

## Beautiful 281

### Chapter 281: Su Ruomei's trouble

While Yang Qingyue's awkwardness was slowly going away, under Ling Qingyu's soft bullets. She had no idea her childhood friend was feeling resentful of breaking promises.

Anyone experiencing love was never reliable, Cai Ning thought. Women were the same, especially the ones who easily made promises and looked very serious.

Thinking of the possible closeness between Ling Qingyu and Yang Qingyue, Cai Ning became envious. Well, why was she envious though? Because someone robbed away her Little Sister Yang?

The way Cai Ning stared at Ling Qingyu was like looking at a big bad wolf. Woof! Somehow, Cai Ning heard a specific sound of a cartoon, she watched during her childhood and shook her head in amusement.

Ling Qingyu's spine straightened, her intuition told her somebody was thinking bad about her from around. No need to guess around, who else but among this group of women who might be against her apart from Cai Ning.

Although she had no clues on what Cai Ning's inner thoughts were, Ling Qingyu wasn't too worried and ignored this policewoman—no threat.

According to Athena's report, Cai Ning worked in an intelligence service—MSS—most feared and renowned for the sharp blades of the head of state. Despite being unwritten on the paper about her past work, Ling Qingyu understood Cai Ning didn't have an easy life.

Yang Qingyue's pressure to keep Cai Ning around by all means already proved everything. It was also good for Cai Ning to accompany Yang Qingyue based on her experience, especially the table battle between politicians.

If Cai Ning's ability was used well, Ling Qingyu calculated the probability of the plans she shelved in her heart for success. Cai Ning was also another viable general.

Cai Ning's attention on Yang Qingyue's relationship didn't last long when multiple bangs coming from underneath attracted most of hers. In contrast to Yang Qingyue, Cai Ning cursed because, throughout her career, she had never seen any of the nation's special forces she had known trained like Ling Qingyu's guards.

Her similar reaction to Ling Qingyu amused Tang Ziyi, who shook her head and smiled. She didn't bother to explain the seemingly dangerous bullets flying around were not threatening.

Some secrets, it was better not to talk about. Both Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning might have some suspicions but they weren't willing to ask because everyone had something to hide.

If people were read by others like a transparent sheet of paper, no one would feel good. It was for this reason that many people didn't like to associate with people who could read their minds.

Actually, the past and present Ling Qingyu had this ability. She could speculate several possibilities within a snap of a finger based on the variables displayed by others.

Ling Qingyu was warming up at Yang Qingyue, whose attention wasn't obviously on the gunfight training below. She tried to find a topic but was always cut off by Yang Qingyue's short words. She was almost speechless.

Yang Qingyue didn't seem to resist her approach but why this behavior. Ling Qingyu thought for a while and threw them away as useless.

"Alright, I know you are busy these days but why not give me a call or answer my phone?" Ling Qingyu whined, grasping Yang Qingyue's cloth and pulling it up and down. A childish behavior but one that hit Yang Qingyue's heart.

Sensing Ling Qingyu's action, Yang Qingyue rolled her eyes helplessly. She really couldn't pretend to be serious in front of Ling Qingyu any longer.

Especially, after the heated night, where she took the initiative, Yang Qingyue was still in disbelief whenever she recalled the memory.

At least, one thing satisfying was that she was the only one to see innocent Ling Qingyu in contrast to the iceberg goddess, whose temperament terrified many people. The stunned expression of Ling Qingyu at that night was so cute as if begging Yang Qingyue to bully her.

And so she did indeed, as requested. Ling Qingyu had no strength to fight back. The courageous initiative was lost under Yang Qingyue's supreme tactics.

"Stop your childish behavior." Yang Qingyue chided but was ignored. "In fact, a temporary separation is the right choice, isn't it? It lets me think more clearly."

"So, what have you thought?" Ling Qingyu asked as she inched closer. The two's movements weren't noticed except for Tang Ziyi.

Though Ling Qingyu knew Yang Qingyue's final decision seemed to not resist her advance, she would be lying if she wasn't nervous.

"You're really my nemesis since we started meeting the first day." Yang Qingyue said in complaint. "You're always the one bringing annoyance and destroying my concentration's ability. What's more—I cannot even shield that night's event."

Ling Qingyu also blushed when she thought of the specific night. Oh! How on earth did she lose momentum against Yang Qingyue? She was mercilessly suppressed on the battlefield, having no rooms to fight back. "Well, what were you thinking to take so long?"

"The future obstacles and the feasibility." Yang Qingyue's answer didn't bring any shock to Ling Qingyu.

"Don't think about those too much. I already had said, I'll take care of those." Ling Qingyu knew what Yang Qingyue was worried about and comforted.

"Yeah, that's the exact answer I come to after careful consideration." Yang Qingyue replied. "Try it out first and solve problems in the process. Thinking too much is never a good thing."

Ling Qingyu's right arm reached over Yang Qingyue's back while the other hand searched to grasp Yang Qingyue's fingers. "En...As it should. You know you've touched what many desired. You must take responsibility."

Yang Qingyue's face darkened at Ling Qingyu's shamelessness. What responsibility? It seemed she wasn't the aggressor. She was defending herself! Yang Qingyue swatted away Ling Qingyu's palm and scolded. "Pay attention to your surroundings.

There are still sisters around us. Don't embarrass yourself."

"So, you meant if we're alone, this is fine." Ling Qingyu remained cheeky and didn't mind Yang Qingyue's rejection. "Besides, I don't mind if someone sees me. There's only Tang Ziyi, Su Ruomei and Cai Ning. I'll do the same thing in public too. It's better so that other men will know you belong to me."

Of course, Ling Qingyu would avoid this behavior in public spaces when her strength wasn't enough. Laying low before announcing oneself was the kingly method.

Yang Qingyue's lips twitched. She was unsure whether Ling Qingyu's words were serious and decided to change topics. "Are the armor trucks that I requested ready?"

"Of course. I'll ask my subordinates to drive them over." Ling Qingyu quickly became serious when the topic was related to important business, despite fully aware Yang Qingyue was trying to divert attention.

While both of them were whispering like lovebirds, the rest of the women had their attention on the training below. Su Ruomei had her face filled with pride and joy because those guards were her comrades, most of whom she knew from the military.

She was delighted to see their skills improved and the living conditions of the younger sisters getting better. After all, as the eldest sister from the military in Ling Qingyu's group, she must take care of all the girls.

Tang Ziyi's expression didn't change much. No one knew what she was thinking. Cai Ning tapped her chin, coming up with persuasive words so that Ling Qingyu could provide training to the officers.

Then, she felt it was impossible. Police work and military work were never the same. In terms of firefights and tactics, Ling Qingyu's guards could handle it impeccably. If real police work came into the equation, they were likely to be paralyzed too.

The status quo seemed better, Ling Qingyu's subordinates solely serving as anti-violence personnel. After the exercise ended, Ling Qingyu's group still hadn't dispersed.

Su Ruomei sighed and looked troubled. Ling Qingyu noticed her expression and quickly asked.

Chapter 282: Su Ruomei's trouble [2]

"Is there any trouble?" Ling Qingyu's inquiry brought everyone's attention to Su Ruomei's figure.

Su Ruomei showed hesitance, biting her tongue, probably constructing her words. Ling Qingyu became more curious, seeing her behavior.

"Well, Sister Ling, it's about the recruitment." Su Ruomei's eyes darted toward Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning.

Understanding her meaning, Ling Qingyu paused and gestured Su Ruomei to continue. Having just warmed up with Yang Qingyue, she didn't want to freeze the tension between the two.

Cai Ning, the person she must avoid unveiling secrets, was also okay because her behavior had told Ling Qingyu—Cai Ning was more loyal to the job than the country.

She didn't have any lofty ideal as Yang Qingyue did. Now that she worked together with Yang Qingyue, her actions would support her friend.

Anyway, Ling Qingyu found nothing to hide regarding recruitment except for many more girls entering the job of bodyguards. After all, having more than 200 bodyguards sounded very suspicious, especially where the party could easily wield firearms.

Yang Qingyue noticed their behavior and didn't say much. As for what she felt inside, who knew? That was the reason Ling Qingyu didn't dare to bet.

Seeing Ling Qingyu not minding, Su Ruomei spoke. "I have a friend who lost her job. She's a veteran pilot and asks me for a job after hearing some news about our recruitment."

"What's the matter? I have given you all the permission." Ling Qingyu replied, feeling strange as to why Su Ruomei displayed reluctance.

