

The Beauty 901

Chapter 901 Extortion (3)

"If you don't want to apologize, that's fine too." Ling Chen pointed at the bottles of foreign wine on the table and said, "Each of you takes a bottle, and as long as you drink it all in one go, I'll let what happened earlier slide."

"Ha!" Song Wen sneered, looked at Ling Chen, and said, "Do you even know who we are? We..."

"Shut your damn mouth," Ling Chen said impatiently. "I don't care who you are. Even if you were the King himself, if you don't do as I say today, I'll deal with you all the same."

Song Wen, defiant and unconvinced, challenged, "Go ahead and try it if you dare."

Smack!

Just as Song Wen finished speaking, a loud slap echoed immediately.

Instantly, Song Wen, slapped hard, lost his balance and staggered towards the table, knocking it over entirely and spilling wine all over himself, in a completely embarrassing state.

Seeing Song Wen suffer, the others quickly shouted, "Security, security!"

At this moment, the ruckus they caused had attracted the attention and gaze of all the guests present. With the help of his friends, Song Wen stood up again. Seeing the surrounding guests pointing and smiling at him, Song Wen felt utterly humiliated.

As a company executive, when had he ever lost so much face, especially in full view of everyone?

The attendees at this gathering were all influential figures, and now that he was knocked to the ground in front of so many people, he figured he'd become the laughing stock once the event was over.

Thinking of this, Song Wen felt increasingly angry, losing his rationality to his fury, and directly grabbed a wine bottle from the ground, aiming to smash it onto Ling Chen's head.

Seeing Song Wen coming at him, Ling Chen extended his leg and kicked a nearby stool.

Immediately, the stool, impacted by the force, slid forward, just in front of Song Wen.

Unprepared, Song Wen's legs bumped into the stool, causing him to lose balance once again and topple to the ground, as the bottle in his hand flew out, landing right back on his own head.

With a loud 'clang,' the bottle shattered instantly, blood mixed with wine flowing out of his hair.

Song Wen's pitiful state caused the onlookers to burst into fits of laughter.

"Ling Chen!"

Shame mixed with rage made Song Wen shout, preparing to lunge at Ling Chen.

"Stop!"

At this time, several security personnel rushed out from the crowd, pinning Song Wen to the ground once again. A few others charged towards Ling Chen, attempting to restrain him as well.

Nonetheless, before any of those security personnel could touch Ling Chen, he easily dealt with them. Though the security personnel at the event were not weak, Ling Chen was now a different person than before. As a master on the Earthly List, these small fry were not a challenge.

Seeing Ling Chen's capabilities, the other security personnel immediately held back, not daring to continue.

"Ling Chen!"

As the two sides were in a standoff, Ling Shen quickly emerged from the crowd, glaring at Ling Chen and said, "Arrest him for me."

"Wait a minute!" Ling Chen raised his hand to stop the security officers, smirking as he said, "Mr. Ling, what are you doing? I didn't offend you, did I? Is this how Wanheng Group treats its guests?"

Ling Shen said coldly, "Ling Chen, you know very well what you've done. Don't expect me to let you go."

Hearing this, Ling Chen chuckled and said, "What did I do? I've been here since the start of the event and haven't gone anywhere. Mr. Ling, even if you want to frame me, at least come up with some story. We're in a society ruled by law, where evidence is key for everything. Slandering me like this, I could sue you for defamation."

"You..." Ling Shen was momentarily speechless.

He couldn't possibly recount what had just occurred in front of so many people. Thinking about it, Ling Shen took a deep breath, trying his best to calm himself down.

"Ling Chen, we both know what's going on. Hand over what you took just now, and I won't give you a hard time tonight. If not, you won't be able to walk out of here."

"Oh? Is Mr. Ling planning to restrict my personal freedom by force? Fine, this is your turf, you do as you wish. But don't blame me for not warning you—before doing anything, you'd better weigh your own capabilities and see if you have what it takes to keep me here."

Hearing this, Ling Shen frowned slightly.

He understood Ling Chen's situation very well. It was precisely because he knew enough that he was a bit hesitant.

Even though he brought a lot of personnel, these people probably couldn't do much against Ling Chen. Besides, he was the host of the night's event; causing a scene and having a conflict with a guest would inevitably lead to negative consequences.

After thinking it over, Ling Shen made his decision.

"Ling Chen, you may have your way this time. You wait, I will settle this score with you eventually." With that, Ling Shen waved his hand and left with his security team.

Watching Ling Shen and his group head back to the villa, Ling Chen smiled faintly, unfazed by Ling Shen's threats.

This was East Sea City, his turf, and he didn't take the likes of Ling Shen seriously.

As he mused, a cry of pain diverted Ling Chen's attention.

Turning around, he saw Song Wen, again being supported by a few friends as he stood up. The security wasn't as lenient as Ling Chen just was; at this moment, Song Wen was bruised and battered, looking utterly disheveled.

"Mr. Song, are you okay?" a concerned friend asked.

"Get out of my way!"

Song Wen pushed the person aside, glaring angrily at Ling Chen, gritting his teeth as he said, "Ling Chen, mark my words, I..."

"Mark what?"

Before Song Wen could finish, Nanrong Wanqing emerged from the crowd and asked indifferently, "Ling Chen is my boyfriend. If you have any issues, bring them to Hongyu Group."

Upon hearing this, Song Wen was stunned for a moment, unable to recover for a long time.

"Miss... Miss Nanrong..." Song Wen stared blankly at Nanrong Wanqing, his anger-clouded mind clearing up instantly.

He swallowed, mulling over Nanrong Wanqing's words, a sense of trepidation setting in.

Boyfriend...

This bastard was actually Nanrong Wanqing's boyfriend!

Now it was truly over for him.

Song Wen's face turned pale; who would have thought Ling Chen had such a strong backing?

"Um... Mr. Ling, it was wrong of us just now. You are magnanimous; please don't hold it against us."

At this point, those who had joined in to pressure Ling Chen were terrified by his identity and quickly came forward to apologize.

Ling Chen ignored them, gazing straight at Song Wen and said, "Mr. Song, didn't you say you wanted to fire my friend? In that case, I'll resign on her behalf. Feifei, let's go."

Chapter 902 Street Fight (1)

Watching Ling Chen and Leng Feifei leaving, Song Wen finally panicked, hurriedly rushing in front of Ling Chen to block his way.

"What are you doing?" Ling Chen looked at Song Wen coldly and asked.

"Ling... Mr. Ling." Song Wen forced out a smile uglier than crying, pleading, "It was my fault just now, please be the bigger person and don't hold it against me." After a pause, he continued, "What I said

earlier was out of anger, I didn't truly mean to fire Feifei. She's an excellent employee of our company, I couldn't bear to let her go."

At this moment, Song Wen was truly scared. If he really dismissed Leng Feifei, he could foresee what would happen tomorrow.

By then, the company's board would definitely have a talk with him, urging him to submit his resignation voluntarily. Not only that, the board would personally bring Leng Feifei back.

After all, Leng Feifei was connected with the Hongyu Group. In East Sea City, no company could ignore the existence of Hongyu Group.

Ling Chen snorted softly, "Words spoken are like water spilled; do you think you can just take it back at will? Mr. Song, this is East Sea City. You're just a small company executive, don't take yourself too seriously. Feifei won't be returning to work at your company, so give up on that idea."

