

The Beauty 95

Chapter 95 Wolf Kiss

In this room of less than two hundred square meters, there was a pile of various types of weapons. German-made STG44 assault rifles, American M1941 Johnson light machine guns, Gatling guns, Barrett sniper rifles, M4A1 carbines, Grenade launchers, bulletproof vests...one could say that everything was available here, almost all different models of firearms and equipment from around the world could be found in this place, stacked in every corner.

This was not so much a safe house as it was a mini arsenal, with enough equipment to arm a small-sized army of a hundred people.

Tang Yuan, who had followed behind, was stunned by the sight of these munitions, his mouth agape and not closing for a long while.

"Fat...Fatty, is all this your property?"

Hu Fei replied with proud complacency: "How about that, not bad, right? This is my collection over many years."

"Fatty, just for these weapons, you could be sentenced to death ten times over."

"What's there to be afraid of, they can't find this place." Hu Fei stretched out his hand and gestured generously, "I owe you big time for saving my life this time. Feel free to pick any piece of munition here, consider it a gift from me."

"You said it." Tang Yuan was not at all polite, immediately searching through the munitions for a weapon that he fancied.

"Ling Chen, don't you want to pick something?" Seeing Ling Chen stand there motionless, Hu Fei couldn't help but speak, "Don't be shy, just pick any, I won't charge you."

"Forget it, these things are of no use to me." Ling Chen waved his hand.

He had already left the Ghost Organization and no longer had the privilege of carrying firearms. With his current identity, possessing guns was illegal. Although he was tempted by the full room of munitions, he still restrained his impulse.

In a short while, Tang Yuan had picked his weapon, a German-made Kou Si 9mm Revolver.

Ling Chen was not surprised by Tang Yuan's choice, as a member of the Ghost Organization, he mostly used pistols because they were convenient to carry and hard to detect. In contrast, he preferred using knives, silent and deadly, capable of ending lives without a sound.

Tang Yuan seemed to perceive Ling Chen's reservations and said, "Fatty, do you have any good knives here? Ling Chen here is not convenient to use guns now." As a brother, he well understood Ling Chen's preferences.

"A knife?" Hu Fei pondered for a moment, and the corners of his mouth turned up immediately, "You didn't mention it, and I almost forgot, I do have a dagger, and it was specially custom-made. Look around, I seem to have tossed it in that corner over there."

Without a word, Tang Yuan began to move the weapons piled around, searching carefully. Soon, he found a dusty wooden box from the bottom. The box was only ten centimeters long, flat on top and bottom.

Opening the box out of curiosity, he saw a set of conical ceramics inside. These ten conical ceramic pieces varied in size; the largest were as big as a thumb, the smallest smaller than a pinky finger, sharp and thin. Lined up together, they resembled a set of exquisite artworks.

"Fatty, is this a dagger? Don't fool me because I'm not well-read."

Ling Chen came forward, took a closer look, and was also a bit puzzled, as it didn't seem like a dagger at all.

Hu Fei chuckled smugly, with an air of arrogance, "This shows your lack of experience, this dagger has quite a backstory. Without needing me to tell you, you definitely know who Blood Wolf is. This dagger

was commissioned by him overseas from a master craftsman. Unfortunately, before the dagger was completed, he got killed."

Hearing this, Tang Yuan couldn't help but glance at Ling Chen.

The person who killed Blood Wolf was this seemingly harmless guy right in front of them.

"Later I managed to use some connections to buy the dagger at a low price. This custom dagger of Blood Wolf holds extraordinary significance, and it can fetch a high price after a few years if flipped. Ling Chen, if you fancy it, I can give it to you as a gift."

So, it belonged to Blood Wolf.

Ling Chen had a strange expression in his eyes. If Blood Wolf knew that the dagger fell into his hands, he would probably climb out of his grave and die of anger all over again.

However, he was still quite curious about this oddly shaped dagger.

Taking the wooden box from Tang Yuan's hands, he studied it for a while and eventually figured out the trick. Each of these conical ceramics had a secret catch at the base, allowing them to be connected together. From large to small, once all ten conical ceramics were connected, it immediately formed a small and delicate conical dagger.

He played with it in his hand, a smile quickly spreading across his face. The dagger was only the length of a palm, not only easy to carry but also could be disassembled into pendants on a keychain, and no one would suspect it to be dangerous.

"I heard from the knife maker that the name of this dagger is Wolf Kiss."

"Wolf Kiss?" Ling Chen nodded, finding the name apt, "Fatty, since you're being so generous, then I won't be polite, I'll accept this gift."

"Why be courteous." Hu Fei was all smiles, his cheeks filled with joy.

But no matter how Ling Chen looked at it, he felt there was something sly in his smile.

Tang Yuan put away the revolver, "Fatty, if there's nothing else, we'll be going."

Hu Fei stared, "Leaving? If you guys go, who will take care of me? You can't let a patient like me take care of myself."

"You're so rich, hiring ten nurses would be enough."

"You think I dare let others come here? That would scare them to death. Hey, you both have accepted my gifts, helping take care of me for a bit wouldn't be too much, right?"

As expected!

Ling Chen muttered to himself. He was just wondering why this money-grubbing guy had suddenly become so generous, offering them gifts out of the blue, apparently wanting them to stay.

"Fatty, the two of us have to go to work, we don't have much time to spend with you. How about this, I and Old Tang will come to check on you every evening."

"Alright, but you better not stand me up."

After making sure Hu Fei was settled, Ling Chen and Tang Yuan left the residential building.

Back at the Martial Arts Academy, Ling Chen told Tang Yuan to pack his luggage first. He went to the lobby and found He Ziyun, who was playing chess with Little Hua.

"Big brother, you're back."

Little Hua jumped down from the chair, affectionately wrapping her arms around his, "You came just in time. Master's skill is so poor; I've beaten him over ten times. Now it's your turn to play with me."

Ling Chen immediately raised his hands in surrender, "You might as well spare me, I'm worse than your master, playing against you would just be torture for me."

With that said, he took out a car key and presented it to He Ziyun, "Mr. He, I've already parked the car in the warehouse."

He Ziyun did not reach for the car keys but asked, "You're getting ready to leave?"

"Yes, I have to go back to the Nanrong Family."

"Well then, I won't keep you any longer. Take the car with you, I don't need it anyway, just don't wreck it."

"Really?" Ling Chen was overjoyed, "Then I won't be polite."