

Ye Chen 3171

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These words of Wan Bajun shocked Su Chengfeng to the core of his being.

If he was still trying to take advantage of Wan Bajun just now, then he was now really very impressed with him.

For a young man of less than thirty to be able to develop to such a scale in that kind of world of guns and bullets was simply admirable beyond measure.

So he took the initiative to raise a glass of wine and said from the bottom of his heart, "Broken Jun! I've never admired anyone in my life. Ye Chang Ying of the Ye family is the first, and you are the second.

When Wan Bajun heard the three words Ye Chang Ying, his expression was slightly cold, and then, he looked at Su Chengfeng and asked seriously, "Grandpa Su, is Ye Chang Ying really as strong as the legend says?"

Su Chengfeng nodded and said heartily, "Although I have a deep grudge against the Ye family, I have to admit that Ye Chang Ying is indeed very strong. Thinking about the time when he reigned supreme, I don't know how many people, including me, gnashed their back teeth while lamenting in their hearts that having a son should be like Ye Chang Ying"

Wan Breaking Jun's expression gaped up. He seriously asked, "Grandpa Su, I want to know what exactly makes Ye Chang Ying strong."

Su Chengfeng lamented, "Aiya Ye Chang Ying, this person, seems to be a scholar, very elegant and graceful, but he is not a martial artist, can't say he has no hands, but compared to martial artists, it's about the same."

Wan Bajun asked again, "Then why does everyone think he's strong?"

Su Chengfeng pondered for a moment and said very seriously, "The word strong is not necessarily a hard fist, the most powerful thing about Ye Chang Ying, I personally think there are three points."

"Which three points?"

Su Chengfeng said, "The first is his strong personality! You know, most people are born to disobey others, most people are born to not want to be led by others, but Ye Chang Ying's charisma has made many people willingly follow him and obey him;"

"Secondly, it is his unparalleled personal ability! Ye Chang Ying has an extraordinary strategic thinking and big-picture perspective, and he is truly a top genius in the business world who is able to plan between tents and win beyond a thousand miles;"

"Thirdly, he has a self-control ability that is different from ordinary people!"

"Ye Chang Ying is never overly adventurous because he is optimistic, nor is he overly cautious because he is pessimistic, just like the fast-changing futures market. Even if everyone is bullish and

thinks that the market will continue to rise, he will not change his target. This is something that most people cannot do!"

"In addition, Ye Chang Ying had countless fans back then, and the women who liked him lined up from Yanjing to Zhonghai, from China to abroad, and there were many of them who offered themselves to him, but Ye Chang Ying was able to turn away all the temptations, and a man who could do that is the only one in real life. I've only met him once!"

Speaking of this, Su Chengfeng sighed, "All in all, this man is the one I admire the most in my life!"

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Wan Xiaojun heard this. He could not help but frown and opened his mouth to ask, "Ye Chang Ying was so powerful, why did he die? Who exactly killed him? There are rumours outside that it was the Su family that killed him, I wonder if they are credible?"

Su Chengfeng gave a sarcastic smile and said, "Let me tell you this, when Ye Changye was at the height of his glory, our Su family barely managed to survive by uniting with many people to form the Anti-Ye Alliance. In the end, the Anti-Yeh Alliance was not actually a proactive organization, but was formed to report for warmth, and if we had the ability to kill him, we wouldn't have been screwed over by him in the mall in the first place and ended up having to huddle together for warmth."

"What's more, Ye Chang Ying was already out of the business world when he died, so what's the point of us trying to kill him at that time? We're all in business. Who would do this kind of money-losing business with no return?"

Wan Bajun nodded with a gloomy expression and asked again, "Then who exactly was the one who killed him?"

Su Chengfeng shook his head, "I'm not sure about that either. There were many different opinions over the years, but no one had any conclusive evidence, and slowly the matter went on for too long, so no one bothered to trace the original cause."

Wan Xiaojun gave a cold laugh. He said, "It seems that having an empty mind of planning and decisive thinking is far from enough! If you want to gain a foothold in this world, your brain must be alive and your fists must be hard! If Ye Chang Ying could have had a tenth or even a hundredth of the power of my Ten Thousand Dragons Hall back then, he wouldn't have been killed at such a young age!"