"It's hard to say." Su Ruomei stopped talking, scratching the back of her head.

"You said she's your friend. What's holding you back?" Ling Qingyu was puzzled. "Is her skill so bad that you felt troublesome?"

"Of course, not." Su Ruomei objected. "She's very good. Among the best too. It's just only in terms of flying. As for fighting ability, I can't say a word."

"So, what's the type of plane she flew?" Tang Ziyi asked from the corner. She was interested in the person, described by Su Ruomei.

"Fighter jet, though an old one. Later on, she flew a big transport plane." Su Ruomei said.

"Well, that means she definitely has some skills." Tang Ziyi said with a nod.

"Indeed, she has, but there's a problem, which I don't know how to describe." Su Ruomei said.

"Is her character bad enough to even annoy our forever stoic Sister Su?" Ling Qingyu teased.

"Hmph! I ignore you then." Su Ruomei was also noncommittal and fought back. "In fact, it's just a little annoying to me."

"How so?" Tang Ziyi's question became more inquisitive. For the emotionally salted fish-like Su Ruomei to show unbearableness, something remarkable from her friend must be the reason.

"Well, we used to have conflicts during our deployment." Su Ruomei said.

"Hold on." Tang Ziyi raised her hand. "She's from the air force, and you're from the land force. How do you two meet?"

Su Ruomei delivered a bitter glance and gritted her teeth. "Don't interrupt me. I was just about to explain, Sister Tang."

Tang Ziyi tapped her nose in embarrassment. Hearing a talented pilot, reaching in to work for Ling Qingyu, her heart to recruit surged.

She coughed and patted her chest, beckoning Su Ruomei to continue. "Our special brigade had a rare encounter in one of the military exercises. I won't talk about the stories in details but as always, our group attracted envies and admirations from others." Su Ruomei said.

"Because our sisters were from the special units, especially as women, we received suspicious glances. Not that we deny our weakness or other's condescending gaze but we were unwilling to be looked down." Su Ruomei paused. "Well, indeed our qualifications paled compared with other male counterparts but that didn't mean we couldn't achieve success in our mission."

The rest of the girls waited for Su Ruomei to continue without interrupting. But everyone knew indeed Su Ruomei's team combat effectiveness no longer required any proof.

Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning understood the team's status. Ling Qingyu also admired this group of women to strengthen themselves. For Tang Ziyi, despite being their instructor, felt gratified seeing their changes.

"Of course, not to make you laugh, our style at that time is nothing compared to now." Su Ruomei chuckled, covering up her embarrassment. She knew herself and the team best. "Without Sister Tang's contribution, hey, we would have been proud, not knowing consciously how small we are."

Su Ruomei added: "The friend I mentioned was the most annoying when she met us. Every time she would scold or complain, especially at me, for being part of a special force, saying women shouldn't be there. They'll never be equal to men. We can tolerate other's suspicion but what we hated the most was these words came out from our female counterparts."

Ling Qingyu and Tang Ziyi exchanged glances and listed possible psychology and behaviors of the friend Su Ruomei was talking about in their mind while carried on listening. Frankly, they felt strange since the speaker herself was also working in the 'supposedly' men's field.

"Words like it's better to rely on men and find husbands before damaging our bodies and regretted later on. During those pasts, I was really angry but come to think about it now, she does make some sense, not all obviously especially when most of them were sarcastic remarks." Su Ruomei said with a sigh.

"Before I left the military, she indeed got married with a prominent officer, whose career would soon step up the ladder. The minimum position should be Brigadier General level in the future. Although me and my sisters aren't included, many were jealous of her."

"From then on, she would show off her husband, mostly annoying me when I'm famous for rejecting many pursuers." Su Ruomei said.

"I didn't expect our Ruomei to be army rose." Ling Qingyu joked.

Su Ruomei went speechless for a moment. "Sister Ling, please don't joke. I might forget important words!"

Ling Qingyu cleared her throat and nodded in a guilty conscience. She couldn't help but mess around with Su Ruomei mentally, especially when she saw her very serious.

The woman, Su Ruomei described, belonged to the type of everything for their men. They weren't bad but were eyesores for Ling Qingyu. Not mentioning herself, everyone around hearing Su Ruomei's narration felt uncomfortable and annoyed.

Everyone was a strong woman, excelling in their line of work. They were far ahead of their peers both in terms of talents and hard effort. They didn't need to prove because their existence already told the truth.

The idea that women's role was to marry men caused Ling Qingyu's group to have a bad impression. No one rejected marriage but enforcing one's will onto others was simply appalling especially this kind of gender topic.

Nonetheless, the women were also interested in the person, Su Ruomei mentioned. Although Su Ruomei displayed disgust, her style still desired the woman she hated to be recruited. Wasn't it obvious what her behavior suggested?

The necrotic woman had strength and excelled at piloting so much so that Su Ruomei discussed her idea with Ling Qingyu. Somewhat contradictory when they thought the female pilot was already a strong woman herself yet rejected independence?

Noticing Su Ruomei went quiet, deep in thought, recalling her memories, Ling Qingyu spoke. "Sister Su, since I've delegated to you, you can make any choice. Even if you found a talented one but aren't to your taste or would bring disharmony, you don't need to seek our opinion. Trust yourself. You're also my close sister, whom I trust very much. If you don't like her then don't.

No need to compromise your happiness. I'd rather have my own group with unity and happiness even if I sacrifice some talents than filled with gunpowders always."

Chapter 283: Su Ruomei's trouble [3]

Perhaps the idea of healthy competition within an organization was necessary seemed to be the norm but Ling Qingyu would rather not make her small team belonged to this category.

Working in harmony without clashes for a single ideal was more powerful than competition. Of course, competitiveness with one's own soul was better. Having not satisfied and attempting to overtake prior achievement was better in Ling Qingyu's opinion.

Don't race with others. Race against your inner self. In the long term, competing with others became more tiring but challenging oneself brought happiness and a healthy mental state.

Ling Qingyu was implicitly sending her message to Su Ruomei. Actually, after hearing Ling Qingyu state her position, Su Ruomei's heart warmed. The trust and care Ling Qingyu gave, made Su Ruomei satisfied with her current peaceful life.

The risks and suffering before she met Ling Qingyu were worth it. Su Ruomei's eyes teared up and swelled a little. She sniffled and rubbed her eyelids, taking deep breaths to calm her emotions. The saying confidantes could die for each other was not false when people's relation were closer than bloodlines.

Ling Qingyu gulped when Tang Ziyi and Yang Qingyue sent blaming looks. She didn't do anything. In fact, she showed huge support for Su Ruomei. Fortunately, Cai Ning only looked at her momentarily.

"Please, excuse my joke. I was being emotional." Su Ruomei recollected her composure. "In any case, after so long, Azi called me yesterday, hearing news of my recruitment."

Tang Ziyi, Cai Ning and Yang Qingyue transferred their wrath and became curious. Ling Qingyu's forehead creased and her lips twitched helplessly. She must be targeted among the girls. Alas, being strong sometimes brought disadvantages. Maybe she should also play as a crying helpless woman the next time.

If the other girls heard Ling Qingyu's thought, they would complain in dismay. Ling Qingyu's crying must be the biggest lie. She might cry but would never show. If one day she cried in front of others, something was indeed wrong.

Ling Qingyu: You girls are too much!

"Wait, she's about to quit her job in the military?" Ling Qingyu asked and covered her mouth after drawing annoyed glances.

Su Ruomei exhaled and said. "Yeah, she called me with a strange number. There was silence until I threatened to hang up, and then I heard sobbing." Su Ruomei sighed.

Ling Qingyu, Tang Ziyi, Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning collapsed. What was with this sudden turn of event? They expected the woman—Azi—to act domineeringly and bully Su Ruomei for a job. The girl wasn't a villain but a beggar.

"I still didn't know it was Azi. Otherwise, I would have shut down my phone. But fortunately I didn't. Maybe I'll have regret if that was the case." Su Ruomei said in relief.

Ling Qingyu's eyes narrowed. It seemed Azi's situation turned for the worse so much so that Su Ruomei feared Azi had depression tendency to suicide. In that case, Su Ruomei did a good job.

Although Ling Qingyu didn't care about the well-being of Azi, she was worried about how the unbearable event might affect Su Ruomei if things went south.

"She might have been like a bully to us but at least she hasn't brought any harm." Su Ruomei continued. "When I listened to her voice filled with devastation and at a loss, I understood I might just be her last straw or something. Though I have no idea how she knew my contact, I'm happy she reached out."