Saying this, without caring about Song Wen's pitiful pleas, Ling Chen took Nanrong Wanqing and Leng Feifei straight out of the manor.

But just as the three of them reached the entrance of the manor, ready to get into the car, they suddenly saw seven or eight minivans driving up from the opposite side of the street.

Once those minivans parked by the road, as the doors slid open, dozens of young men jumped out, each holding a newspaper. Seeing the appearance of those youths, Ling Chen frowned slightly.

Judging by their looks, it was obvious they were gangsters, and their newspapers were rolled with machetes and iron rods. Just judging from their stance, it was clear they were there for a brawl.

Just then, from the other end of the road, several more minivans and a few sedans arrived. The cars stopped, and a young man stepped out from the lead sedan. Upon seeing this person, Ling Chen was taken aback.

Jiang Hao!

What a coincidence, to run into Jiang Hao leading his men against Zhao Zhengxiong's people. After all, this private manor's location was quite secluded, with few residents around — an excellent place for a fight.

As the two sides, numbering in dozens, gradually approached, Ling Chen hurriedly pulled Nanrong Wanqing and Leng Feifei back, to avoid being accidentally injured by either side.

"Damn!" Jiang Hao spat out the cigarette hanging from his lips in anger and cursed, "Where's that bastard Zhao Zhengxiong? He can smash my place but can't show his face?"

"Our boss said, for someone like you, he doesn't need to come himself. Jiang Hao, out of past respect, our boss asked me to convey that if you join him, he will still treat you like a brother."

"Get lost!" Jiang Hao said coldly, "If he truly saw me as a brother, he wouldn't have done things to betray me. Enough talk, today I will teach you a lesson so you know who the real boss of East Sea City is."

"Brothers, attack!"

As Jiang Hao finished speaking, the dozens of youths behind him immediately brandished their machetes and steel rods, charging crazily at the other side.

When the two gangs collided, the sounds of metal clanging and pained cries echoed continuously.

At this time, security personnel from the private manor swiftly mobilized, surrounding the manor to protect it, ensuring the brawlers didn't affect the guests.

This time, attendees of the banquet were all people of status and position, and they had never witnessed such a large street brawl before. After a brief panic, seeing there was no danger, everyone took out their phones with interest, filming the street fight scene.

"Ling Chen." Nanrong Wanqing tugged on Ling Chen's sleeve, pointing at Jiang Hao in the melee, and said, "Isn't that your friend?"

"Yes, his name is Jiang Hao. You've seen him before."

"Aren't you going to help him? What if something happens?" Nanrong Wanqing was somewhat worried.

Ling Chen smiled faintly, "Don't worry, it's nothing. He's someone who earns his living this way. If he can't handle such a small trouble, how can he be the boss?"

As they spoke, the fight became more and more intense, with more people falling to the ground, either slashed by machetes or their heads smashed by steel rods. The scene was chaotic, full of screams and blood.

Some onlooking women couldn't help but look away, unable to face the gruesome scene.

The number of people on both sides was similar, and they had all undergone similar training, with comparable skills. After over ten minutes, more than half of the combatants on both sides were injured, significantly reducing their combat strength.

Woo-woo-woo!

At this moment, the sound of police sirens pierced through the night sky, reaching the ears of everyone.

Ling Chen turned his head to look, seeing over ten police cars with flashing red and blue lights swiftly approaching from both ends of the street, preparing to pin down all the brawlers in the middle.

"The police are here, run!"

Seeing the police cars, Jiang Hao didn't dare delay, quickly calling his men, ignoring their vehicles, and hurriedly fleeing towards the street corner and alleys. In no time, only dozens of severely injured brawlers who couldn't escape were left on the street.

"Arrest them all, take them back."

Hearing a familiar voice rise from the crowd, Ling Chen was slightly stunned. He focused his gaze and saw Xia Mutong, wearing a neat police uniform, standing among a group of officers, directing the arrests.

When did she wake up?

Ling Chen was somewhat surprised. The last time he saw Xia Mutong, she was still lying unconscious in a hospital ward. It hadn't been long, and not only had she woken up, but she also returned to work at the police station.

That fat guy, why didn't he tell me about this?

Pondering this, Ling Chen sensed a sharp gaze cast from a distance. He looked up and saw Xia Mutong among the crowd, staring at him with a grim expression.

"Officer Xia." Ling Chen immediately forced a smile, waved at Xia Mutong, and after greeting, he whispered a few words to Nanrong Wanqing beside him, then stepped forward, heading towards Xia Mutong.

Once up close, Ling Chen smiled and asked, "Officer Xia, long time no see. Have you fully recovered?"

Xia Mutong snorted, her face expressionless, "You don't need to worry about that. Let me ask you, what happened just now?"

"What do you mean what happened, Officer Xia? I don't understand what you're talking about."

"Ling Chen, don't try to fool me. Those who fought just now were all your people. Do you think I don't know?"

Chapter 903 Street Fight (2)

"Officer Xia, don't get me wrong, those guys just now have nothing to do with me," Ling Chen explained. "Yes, that's right, I used to hang out with them for a while, but I later went on the straight and narrow. I can assure you this matter has nothing to do with me."

"Do you think I'd believe you? Everyone knows the underground forces in East Sea City are controlled by three people: Zhao Zhengxiong, Jiang Hao, and Nanrong Hao. But all three of them were cultivated by you; you're their true boss. Ling Chen, I'm telling you, you must give me an explanation for this matter."

Ling Chen spread his hands, speaking helplessly, "Officer Xia, I really have nothing to say. If you really don't believe me, there's nothing I can do about it. You might as well take me in." Saying this, Ling Chen stretched his hands out in front of Xia Mutong, indicating for her to handcuff him.

"You..." Seeing Ling Chen's shameless demeanor, Xia Mutong couldn't help but feel a surge of anger.

This bastard, it's been a while, and he's still the same as before, with not a bit of change.

Just as Xia Mutong was fuming, a policeman hurried over and whispered a few words into her ear.

Whatever the officer said, it made Xia Mutong's gaze towards Ling Chen change subtly.

"Alright, I got it, go ahead and take care of your work."

After the officer left, Xia Mutong gestured to Ling Chen, indicating for him to follow her. Before long, the two stopped under a streetlight on the road, where there were few people around, and only then did Xia Mutong begin to speak, her tone much softer than before.

"I just got out of the hospital today and haven't been back at the precinct long, so I'm not clear on what's happened recently. My colleague just told me Zhao Zhengxiong and Jiang Hao have had a conflict, attacking each other's turf repeatedly. You're their boss, so I want to ask, what's really going on here?"

Ling Chen shrugged, and with a wry smile said, "I'm telling the truth; I did bring them out, helped them secure their positions. But I rarely get involved in their affairs. The reason for this conflict is because

they aren't getting along, Zhao Zhengxiong wants to make it on his own and become the sole boss of East Sea City. Jiang Hao couldn't take it, so he fought back."

"The clashes between them have already severely impacted public security, and the higher-ups have issued orders that no matter what, this behavior must be stopped. You're closest to them; I hope you can persuade them to cut it out as soon as possible. Otherwise, if those in charge lose patience, actions will certainly be taken. At that point, neither of your friends will have an easy time."

