

The Beauty 92

Chapter 92 Identity of the Deceased

Tang Yuan swallowed a mouthful of braised meat and said nonchalantly, "Don't threaten me, kid, I don't buy your tricks."

"Fine, I was thinking of helping you get close to Nanrong Wanqing, but since you say that, forget it." Ling Chen fiddled with the wine glass in his hand, looking indifferent.

"Can you really help me?" Tang Yuan's eyes brightened, quickly picked up the wine bottle, and poured him a glass of wine attentively, smiling, "We're brothers through thick and thin, I knew you'd help me."

"Just tell me the reason, and I'll arrange for you to join the Hongyu Group tomorrow."

"Well..." Tang Yuan hesitated, "Let's do this, don't make it difficult for me. I'll make a call to ask the General first to see what he thinks." After saying this, he got up from the table and took out his phone to dial a number.

A few minutes later, he returned to the table, his expression somewhat strange.

Seeing this, Ling Chen couldn't help asking, "What did the old man say?"

"He agreed to your request."

Ling Chen grinned, "The old man is quite straightforward."

"Of course, he knows who you are. Out of so many members in the Ghost Organization, the General only treats you as a treasure," Tang Yuan said with a hint of sarcasm in his tone.

"That shows the old man has good taste," Ling Chen said proudly, "Enough of the nonsense, let's talk about the real business."

Tang Yuan nodded, speaking seriously, "A few years ago, Nanrong Wanqing secretly set up a small scientific research team; she is directly in charge of the lab, and no one else knows the location of this lab."

"That mysterious?" Ling Chen couldn't restrain his curiosity, "What is the main research focus of that lab?"

"I don't know."

"How could you not know?"

Tang Yuan shrugged, "I really don't know, otherwise I wouldn't hide it from you. We received intelligence that someone is trying to meddle in Nanrong Wanqing's research. It's said that if the research is applied in the military field, it could greatly enhance the combat and survival abilities of soldiers, which is why the General pays such high importance to it."

"I see."

Previously, at Yulong Mansion, the man who took poison and killed himself was forcing Nanrong Wanqing to reveal the location of the research lab. Now, hearing Tang Yuan's words, it was enough to prove that the intelligence was accurate.

"Old Tang, do you know who is behind this?"

"I'm not sure, the General is still investigating, and there's no progress yet."

"I shouldn't hide from you that tonight, when the Snake King appeared, I took Nanrong Wanqing and hid in the VIP room. There, I encountered someone trying to force the location of the lab out of Nanrong Wanqing, but I subdued him."

"Why didn't you say so earlier?" Tang Yuan asked urgently, "Where is he?"

"He's dead, he had a poison sac in his mouth, I was careless and didn't notice. But before he died, he made a call." Saying this, Ling Chen took out the cellphone, handed it over to Tang Yuan, "Send this phone back to headquarters, see if they can find any clues."

"Alright, I'll send it over first thing tomorrow."

"Oh!" Ling Chen suddenly remembered something, "Have someone check into Zhu Hong, that guy might be problematic."

"What problem?"

"I don't know, Hu Fei came to the dinner tonight for the purpose of investigating Zhu Hong. He suspects that the company behind Zhu Hong has ulterior motives."

"I'll notify the intelligence department to see if they can trace it."

After finishing two bottles of Chinese liquor, Ling Chen touched his slightly reddened cheeks, stood up, and said, "You should rest early, I'll take you to report to Hongyu Group tomorrow morning."

"Can you really get me in?"

"Nonsense, who do you think I am? There's nothing I can't handle." Ling Chen laughed heartily and walked out of the room.

After the conversation with Tang Yuan, he had decided to return to the Nanrong family. Not just to help Tang Yuan, but also for several other reasons. First for the safety of Nanrong Wanqing, and then for his personal issues.

He didn't forget the words of the man who died, that the forces behind him would come to seek revenge sooner or later. Now that he was involved, he couldn't extricate himself. Since that was the case, he might as well meet those people and see what they were made of.

Returning to his room, Ling Chen took a shower and was ready to go to bed. However, at that moment, his phone suddenly rang.

Answering the call, he said, "Hello, Officer Xia, what's up calling me so late?"

"Ling Chen, you have quite the knack, last time two people died, this time another one."

"Officer Xia, what does this have to do with me? The man at Yulong Mansion committed suicide by poison, that wasn't my doing, don't wrong me."

"You just attract trouble wherever you go. Come to the police station tomorrow morning to give a statement." After saying this, Xia Mutong hung up the phone.

The next morning.

Ling Chen drove his flashy muscle car all the way to the police station, waved to Tang Yuan in the co-driver's seat, and went upstairs alone.

After waiting in the office for a while, Xia Mutong, who was dressed in a neat uniform, finally finished her meeting and came back.

Seeing Xia Mutong walking towards him, Ling Chen took an interested look at her. After a few days not seeing her, this young lady seemed even more fresh and tender, her curved willow leaf eyebrows, her clear, large eyes, just like spring water without any impurities, bright and vivid. The skin on her face was as tender and delicate as a baby's, almost irresistibly pinchable. Of course, the most eye-catching was her ample chest.

Ling Chen couldn't help but recall Leng Feifei's full figure and secretly compared them.

Seeing Ling Chen leering at her, Xia Mutong snorted and slammed the documents in her hand onto the desk.

"Officer Xia, long time no see."

"Has it been long?"

Ling Chen smiled, "To me, a day without seeing Officer Xia feels like an eternity. It's been over a week now, which feels like several years to me, so yes, it's been quite some time."

"Pah!" Xia Mutong spat lightly, irritably said, "I really wish I wouldn't have to see you for years. Enough of that, quit the small talk, tell me about what happened last night."

Ling Chen nodded and narrated the details of the events that took place. In the end, he couldn't help asking, "Officer Xia, have you figured out the identity of the deceased?"

Xia Mutong without uttering a word pulled out a file from the pile of documents and threw it in front of him. He casually flipped through it, and his gaze suddenly turned serious.

The deceased from last night was named Jiang Yang, born in Huaxia, but later moved abroad to settle. At twenty-three, he joined the world-famous American Flying Leopard Assault Team and served for three years before he died in an operation, leaving no remains.

"As you can see, according to the record, the deceased 'died' ten years ago, yet he's appeared here in East Sea City. Ling Chen, what do you make of this?"