Yang Qingyue patted Su Ruomei's back. "You're really a good person to treat someone who say bad words to you. I don't think I might have the same mindset."

Ling Qingyu stepped forward. "Sister Yang shouldn't underestimate your justice feeling. I feel your everything."

"Stop interrupting." Yang Qingyu rolled her eyes and slapped Ling Qingyu's shoulder. Su Ruomei paused and flickered her gaze between the two. There was definitely something going on but her priority set in.

"Ahem—I don't know whether to pity her or laugh at her situation as joke. Her valued husband betrayed her in the end. For his career, he could even sacrifice his wife to a high-ranking official."

F\*\*k! That was the exact frequency every girl vibrated. They were now hearing a real cuckold story, especially one where the husband willingly shared his wife. How ridiculous and disgusting!

It would be another story if the spouse was willingly playing to liven up sexual life. But to do such livid acts for one's own benefit, how selfish the man was? The most frightening thing was this happened in the military. The stake of corruption was highly unimaginable.

According to Su Ruomei's yesterday conversation, Azi's husband's act of sending her away wasn't the first time. This repetitive behavior to curry favor seemed unsurprising since Azi's appearance was like a goddess, despite paling when compared with Ling Qingyu's group.

Being used like an object by one's beloved killed Azi's mental state to the brink of collapse. What struck her more was when her husband committed adultery and didn't care about her mood as if she weren't a breathing human being but rather an infallible doll.

An irony for someone who taught others to seek dependence on men. When Azi tried to divorce, it became impossible. Despite her talent and strength as an aviation pilot, everything dimmed in front of a powerful background.

For high officials, they would never allow divorce on their records. Azi's situation turned bad. To eliminate her desire to divorce, Azi's pressure mounted.

With some petty excuses she was suspended as a pilot without salary. When she decided to quit to look for another area to work as pilot, her qualifications were revoked. Any possibility for her independence was cut off.

She could work as a waitress and in other services but she knew she would encounter problems soon. She was like a puppet, whose role was to wait for other's manipulation. As an orphan, what background did she have.

Even those who grew up together with her didn't have the strength to help and she wasn't willing to trouble them. As for friends in the military, because of repulsive behavior, none intervened or they were powerless too. Some might even be snickering behind her back.

Azi called for anyone she was familiar with in search for help. Some acted ignorant. Some delayed. With doors closing, she was in despair until she discovered Su Ruomei's recruitment news of women especially from the military.

The sole purpose of isolating her and making Azi more dependable nearly succeeded. Of course, rather than Azi seeking for job, she sought for someone who would be on her side even if it meant a lie.

Su Ruomei couldn't help but remember Azi's disheartened words. "You can laugh me or mock me later but please don't in front of me. I hope you can listen me speaking. I wish for you to be on my side even if it's a lie. Just once."

Fate might have brought Su Ruomei and Azi together. From enemies to friends through numerous ups and downs.

Having heard Azi's experience, Su Ruomei's prior dislike transformed into pity, recalling her similar situation. Did she like Azi? No.

Had she forgiven her? No.

But does Azi deserved to be treated as such? Heck no.

Su Ruomei's strong premonition prompted her to act. Without more words, she invited Azi to her side, promising there would be a safe job, free from these bastards' hands.

Chapter 284: Please don't forget our existence!

Currently, Azi was on the way to Ling Qingyu's residence. Su Ruomei hadn't even allocated what Azi's job was. She felt like wasting Azi's talent working as guard too.

Su Ruomei felt more guilty as she explained. It turned out this was her worry, Ling Qingyu's eyes flickered.

Such Su Ruomei was more familiar. She knew the girls around her were indeed kind-hearted apart from her two generals. She wouldn't be surprised by Su Ruomei's decision.

"Sister Ling, I'm sorry to make my own judgment." Su Ruomei stuttered.

"What's the matter with your judgment?" Before Ling Qingyu spoke, Yang Qingyue cut in. Her eyes threatening Ling Qingyu, if she dared say no, nothing good would come out.

Ling Qingyu smiled wryly. Yang Qingyue regarded her too much as a villain. Naturally, she would support her own people. Perhaps, her image of raising interest above everything else was always in Yang Qingyue's mind.

"You better tell me her name and her husband, I'll ask my mother to take of them if possible." Yang Qingyue snorted. Her face full of disgust.

Cai Ning's expression didn't change much. She merely sighed because she had seen too many similar events. Sometimes, in some of the appalling cases, even the head of state was helpless. What could a small person like her do?

Nonetheless, no one made fun of Yang Qingyue's declaration. The greatest background of this young police chief was her mother and her big family.

Although she rarely bullied others using her background, for the ideal she believed in, it didn't matter if she asked for help.

Su Ruomei smiled and showed her phone, containing Azi's information. Yang Qingyue nodded while looking at the screen. She glanced at Cai Ning, beckoning for help with her eyes.

Cai Ning smiled helplessly and gave an imperceptible nod. Besides, she glanced subtly at Ling Qingyu, who would also take action, according to her conjecture.

Under Su Ruomei's conflicted expression, Ling Qingyu nodded, affirming her support. Her little wife already agreed. What was her position to go in the opposite direction.

Furthermore, seeing injustice, Ling Qingyu was eager to be involved in complicated affairs. Before when she was weak and feeble, despite high ideology, Ling Qingyu never had the chance to follow her revered desire.

Now, with a powerful team around and her status, the world would become boring if she only focused on business affairs. Not to mention, she had to earn more merits to pay back her debt.

Although Miss System didn't state how much, Ling Qingyu guessed what she must do in the future would be good deeds for humanity.

"So, boss, what's your opinion?" Su Ruomei gave a smile, the most beautiful she thought in her mind. Even sister had changed to boss.

Despite already having an idea, Ling Qingyu had a quirk to tease around, rubbing her chin and showing hesitant expression. Her action drummed Su Ruomei's almost anxious heart.

Under Yang Qingyue's piercing glance, Ling Qingyu said. "No need for my opinion. I have already delegate everything to you. Since you ask for help, I'll support your decision. Don't worry about the latter consequences. I can handle them."

Hmph! She wasn't frightened and that was the truth. Even though good people rarely fought with officials, Ling Qingyu dared to challenge Qin family. What was to worry about the small minion?

"Thank you, Sister Ling." Su Ruomei's mood became joyful.

"It's just you're too kind." Ling Qingyu said with a smile.

"Do you not want me to be kind?" Su Ruomei asked with an innocent eyes, dubious of Ling Qingyu's words.

"Of course not. This is our lovely Su Ruomei, we are familiar with." Ling Qingyu said.

"Tsk...Tsk...Anyway how are you going to place her?" Su Ruomei asked awkwardly.

"I thought you already have an idea when you recruit Azi." Ling Qingyu looked at Su Ruomei with a strange gaze.

"I just told her I'll give her a safe haven without any pressure and a suitable job. But hiring her as bodyguard—" Su Ruomei scratched her nose.

"How about just hire her as a pilot?" Tang Ziyi suggested from the sideline.

"We don't have a plane for her." Ling Qingyu replied. "Well, we have two helipad."

"Why not just buy then?" Tang Ziyi stated as a matter of fact as if the money weren't precious.

Ling Qingyu's lips twitched. Whose money to buy aircraft, huh? Ling Qingyu felt speechless. "Alright, I'll ask you to order two helicopters. As for the big transport plane...forget about it for now."

Ling Qingyu remembered one of sign-in rewards she missed was Boeing 787 airliner. So, she should wait before she decided to waste her money. Small private jet was considerable since they saved maintenance cost and tax appropriately.

Till the moment where Ling Qingyu must travel frequently appeared, the plan was still in the archive.

Even though her huge wealth was piled in numerous banks, they were very safe, especially under Athena's supervision. As for the act of wasting money space without flow, Ling Qingyu herself was aware of the problem but she didn't want to show her edge too much especially for her opposition.

These could become the final hole-card to achieve victory in the future, despite hoping to never resort to this scenario.

"Mmm, I hate to interrupt but Azi's license is revoked and her qualification didn't meet the standard to fly commercial jet, I believe. So, there's no need to hurry; I'll arrange for her." Su Ruomei raised her hand and said.

"Don't worry about the license. I'll hack into the server to enter her data and immediately print out her license." Tang Ziyi patted her chest and promised.

Ling Qingyu and Su Ruomei rolled their eyes at Tang Ziyi's fraudulent behavior, especially the group discussed illegal business in front of the two high-ranking policewomen.