Su Chengfeng was slightly stunned, and only then did he react and hurriedly laughed, "You're right, Broken Jun! These days, there's no point in just having a good brain, it's only when you're good at both literature and martial arts that you're the king!"

After saying that, he said with a flattering face, "In my opinion, you are the model of both civil and martial arts. Your future with the Ten Thousand Dragons Hall is bound to be unlimited! Here, I salute you!"

Wan Bajun smiled, raised his glass and said to Su Chengfeng, "After I have won a great victory in Syria, and after I have moved my parents' coffin into Mount Wanling, the Ten Thousand Dragons Hall will spend three to five years to fully penetrate, and even fully cover the entire Middle East, relying on its base in Syria! By then, I, Wan Broken Jun, will be the King of Mercenaries!"

The King of Mercenaries was the second major goal in Wan Broken Jun's life.

And the first, naturally, was to avenge his parents' death.

Now, in his view, he was not far from both goals.

The situation in the Syrian war was very good, and he would definitely be able to win the final victory before the Qingming Festival.

At that time, the four war kings under his command would gather in Yanjing and take the Ye family away in one wave, and then he would head to Syria to develop at full strength.

All of this, at the moment, is already showing the momentum of water coming to fruition!

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And just when Wan Breaking Army was in a mood of enthusiasm at the wine table. The war situation in Syria, however, had changed in a way that he had not expected.

Lu Zhanjun, who was leading a thousand Dragon God Temple generals on a sharp march through the valley, had no idea what, exactly, was waiting for him next.

Under cover of the rumble of artillery, the 1,000 men quietly followed the ravine along the side of the mountain road and wound their way back towards the western side of Hamid's base.

The route chosen by the LWs was very stealthy, almost entirely valley as well as reverse slope. From the high ground where Hamid's troops were, they were not visible at all.

Plus there was artillery fire as cover, so he felt that Hamid's men, could not have detected that a force had broken away from the frontal battlefield.

The mountain path was rugged. And they had deliberately charted a circular route to avoid detection by Hamid's men, so the journey had been a sharp march, though. But it had also taken a lot of time because of the big detour.

However, Lu Zhanjun had planned everything carefully, thinking that he would be able to conceal it from the world, but he never dreamed that as early as when he had just led his troops to start, Hamid's drones in the sky, had already captured the movement of his unit.

And now Hamid had laid a death trap, waiting for him to throw himself into it!

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While young people in China are still shooting around in the wilderness with drones costing thousands of dollars, Hamid's men have already used such inconspicuous things to achieve complete air-holding surveillance of local battlefields.

The advantage of total stasis is that the drones can remain stationary in the sky, watching the target closely, unlike the US Global Hawk. It needs to keep flying in circles around the target.

Hamid, on the other hand, had already made his tactical arrangements while admiring Ye Chen's planning.

He analysed through the chart transmission signals coming back from the sky that the other side should not exceed 1,200 men at most.

Moreover, they were now detouring towards the west flank, and were probably going to encircle themselves from the west flank. Therefore, he had already sent down orders to send three hundred more soldiers to defend the permanent fortifications on the west flank proper slope.

Three hundred soldiers was not much, but using the timing and location, it was more than enough to defend against an attack of over a thousand soldiers.

The permanent fortifications built by Hamid, although not yet fully constructed, were specially camouflaged on the outside.

The camouflaged fortification, if it did not fire. It would have been almost impossible to detect it even if it had passed by ten times.

The firing holes of these fortifications had been blocked with large fist-sized pieces of rubble and then covered with a layer of loam from the outside. This camouflage was extremely realistic on a mountain that was already full of rubble and yellow earth, and was extremely difficult to detect.

Moreover, when they made the camouflage, they left a few slits like doorways from the inside.

With these small gaps alone, those inside could easily observe the outside.

The camouflage, made of rubble, is also very easy to remove.

Once you need to fire, you can simply pick up the rubble with one hand and then you can put your gun out and fire with full force.

If Lu's troops were to outflank him from the west flank, they would be in the path of these concealed fortifications, and all his men would be exposed to the crossfire of the machine guns.

But Lu knew nothing of this.

