

The Beauty 83

Chapter 83 Banquet at Yulong Mansion (Part 3)

Ling Chen turned his head, and a gaunt face suddenly came into view.

Tang Yuan?

He was slightly startled, sized him up from head to toe, looking astonished. Tang Yuan was dressed as a banquet waiter, holding a wine tray high in his right hand, and his left hand behind his back in a standard service posture, looking very professional.

"Sir, would you like some wine?" Tang Yuan asked, with a polite smile.

Ling Chen came back to his senses and asked incredulously, "You... what are you doing here?"

Tang Yuan pointed to his clothes, "Can't you tell? I got a job as a waiter at Yulong Mansion a couple of days ago. How do I look?"

Ling Chen looked at him disbelievingly, really thinking this guy could fool him so easily? Seeing the improperly sized pants, he guessed some poor fellow must be lying unconscious in some obscure corner. Tang Yuan probably didn't know that his secret mission had been seen through. Ling Chen was just curious about Tang Yuan's purpose here.

"Hey, is this your friend?" Fatty Hu glanced at Tang Yuan, casually placed his empty glass on the tray, picked up a champagne, and commanded with a pompous air, "Go get me a few more drinks."

Tang Yuan didn't move, snorting through his nostrils, "Fatty Hu, aren't you afraid of bursting from drinking so much?"

Hearing this, Fatty Hu nearly jumped up like a cat whose tail had been stepped on, widening his eyes at Tang Yuan, "You... how do you know my last name is Hu?"

"Hu Fei, don't think no one knows your real name. I not only know your name, but I'm also very clear about many of your affairs. If you're interested, perhaps we could find a place to have a good chat."

Hu Fei swallowed, his cheeks trembling slightly, betraying his inner unease, "Who exactly are you?"

"Didn't I just say? I'm a waiter at Yulong Mansion." Tang Yuan flashed a toothy smile, "Sir, would you like any more wine?"

"No... no more needed, no more needed," Hu Fei quickly waved his hands.

"Then I'll be going first, if you need anything just call me, I'll make sure you're satisfied," Tang Yuan said, winked at Ling Chen, then turned and walked into the crowd.

After watching him leave, Hu Fei, ignoring the table full of delicacies, urgently said, "Ling Chen, who is your friend, how does he know about my matters?"

"You want to know? Sure, pay up."

"Money?" Seeing him demanding money, Hu Fei's face looked pained. Hesitating for a bit, he gritted his teeth and said, "Alright, how much do you want?"

"Not much, considering we're friends, I'll give you a 15% discount, just hand over fifty million."

"What?" Hu Fei gasped, "You... isn't this extortion? I don't have that kind of money."

Ling Chen spread his hands, "Then there's nothing to talk about, fifty million is the lowest I can go."

This price wasn't blowing things out of proportion. Tang Yuan was part of Ghost Organization, and his profile was top secret. If his identity were exposed, it would mean the ghost would also shed its veil of mystery. Thus, the fifty million was indeed a minimum.

Hu Fei frustratedly said, "Forget it, you don't tell me, I'll find out myself. I don't believe I can't uncover his background with my own skills."

Ling Chen shrugged indifferently, "Take your time. I'm going to walk around." Saying so, he picked up a glass and continued mingling in the crowd.

The attendees of tonight's banquet were all notables from East Sea City, including entrepreneurs, government officials, and elites from various fields; the scene was quite lively. However, Ling Chen, not being from this circle and hardly knowing anyone, felt somewhat out of place. Gao Yuan was busy socializing, leaving him unattended, so he simply found a corner with sofas to sit down and watch the crowd dispassionately.

Soon, Zhu Hong and Nanrong Wanqing appeared again in his sight.

Ling Chen casually glanced at them, then his eyes were drawn to the several men following behind Zhu Hong. These men, in crisp suits, each equipped with wireless headsets, continually followed closely behind Zhu Hong wherever he went. Judging by their stance and positions, Ling Chen narrowed his eyes slightly.

Though their positions seemed casual, they were very professional, securely guarding Zhu Hong within their circle. No matter what danger arose, they could react instantly to ensure Zhu Hong's safety. Moreover, there was a solid and formidable Iron Blood Aura around these men. Compared to them, Zhong Wei and Liang Zhao Hui, who accompanied Nanrong Wanqing, seemed much inferior. Furthermore, Zhu Hong's bodyguards constantly, subtly kept them apart.

"Wanqing, why did you come alone today, where are Lin and Nanrong Hao? Didn't I invite them to the dinner?" Zhu Hong asked while pushing the wheelchair.

"They had some last-minute issues, so they couldn't make it."

Mentioning her brother, a hint of helplessness flashed in Nanrong Wanqing's beautiful eyes. Ever since Nanrong Hao had stormed out of her office, he hadn't spoken to her for days, probably still upset over the matter with Ling Chen.

Zhu Hong smiled, "I wanted to catch up and bond with them, looks like I'll have to find another opportunity."

While speaking, a bodyguard quickly walked up to Zhu Hong and whispered a few words. Whatever was said made Zhu Hong's gaze tighten, then he nodded, waved his hand to send the bodyguard away.

"Wanqing, I'm sorry but I have some important guests to attend to. Take a look around, and I'll come over to join you soon."

"No problem, go ahead. You're the host tonight; don't neglect the other guests because of me."

"I'll be back soon." After saying this, Zhu Hong and his bodyguards hurriedly turned and left.

Zhong Wei took over the wheelchair, asking, "Madam Chairman, would you like to meet other guests?"

"No need, I don't particularly wish to meet anyone. Find a quiet place for me to stay for a while."

"Okay." Zhong Wei replied, his gaze sweeping around, then he pushed the wheelchair toward a corner of the banquet hall.

Upon reaching the corner, the accompanying Liang Zhao Hui saw only a young man sitting on a sofa against the wall, his head lowered playing with his phone, never looking up.

After studying him for a moment, Zhong Wei withdrew his gaze from the young man and pushed the wheelchair to the floor-to-ceiling windows, pulling the curtains aside and opening a sliver at the top of the window.

Instantly, a crescent moon hung in the night sky, stars dazzling, reminiscent of the bright eyes of Nanrong Wanqing.

To prevent any disturbances to Nanrong Wanqing, Zhong Wei and Liang Zhao Hui each stepped back a few meters and positioned themselves at the corners, to prevent others from approaching.