Yang Qingyue: Sis, you're serious????

Cai Ning: ???

Hello! If you wanted to break law, could you please be more secretive? We know your talent but you're making our jobs difficult and embarrassing the two of us. Please don't ignore our existence.

Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning exhaled decadent sighs. The justice ideology and righteousness brewed since childhood might be broken soon staying with these people, Yang Qingyue said inwardly.

Tang Ziyi ignored secret eyes movements of Ling Qingyu and Su Ruomei and directly pointed it out publicly, enraging the two. "What's wrong with your eyes? Some small particles itching them?" Tang Ziyi pretended to ask.

Su Ruomei and Ling Qingyu glared at Tang Ziyi bitterly, fortunate in their hearts Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning were close enough to ignore their outrageous plan for Azi.

While Yang Qingyue was dubious, becoming unsure whether her personal charm had decreased to deter criminals, Cai Ning reacted after a while.

Tang Ziyi was likely testing out their reactions for future cooperation. Even though the relationship had come closer, some areas needed caution.

Furthermore, this move showed vulnerableness on purpose so that Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning could cooperate without hindrance after obtaining a 'handle'.

Cai Ning didn't communicate her thought with Yang Qingyue because her childhood friend also needed to grow. The problem of rigidity in her character should be polished with Yang Qingyue's high-level official rank.

Despite annoyed in her heart, Yang Qingyue didn't speak out. She decided to trust Ling Qingyu and see where she would go next.

Chapter 285: Preparing for drill

"Arrange Azi yourself, it doesn't matter. But she must participate in the training." Ling Qingyu told Su Ruomei, who nodded in response.

"I will. Thank you, Sister Ling." Su Ruomei replied.

"No, Azi should thank you for your kindheartedness." Ling Qingyu stated.

Su Ruomei shook her head. This wasn't her softheartedness. She did what a normal human being should do, given her sufficient strength and background.

If there wasn't any strength, she might turn a blind eye like many who ignored Azi. She didn't think she was different from those cold-hearted people.

"Since I have your permission, I'll happily arrange for her then. I'll also tell her about the new helicopters, she should fly." Su Ruomei said, turning away to leave, after greeting the girls. Her role was to send Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning here.

The task was complete and she also gained additional benefits. She was satisfied with this short trip and resumed her busy schedule.

"This girl!" Ling Qingyu groaned. Even if she wanted to default helicopter purchase, it became impossible. Where would be her face?

Ling Qingyu's eyes watched in dismay as Su Ruomei fled away. The corridor was quiet before she asked Yang Qingyue. "So, what brought you two here?"

"You're not happy with our arrival?" Yang Qingyue frowned.

"Nope, I'm very happy you visit my place." Ling Qingyu replied. "But still there must be something important."

"Oh? Is that supposed to mean I'll only come to you when there's a case?" Yang Qingyue asked.

Ling Qingyu shut her mouth, her expression bitter as if suffering from constipation. Any words she said more might be going against her will.

Yang Qingyue covered her mouth and laughed. "Alright, I'm just kidding around. Since I have free time today, I figured out to visit you and study the living space and office of the SWAT unit. After all, I'm their nominal leader."

Ling Qingyu sighed in relief and said. "You can come here anytime you want. Have you seen the practice range?"

Yang Qingyue nodded. "Yeah, Sister Su showed us the way and we asked her if we could try. Me and Cai Ning fired a couple of magazines. A satisfying experience indeed."

Cai Ning also agreed because despite being law enforcement officers eligible to hold firearms, the two couldn't easily train their skills since every bullet must be accounted for and reported to the above.

Of course, with their power and background, the two could easily practice but it was better to use the advantages sparingly. In Ling Qingyu's residence, the training rounds didn't cost much and they could practice to their desires.

"Me too. I just train with Sister Tang's guidance this morning." Ling Qingyu said.

Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning bulged their eyes with awe and envy. They also wanted to learn from Tang Ziyi's profession.

Noticing their behavior, Ling Qingyu smirked with vanity. Tang Ziyi ignored Ling Qingyu's childish expression and said. "It seems everyone enjoys shooting. How about you girls take part in the next training?"

"Next training?" x 3. The three hearing Tang Ziyi's words were surprised and eager to participate. It mustn't be anything ordinary since Tang Ziyi stated herself.

"Hmm...You have seen the team members training below. We'll have a mock Close Quarter Battle simulation exercise. Do you want to join?" Tang Ziyi explained.

"Mock, you mean shooting against each other across the rooms." Ling Qingyu tried to confirm what she understood.

Tang Ziyi nodded and glanced at the two policewomen, who exchanged glances. Yang Qingyue pursed her lips and spoke. "Why not? I also want to experience first-hand their capabilities?"

"I'm sure you won't be disappointed." Tang Ziyi grinned and beckoned the group to follow her. "Let's go change protective equipment."

"Wait! Wait! You haven't even considered my opinion." Ling Qingyu expressed her stance.

"It doesn't matter. Didn't you promise me to follow my command during the training period?" Tang Ziyi said without looking back.

Ling Qingyu's pupils constricted after seeing Tang Ziyi waving her phone. A naked threat!

Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning chuckled, amused at the two's wonderful love-and-hate relationship.

.....

In a dressing room, four women were busy changing clothes, excluding Tang Ziyi, who was only helping others and didn't dress up herself.

After all, for Ling Qingyu, Yang Qingyue, and Cai Ning, this moment was the first time they wore special tactical clothing made from synthesized materials.

Although Ling Qingyu knew about these, she felt no different from ordinary clothing, except the thicker fabric and cooling airflow beneath. She knew the fresh circulation must be the work of internal design from Athena.

Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning, now fully dressed looked up and down, left and right, checking out. Though the clothes were no different from SWAT-like black styles, their intuition told them there were secrets inside.

The two had tried SWAT clothes during their career. They instantly noticed the difference. They palmed the texture and adjusted the wrinkles, trying to uncover any hidden features. Nonetheless, their investigation was a waste of time.

Seeing Ling Qingyu and Tang Ziyi kept their mouths shut, they decided not to ask and put the matter behind.

While Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning had no problems with loading tactical gear like vests, magazine pouches, and helmets with visors, Ling Qingyu was a newbie. She just trained today and hell week began.

Under Ling Qingyu's blaming eyes, Tang Ziyi snapped and adjusted Ling Qingyu's equipment, and put the helmet on. Ling Qingyu helplessly suffered from Tang Ziyi's actions.

While her hands roamed over Ling Qingyu, Tang Ziyi briefed the exercise. "Listen, you three will be acting as terrorists in this exercise. There'll be ten operators against you. You'll have 5 minutes to wander around several rooms to set up any tactics or plans. 5 minutes later, the operators will breach.

Apart from you, there'll be robot gunners to serve as additional enemy units belonging to your faction. The operators' goal is to eliminate hostiles and neutralize the bomb. Your objective is to prevent them. Understood?"

Ling Qingyu, Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning had their lips twitched. Why were they, the bad guys? President of a corporation, Police chief, and deputy chief transformed into terrorists? Why did they have to go against the well-trained units?

Indeed, only by experiencing as an opposition, would they understand better. Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning decided to try out Tang Ziyi's team's skills. Though they had proven themselves in the previous combat, fighting against them head-on would cause the two policewomen to make a better judgment.

To clearly differentiate different factions, Ling Qingyu's group wore red robes around their limbs. Patting everyone's shoulder, Tang Ziyi reminded. "Should you three decide to separate, Sister Yang and Sister Cai will remain as a team, Sister Ling will be a lone wolf."

"Lone wolf my foot; I just know how to manipulate firearms this morning." Ling Qingyu raised an objection. "You make me, a newbie, faced against the professional. You want me to collapse."

Tang Ziyi turned her head. "Objection denied. Please, this is for you. Experiencing yourself will quicken the process and hone your skills better. Trust me. Besides, this is just the drill."

Tang Ziyi gestured to everyone to the next room while not forgetting to wave her phone at Ling Qingyu, who was gritting her teeth.

Chapter 286: Force on Force drills

Inside the eight-storey villa, where a new SWAT headquarters led by Su Ruomei was established. One of the office rooms.

Su Ruomei had called Azi to announce the good news so that the troubled girl could relax her string. Never had she felt so relaxed and fulfilled.

Compared to daily boring routines, well except for blood rushing fight with gangsters, Su Ruomei had helped someone in dire need.

