

Chapter 35: The Identity of Principal Chen

Principal Chen abided by the army's arrangement and stayed at this town's middle school. It was the first time he was awed by a student after becoming the principal.

Not only was he overwhelmed by Ye Jian from Class Two Grade Eight, but he was also positive that this girl was a rising star. Rather than conceal her capabilities, she adopted a method that had impressed everyone in the school.

She was such an extraordinary student. But she had to hide her talents because she had been living in her relatives' family. To survive, she had to be cautious. However, she had not found a home where she could live and study in peace. Principal Chen felt sorry for her.

Being cornered, she didn't suffer in silence or conceal her capabilities any longer. Instead, she had made every student and teacher in the school remember her.

Principal Chen had to admit that he was quite thankful for Ye Zhifan and his family. If they had not provoked Ye Jian so outrageously, her talents would probably have remained unnoticed.

The abrupt ringing of the landline phone interrupted Principal Chen's thoughts. As he picked up the phone, he sounded less like a soft-spoken scholar but gave off a stiff and cold vibe like steel. "This is Chen Dongfeng."

"Arriving in five minutes," a stiff and cold voice was heard from the other end of the phone.

"Okay!" Principal Chen hung up the phone and picked up his black jacket on the back of his chair. He turned off the lights in his office and walked away, his imposing height of at least 180 centimeters disappearing into the darkness.

He was heading to the back of the office building, where the cold storage of the school was located. It was funded and built by the military.

It was well known that the school built this cold storage to keep meat, vegetables, and fruits fresh, thus guaranteeing the quality of meals provided to its students. But no one was aware that beneath the cold storage was a petroleum transfer station.

The logistics must function properly. The army would never put all their eggs into one basket.

Chen Dongfeng had been guarding the cold storage since he became the principal of the school.

Few people knew that the hair-graying, scholarly-looking principal was a world-class sniper before he retired from the army.

Although the soldiers who were about to arrive may not know about Principal Chen's identity, the deputy company commander was aware of that.

Not only did this town have a world-class sniper, but it also had a 70-year-old Class A Master Sergeant, to whom the chief of the army would salute.

The deputy company commander jumped down from the passenger seat and trotted towards Principal Chen who had been waiting for them. He stood upright and saluted to him. With respect, he said, "Sorry to bother you. The amount of petroleum is getting low recently. And it would take a longer time to get more supply from our other oil reserves."

"Resources are in sparsity during wars." Principal Chen briefly referred to the three wars—the Rwandan Civil War in 1994, the Yugoslav Wars in 1995 and the Bosnian War—that influenced the supply of petroleum internationally.

In the past few years, China had been sending more troops to station at the frontiers to prevent enemies from challenging its territories.

Fujun Town was located along the sole road where the military must pass through to transfer the weapons from the South to the North and vice versa. Therefore, the small town must shoulder the responsibility as an oil reserve by supplying and replenishing oil.

The oil was stored down in the pitch black basement.

To avoid dangers from short circuits, the warehouse was not equipped with electric lamps.

The soldiers, who jumped into the storage to transport the oil, used the lights on their helmets to illuminate the place. Swiftly, they loaded the oil tanks one by one onto the trucks.

About 20 minutes later, the trucks' engines started again, and they left the school slowly.

The noises of the trucks' engines faded further away. Ye Jian didn't close her eyes until the sounds had completely disappeared.