"Officer Xia, I understand what you're saying, but the problem is, Zhao Zhengxiong won't listen to me; no matter what I say, he won't hear it. As for Jiang Hao, his territory was taken by Zhao Zhengxiong, and so many of his people were hurt. If it were you, would you be reconciled? If he doesn't fight back, what would those under him think of him?" Ling Chen sighed at this point and said, "Officer Xia, even people like them who are bosses have their difficulties, and I hope you can understand."

"Understand?" Xia Mutong retorted, "You want me to understand them, then why don't they try understanding our work? Anyway, I'm laying it out there; I'll give you one day to get them to cease hostilities, or don't blame me for not being polite."

"Alright, I'll do my best to persuade them, but I can't guarantee anything." Finished speaking, Ling Chen shifted topics and asked, "Officer Xia, how's your health?"

Feeling Ling Chen's concern, Xia Mutong's gaze softened slightly.

"The doctor said my body is fine, except..."

"Except what?"

Xia Mutong glanced around and then leaned her head closer to Ling Chen. Suddenly, a faint scent enveloped him, making Ling Chen take a few extra breaths.

Seeing Ling Chen's frivolous behavior, Xia Mutong's face blushed slightly, giving him a reproachful glare.

Ling Chen rubbed his nose, awkwardly smiled, and quickly changed the subject, "You haven't said, except what?"

"I've lost a fragment of my memory, and I can't remember no matter how hard I try. I just recall leaving East Sea City with you, then being captured. As for what happened during that time, I really don't know, and I have no memory of how I got back to East Sea City. Besides that, there's another rather serious issue."

"What issue?"

"I..." Xia Mutong opened her mouth, hesitating to continue.

"What's the matter?" Ling Chen pressed.

"Come with me." With that, Xia Mutong led Ling Chen into an alley beside the street.

The alley was deserted and cold, with no one around, only a few bags of garbage piled in the corner, emitting a pungent smell.

Xia Mutong looked around the alley and saw a steel rod on the ground not far away, probably left by those fleeing thugs earlier.

Picking up the steel rod, Xia Mutong measured it in her hands, then grasped both ends with her hands, applying slight force.

In an instant, the wrist-thick steel rod was bent as if it were nothing. Yet, from Xia Mutong's relaxed demeanor, it seemed effortless.

"See that?" Xia Mutong looked at the shocked Ling Chen and said, "After I woke up this time, I discovered my strength has become terrifying. Today, when I was opening the car door, I accidentally ripped it right off, and people looked at me like I was a monster."

Could it be that the enhanced potion had thoroughly merged with her body?

Ling Chen thought secretly. He knew well what Xia Mutong had gone through. Not long ago, Xia Mutong was captured by the God Organization and forcibly taken to their lab. After experimental modification, significant changes occurred in Xia Mutong's body; both her strength and speed became incredibly fearsome.

Because of this, after retrieving Xia Mutong from the God Organization, he immediately organized a medical team to study her body, hoping to restore her to her former self.

Now, Xia Mutong has regained both her body and consciousness, but that terrifying strength remains. Whether it's a blessing or a curse, he's still unsure.

Seeing Ling Chen deep in thought and silent for a long time, Xia Mutong couldn't help but ask, "Is something wrong with my body?"

Ling Chen thought for a moment and said, "There shouldn't be any major issues for now. Here's what we'll do: keep an eye on your health, and if anything feels off, call me immediately, and I'll figure out a way to help you."

"Alright, I suppose that's all we can do for now."

After chatting, Ling Chen reminded her a few more times before leaving the alley, heading straight back to Nanrong Wanqing and Leng Feifei.

Chapter 904 Base Construction

"What were you guys talking about just now?"

Sitting in the Rolls-Royce, Nanrong Wanqing asked curiously.

"Nothing much, Officer Xia knows Jiang Hao is my friend, so she wanted me to advise him not to disturb social order in the future." Ling Chen brushed it off and then looked at Leng Feifei inside the car and said, "Feifei, go to the company tomorrow and handle your resignation paperwork. Don't work there anymore to avoid trouble from others in the future."

"But..." Leng Feifei hesitated.

"Miss Leng, if you don't mind, you could consider working at Hongyu Group." Nanrong Wanqing suggested.

"Go to Hongyu Group?" Leng Feifei was slightly surprised, not expecting Nanrong Wanqing to extend such an invitation.

"I... I'm not sure if that's a good idea; I just graduated and my experience is limited. I'm afraid I can't handle it."

Nanrong Wanqing chuckled lightly and said, "Don't worry. My invitation for you to work at Hongyu Group isn't about opening the back door. Plus, I am opposed to using connections. As long as you have the skills, Hongyu Group welcomes all talent. Conveniently, there's a recruitment event in a few days at Hongyu Group. You should come and give it a try then."

"Feifei, Wanqing has already asked. Why don't you give it a shot?"

"Alright then." With Ling Chen's encouragement, Leng Feifei finally agreed.

After dropping Leng Feifei off at home, Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing drove back to Wealthy Manor.

Back home, Ling Chen sank into the sofa, feeling completely exhausted. Seeing his worn-out look, Nanrong Wanqing knelt beside him, wrapping her arms around his neck, and asked with concern, "What's wrong? Are you very tired?"

"No." Ling Chen forced a smile and said, "It's just that there's too much going on, my head can't keep up."

"Take a break, don't push yourself too hard."

Feeling Nanrong Wanqing's embrace, Ling Chen took a deep breath, inhaling her faint scent, filling his heart with happiness. Yet, he sighed softly, lost in thought. Nanrong Wanqing, perceiving his unease, asked with concern, "What's on your mind?"

"I'm sorry!" Ling Chen looked at Nanrong Wanqing with shame and said, "I promised you I would heal your legs, yet I haven't been able to do so."

"It's okay." Nanrong Wanqing smiled gently and said, "As long as you're with me, even if my legs never recover, I'm content. Just don't dislike me."

"How could I ever dislike you?" Ling Chen pulled Nanrong Wanqing into his embrace, softly saying, "Don't worry, I'll never let you down."

After a moment of closeness with Nanrong Wanqing, Ling Chen noticed the time and escorted her to her room, coaxing her to sleep, and then quietly returning to the living room. He took his phone out of his pocket and called Hu Fei.

"Hey! Ling Chen, you better come over quickly."

"What's going on? Something happened?"

"It's nothing major, just something I want to discuss with you."

"Alright. Wait for me, I'm on my way."

Leaving Wealthy Manor, Ling Chen drove alone to the research base.

Arriving at the control center, Hu Fei and Tang Guolun were sitting at a desk, engaged in a loud conversation.

"What's happening here?" Ling Chen interrupted their discussion and asked.

"Ling Chen, just in time." Hu Fei pulled Ling Chen to the desk and said, "We've hit a jackpot this time—thirty billion US Dollars in income, enough for us to upgrade the base's facilities and defenses by several tiers. I've been discussing it with Boss Tang, and I feel that since we have money, we should improve the base construction, but Boss Tang thinks it's unnecessary to waste money on this base."

"So, you two are arguing about this?"

Tang Guolun chimed in, "It's not really arguing, just discussing. Ling Chen, since this base has been exposed, we don't need to put too much effort here. Instead of enhancing defenses here, we might as well choose another place and set up a new base."

After a pause, Tang Guolun continued, "This research base is located in the city center. If we clash with the God Organization, there's no guarantee innocent people won't be affected. Plus, our operations would be inconvenienced. So, I think we should pick a secretive location for a new base."