Though Azi's reply sounded monotonous when she said thanks, Su Ruomei still sensed gratitude in her bland tone. Another Tsundere character belonging to her group in the future, Su Ruomei thought.

After having finished a phone call, Su Ruomei sat down on the office chair, leaning backward, stretched out her legs above the desk, and whistled lightly with her hands behind her head.

Today was indeed a wonderful day. When Su Ruomei squinted her eyes to take a leisurely rest, her ears perked, hearing commotion outside, shouts and rapid footsteps.

Was there any critical case? People seemed to be in a hurry. Receiving her legs, Su Ruomei stepped outside and grasped one of the guards running along. "What's going on? Some important case?"

"Chief, there isn't anything dangerous going on." The guard, held by a strong arm reacted and quickly answered. She understood Su Ruomei's question. "Don't worry it's just an entertaining commotion."

As the highest leader among the guards, Su Ruomei was quite influential and sisters called her, chief, as a gesture of respect and their willingness to follow her command.

"An entertainment? But you girls don't need to be this hasty, right?" Su Ruomei became more curious with the guards' intense reaction. Fortunately, those on duty stuck to their posts without requiring any further reiterations.

Otherwise, if the entire residence became undefended because of some fun, Su Ruomei would be the first to go crazy.

"Of course not, chief. You might not have heard of the event in the underground cleanhouse. We're having a force-on-force drill." The guard explained.

Force-on-force drill meant a simulated battlefield where the players with different factions shot against each other while sticking to the mission. Instead of a paper target or wooden board, the practice target became a human being, where skills, strategy, and reactions come into the game.

"What's strange with force on force drill?" Su Ruomei said blankly. Initially, she was also shocked on the first day when she saw and experienced guards shooting against each other and under the robot's fire suppression.

This was also the reason why Su Ruomei's expression didn't change when she saw the same scene as Ling Qingyu's group. They had witnessed and participated in the training once under Tang Ziyi's devil-like supervision.

From that day onward, Su Ruomei got used to these drills. Why was her subordinate making a fuss? Not one but an entire group?

"The drill isn't strange but the participants are." The guard said.

Su Ruomei had a guess, hearing the guard's words. And exactly proving her premonition the guard continued. "President Ling, Police Chief Yang and her assistant will participate."

"Oh!" Su Ruomei uttered as her interest grew. She knew Ling Qingyu started training this morning. It must be the idea of Tang Ziyi. "Is it Instructor Tang's decision?"

"Yes, Instructor Tang requested them to try out. I don't know how she persuaded President Ling though. The two policewomen are indeed eager to taste our skills. The three will be terrorists for us to eliminate." The guards smirked and chuckled.

Su Ruomei's lips twitched. She knew what persuasion method Tang Ziyi used based on the two's relationship. Poor Ling Qingyu. She wondered if Tang Ziyi was searching for abuse for Ling Qingyu. She was certain Tang Ziyi had bad taste.

Rubbing her forehead helplessly, Su Ruomei asked. "Then, why is everyone so keen to watch? It's not like you haven't seen your comrades' skills and teamwork."

"Gosh! It's absolutely different." The guard was nearly screaming in anguish, to show her point.

"What's different?" Su Ruomei cooperated and asked.

"President Ling usually remains cold like an iceberg and like a goddess above the heaven, everything is within her grasp." The guard's words caused Su Ruomei to nod. Indeed, the most admirable trait of Ling Qingyu never ceased to amaze everyone.

To be able to see through and understand a person's character. Rapidly forming strategic plans against any changes. Calm and composed no matter how dire the situation became. A strategic tactician or think-tank might be the correct words.

She could easily swim in the muddy water of the business world where many feared to step in. Based on Ling Qingyu's many movements in recent days, Su Ruomei somehow had a guess, that President Ling might be entering politics soon.

"Image the high goddess dragged away from the cold altar." The guard added. "This is once in a lifetime moment to see President Ling encountering an embarrassing moment. To see imperfection."

Su Ruomei's eyelids twitched. So, the main reason was to see others messed up. "Well, I hope you can say the same thing after I record your voice and show it to President Ling."

The guard's face paled. Her adorable expression cracked and she gulped, frightened of the coming future if President Ling noticed her behavior.

It didn't matter, she would confess her crime for leniency if this happened. She would happily sell her comrades to prevent them from committing more crimes. However, how could Su Ruomei, their nominal leader, have a black-bellied trait? It must be her mind not working properly.

The rest of the guards: !!!!

Laughing at her subordinate's reaction, Su Ruomei patted. "Go, go and watch. I'm just kidding around."

"Eh...Yes...Yes...Then I'm leaving." The guard nodded meekly and sped off, not even looking back once, worried Su Ruomei annulled the promise.

"What's wrong?" The voice belonged to Jiang Yu, neighbored to Su Ruomei's office.

"It's nothing. A small show—President Ling will be fighting against our subordinates during force-on-force drill." Su Ruomei turned her head and replied.

"Then, what are you waiting for? Let's go." Jiang Yu dragged Su Ruomei's arm and followed the guard's footsteps.

"???" Su Ruomei's face darkened. What was there to watch with excitement? She mourned for Ling Qingyu, having subordinates who possessed such bad traits to tease their own boss.

While many had the same views that their boss would be abused, some who had seen Ling Qingyu's fast learning pace were looking forward to seeing the miracle. Even then, they were also pessimistic about Ling Qingyu's ability.

In fact, no one except Tang Ziyi believed Ling Qingyu had the strength to resist.

...

In the cleanhouse below.

Ling Qingyu, Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning wandered around rooms after rooms to visualize the sketch and structure to plan to defend against the oncoming assault five minutes later.

The new room structure was constructed while the two teams prepared their equipment. Looking upward, Ling Qingyu saw spectators, watching from above and standing on the rectangular iron rail, through a layer of hardened glass.

The onlookers' size grew more and more, causing Ling Qingyu's face to darken. Seeing her expression, Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning laughed till their stomachs ached.

The reason was what Tang Ziyi said to the opposing team before their group entered the cleanhouse.

Tang Ziyi requested everyone to hit hard and not reduce difficulty on purpose because Ling Qingyu was their boss. They must show what the battlefield would look like so that Ling Qingyu could experience it personally.

Anyone seen giving ways would have their future days appeared like hell. Tang Ziyi warned to intensify more training, causing the guards to shiver. Of course, these weren't what caused Ling Qingyu's mood to ditch.

Tang Ziyi promised anyone who struck Ling Qingyu hard would be rewarded with 10,000 yuan, if they scored a hit.

Tang Ziyi must want to disgust her, Ling Qingyu thought. The act of using her own money to ask her subordinates to hit herself, Ling Qingyu wanted to vomit.

Tang Ziyi, wait a few years before she would press her underneath, Ling Qingyu swore.

Chapter 287: I must resist honey trap

Fortunately, Tang Ziyi limited some rules of engagement. There would be no shields and flashbang usage from the police faction. Only pistols would be used by both sides. Otherwise, the advantage would lie more on her guards' side.

Rifles weren't always reachable and Yang Qingyue's duo rarely made use of them or practiced them. Ling Qingyu only learned how to shoot this morning. If Ling Qingyu's terrorist team fought against her subordinates in a rifle match, no need to guess who might be miserable.

Actually, for a gun-restricted nation, pistols usually completed most of the dangerous missions accompanied by a few submachine guns or assault rifles. However, who made Ling Qingyu's province most notorious Province N, where criminals likely wielded advanced weaponry so much so that pistols were no longer enough.

The current drill suited Ling Qingyu's group's capabilities. Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning were familiar with pistols on a daily basis. As for their marksmanship, everything would become clear after this match.

10 versus 3, Ling Qingyu's side seemed at a disadvantage but they were more familiar with the layout and there were also robots' help.

With more of her subordinates' presence upstairs, Ling Qingyu noticed the number grew.

Ling Qingyu still hadn't figured out the reason why her subordinates were keen on watching her fight. She thought it was her charisma that attracted attention.

She also saw Tang Ziyi leaning on the rail, her eyes filled with eagerness to see Ling Qingyu's suffering. Especially Tang Ziyi's requirement to separate into two teams. Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning; Ling Qingyu alone.

What a mess! Ling Qingyu pursed her lips. That old bastard might be happy to see her defeat. She must show how wrong to underestimate her.

Tang Ziyi noticing Ling Qingyu's rising aura, smiled in satisfaction. The resilience to not admit defeat had already been seen through by her.

As for how Tang Ziyi differentiated three of them, who were now covered from head to toe, it was simply based on their height. Ling Qingyu, Yang Qingyue followed by Cai Ning.