He only thought that he had to take down Hamid in a hurry, and use a victory to cover up the mistake he had just made.

This time when he came to Syria, all of them were a bit gullible.

They always felt that the opposition forces were just a bunch of third world bandits with little military education, not much better than the pirates in Somalia.

It was easy for the elite to come over and fight these guerrillas who could only shoot indiscriminately with their AKs.

Therefore, they were not fully prepared before the battle and did not carry very expensive high-end weaponry.

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To the Dragon God's soldiers at the moment, the RPG was the most powerful weapon they had at hand.

But Lu Zhanjun felt that the RPG would be enough.

The frontal attack had taken a huge toll just now. It was not because of how strong the enemy was, but because they had been too light on their own.

As long as he paid attention now and found the right strategic plan, he would definitely be able to lead the generals of the Pantheon and easily overpower the other side.

Now that he and his men had arrived at the foot of the western wing of Hamid, he was confident that in an hour's time at most. This battle would be over! This time, there were three options in the tactics developed by Lu's war army.

The first and best option was to quietly feel their way to the entrance of Hamid's permanent fortifications. Then suddenly kill them and take them by surprise, wiping them all out inside the fortifications they had built themselves.

This is the most desirable objective for the attacking side in all offensive battles, as it is the only way to work the objective with the greatest ease and at the least cost in terms of casualties.

The second option is to use RPG rockets once you have reached the fortifications. A precision strike on the permanent fortifications, this way is like the process of fighting bunkers and gun towers in anti-Japanese films.

As for the third worst and worst option, it would be a strong attack at all costs.

However, the third option rarely succeeds.

This is because once inside the opponent's fire network and unable to solve the opponent's fortifications, the opponent has almost developed a reaper-style killing advantage, and if you can still win in this situation, it is almost all about piling up corpses forward.

So. Lu Zhanjun did not intend to use the third option until as a last resort.

But as a commander, he had to consider every possibility again. So he set a red line for the third option, once the casualty reduction exceeded 60%. The line was to retreat immediately.

But he knew in his heart that this scenario, could never happen.

After the preparations were completed, Lu Zhanjun led all the soldiers and checked their equipment and ammunition, and after making sure that there were no problems, he spoke to the commander of the frontal battlefield through the intercom, "We have now touched the opponent's western flank, you should launch a feint attack now!"

The other side immediately replied, "After my side launches a feint, your side must launch a surprise attack as well!"

Lu Zhanjun looked at the time and said, "I will launch a surprise attack from the west flank ten minutes after you launch your feint!"

"Why do you have to wait ten minutes?" The other side was puzzled, "The other side has very heavy firepower. I don't know how many men I'll have to lose in ten minutes. If I fight on my side, your side will rush to outflank them immediately, which is the most reasonable plan!"

Lu Zhanjun said seriously, "I have to wait until you attack first and wait until the enemy starts exchanging fire with you before I can determine the location of the enemy's fire point by visual inspection, only after I have determined the location of the enemy's fire point. Only when we have determined the position of the enemy's fire point will my men be able to accurately launch a quick sneak attack and directly take out the enemy's fire point, otherwise if we rush over together, we simply won't be able to attack them!"

The other side hesitated for a moment, but felt that this was also the case, so they said, "Good! I'll have the soldiers prepare and launch the attack in ten minutes!"

He knew very well that he had no other choice now, with the strength of Hamid's fortifications, it was impossible to attack them head-on, and even if he fought everyone out, he would have no chance.

Lu had been a mercenary for several years, and although he was experienced, his experience was all in the field. But the kind of experience he had was all about attacking small armed groups in war-torn areas, and he had never met an opponent with real strength and strategy.

This is like a martial arts master who has been gaining experience by beating up street thugs.

A person who abuses too much will definitely become more and more of a novice himself.

What's even more frightening is that he will be so absorbed in the sense of achievement of repeatedly succeeding in abusing his opponents that he won't even realise that he is getting worse.

So. At this moment, Lu Zhanjun doesn't even know that he has already entered the enemy's encirclement by detouring to the side, and is still holding his high powered binoculars. Observing the movement on the front position.