"That's true, but rebuilding a base would be costly. Even if we have money now, we can't afford to be wasteful." Hu Fei said.

After hearing their opinions, Ling Chen couldn't help but smile. He understood Hu Fei's mindset—he was a typical miser, afraid of spending it all.

Chapter 905 Journey Abroad to Find Family (1)

"Boss Tang, if we were to build a new base, how much would it cost?"

Tang Guolun estimated for a moment and said, "It's hard to say. If it's a base of this size, including infrastructure and hardware, it might take a few hundred million US Dollars. Add in defense equipment and security systems, and the total could be around seven hundred million US Dollars."

"Seven hundred million US Dollars, tut tut! Ling Chen, listen carefully. If you do it like he said, then a third of the money will be gone. We're in a development phase, and there are many places that need money. Spending like this, even thirty billion US Dollars won't last long."

"Alright!" Ling Chen said helplessly, "Say a few words less, will you?" After a pause in thought, Ling Chen said, "Alright, Fatty, take out one billion US Dollars from that fund and give it to Boss Tang for the construction of the new base."

"What?" Hu Fei stared widely at Ling Chen, doubting his ears.

"Fatty, Boss Tang is right. This base has already been exposed, and our every move might be under the surveillance of the God Organization. Also, the base being located in the city poses too much risk, so I think Boss Tang's suggestion is good. Besides, this base was a gift from the Secret Society, so technically, it's not really our territory." Saying this, Ling Chen patted Hu Fei's shoulder and added, "Fatty, stop worrying about the money. We didn't have money before either, and now we have billions coming in easily. As long as we find the way to make money, are you worried about not having money to spend in the future?"

Hearing this, Hu Fei's eyes lit up, and he grinned, "Are you planning to extort those rich people again?"

"If they can fund the God Organization, why can't they fund us? Alright, it's settled then. Fatty, you should work closely with Boss Tang, and quickly choose a location for the new base and start construction as soon as possible."

"No problem." Hu Fei and Tang Guolun responded in unison.

"By the way!" As if remembering something, Hu Fei said, "Ling Chen, I found the two people you asked me to find last time."

"Really?" Ling Chen asked promptly, "Where are they?"

Hu Fei opened a desk drawer and took out a file, handing it to Ling Chen, "Your grandparents' information is in here. If you want to see them, the address is in there."

Hearing this, Ling Chen took the file, showing some excitement. After all these years, he finally found news about his family.

Taking a deep breath, Ling Chen calmed himself and said, "Fatty, Boss Tang, I'll leave things here to you for now; I might be gone for a few days."

"Understood." Hu Fei nodded, "Go without worries."

Leaving the research base, Ling Chen returned directly to the Wealthy Manor.

Sitting in the bedroom, Ling Chen flipped through the two files in his hand, unable to calm his mind for a long time.

A sleepless night.

Early the next morning, Ling Chen stepped out of the bedroom, only to see a neatly dressed Nanrong Wanqing coming down from the second floor. At this moment, Nanny Wang had already prepared breakfast.

Eating millet porridge, Nanrong Wanqing noticed Ling Chen's different demeanor. Since morning, they hadn't said more than three sentences to each other. Normally, Ling Chen would be chattering endlessly.

"What's wrong with you?" Nanrong Wanqing asked with concern. Her intuition told her that Ling Chen had something weighing heavily on his mind.

"I need to travel abroad." Ling Chen said after a long period with his head down.

"Abroad?" Nanrong Wanqing asked puzzlingly, "What for?"

Ling Chen didn't speak, instead placing the two files Hu Fei had given him the previous night on the dining table, gesturing for Nanrong Wanqing to have a look.

Curious, Nanrong Wanqing earnestly flipped through a few pages. After a while, she looked up in surprise at Ling Chen, "You found your mother's family?"

Ling Chen nodded, "Information Hu Fei found last night. My grandparents have now settled abroad and haven't returned for decades. I want to go find them."

"They are your family; you should go find them." After saying this, Nanrong Wanqing thought for a moment and said, "I'll go with you."

"You?" Ling Chen was slightly taken aback and said, "Isn't that inappropriate? Hongyu Group has so many things that need your attention. What will they do if you leave?"

"The company operates with other executives, and besides, my absence will be a good opportunity for Nanrong Hao to practice his management skills." With that, not waiting for Ling Chen to object, Nanrong Wanqing pulled out her phone and arranged for the company to prepare the plane.

At nine in the morning, Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing arrived at the airport on time.

Boarding the Hongyu Group's private jet, after more than ten hours of flying, the plane finally reached its destination.

As soon as they stepped off the plane, a cool breeze immediately brushed past. Watching Nanrong Wanqing shrink her shoulders slightly beside him, Ling Chen took off his coat and placed it on her, saying, "It's morning here due to the time difference, and it's quite chilly. Don't catch a cold."

Nanrong Wanqing smiled gently, linking arms with Ling Chen as they headed straight for the airport exit.

After spending more than half an hour in transit, Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing arrived at a five-star hotel by taxi. As the chairwoman of Hongyu Group, Nanrong Wanqing's travel arrangements, including accommodation, had been fully prepared by the company beforehand.

After resting for a few hours and having lunch in the hotel's presidential suite, Ling Chen couldn't wait to set off and look for his grandparents' residence.

As they left the hotel, a Maserati was already parked at the entrance. A concierge handed the keys to Ling Chen and then politely opened the car door for Nanrong Wanqing.

Since it was their first time here, Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing were unfamiliar with the area. For convenience, they had rented a car.

After driving for about forty minutes, Ling Chen arrived at a high-end residential complex.

"No. 503," Nanrong Wanqing said, referring to the address in the information.

"Over there."

Ling Chen quickly found the villa associated with number 503. Parking the car at the villa's entrance, he quickly got out, gazing at the villa before him, feeling a surge of emotions.

Perceiving Ling Chen's emotional stir, Nanrong Wanqing held his hand, giving him an encouraging look.

"Let's go!"

Ling Chen took a deep breath and walked straight to the villa's door.

Ring!

The doorbell chimed as Ling Chen stepped back a bit, his gaze locked on the door, waiting for the villa's owner to appear.

Before long, footsteps sounded from behind the door. Hearing the steadily approaching footsteps, Ling Chen couldn't help feeling nervous.

At this moment, the door opened, revealing a blonde-haired, blue-eyed woman.

Chapter 906 Journey Abroad to Find Family (2)

Seeing the young beauty appearing in front of him, Ling Chen couldn't help but freeze for a moment. His grandmother should be in her seventies, so it's impossible for her to be so young.

"Who are you looking for?" The beauty glanced at Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing, politely asking in English.

Ling Chen snapped back to reality and asked, "Hello, I'm wondering if two elderly people live here? One is named Yang Yan, and the other is Gong Meiling."

"Sorry, I don't know these two people, you might be at the wrong place." After saying this, the blonde beauty made a gesture as if to close the door.

Ling Chen quickly reached out to hold the door and said, "Miss, we've checked many materials and records; they should be living here without a doubt. Please help us."

The blonde beauty looked at Ling Chen's pleading expression and couldn't help but say, "Sorry, I really don't know where they are living now. However, judging by those names, they should be from Huaxia. We bought this villa five years ago, and at that time, a few Huaxia people lived here. Since we went through a real estate agency, all procedures were handled by the agency, so we never met the owner. When we moved in, the original owner had already left."

