

Chapter 158 Mystery

The upstairs was divided into several private rooms and each room overlooked the street. There was a small stage at the end of the corridor. Some children who had finished eating were sitting in front of the stage playing Honor Of Kings. There was a white-haired old man in sunglasses playing the erhu on the stage. He was playing some strange-sounding music. I listened intently before realizing he was playing sound effects from Honor Of Kings.

I almost burst into laughter, and was about to stay and listen more when Gan opened the door of the furthest room and gestured at me.

I entered the private room. There was only Gan and I in it. He shut the window tight, and his expression was very serious. I had never seen him so anxious before, even on the day Liu Rong almost killed him.

"Uncle Gan, what happened? Did something happen at Junran?"

"Something big happened!" Gan was shaking. "There's news from Denmark."

I was shocked. News of Han Kun! "What happened to Uncle Han?" I immediately asked.

"There's news from Denmark. They found the body of a man about ten kilometers from Han Kun's hotel..."

"What?!" I slammed the table and jumped up. "That's impossible!"

Something had happened to Han Kun? Impossible!

I had once questioned Han Kun's motives. When Han Kun became uncontactable in Denmark, I was sure that he had encountered some trouble. Otherwise, he would not disappear for so long. But I had never expected that he would be dead.

I forced myself to calm down and asked carefully, "What did the local police say? I can't go to Denmark, but the police should have sent an autopsy report. Why isn't there one? Are the mercenaries you hired reliable? Did they send any photos?"

Gan and I were different. I did not understand business very well, but life and death was something I once had to consider on a daily basis, so I calmed down quickly.

"The mercenaries called the police when they found the body. The police have completed the autopsy. They wanted to make it public, but we managed to suppress it. Right now, only you and I know about this, even Mao Kai and the others don't know..."

"I want to read the autopsy report," I said, gritting my teeth.

I did not believe that Uncle Han could die just like that!

Gan looked uncomfortable. "I know that you were close to Han. Are you sure you want to read it? He died in pain, and it looked like he was tortured."

"I want to read it!" I held my fury in check and enunciated clearly, "I want to see if it's really Uncle Han. I don't believe he's dead!"

I knew I was lying to myself. The autopsy report was already out and the body was already identified, but I did not believe it!

Gan had guessed that I would want the autopsy report and brought it with him. He passed it to me.

My hands shook as I took it from him.

The title was in English. I assumed it was translated by them. Gan would probably not use this to fool me.

"They don't have a Chinese version. The government documents are only in English."

"I can understand it. I learned various languages while with the Snow Leopards."

I flipped open the autopsy report and scanned through it quickly. The clothes on the body were in Uncle Han's usual style, and they had found identification on the body.

This was clearly a murder victim. They had been tortured before death, and their face had been cut up. However, the profile resembled Uncle Han. But due to postmortem changes and the injuries on the face, there was no hard evidence that this was Uncle Han.

"This doesn't prove that it's Uncle Han." After reading, I felt much better, and tossed the report back to Gan.

Gan was stunned. "While we can't tell from the face, the profile is very similar. Of course, I hope Han is alright."

I told him, "There's a ninety percent chance that Uncle Han is still alive. Look at the body, the clothes are very neat but the face is cut up."

"Perhaps whoever did it hated him very much. To be honest, Han had many enemies over the years. Maybe someone decided to kill him while he was in Denmark."

I shook my head. "There are two explanations for cutting up his face. One is extreme hate, and the other is so that no one can identify his features. In the case of extreme hate, Uncle Han's suit would not be so neat. If you look at it, there's no dirt on it, and it's obvious that there was no evidence of a struggle. Otherwise, his clothes would not be so clean with a lack of bloodstains. If you look again at the injuries on the face, they were inflicted after death. Injuries inflicted before death don't look like that. The murderer killed the victim, then messed up their face. Then, the murderer dressed the body up in Uncle Han's suit and left the body outside with identification. Did the murderer want the body to be identified or not?"

During special forces training, physical fitness was only part of it. There were plenty of classes on general knowledge that could be useful skills for survival on the battlefield.

A normal person would not be able to notice such things, but to us, it was clear as day.

If I could read the autopsy report from the accident more than ten years ago, I would be able to identify the issues immediately. It was a pity that the autopsy report in the case file I had read had disappeared.

After I spoke, Gan did not respond. What was strange though, was that he did not seem excited. Instead, he seemed nervous and his hands shook.

Gan noticed me looking at his hands. "Just age catching up. Can anything you just said be proven?"

"The murderer didn't want anyone to identify the body's face, yet wanted us to know that this body was Uncle Han. What would you supposed he's thinking?"

Gan fell silent. "Someone wants us to think that Han Kun is dead."

"That's a possibility. This is good news for us."

"Ah, how is this good news? If Han doesn't come back, I'm all alone. Liu Rong is watching me like a tiger. Today, he suggested again to collectively sell off the small companies under the group. He said that since they weren't earning anything, we might as well sell them off. Right now, if only Han could do something..."

"Don't worry. This is definitely good news for us. Besides Liu Rong, who else would go to this extent? Haha, but if Liu Rong did this, it means that Uncle Han is not in his grasp and is safe. Otherwise, Liu Rong would have Uncle Han killed. There would be no need for this mystery."

Gan tapped his finger on the table. He seemed to be irritated.

That was strange. Gan should be happy. Unless he did not want Uncle Han to be alive?