He was still instructing a few soldiers around him at this moment, saying: "All of you few also pay attention to observe, after their second feint starts later, our side will just be able to observe the position of Hamid's fire points. When we start the attack, we will pull out all these fire points as quickly as possible! As long as we pull out their fortifications, we will have won!"

Several soldiers nodded and immediately took out their observation equipment and mapping tools, preparing to map out the positions of the opponent's fire points as quickly as possible after the feint attack began.

Lu Zhanjun had his mind made up at the moment, and Hamid's frontal positions were already in his pocket in his eyes!

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Ten minutes later, the shelling against Hamid's position stopped on time.

On the front battlefield, three thousand soldiers carrying hundreds of RPG rockets charged once again towards Hamid's position.

The men had already been beaten back once and knew that the enemy firepower was heavy, so the second time they attacked, each of them was nervous, fearing that they might accidentally get killed.

But the army's orders were in front of them, and although they were afraid, they had no choice but to press on.

Soon they were once again in range of fire from Hamid's fortifications.

Naturally, Hamid showed no mercy to the leaks that came to his door, immediately ordering him to open fire and to kill as many of the enemy as possible.

A second round of fire was exchanged between the two sides, and it was immediate!

The attacking soldiers worked in teams of five, one of whom bombarded the fortifications with shoulder-launched RPGs, while the remaining four all covered his fire with machine guns and assault rifles to ensure that the RPGs hit the other side's fortifications.

This was the only tactic the army had taught them that could be of any use in an offensive.

Originally, the government commanders thought that if they brought up the RPGs, they could take out all of Hamid's fortifications, but they could at least take out three or five of his fortifications and make him nervous.

Once he was nervous, he would naturally devote more troops and energy to the front, which greatly increased the chances of success of the flanking strategy.

What he didn't expect was the obscene construction of Hamid's fortifications.

The front of each fortification was reinforced and camouflaged in layers along the positive slope of the mountain itself.

Under such circumstances, the attacker carrying an RPG from the bottom to the top of the hill would hit the fortifications with a trajectory almost parallel to the positive slope of the hill, making it difficult to hit them.

As a result, the rocket would either graze the sloping side of the fortification, or it would barely hit it at a tiny angle.

The real power of such rockets must be concentrated at an angle of ninety degrees to the front of the target, otherwise, once it grazes the edge and explodes, it is basically no different from scratching an itch.

Moreover, even if they hit at such a small angle, the chances are that the rockets would be refracted and not only would they fail to destroy the enemy, but the refracted rockets would instead scatter around and injure many of their own men by accident.

Lu and his men were still looking through their binoculars, desperately trying to record the position of each of Hamid's fortifications.

As he watched, Lu ordered, "We'll launch a sneak attack later, and we must take out all these fortifications as quickly as possible. We will be able to win easily!"

The commanders of all ranks around them immediately patted their chests and promised that they would remove all these known fire points.

However, they had no idea that right in front of them, on the seemingly undefended western flank, there were over thirty Hamid fire points.

Long before Lu Zhanjun led his team to feel their way over, Hamid's three hundred soldiers had already ambushed in one step ahead.

Originally, according to the plan Ye Chen had made for Hamid, the interiors of these fire points were to be completely opened up with pits.

Moreover, there were to be multiple firewalls built inside the pits, so that once the enemy entered the passage from a certain point, they could immediately use the firewalls to isolate the enemy within a very small area, thus avoiding being infiltrated by the enemy from within.

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This design is like having multiple watertight doors inside a ship.

The function of the doors is that if seawater is poured into the ship from one location, all the doors in that area will be closed to prevent seawater from pouring into the other compartments, thus ensuring maximum safety for the ship.

Unfortunately, this wave of government offensive came too quickly for Hamid to build such a large project, so he could only build a few separate hidden fire points first.

In order to snipe the Lu's troops, Hamid's 300 soldiers entered the 30-odd fire points and immediately closed the entrance to each fire point from the inside.

In this way, each fire point became a separate bunker, and the soldiers had no way of retreating inside.

Although there were many disadvantages to this approach, one advantage was that the soldiers inside had to live and die with the bunker, so their will to fight was very high.

Each fire point is configured with between five and ten men, depending on the size of the area and the angle of the design.