Ling Chen's eyes lit up. It must have been his grandparents living here a few years ago.

After finding out the location of the real estate agency, Ling Chen thanked her and immediately headed there with Nanrong Wanqing.

However, to Ling Chen's surprise, that real estate agency had gone bankrupt and closed down two years ago, with the staff and owner missing. This way, Ling Chen's only clue was cut off.

Seeing Ling Chen sitting dejectedly by the roadside, Nanrong Wanqing comforted, "Ling Chen, don't be too upset. As long as they are still alive, we will definitely find them."

Ling Chen let out a bitter smile and said, looking at the unfamiliar city, "Easier said than done, how are we supposed to find them? This city has millions of people, and now there are no clues at all. Finding two people is like looking for a needle in a haystack."

"Since they settled in this city, their whereabouts should be traceable in government records."

"I've already called Fatty; if he could find anything, he would have done so by now." Pausing for a moment, Ling Chen continued, "Do you remember what that woman said? She bought the villa five years ago. I confirmed with Fatty, and he said that the information he found is also up to five years ago, and there has been no news about my grandparents since. Wanqing, I'm really worried now, I'm afraid they..."

At this point, Ling Chen couldn't bear to continue, fearing that his worries might become reality.

"Don't think too much, maybe they're living well now. We've only been here for a day; we can't give up so quickly. Maybe we should look elsewhere."

Massaging his temples, Ling Chen pondered for a moment and said, "Most cities abroad have areas where Chinese people gather, and since my grandparents are Chinese, perhaps we can find some clues there."

"No time to lose, let's get over there quickly."

As Ling Chen suspected, this city indeed had a Chinese area known as Hualong Street. The whole street was populated by Huaxia people, with Chinese names on the shops lining the street. In a foreign land, this atmosphere felt extraordinarily familiar.

Hualong Street was bustling with people, and Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing didn't know where to start. After thinking it over, Ling Chen came up with an idea. He printed two copies of Yang Yan and Gong Meiling's photos at a copy shop and asked around store by store.

In no time, the entire afternoon passed, and Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing found nothing, getting no information at all.

As evening fell, both were a bit hungry after a busy afternoon. So, they chose a Chinese restaurant on Hualong Street, ordered a few small dishes to fill their stomachs, and planned to return to the hotel, continuing their search tomorrow.

The restaurant was very busy, with a constant stream of customers, and the staff was overwhelmed.

Then, suddenly the bustling restaurant quieted down.

Feeling the unusual atmosphere, Ling Chen lifted his head and followed everyone's gaze to the entrance, where a middle-aged man in a suit, looking upright and proper, walked in alongside a woman in professional attire.

The woman appeared to be in her thirties or forties, but her skin was so well-maintained, smooth, and soft, resembling an eighteen-year-old girl.

However, besides her skin, the most striking features of the woman were her appearance and demeanor.

Anyone seeing this woman would be captivated at first glance. The simple word 'beautiful' couldn't adequately describe her; her beauty seemed to be an embodiment of time, making one become unconsciously immersed, oblivious to the passage of time.

Moreover, that calm demeanor could only be exuded by someone who had experienced life's ups and downs.

At this moment, not only Ling Chen but also Nanrong Wanqing was captivated by the woman's appearance and demeanor.

"So beautiful!"

Hearing Nanrong Wanqing's spontaneous admiration, Ling Chen smiled slightly and said, "You're just as beautiful as she is."

Hearing this, Nanrong Wanqing felt a sweetness in her heart and said joyfully, "I'm not as good as she is. If she were ten years younger, no one could compare to her." After a pause, Nanrong Wanqing asked

curiously, "What do you think, such a woman's identity should be extraordinary, why would she come to a place like this to eat?"

Ling Chen shrugged and said, "Who knows? Maybe she wants to experience an ordinary life."

Both Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing had discerning eyes, and just from the middle-aged man's attire and clothing brand, they could tell his identity was either wealthy or noble. As for the woman, though she was dressed simply, not in any brand name, her demeanor wasn't something an ordinary person could possess.

"Wanqing, are you full?"

"Almost, let's go back to the hotel."

"Alright, you sit for a moment, I'll go settle the bill." Saying this, Ling Chen got up, went to the restaurant counter, and paid the bill.

Before leaving, Ling Chen thought of the photos in his hand, so he showed them to the cashier and asked, "Have you seen this couple before?"

"Sorry, I haven't noticed."

"Um... would it be possible to post a missing persons notice here?" Ling Chen pleaded.

This Chinese restaurant was very popular, with many coming and going, mostly Huaxia people, so Ling Chen wished to post a missing persons notice inside the shop. Since there were so many Huaxia people here, perhaps someone might know them.

The restaurant owner originally refused, but after Ling Chen's repeated requests and a certain payment, the owner allowed him to post two notices at the entrance and inside the store.

Chapter 907 Duped

Exiting the Chinese restaurant, Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing arrived at the street of Hualong Street, directly returned to the hotel in their Maserati.

The next day.

Ling Chen had just gotten out of bed and hadn't had time to dress when he heard his phone ringing. Seeing an unfamiliar number displayed on the screen, Ling Chen's heart skipped a beat, and he immediately answered the call.

This unfamiliar number wasn't a domestic number but a local cellphone number. Yesterday, when he posted the missing person notice in that Chinese restaurant, he left his phone number for contact.

"Hello! Hi, whom are you looking for?" Ling Chen asked in fluent English.

"Hello, is this Mr. Ling? I saw the missing person notice you left at the Chinese restaurant yesterday. I think we should meet," a male voice came from the other side of the phone.

"No problem." Ling Chen said excitedly, "When do you have time? I'll be sure to be there on time."

"At noon, at the Chinese restaurant on Hualong Street."

"Okay. Thank you, sir!"

After hanging up, Ling Chen excitedly made a 'yes' gesture. Hard work pays off, finally some progress.

Thinking about being able to find his grandparents soon, Ling Chen jumped out of bed and quickly ran to Nanrong Wanqing's bedroom to share the good news.

In order to quickly get news of his grandparents, Ling Chen arrived eagerly at Hualong Street with Nanrong Wanqing before the meeting time at noon. When they returned to the Chinese restaurant entrance, they saw that the restaurant was still closed, with a sign outside saying the owner is not in today, and the restaurant is closed for the day.

Closed!

Ling Chen touched his nose, thinking it was unfortunate. They had agreed to meet at this Chinese restaurant, but who knew the owner wouldn't be there. Pondering this, Ling Chen took out his phone to call back the number from earlier.

However, before the call connected, the door of the Chinese restaurant suddenly opened from the inside.

Just as Ling Chen was in shock, a middle-aged man in a suit poked his head out from the door, looked at Ling Chen and asked, "Are you Mr. Ling?"

"It's me," Ling Chen asked curiously, "And you are?"

The middle-aged man smiled back, "I'm the owner of this Chinese restaurant and the one who called you this morning. Please come in, Mr. Ling!"

So it was him!

Ling Chen suddenly understood that the one who called him was the restaurant owner. Without overthinking, Ling Chen held Nanrong Wanqing's hand, quickly stepping into the Chinese restaurant.

