseas contacts, but couldn't find any information about him. During these past years, it's as if he vanished from this world. Think about it, if a person has nothing to hide, why would there be no trace of him anywhere?"

Ling Chen nodded, understanding the situation. Having been in the Ghost Organization, he knew about disappearing without a trace, thanks to the organization's efforts to erase all his tracks. Therefore, if Zhu Hong managed to achieve this, there must be a significant power backing him.