Inside, the firepower is configured with light and heavy machine guns and RPGs.

In addition to this, there is a very good stock of ammunition, as well as enough food and drinking water to last for more than a month.

This alone is enough to show how conscious Hamid is of his strategic reserves now.

He even plans to spend a few years to open up a strategic base of several hundred thousand cubic metres of space inside the surrounding mountains.

By then, huge amounts of storage could be achieved, including weapons and ammunition, food and drug, and fuel supplies.

What is even more ruthless is that he wants to dig several equipment depots at the foot of the mountain.

At that time, all the armoured vehicles and helicopter gunships would be stored in them, and even if the government troops kept bombing for a month, they would not be able to bring him any substantial damage.

At this point, the frontal battlefield feint had been underway for five minutes.

Originally, there were also five minutes left before the attack time set by Lu's war army.

However, seeing the heavy casualties among the friendly troops, Lu Zhanjun was afraid that these guys would not last more than ten minutes before they were repulsed.

Once the feint was repulsed, he would not be able to flank them and take them by surprise.

So, after roughly confirming the location of Hamid's fire point, Lu Zhanjun said to the 1,000 elites, "Brothers, we're not waiting! Everyone join me in avenging the deaths of our brothers! We'll take Hamid's head to pay tribute to the brothers who just died!"

As soon as the men heard this, they chanted slogans vowing to take Hamid's head!

Lu Zhanjun saw that the crowd was rousing and nodded in satisfaction as he continued, "Once we meet the enemy head on, no one should be soft or hesitant! As long as the enemy is a man, woman or child, we must kill them on the spot and shoot them in the head! Do you understand?"

The men nodded firmly and heavily, their murderous expressions overflowing.

"Good!" Lu Zhanjun only felt his blood boil as he immediately shouted out, "Charge me!"

As the 1,000 soldiers of the Ten Thousand Dragons Hall charged up with Lu's army, at least half of Hamid's 300 soldiers were already able to observe Lu's army directly through the gaps in the hidden firing ports.

Instead of returning fire, they all held their breath for fear of making any noise and being spotted by the other side.

The reason why they hadn't returned fire was because Lu's War Army and the generals of the Ten Thousand Dragon Hall hadn't yet entered the middle of their fire coverage net.

Since they were fighting an ambush, they naturally had to wait for the enemy to reach the middle of the ambush circle before firing.

Only in this way could they strike the enemy on all fronts while cutting off all their retreats, leaving them with nowhere to hide.

Or even, nowhere to retreat!

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As soon as Lu led the 1,000 soldiers of the Ten Thousand Dragons Temple up the slope of the western flank, he fell completely into Hamid's encirclement on the western flank.

As he was leading his men in a desperate charge for fear of missing the opportunity, he was unaware of the many gaps in the rocks around him, which had suddenly turned into flat, black holes.

Immediately afterwards, tongues of machine gun fire erupted!

All of a sudden, the sound of gunfire was loud!

Lu Zhanjun only heard gunfire all around his ears, and before he had time to react, he heard the miserable wails coming from around him, and the sound of soldiers falling to the ground with bullets!

One thousand men, completely targeted by the muzzles of over two hundred light and heavy machine guns and dozens of RPG rockets.

Then came the unstinting saturation blows.

The bullets were firing wildly, putting down rows and rows of soldiers around Lu Zhanjun in a way that was no different from a massacre.

In just a minute or two, more than half of Lu's team had been lost!

His whole face was filled with horror as he shouted, "Damn it! We've been ambushed! Quickly organise a breakout!"

However, how could he know that there was no longer any possibility for them to break out now?

These 1,000 men had simply fallen into a death trap surrounded by more than 30 hidden fortresses.

Whichever way they broke out, they were in fact running into a gun.

They tried to return fire, but under such firepower, they could not even find a place to hide, and it was even more difficult to return fire.

Their opponents, after all, were all hidden in the steel and concrete fortifications, and their weapons were hardly effective in killing them.

On Hamid's side, only a very few of them were hit by the bullets fired into the fortifications.

As the number of soldiers in the Hall of Ten Thousand Dragons dwindled, some of them, knowing that they had no hope of escaping, shouted out loud, "Quickly, protect the warlord!"