"Mr. Ling, please have a seat, both of you." The middle-aged man warmly ushered Ling Chen and his companion inside, and once seated, he placed two cups of tea in front of them.

"No need to be so polite," Ling Chen said politely and impatiently asked, "You mentioned this morning on the phone that you knew the whereabouts of Yang Yan and Gong Meiling. Can you tell me where they live now?"

"No problem. Have a seat; I'll go find their contact information." Saying this, the middle-aged man stood up and walked to the back of the restaurant.

A few minutes passed, and Ling Chen held the teacup, occasionally glancing toward the back door, expecting the restaurant owner to appear.

But ten minutes passed, and still no sign of the owner returning. After a brief contemplation, Ling Chen squinted at Nanrong Wanqing and said, "Something seems wrong."

"Something wrong?" Nanrong Wanqing asked, confused, "What's wrong?"

"I don't know, but I just feel something's off." While speaking, Ling Chen suddenly noticed that Nanrong Wanqing's body swayed, and her head drooped powerlessly as if losing strength.

Seeing Nanrong Wanqing's change, Ling Chen couldn't help but be alarmed.

It's the tea!

Ling Chen frowned at the empty teacup, realizing that the tea must have been drugged. It seemed his intuition was correct; something was indeed wrong.

With this realization, Ling Chen glanced at the teacup in front of him, noticing it already half-empty with tea.

No good!

Before Ling Chen could react further, his head suddenly slumped, and he fell onto the table.

Once both of them were unconscious, four or five men in suits, including the middle-aged man claiming to be the restaurant owner, emerged from the kitchen door.

The group approached Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing, cautiously nudging their bodies. Seeing that both were completely passed out, they seemed relieved.

"Take them to the back door. Be careful, and don't let anyone see us."

"Understood!"

Immediately, the suited men picked up Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing, heading straight for the back of the restaurant. A Mercedes-Benz van was parked at the restaurant's back entrance. Seeing his companions carrying Ling Chen over, the driver promptly opened the back door, vigilantly watching the surroundings to prevent anyone from witnessing their actions.

Once everyone was in the vehicle, the driver immediately drove the Mercedes-Benz van onto the road without saying a word.

In the quiet cabin, the unconscious Ling Chen suddenly opened his eyes, observing the situation inside the car. The men in suits sat in their seats with their gaze fixed ahead, none noticing he had awoken. Beside him, Nanrong Wanqing lay unconscious on the back seat.

After a moment of hesitation, Ling Chen dismissed the idea of revealing himself. He had taken the Xiangrun Pill and Heavenly Mechanism Pill; ordinary poisons or drugs had no effect on him. Earlier, he pretended to be unconscious just to learn these people's intentions. At present, these guys had brought him onto the vehicle, likely intending to take him to their leader.

The Mercedes-Benz van traveled for about forty minutes before reaching its destination.

Peering through the car window, Ling Chen noticed the van had entered an abandoned factory, with no buildings nearby, utterly secluded.

The way things looked, these guys seemed ready to eliminate him.

Ling Chen mused to himself.

As the van came to a halt, Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing were carried out by the men in suits.

At this moment, two chairs stood in the vast factory. Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing were placed on the chairs, with their hands and feet bound with ropes, restricting their movement.

Once everything was settled, one of the men in suits pulled out a small bottle from his pocket, placing it under the noses of Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing.

The pungent smell wafted through, prompting Ling Chen to feign awakening. He lifted his head, looking around confusedly, and asked, "Where is this? Who are you?"

"Your surname is Ling, right?" the middle-aged man who had impersonated the restaurant owner spoke to Ling Chen, "You're quite bold to find your way here. Do you think no one can deal with you?"

Hearing this, Ling Chen couldn't help but feel puzzled, completely not understanding the man's meaning.

"Who are you? I didn't wrong you; why are you capturing me?"

"You'll know soon enough."

With that, a Rolls-Royce Phantom drove in from outside the factory, stopping beside the Mercedes-Benz van.

Chapter 908 Qi Houzhao (1)

Watching the middle-aged man stride towards them, Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing were stunned.

It's him!

Ling Chen had a very deep impression of this middle-aged man. Yesterday evening while dining at the Chinese restaurant, it was the very same man who brought an astonishingly beautiful woman for a meal.

At the time, he only thought that the identities of the man and woman must be either rich or noble, but he never expected it was this man who would kidnap him.

As he quickly pondered, Ling Chen looked at the man and asked, "Sir, is there some misunderstanding between us? I don't know you at all, why would you have someone bring us here?"

The middle-aged man asked in a deep voice, "Is your surname Ling?"

"Yes," Ling Chen nodded.

"Are you looking for Yang Yan and Gong Meiling?" the man continued.

"I am."

"Since your surname is Ling, and you are looking for them, then I have caught the right person," the man said coldly, "Scum like you should all die." Before Ling Chen could respond, the man waved his hand and instructed his subordinates, "Take care of them, and make it clean. I don't want any traces left behind."

"Rest assured, Mr. Qi!"

Seeing the man leave, Ling Chen immediately called out to him, "Sir, I don't know why you hate us so much. I just arrived in this city to find my relatives. Is that such a crime? If you want to kill me, you should at least let me die knowing why."

"Shut up!" The man turned abruptly, glaring coldly at Ling Chen, and shouted, "Stop defending yourself. I know what kind of person you are and what you intend to do. I'm telling you, as long as I'm here, you can forget about succeeding." With that, he pointed at his subordinates and said coldly, "Seal his mouth, I don't want to hear his nonsense."

"Yes." One man responded, moved next to Ling Chen, and pulled out a piece of rag ready to stuff it into Ling Chen's mouth.

At this moment, Ling Chen, who had been bound by ropes, suddenly exerted force and snapped all the ropes.

Witnessing Ling Chen's move, everyone present was dumbfounded, and stared in disbelief at Ling Chen. They had never seen anyone break free from such thick ropes.

Is this... still human?

While the crowd was dazed, Ling Chen stood up from the chair, scanned the people around, and then walked towards Nanrong Wanqing to help untie her ropes.

At that moment, the shocked middle-aged man finally reacted and urgently shouted, "What are you standing around for? Quickly, grab him."

Awakened by the boss's shout, the group dashed towards Ling Chen, trying to subdue him again.

Watching the men rush at him, Ling Chen didn't even raise his head, showing complete disregard. As they were about to get close, Ling Chen shook his body, Hua Realm exploded, and instantly knocked those men flying.

Immediately, cries of pain echoed all over the factory yard.

The middle-aged man stared blankly at his subordinates, utterly overwhelmed by the scene before him.

This is too unbelievable; without even touching them, all his men were knocked fly. Such transcendental occurrences he had only seen in movies.

At this time, Ling Chen had already helped Nanrong Wanqing free from her ropes.

"Are you alright?" Ling Chen asked concernedly.

"I'm okay."

"Rest for a while, I'll handle this." With that, Ling Chen looked at the man surnamed Qi and asked, "I have no feud with you; why are you targeting me? You should give me a reason." Ling Chen paused and cast his gaze beyond the middle-aged man, directly at the luxurious car behind him.

Although the car windows were tinted, Ling Chen could vaguely see shadows in the back seat.

There's another person who never got out of the car.

"Ling," the middle-aged man gritted his teeth, a hint of panic flashing in his eyes as he steadily retreated towards the car.

Suddenly, the sound of an engine roared, and the car behind the man abruptly started, quickly heading towards him.