Ling Qingyu: ???

Yang Qingyue: ???

Cai Ning: ???

So simple? You're height discriminatory. Fortunately, no one knew what was inside Tang Ziyi's mind.

Ling Qingyu pulled her pistol out of the holster. Glock 19, semi-automatic, using the caliber of 9mm. Her version used an extended magazine of 33 rounds. Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning had the same version.

Tilting the side toward her face, like similar training guns, the Glock had its barrel and magazine painted blue. Clicking on the magazine release button, Ling Qingyu checked the rounds.

Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning were doing the same. Preliminary checking standard procedures before oncoming fight. While Ling Qingyu was honing her skills, the two policewomen were curious about the training equipment.

They were studying the inner structure though they might never understand. It could still quench their thirst for curiosity.

The group had already discussed the defensive plan into three stages, each getting closer to the center where the bomb was held.

Ling Qingyu listened to the two policewomen, who had more experience and were familiar with the job. She never input anything from her, not even leadership because the number one rule of being a leader was to leave the relevant stages to professionals.

Although she wasn't currently the leader of the group, each excelled in their leadership in different jobs.

According to the plan, the layout had two entry points, which the SWAT team would breach and defuse the bomb.

One of them would be defended by Cai Ning and Yang Qingyue, both of whom were familiar with each other and the cohesion was likely very high.

Ling Qingyu soloed the other entry as requested by Tang Ziyi. Teaming with Ling Qingyu would lose important cohesion and the former proposed by Tang Ziyi was the better case, even though Ling Qingyu was more of a novice, as thought by the two policewomen. The plan was to delay as much as possible.

The bomb exploded, Ling Qingyu's group won. The bomb was defused, the SWAT won. In any case, the ultimate goal of this exercise was to experience the skills of Ling Qingyu's subordinates and also show off to Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning of their excellence.

Actually, with Yang Qingyue's and Cai Ning's immersive experience, they could better plan for the best. They might be able to come up with the best plan for Ling Qingyu's subordinates.

"Any questions about our plan?" Yang Qingyue asked, after inserting the magazine back into its chamber. Everyone was doing the same.

Cai Ning shook her head. Ling Qingyu uttered: "No, it's your call. You're the boss here."

"I wonder how rare of a chance for me to be called boss by our famous ruthless CEO." Yang Qingyue made a rare joke.

"I think we still need a battle to distinguish who's the boss between us." Ling Qingyu didn't give in and joked back, whispering.

Cai Ning didn't hear it but Yang Qingyue rolled her eyes. Wasn't that night proved everything?

Of course, Cai Ning wasn't blind to see two love birds snickering before the main play and cleared her throat.

"In fact, there's no need to compete between us. I'll give up if you can give me two or three...ahem...I mean three or four helicopters for the police." Yang Qingyue said, winking her eyes. "Please be considerate of our police force."

Even though Yang Qingyue's figure and face were covered with another layer, the action of her beautiful eyes winking at Ling Qingyu itched her heart. The heroic temperament combined with the sultry atmosphere shortened Ling Qingyu's breath.

This was a blatant seduction. No, she was never going to fall under the honey trap. Ling Qingyu spoke repeatedly in her heart.

Cai Ning slapped her forehead and lowered the visor, distancing herself away from the couple. She strode toward her position, based on the plan.

Naturally, both Yang Qingyue and Ling Qingyu noticed her behavior and ignored it. Ling Qingyu's eyelids twitched with Yang Qingyue's request. Two was fine but what did she mean by 3 or 4?

Was Yang Qingyue utilizing her full potential in negotiation skills? Ling Qingyu coughed and said. "Do you really need that much air asset?"

Yang Qingyue nodded. "Indeed, you don't understand how poor Province N police force is. The extravagant corruption involved in the bureaucracy is unimaginable until you see it for yourself."

Ling Qingyu nodded, agreeing with her words because the official atmosphere in Province N was beyond cleaning and saving, unless blood was spilled and the table overturned. The journey toward a fairer and better system was light-years away.

"But we're discussing with helicopters, solely for your prefecture-level force." Ling Qingyu said.

"Alright. Maybe one or two. I hope it's three. The more the better." Yang Qingyue admitted with a serious tone.

"But it's not your money. It's mine." Ling Qingyu gritted her teeth.

Yang Qingyue hugged over Ling Qingyu's shoulder and said. "Well, I can make any promises." She tapped Ling Qingyu's chin.

"I hope you can solve the tax and licensing complications." Ling Qingyu replied.

"Leave those to me." Yang Qingyue patted her chest.

"Then, okay. Don't forget your promise." Ling Qingyu growled. "I'll ask Sister Tang for the helicopters and transfer three of them to you."

Yang Qingyue was satisfied. "If not for the commotion, I have already kissed you here."

"Me too." Ling Qingyu was happy. Money was worth wasting. She had fallen, resistance didn't work.

Before both of them looked deep into each other eyes, the announcement interrupted the rare moment. "One minute. The exercise will begin. Participants, please be ready."

Ling Qingyu and Yang Qingyue separated. Both sped off in different directions. Ling Qingyu reached her sector and adjusted her equipment, running the final check on her Glock.

Cocking the slider backward, she spotted a copper round casing and released it. Taking in deep breath to calm down her excitement, unsure whether the cause was exercise or heated moment with Yang Qingyue, Ling Qingyu lowered her visor, under the timer countdown.

"30 seconds!"

"15 seconds."

"5..4...3...2...1."

The horn blared.

Chapter 288: Action [1]

As the timer counted down, Ling Qingyu's breathing slowed down in anticipation. Her sight remained on the threshold of the entry point. She could even sense her own heartbeat drumming through her temple.

The heightened concentration narrowed her peripheral vision. She punched out her arms and pointed the gun at the entrance, waiting for the slightest movement to squeeze the trigger.

The surrounding sight began to blur and the door slammed open, even shaking Ling Qingyu's body in fright. Despite sudden fear, Ling Qingyu managed to pour all the rounds toward the open doorway, when she saw the black shadow appear on her sight.

Ling Qingyu resisted the recoil on her forearm and opened fire, sticking to the training she honed previously this morning.

Even though she tried to aim, none ever hit the target, particularly in the stressful situation. The shadow managed to retreat to the side under her suppression, waiting for her to stop.

After all, she would have to reload later, creating an opportunity for the SWAT team members.

Ling Qingyu decided to retreat while she kept shooting. She had no idea how many opposing forces were on her side. The pressure was high, even if she knew this was a simulation.

She had an ego. She didn't want to lose even if she was aware her skills weren't up to the standard.

Losing to her subordinates miserably would lose her face. She must hold on and not die fast, giving away lunch box as soon as they had contact. (The boxes you have in the game after death! PS: correct me if I made mistakes)

Bang! Bang!

The loud thunderclap ushered across the hall. Despite ear protection, Ling Qingyu sensed the vibration, even reaching inside her chest.

Tang Ziyi and the onlookers were watching Ling Qingyu. They nodded imperceptibly, applauding in their heart, regarding Ling Qingyu's suppressive fire.

Her shots were indeed accurate, pre-firing positions where people would likely peek. Anyone trying to fight back against her without other crucial elements such as a shield, flashbang or other distraction would be a suicide.

However, there was a big problem. Ling Qingyu was alone. Sooner or later, the bullets she had currently at her disposal would be gone and need to be replaced. In the next seconds, as many expected. This part of the hall quietened down.

Click!

In contrast to the prior sheer explosive noise, this staccato mechanical click sounded loud and sudden. Everyone held their breaths—would Ling Qingyu suffer right at the beginning? Even Tang Ziyi's eyes were focused on Ling Qingyu.

Ling Qingyu already knew 33 rounds inside were all spent and quickly flicked away the magazine and inserted another one while not forgetting to lunge backward.

With the previous suppression effect gone, the guards on the opposite side noticed the short pause and instantly pried from the threshold, exploiting the immediate gap. From both sides of the door, two people leaned toward the side and inched rapidly, pointing their guns, trying to gain perspective inside.

"Left still clear, no factor!"

"Right still clear, dead space behind sofas, the else no factor!"

"The shooter should be from the center."

The group immediately made a sound judgment. Though they had already seen and sensed the rounds flying through the door, they couldn't estimate the shooter's position clearly based on the sound and bullets' direction.

Not to mention, their eyes couldn't capture the trajectory. Of course, a rough guess was fine.