Immediately afterwards, many people in all directions shouted the words "Protect the war general" and surrounded Lu's troops.

Soon, Lu Zhanjun was surrounded by dozens of people.

As he saw his brothers falling, he was overcome with grief and anger and shouted with red eyes, "Brothers, I hope you can forgive me for my poor command of this ambush today.

Several soldiers cried out, "General Lu, we are all your soldiers, from the day we followed you, we have never regretted it!"

Lu Zhanjun choked back tears and said, "It's a great honour for me, Lu Zhanjun, to be able to fight alongside you all in three lives!"

After saying that, he gritted his teeth and said, "Now that there is no hope of survival, why are you all still protecting me so much? This way, I won't have to die in such a miserable way!"

As more and more of his comrades were killed on the periphery, only 40 or 50 of them were left in a group of 1,000 people.

By now, the fire from the thirty or so fire points were all aimed at them.

Seeing that the soldiers around him had fallen by more than twenty, Lu pushed aside the soldiers in front of him and raised his assault rifle towards a fire point not far away, firing back hard while shouting: "Bastards! I'll take you all with me!"

With that, he took a step and charged out.

As soon as the other soldiers heard this, their blood instantly ran cold, and they shouted in unison, "Let's fight them!"

Then, they recklessly followed Lu's war army and rushed out.

However, this kind of suicidal charge, apart from making them feel less suffocated, could hardly have any effect on the battlefield.

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As soon as he rushed out, he was hit by more than ten bullets and instantly fell to the ground dead.

The other mercenaries who followed him did not escape this fate either, they were all killed like wheat, in less than 30 seconds.

The one-sided massacre lasted less than five minutes before it was over.

Afterwards, Hamid's soldiers emerged from their bunkers and began to clean up the battlefield.

After the battle, a total of 1,001 mercenaries, including Lu's warriors, survived the battle, all of them dead.

On Hamid's side, there were sixteen casualties, six of whom died and the remaining ten were wounded, but none of them were life-threatening.

This was a complete and total victory.

At that moment, the commander of the frontal feint, who had waited for a long time and still had not seen Lu's troops flanking him, and who had lost nearly a thousand soldiers in the feint, angrily radioed Lu's troops to ask why they had not attacked yet, but no one answered on the other end of the radio.

He immediately asked his men to contact the rest of the generals in the Hall of Ten Thousand Dragons, but nothing was done.

This caused him to panic to the extreme.

In a battlefield, it was impossible for an army of 1,000 men to be lost, and the other side was not just a bunch of crab soldiers, these 1,000 men were all the elites of the Ten Thousand Dragons Hall, and were far better than his own army in terms of training, fighting ability and combat quality.

The only way that such a force could have been completely lost is if they had met an untimely end
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The other side was so shocked that they hurriedly withdrew all the soldiers they had sent up to feign an attack.

At the same time, they sent out scouts to find out what was going on as quickly as possible.

An hour later, when the scouts were close to the western flank of the hill, they immediately used high powered cameras to observe the western flank of the position.

He was shocked by the sight of it, and immediately turned pale.

At this moment, Hamid's soldiers were cleaning up the battlefield on the west flank position.

As for the 1,000 elites of the Ten Thousand Dragons Hall and their commander, Lu Zhanjun, they had all become corpses covered in bullet holes.

Hamid's soldiers were now collecting their weapons and equipment as well as other strategic supplies.

The soldiers were more interested in the weapons and ammunition carried by the elite of the Dragon Temple, as the overall standard of these weapons was superior to that of Hamid's army.

All of the weapons used by the Dragon Temple were NATO-style weapons, most of which were equipped by active US forces, while Hamid's forces used almost all pre-Soviet Warsaw Pact weapons from the 1960s, 1970s, 1970s and 1980s, and the difference between the two was considerable, both in terms of standard and age.

As well as being interested in the weapons of the elite of the Martial Temple, the soldiers were also very fond of their desert camouflage uniforms.

Unfortunately, their desert camouflage uniforms had long since been shot out of their usefulness.

However, the treasure-hunting Hamid soldiers found that although the tops of the elite were all shot to pieces, the trousers were mostly intact and could still be peeled off and worn.