Seeing the situation, Ling Chen hesitated not for a moment, immediately moving his legs and sprinting towards the man, intending to capture him.

Just then, a man in a suit emerged from the car's sunroof, holding a submachine gun.

Rat-tat-tat!

Amidst the gunfire, bullets rained down furiously. Faced with such an unexpected crisis, Ling Chen promptly ceased his advance and swiftly dove to the side.

In an instant, a trail of sparks burst everywhere on the ground from the bullets.

"Mr. Qi, get in the car!"

At the driver's urging, the middle-aged man hurriedly opened the car door and climbed in. Meanwhile, the man in the suit continued wielding the submachine gun through the sunroof, suppressing fire on Ling Chen, preventing him from approaching the car.

With the middle-aged man on board, the car's speed immediately increased, speeding straight out of the factory and disappearing in the blink of an eye.

Watching the tail of the car vanish from sight, Ling Chen reluctantly got up from the ground and patted off the dust from his body.

What a pity!

He could have captured them and asked the questions clearly; who knew they had guns. Guns are strictly prohibited in the country, but this is abroad, under American jurisdiction. In this city and country, possessing firearms is legal.

"Ling Chen." Nanrong Wanqing hurriedly ran over, concernedly asking, "Are you hurt?"

Ling Chen smiled slightly, "What could happen to me?" With that, Ling Chen turned his gaze to the others on the ground. Due to being hit by the Hua Realm, they temporarily lost their mobility, each lying on the ground, unable to stand.

Scanning around, Ling Chen walked to the man who had posed as the restaurant owner earlier, grabbed his collar, and pulled him onto a chair.

"Speak, who was that person earlier, and why are you targeting me?"

At this moment, having witnessed Ling Chen's abilities, the man, like the others, was clearly frightened. He no longer dared to hide anything and quickly disclosed everything he knew.

It turned out the middle-aged man surnamed Qi was Qi Houzhao, a very powerful businessman with great fame in this city. Those who captured Ling Chen were security personnel hired by Qi Houzhao, former soldiers acting on orders in this instance.

"Don't you know why he's targeting me?"

"I don't know. We just take money and do our job; as long as the boss gives orders, we obey without asking too many questions."

Seeing he couldn't get anything else, Ling Chen simply stopped wasting words and took Nanrong Wanqing to the Mercedes business car.

Chapter 909 Qi Houzhao (2)

Driving back to the hotel, Ling Chen took a shower, stood on the balcony in a bathrobe, gazing out at the skyscrapers of the city with a perplexed and contemplative look.

"Ling Chen."

At some point, Nanrong Wanqing appeared behind Ling Chen, her soft arms wrapping around his waist from behind, resting her head gently on his back.

Ling Chen turned his head to look at Nanrong Wanqing in her loose bathrobe, his heart fluttered involuntarily.

Perhaps it was because of the recent shower, but Nanrong Wanqing exuded a faint fragrance, a fair and slender neck visible beneath the bathrobe, and when she slightly lifted her head, the enticing cleavage formed by her curves was faintly visible.

Her damp hair cascaded over her shoulders, akin to a lotus emerging from water, simple and unadorned, yet breathtakingly beautiful.

Seeing Ling Chen staring at her without blinking, a shy blush crept over Nanrong Wanqing's charming face, and she hugged him tighter.

Faced with her coy and enchanting demeanor, Ling Chen almost couldn't restrain himself. If it weren't for the many thoughts on his mind, he'd have been tempted to take Nanrong Wanqing right then and there.

At that moment, the phone in the living room rang.

Ling Chen picked up the phone, seeing it was Hu Fei calling, he immediately answered, "Fatty, have you found anything on that Qi Houzhao?"

"Yes, I've sent the info to your email. Take a look when you get a chance."

"Alright."

Ending the call, Ling Chen opened the email on his phone, looking over the information sent by Hu Fei, he remarked, "This Qi Houzhao sure has quite the background."

"He's well-connected?" Nanrong Wanqing asked.

"You could say that," Ling Chen replied, "He's an American-born Chinese, his family has been settled abroad since his grandfather's generation with prominent lineage, and their industries span across America. It's said that their family has even been hosted by the President of the United States."

Pausing briefly, Ling Chen continued, "According to the data from Fatty, Qi Houzhao is in his forties, has been divorced once, is currently single, and is the sole heir of the family, managing the family business — a real diamond bachelor."

"Who was that woman with him last night?" Nanrong Wanqing was curious about the exceptionally poised woman.

"I don't know, the data didn't mention her." Truthfully, Ling Chen also wanted to know her identity.

"Strange!" After reading through the information from Hu Fei, Ling Chen frowned slightly.

"What's wrong?"

Putting down his phone, Ling Chen said, "From the information, it seems I am not acquainted with Qi Houzhao, and he seems unrelated to my grandparents either. Why is he troubling me?"

"Maybe..." Nanrong Wanqing pondered and suggested, "Maybe we should find out the reason?"

"Alright." Ling Chen nodded. Even if Nanrong Wanqing hadn't suggested, he would do so. Instead of guessing here, it would be better to ask Qi Houzhao directly.

Thud, thud, thud!

As they spoke, a sudden knock came from the door of their presidential suite.

"Coming!"

Nanrong Wanqing responded, walking straight to the door, ready to open it. But, the cautious Ling Chen pulled her back, signaling her to stay put with his eyes.

Having just learned about Qi Houzhao's background, Ling Chen could not afford to be careless; the other's influence in this city far exceeded his own, and Qi Houzhao might have already found their location. Since they were not dealt with at the abandoned factory, who knew what other methods Qi Houzhao might employ. So, being cautious was best.

At the door, Ling Chen looked through the peephole and saw a waiter standing at the door with a service cart.

"Wanqing, did you just order food?"

"No."

With Wanqing's reply, Ling Chen became more certain something was amiss outside. He signaled for Nanrong Wanqing to hide in the bedroom to avoid any potential harm if there was any conflict.

Once Nanrong Wanqing was safely in the bedroom, Ling Chen gripped the doorknob, pressed against the wall, and slowly opened the door.

Immediately, with a 'bang,' the waiter at the door fell over.

Ling Chen was momentarily stunned by the sight.

How could this happen?

He hadn't even touched the person, yet they collapsed themselves. As Ling Chen puzzled over this, footsteps sounded again outside the door.

Someone's coming!

Ling Chen's gaze narrowed, quickly directing his attention outside the door, fists clenched, ready to act any moment.

"Don't! Don't do anything, I'm on your side."

Seeing Ling Chen's stance, the person outside quickly gestured to stop him.

"It's you?"

Looking at the man claiming to be 'on his side,' Ling Chen was taken aback, momentarily unable to gather his thoughts.

"What are you doing here?" Ling Chen quickly retracted his fists, inviting the man inside.

"Hold off on the conversation, let's deal with these two first."

"Two?" Ling Chen glanced at the waiter on the floor, wasn't there just one? Where's the second?

Just then, the newcomer pulled away the white cloth on the service cart to reveal another person, also unconscious.

"These guys were here to get you, I happened to bump into them, so I took care of it for you. How are you planning to thank me?"

Just then, Nanrong Wanqing peeked out from the bedroom, looking at the door and asking, "Ling Chen, who's here?"

Ling Chen pointed to the newcomer and said, "Your cousin."