This tactic known as limited penetration, originated from the Israeli Special Forces. The natural instinct to stay away from danger caused dynamic tactics like flooding into the rooms in the old days, led to failures, when encountering enemies's accurate burst of suppressive shots.

The current tactic ensured the safety of the operators whilst maintaining momentum. Even if they were sieved through wall-fire, everyone could quickly bail out. Not to mention the concealment lowered the enemy's accuracy

Shooting through the threshold lowered the threat and raised operators' confidence and was the method best suited when there wasn't a hostage situation or active shooter scenario.

Two of them pointed their handguns from each side of the door, leaning outward, merely exposing a portion of their hands and muzzles, maybe their eyes or part of the visors and helmets.

In the midst of small chaos, the two saw Ling Qingyu's retreating figure and opened fire. Ling Qingyu had only finished her reload process.

Only three seconds had passed, the SWAT team had sight of Ling Qingyu at their aim point.

When Ling Qingyu's eyes caught two blurry shadows from the corner of her eyes, while she concentrated on reloading, her pupils constricted.

Her fast calculation already told the fact that she had no time. Before she could raise her pistol, she would be put down.

She didn't think the other side would shoot inaccurately missing her and giving her an opportunity to return the favor. She wasn't the protagonist blessed by plot armor like in the movies where no bullets would land on her body. Her guards were never meant to be underestimated.

Her excellent memory figured out an escape path and she rushed into a nearby room, a few footsteps away.

Bang! Bang!

Whizz. Whizz.

Ling Qingyu dodged the incoming bullets. Her hands holding the gun shivered in fright. Though she knew this was only an exercise, the feeling of something whipping close was terrible.

She was now cornered to a room, leading to nowhere, in the hallway. She must bail out before her escape routes were blocked.

Touch the door frame, Ling Qingyu crawled her head out to get an eye on the operators, who were shooting her. Before she attained a clear picture, projectiles hit close, causing her to flinch back instinctively.

The operators had now entered and taken control of the initial room. In addition to Ling Qingyu, there were also plastic targets, they needed to eliminate. After landing a few shots at the targets, they remembered Ling Qingyu was close.

Some of them, who saw where Ling Qingyu went, relayed her position and fired at the doorway, pinning Ling Qingyu inside. Slowly, the team advanced forward in a double line, getting closer and closer.

The first engagement between the two parties ushered in the operator's victory. They gained ground while Ling Qingyu was forced to retreat. The advantage tilted toward Ling Qingyu's opponents.

"Dried!"

"Mine!"

When their magazines flushed out all the bullets, they retreated at the back of the formation and switched with the ones who had available bullets. The lead ones maintained a burst of shots.

No matter what, their shooting never ended.

On the receiving end, Ling Qingyu smiled bitterly. Not one minute had passed and she was about to deliver the lunchbox. Damn, Tang Ziyi! Why must she let her work alone? If only she had another accompany.

Wait, Ling Qingyu remembered, apart from the three in the group, there were also robots, which might be a big help for her.

Too bad, their positions were a little further back. Unless, she could successfully retreat out of the hallway, she couldn't make use of their existence.

While she tried hard to concentrate on planning, the shattering debris flashing on the doorway, always managed to break her thoughts. Her head fumed as she simulated the best course of actions. Her brain seemed like melting, as her eyes narrowed.

"Oh! President Ling is dead, so soon." One of the onlookers above murmured.

"Well, she is indeed alone. How can she fight? Even us will have to knee in her situation." Another exclaimed her thought.

"I mean I expect President Ling to bring one or two down."

"You thought too much. How much time does she have for training? How many hours, do those operators have?"

"Too much bullying." One of them shouted, drawing attention from around, thinking whether this one was another Ling Qingyu's diehard fan. Everyone became quiet, worried their words agitated the others. "Why not me in their place? I also want to suppress President Ling!"

Those who heard her voice had their corners of the lips twitched. They almost fell off, out of balance. Well, no one expected everyone to have the same expectations.

Tang Ziyi, who was listening to their commotions had her face darkened. Why the members she trained hard appear like little children, eager to seek their parents' attention, without any seriousness?

It should never be the result of her hand. Tang Ziyi reiterated herself. Glancing at them for a while, Tang Ziyi held tight on the rail.

Ling Qingyu would be too disappointing if she capsized this quickly without a strong fight though her fall was only a matter of time since the simulation's purpose was to test the guards' capabilities. Although Ling Qingyu trained under her guidance for a few hours, she already made a good guess of Ling Qingyu's strength.

Ling Qingyu hadn't shown her real edge yet. With her talents and high IQs, there should be countermeasure soon. Tang Ziyi's eyes glinted as she saw Ling Qingyu beginning to calm down.

While others thought she accepted defeat, Tang Ziyi, who knew her inside-out, anticipated interesting things to follow.

Chapter 289: Action [2]

Tang Ziyi's estimation was quite accurate. Hidden capability of Ling Qingyu mustn't be underestimated. Although the current result seemed like she was being abused utterly, standing her ground five against one for the first-timer was an impressive record, even if it was only more than half a minute.

No one dared to ascertain whether they might survive based on Ling Qingyu's scenario, unless her starting point changed because none of them would ever choose so close to the entry point so that the path to retreat became longer.

In fact, many felt weird, asking Ling Qingyu to participate as a first-timer but nobody questioned Tang Ziyi's choice.

Tang Ziyi didn't know what the rest were thinking in their heart, nor did she have time to bother. She expected Ling Qingyu to stunningly hold the ground for several minutes against the five intruders.

It seemed she raised her expectation too high or did she miscalculate. Tang Ziyi rubbed her hand in deep thought. Because the operators' teams were actually also novices who were incomparable in terms of both experience and training hours with the first-generation group.

The best were those who followed Su Ruomei and Jiang Yu, former special brigades soldiers, who improved miraculously under Tang Ziyi's guidance.

The rest were picked from different jobs. Some were even cooks in the army. There was one common factor—the desire to strengthen themselves to have the ability to fight. High salaries and sufficient living accessories were another that attracted the girls.

So, based on Ling Qingyu's talent and the results she had shown to Tang Ziyi, the cold president should easily handle the pressure and go back and forth, even if the operators had minimal training hours.

Actually, Tang Ziyi's minimal meant among the guards. However, the daily training hours along with sufficient equipment enhanced everyone so much that even Tang Ziyi lamented.

If not for available bullets, finance and Athena's contribution, the current results were impossible.

Tang Ziyi was a little disappointed with Ling Qingyu's initial reaction and forgot her talents and innate excellent traits were nothing in front of the experience gap.

Frankly, Ling Qingyu did very well for a first-timer. Anyone who hadn't been shot before would never realize the trepidation one experienced. The thrilling yet shivering encounter was hard to describe.

People would flinch or freeze, lowering some thinking ability, if something was thrown at the face. Imagine the scene of a small ball rushing at you. A normal person would dodge subconsciously by lowering the stature or standing like an idiot waiting to be hit.

Replace the scenario with multiple balls and accelerate them at the speed of sound. Panic entered even if a person knew there wasn't too much danger but some part of the computing power in the brain shut down, only focusing on thinking of dodging.

Panic-driven behavior led to a decrease in IQ. This was what happened to Ling Qingyu. But because the projectiles were small and lethal, if not for protected clothing, Ling Qingyu didn't feel well.

A minute under rough suppression for any newbie who hadn't undergone such training was a nightmare. Let alone, Ling Qingyu.

She, who was able to adapt and react accordingly, deserved praise yet Tang Ziyi had complaints. If Ling Qingyu knew her general's unsatisfactory remarks, she might show her middle finger.

Ling Qingyu's situation was dangerous, if she didn't find ways to get out of the room. Her opponents had firmly locked her down inside and were slowly making their advance.

The impact and the clattering sounds of projectiles hitting hard surface nearby, shook her heart. Her hands grasping the pistol quivered and almost dropped the weapon. The whizzes and whiplashes heightened her heartbeat.

If Ling Qingyu said she wasn't panicked, it would be false. She had never seen such big scenes! Long before she had even laughed coldly at those victims who seemed like an idiot whenever she heard news of mass shootings. She could never do that again now.

Even if she knew she wasn't in danger, the discomfort and heaviness of the atmosphere under fire fried her brain circuit. She now understood what they must have experience under stress and pressure.

After calming down, she cursed under her breath lightly. It seemed cursing out loud worked. But she must also take care of her image in front of her subordinates. Who knew there would be another unscrupulous villain like Tang Ziyi recording her bad deeds among the onlookers above?