These American-style desert camouflage uniforms, with their well-made fabrics and high prices, were a hundred thousand miles better than the torn trousers worn by the Hamid soldiers.

What made the soldiers covet the boots of the elite of the Hall of Dragons.

The boots used by these men are very expensive, specialist tactical boots that are well designed, high performance and puncture resistant, and are a godsend when marching in the desert and mountains.

These boots are always in high demand in the Middle East, costing several hundred dollars a pair on the black market, and they are not available at all.

So the scout witnessed the brutal sight of the Hamid soldiers pulling down the trousers of the soldiers of the Temple of the Dragon, one by one, and then removing their boots before throwing the bodies into the valley.

What horrified him even more was that his camera just happened to catch the body of Lu War Army, who at that moment, with only a pair of trousers left on his lower half, had at least a dozen bullet holes punched into his entire body, and his death was horrifying in the extreme.

The scout was so terrified that he fled in a panic while reporting to his superiors on the radio, "Wan Wan Long Temple, all of them are dead Lu Zhanjun is also dead"

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The news of Lu's death and that of the 1,000 soldiers of the Ten Thousand Dragons Temple was like a bolt from the blue to the commander of the attacking side!

It was not that he cared about the death of Lu's soldiers or those of the Hall of Ten Thousand Dragons, but he felt that if even the Hall of Ten Thousand Dragons could not attack Hamid's fortifications, there was even less hope for his own group of hangers-on.

Moreover, he had only brought a total of five thousand soldiers with him, and nearly two thousand of them had died in two rounds of the charge. The Dragon God's Temple had lost 1,500 men, and at least half of its actual fighting strength was now lost!

Worse still, after two charges, his soldiers had clearly realised that it was almost impossible to take Hamid's position by flesh and blood, and having seen with their own eyes two charges and the death of so many of their comrades, they were all already filled with fear of the charge.

Morale was already extremely low at this time, so if a third charge was forced, there was no point in doing anything other than sending them to their deaths.

So, he also knew very clearly that there was no chance at all that he would be able to take Hamid this time.

So, he immediately reported the situation to his superiors and asked for permission to withdraw his troops and go back to rest.

When his superiors heard about the situation, they were furious. He was furious!

The many victories over the past few days had filled him with hope that the opposition would soon be purged and he firmly believed that this goal would soon be achieved.

But suddenly, unexpectedly, reality hit him in the head.

A war that had not even seen the enemy and had already resulted in more than three thousand deaths on his own side was somewhat unacceptable.

What was even more incomprehensible was that this man, Lu Zhanjun, had previously led these 20 million or so Dragon Hall generals to a number of victories in quick succession, and in the eyes of their group of native commanders, he was simply a super war god who was invincible in his attacks.

Who would have thought that such a super war god would die when he said he would

In his anger, he also immediately synchronized this news to Chen Zhonglei, one of the four battle kings of the Pantheon.

At this time, Chen Zhonglei, who was waiting in Damascus for feedback on the results of the four fronts of the Hall of Ten Thousand Dragons, suddenly received the news of Lu Zhanjun's death, and he couldn't believe it for ten thousand times, until the other side sent him the video taken by the scouts, and he had to accept this reality.

A small-scale offensive battle had resulted in the death of over 1,500 men as well as a five-star battle general, which was a first for the Wan Long Temple since its establishment.

Chen Zhonglei really couldn't understand how an opposition army that occupied the mountain as king. He felt that the matter was extremely strange, so he did not dare to delay and hurriedly made a phone call. He was ready to report this time to the head of the Ten Thousand Dragon Palace, Wan Bajun.

At this moment, Wan Bajun was at the dinner table of the Xiao family villa in Suhang, having a drink with Su Chengfeng.

Don't look at Su Chengfeng as the head of the Su family, but this old thing really became a dog lick with extremely high level and attainment.

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Originally, Wan Bajun had a problem with this old man, after all, he had indeed always looked down on his own father back then. If it wasn't for the sake of Su Shoudao, Wan Bajun wouldn't even bother to have dinner and drinks with him.

However, as soon as this old man came to the table, he started to pay compliments and praises. But soon he became a little drifty.

For a man like Wan Bajun, who had endured humiliation for so many years, his bones were indeed quite depressed.