Cousin?

Nanrong Wanqing was immediately stunned, unable to react for a moment.

Nanrong Wanqing's cousin was none other than Ji Beizhao, who once worked at the Hongyu Group. Back then, due to misunderstandings between their families, Ji Beizhao secretly infiltrated the Hongyu Group with ill intentions towards Nanrong Wanqing. Fortunately, with Ling Chen's help, the family feud was resolved.

Since then, Ji Beizhao and his father had left East Sea City, their whereabouts unknown.

Now, even Ling Chen hadn't expected to encounter Ji Beizhao in this city.

"Cousin." After a moment of surprise, Nanrong Wanqing finally came to her senses.

"Wanqing, Ling Chen, long time no see." Ji Beizhao greeted with a smile.

Fearing being seen by the hotel staff, Ling Chen and Ji Beizhao first dealt with the two unconscious assassins before the three of them sat down to chat on the living room sofa.

"Beizhao, how did you know we were here?" Ling Chen curiously asked.

"It was because of those two assassins," Ji Beizhao explained, "Don't forget, my father is the Snake King, ranking tenth in the world of assassins, he's got good information. Since we left East Sea City, the two of us have been operating abroad, looking for a place to settle down. My dad has some friends in this city, good ones, so he brought me here to settle."

Chapter 910 Farewell, Cousin

"My dad's not young anymore, he really should have retired a long time ago, but he held on because of past grudges. Now that the misunderstanding between the two families has been resolved, my dad doesn't want to be an assassin anymore. However, even though he's retired, the information network still exists. After all, he used to be an assassin, and there's no guarantee that enemies won't come seeking revenge. So, to ensure our safety, my dad kept the channels for assassin intel."

"Not long ago, someone posted a message on the assassin's internal network, saying they wanted to hire two assassins to eliminate two targets. Because the targets were Huaxia people, my dad paid extra attention and found out that the photos of the targets were you two, so he sent me to protect you." Ji Beizhao smiled at this point and said, "Actually, my dad was overly worried. With you here, what assassin would dare succeed? It'd be like throwing themselves to death."

"I wouldn't say that, but still, thank you for your effort."

"Hey! What are you doing running all the way here? And, who exactly wants to take your lives?"

"I came searching for family, but ended up being targeted by a guy named Qi Houzhao." Ling Chen said helplessly, "Honestly, I still don't understand what relationship he has with the people I'm looking for."

"Qi Houzhao?" Ji Beizhao frowned slightly and said, "I know this guy. Anyone living in this city probably knows him. He's not easy to deal with, you clashing with him could be quite troublesome."

"Never mind that, I'm not someone who fears trouble anyway. Since he dares to provoke me, I might as well see what he's got."

"Alright then, let's not talk about this now. Pack up and leave quickly. Your whereabouts have been exposed, and Qi Houzhao won't give up easily since he didn't succeed the first time. Just stay at my place for a while; it's safer there."

"Okay, then I'll trouble you."

Ji Beizhao laughed and said, "No need to be so polite, don't forget, we're family too. Cousin, isn't that right?"

After retreating from the hotel suite, Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing got into Ji Beizhao's car, heading straight towards the city center.

Not long after, the three arrived at a residential building.

Getting out of the car, Ling Chen took in the surroundings and couldn't help but marvel. Assassins are truly cautious, even the places they choose are so meticulous.

The residential building is located in the city center, surrounded by bustling shopping streets, and its four directions are very accessible, ideal for escape. If enemies come, Ji Beizhao and his family could easily flee.

"Come on!"

Ji Beizhao helped with the luggage, leading Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing to the top floor of the residential building.

The residential building seemed quite old, with a total of eight floors and no elevator, only stairs. Ji Beizhao chose the top floor, presumably for better security.

With his father's financial power, even in an economically developed city, buying a villa would be easy. But, being an assassin, it's best to keep a low profile even in retirement.

At the eighth-floor door, before Ji Beizhao could knock, the door opened from inside.

Seeing Nanrong Zhengqing after a long time, Ling Chen greeted him with a smile.

"Uncle." Nanrong Wanqing called sweetly.

Nanrong Zhengqing nodded with a smile, "Come on in."

Ji Beizhao and Nanrong Zhengqing's house wasn't big, just over a hundred square meters, with only three rooms, so Nanrong Wanqing and Ling Chen had to share one.

Nanrong Wanqing felt somewhat embarrassed by Ji Beizhao's arrangement. Everyone knew about her relationship with Ling Chen, but they weren't married yet. As a traditionally minded woman, Nanrong Wanqing felt a bit shy.

Ling Chen could see Nanrong Wanqing's thoughts, and he volunteered, "Beizhao, how about I sleep in the living room?"

"Why?" Ji Beizhao looked at Ling Chen and Nanrong Wanqing with playful eyes, saying, "Aren't you living together already? Still want separate beds?"

After pausing, not waiting for Ling Chen to explain, Ji Beizhao continued, "You're going to get married sooner or later, no need to feel embarrassed. Alright, let's leave it like this. I'm going out to help Dad prepare dinner." With that, Ji Beizhao walked out, closing the bedroom door behind him.

Cough!

Ling Chen coughed lightly and said, "How about... I sleep on the floor?"

Nanrong Wanqing rolled her eyes at him, her face reddening, "This bed is big enough." If it were just the two of them, Nanrong Wanqing wouldn't mind sharing a bed with Ling Chen, but at her uncle's house, she felt somewhat constrained.

After tidying up a bit, Ling Chen walked out of the bedroom alone, seeing Nanrong Zhengqing and Ji Beizhao busy in the kitchen.

To welcome their esteemed guests, Nanrong Zhengqing bought a lot of groceries, filling the kitchen with tantalizing aromas.

Ling Chen leaned against the kitchen door frame, watching Nanrong Zhengqing's skillful moves and couldn't help but smile.

"What are you smiling at?" Nanrong Zhengqing looked back at Ling Chen.

"Nothing, it's just hard to believe. A renowned Snake King, ranked tenth among assassins worldwide, now cooking in the kitchen. It's truly unimaginable."

"This is called living. Don't laugh at me, you'll be just like me someday."

"How is retirement life?"

Nanrong Zhengqing smiled and said, "Pretty good. I've been an assassin for decades and got tired of it. Now being able to live a peaceful life with my son is already a rare thing for an assassin."

"That's true." Ling Chen smiled slightly, "When Beizhao eventually gets a wife and has a grandson, you can truly enjoy your twilight years."

"I sure hope so, but this kid isn't putting in the effort. He doesn't even have a female friend right now."

Ji Beizhao said helplessly, "Dad, I'm still young. Why are you in such a hurry for me to get married? I still want to achieve something big."

"First establish a family, then a career, you're over twenty, think for yourself, and you should consider me too. When you're out pursuing your career, who will keep me company at home?"

"Dad, you're still young too, how about finding someone yourself? I know some good matchmaking agencies, I can submit your profile and see if there's anyone suitable... Ow! Dad, why did you hit me."

"You brat, I'm advising you to get married, but you're turning it around and introducing someone to me? I think your skin itches."

Watching them banter, Ling Chen's lips curled up slightly, feeling a bit envious. If possible, he too wanted to experience a father's care.

Unfortunately, Ling Kun is still in a coma, lying at Su He's place, and who knows when they'll reunite.