Fortunately, the simulation wasn't real. Else, the debris exploding from suppressive shots and the possibility of wall-firing would have already deterred Ling Qingyu from staying anywhere close to the door.

No matter how fast she adapted, losing would only be a matter of time. Under continuous bangs, Ling Qingyu's eyes lit up.

Because she was familiar with the layout structure and based on the gunfire sound, she roughly estimated her opponents' position.

It was now or never. Getting too close meant her defeat. She had already found a way to distance herself. She must do what she hated or disdained the most.

She recalled Tang Ziyi's words and smiled. Aim small, miss small my foot! She was right. Her situation no longer allowed this and she could only rely on pointing shooting and instinct. Or blind firing was the appropriate description.

She heaved her breath in and out, nodded to herself as if to cheer up and made a move.

Her opponents already prevented many possible positions from shooting back. Despite being unsightly, Ling Qingyu bent over, her hips high in the air, with her gun almost touching the floor.

From a crouching position, Ling Qingyu leaned on the door frame and stuck her pistol out, pointing in the direction of the incoming bullets and switched to auto mode and sprayed.

She guessed their locations relying on her memory and guess. She even inputted the possibility of double file formation against her and aimed accordingly.

There was no pause as she switched direction but she slowed down the rate of fire, when she heard exclamations. Her lips curled up as she thought her action surprised the opponents.

The onlookers above gasped in shock. Did they just witness a comeback? While discussions brewed in excitement, Tang Ziyi nodded and was eager to know her next move. She had guessed Ling Qingyu's plan.

The SWAT operators weren't feeling well. Just when they were certain they were about to eliminate the terrorist, unexpectedly bullets flew in their direction.

The terrorist they thought they had suppressed so hard, managed to fight back. They didn't see where Ling Qingyu fired from.

Under a hail of bullets, the one at the forefront on the left formation suffered a hit in the chest and staggered back.

"I'm hit!"

The second person behind stretched out her hands and opened fire. "Covering!"

"Move back." The team leader roared amidst the roar of loud bangs. Although not many bullets landed on the team, they were in danger of being eliminated.

The team retreated out of the hallway away from the bullet trails. In a situation like this, the best option was to press forward, regardless of the casualties and cleared the threat.

However, the path backward was closer to the team than forward. So, the leader made a correct decision.

Chapter 290: Action [3]

Having heard outcries, Ling Qingyu immediately knew her actions were effective. Those who didn't exploit the given opportunity would be an idiot. And Ling Qingyu wasn't one of them.

She switched to semi-mode.

From ugly bent stance, Ling Qingyu peeked out a little and her wrists followed through. This time instead of blind-firing, she was able to aim one of the members and released two successive shots, then instantly moved to a new target.

Bang! Bang!

Her wrist shook from recoil, especially shooting from a weak posture. The roar and the impact rushed her already fastening heartbeat.

She saw the group falling back and smiled. All according to the plan. Without hesitation, she dumped all the rounds, trying to suppress while she still had the advantage, even if the operators stayed behind cover and fired.

Because of her actions, despite receiving fire, they were no longer accurate. Ling Qingyu quickly chambered another fresh magazine and sprung up and rushed out of the room.

Her rapid footsteps and short pause of firing already told what was going on to her opponents. The SWAT members tried to lean outward to take the shot.

Knowing the danger, Ling Qingyu switched her Glock to automatic mode again and didn't forget to aim backward while running. Burst of bullets flushed out of the barrel.

33 bullets inside Ling Qingyu's Glock gone within 1.5 seconds. But a short respite was what Ling Qingyu exactly needed.

Even though most were wild shots, deterrence worked when the SWAT members didn't dare to take action lightly. Not to mention Ling Qingyu adjusted and controlled the direction well, ensuring the bullets traveled near the opponents' location.

However, someone might still have a sight on her by chance since not everything was absolute and Ling Qingyu understood the risk.

In fact, one of them had Ling Qingyu's figure on her aiming sight. Just when she squeezed the trigger, Ling Qingyu slid on the floor, using her running momentum to get out of the hallway.

Although she performed an embarrassing skidding, her body nearly prone to the ground, Ling Qingyu cheated death.

The bullets coming from the one aiming at her flew above her head and missed. Ling Qingyu heaved a sigh and leaned back against the wall, taking in deep breath.

She grabbed another magazine from the pouch on the vest and reloaded. But her hand failed to insert it into its correct place. Her left hand holding the magazine trembled. The process became more difficult.

Forcibly calming herself, Ling Qingyu couldn't believe her own action. The escape was too thrilling. She seemed like a heroine in the action movie, dancing in the hail of bullets.

However, these few minutes felt like hours in her mind. Every step she calculated, considering all available variables. Her brain literally melted, making crucial decisions.

At the same time, because she hadn't practiced for long, her shooting skills were propelled by her brain, instead of instinctive muscle memory, putting more burden on her mental energy.

To make her body move, her brain was forced to complete various tasks. Shooting, aiming, correct posturing, and tactical thinking.

Compared to special force members, who honed their skills for multiple hours till their every action reached instinctive level, where more energy could be spent on tactics and plans, Ling Qingyu's overall state was too stretched.

If not for her strong computing power and high IQ, every action she just mustered was deemed impossible for the average person.

The second engagement was over. Ling Qingyu won despite giving some grounds. She managed to slow them down and make them more wary of her.

The SWAT members held their positions, aiming down the hallway. The point men took security while the group reorganized.

Two out of five were hit. The members checked the area where they were hit, reassessing the situation. In a simulation, nobody would cheat to win the game because everyone desired to fix their mistakes.

Only through honesty and righteous discussion, would improvement be possible. The two honestly admitted they were hit, somewhere in the chest and the others were checking before proceeding forward.

While someone in the team provided cover, the rest derived new plans. Because they no longer wanted to waste precious time, struggling with Ling Qingyu and quickly moved to a suspected bomb area.

According to the protocols during similar simulations, a person already knew they were being hit. But whether the results were merely wounded or incapacitated remained unanswered because simulation didn't reflect all realities.

For this reason, Tang Ziyi requested Athena's help. Since the entire underground complex and Ling Qingyu's residence above were monitored under Athena's eyes through numerous nano-cameras, Athena could easily calculate what Tang Ziyi wanted.

According to Athena's system, LED lights equipped on the vests of the guards displayed various colors according to the scenario. Green light after being hit meant the operators could continue playing because the protection worked.

Orange meant injury—the operators could only move around in a designated area—while red showed the operators' state was either dead or incapacitated, and couldn't participate in the game.

Moreover, Athena used AI voice to read out the statuses every time an operator got hit in the game. Based on Athena's monitoring level, the calculation of bullet trajectories didn't cost anything out of the computation power. Just a single core component of Athena's huge celestial supercomputer easily suppressed all the latest supercomputers on Earth.

To determine where the simulated bullets landed and how much damage it brought was too easy. Ling Qingyu's subordinates marveled at the black technologies and lamented the wheel of time.

No one asked nor questioned. They understood, it was a secret. In fact, all the stuff coming out of the underground raised everyone's curiosity and satisfied their thirst for new items. Everyone was grateful to be able to test them out.

Of course, in realities based on the highly advanced equipment level, those hits in the simulation wouldn't even harm the operators. The system only referred to the technology equivalent to the current modern army's equipment.

The guards' clothing could handle armor piercing 7.62mm caliber without a sweat and withstand .50 caliber with some wear and tear. The helmet and the vest easily resisted .50 caliber without a scratch.

In short, their army of girls had the safest equipment. Except for rockets directly hitting their figures, nothing could even harm them. Not even the shockwave and fragmentation blast. Naturally, the guards didn't know these. Tang Ziyi was researching to further improve the current strength, making Ling Qingyu's speechless.

"Mine is orange. I think I can't participate any longer." One of the operators, who fought against Ling Qingyu, said in dissatisfaction.

"Well, although I was hit, it's just the plate. So, I'm good to go."

"One down. Four of us are fine." The team leader gritted her teeth in anger. Her words brought shame.

They who were confident initially overturned. They had no idea of the identity of a person who messed their group; everyone had one goal—to teach Ling Qingyu a profound lesson.

Ling Qingyu: Who did I offend?

"Alright, you'll stay here trying to protect this area." Team leader referred to the person with orange light on her chest. "The rest will press on. We have no time but to reach our goal. Even if we engage, we'll move on our own pace, not trying to capture that figure, Understood?"

"Understood." Everyone uttered obeying the order.