The more such a person is, the more he needs a chance to let go, the more he needs others to know what he can do and to give him recognition and praise.

Therefore, when he discovered that Su Chengfeng, the head of the Su family, who had made his father not dare to breathe in front of him back then, had actually groveled and flattered him to the utmost. His heart, which had been suppressed for years because he had not been able to avenge his parents, was also greatly satisfied.

Unlike Wan Bajun, Su Chengfeng's heart was already filled with shame at this time.

He had never knelt down to anyone since he was young, and after middle age onwards he was admired by all.

But who would have thought that after a lifetime of arrogance, he would grovel to a 20-something year old in his later years.

It hurt his pride, but he had to keep up the fawning face. For he desperately needed Wan Xiaojun to help him solve the series of troubles before him.

So, after three rounds of wine, he once again took the initiative to lift his glass and said with a compensating smile, "Come. I'd like to toast you again, and I'd like to wish you a great victory on the day of the Qingming Festival at Ye Ling Mountain! Completely avenge your parents' death back then!"

Wan Bajun played with the wine cup in his hand. Seriously, he said, "Grandpa Su, it's not Ye Ling Mountain, it's Wan Ling Mountain! After Qingming, the entire Wanling Mountain will be the cemetery where both of my parents will rest for a long time, and I will deploy a hundred elites from the Wanlong Hall to seal up the entire mountain, so that no idle people will disturb their peace and quiet in the future!"

Su Chengfeng immediately blurted out, "Right, right, Wanling Mountain! When your parents' graves are moved to Mount Wanling, I will personally pay my respects on Mount Wanling!"

Wan Breaking Jun nodded in satisfaction and said, "It would be best if you can go."

Said he. He said with great emotion, "Actually, my father told my mother more than once back then, saying that he felt a lot of pressure whenever he saw you."

"Is that so?" Su Chengfeng was very surprised and asked, "Lian Cheng, why would he be under a lot of pressure when he saw me?"

Wan Bajun gave Su Chengfeng a look and said in a somewhat unpleasant tone, "Because he feels that you've always looked down on him! In your eyes, he is Uncle Su's fox friend, and the kind of fox friend that completely despises Uncle Su and only lowers Uncle Su's ranking, every time he sees you. Every time he sees you, he has that feeling of being disliked and disgusted by the other parent when a poor student goes to play with a superior student."

Su Chengfeng laughed awkwardly and hurriedly explained, "I think Lian Cheng might have some misunderstanding about me, I was a person who didn't smile and was a bit serious to everyone back then, even to Shoudao, I was always pulling a face all day long and rarely gave him any good looks, so I definitely didn't mean to look down on Lian Cheng!"

Wan Bajun looked at him with slight surprise and said seriously, "But I have come into contact with you today, and I don't feel that you are a person who doesn't smile, nor do I feel that you are serious to anyone, is this because. I now have a strength that my father did not have back then?"

"This cough this" Su Chengfeng stammered for half a day, but he could not say anything.

Wan Breaking Jun's words had put him in an even more awkward state.

He knew that Wan Breaking Jun was mocking himself.

After all, his own attitude was indeed very flattering after learning that he was the Hall Master of the Ten Thousand Dragons Hall and learning that the Hall was extremely strong.

To be honest, even he himself was a little disgusted by this expression on his face.

But what could be done about it?

The current situation for Su Chengfeng was that he could only do everything he could to draw closer to Wan Breaking Army.

This was because Wan Bajun was about to turn on the Ye family. The Ye family is afraid that it will soon be finished, and when the Ye family is finished, the only hidden problem for himself is Su Zhiyu's powerful benefactor.

This matter. Only Wan Bajun could help him.

Once Wan Bajun could take care of that guy, he would have ten thousand ways to get Su Zhiyu to return the Ocean Shipping Group back!

At that time, the Su family would have a wonderful opportunity to take off again!

At this moment. Seeing Su Chengfeng's old face flushed, Wan Bajun smiled playfully and waved his hand, "Forget it, these are all things that happened 20 to 30 years ago, let's not talk about them, in short, if you can go and pay respects to my father, I believe his spirit in heaven will be somewhat relieved."