

Beautiful 561

Chapter 561 Strategy

Inside the temporary logistical hub of Spirit Fox, despite the darkness, the operators were able to see buildings in the distance. The enormous group of light pollution was unimpeded. Compared to the still sparse scenery here, the buildings Ling Qingyu and Tang Ziyi had discussed seemed as busy as in daylight.

Although the buildings mentioned were still on the outskirts of the center, the consumption of lighting was very large. It was like a beacon in the darkness.

"Do you see the tallest building in the center?" Tang Ziyi asked.

"Yeah."

"That's where the top echelons work and control the territory. Beside it, there's the second tallest building," Tang Ziyi explained. "According to Athena, it houses the major scamming center, the headquarters of every operation. Underneath is the usual elite casino where gambling and prostitution dens thrive."

"It's a town of hell and desire. None of the people who come here are good. I don't believe they're unaware that most people here are forced to live like slaves to cater to their service."

"By your logic, it proves how low humans can go to satisfy their kinks." Tang Ziyi chuckled coldly. "The entire town consists of services for enjoyment. I think the least insulting industry here might be massage parlors and hotels. That's the... well, you get what I mean."

"Naturally. Even the surrounding areas are similar in industry, just with high-class and low-class differentiation. Rich people play with better quality while the poor indulge in separate locations, except that protection fees all go to the same top of the pyramid. But from now on, this town will cease to exist."

"I'm afraid, even if one tiger is gone, another tiger will rule here." Tang Ziyi shook her head at Ling Qingyu's optimism. "Ever heard of the evil dragon and the knight?"

"Yep, the knight becomes a similar existence to the evil dragon and oppresses the common people like before. Chairs shuffle, but things remain the same." Ling Qingyu understood Tang Ziyi's message. "Unless we take control..."

"Don't even think about it. You aren't at this level yet." Tang Ziyi guessed Ling Qingyu's thought. "You aren't ready. It's not the time to show your hand."

After a long pause, Ling Qingyu replied, "Yep, I'm still not strong enough yet. What a miserable rich businesswoman who can't do a thing with 1 trillion in her hand!"

"Wait a while. You've gained your lover's mother's trust. Believe me, your time will come soon."

Ling Qingyu's mood lifted again as her lips curled into a grin. Tang Ziyi was right; she shouldn't hurry what she would get soon. What she should do was to solidify her foundation. Well, she was going off-topic and recalled the initial tactical plan.

Ten Kilo teams would act simultaneously once they were set. Each Kilo comprised a dozen members.

Kilo 1, which was Tang Ziyi's headquarters team, would serve as a logistical unit to transport required items like ammo and equipment. As for how they would achieve this, Ling Qingyu still had motorbikes (dirt bikes), technicals, land cruisers, and even Aegis vehicles.

She hadn't unloaded them out of her space bracelet, but these would be the blood vessels of the entire operation to sustain three days of combat in case the situation demanded ample supply chains.

Kilo 2 and 3 would contain the combat radius to control the ins and outs. No one was getting in or out. Of course, two teams were deemed sufficient to cut off the roads that led to the hellish town of pleasure and desire. There weren't too many ways to enter the region to begin with. Plus, Ling Qingyu chose to parachute specifically in this direction to cut off any QRF the enemies possessed.

The remaining road in the opposite direction would remain open until the plan to encircle the town or city began.

Kilos 5, 6, 7, and 8 would assault the two areas Tang Ziyi had shown, while Kilo 4 would provide support where necessary. Kilos 9 and 10, belonging to the military, would assume their responsibilities in another building area. This was the first stage.

Once they successfully cleared and rescued the undercover operatives who still displayed their status regularly, they could make plans to rescue the two missing ones. Hopefully, the operators would obtain vital news about the missing agents, the main goal of the entire rescue mission.

Afterward, Kilos 5, 6, 7, and 8 would initiate city encirclement and suppression. Given the technological advantage and expertise of Spirit Fox, they didn't require a specific ratio like a 3-to-1 advantage. It didn't matter even if the enemies outnumbered them.

Kilos 9 and 10 would quickly trek toward the opposite open road and control that highway to prevent any escape and fend off any reinforcement. Kilo 4, on the other hand, would serve as an additional reserve team.

In summary, the operation would begin from the west, where Spirit Fox had landed from the aircraft, and move eastward. Choking the highways connected to the city in the north and south by Kilos 2 and 3, then the east by Kilos 9 and 10, three days of combat should be sufficient to destroy the entire town and rescue the agents.

Regarding the difficulties faced by conventional forces, Spirit Fox never considered these problems because Tang Ziyi had filled in every gap to tackle the issues posed by Athena through multiple simulations.

The above was the main plan. Nobody knew or could predict the exact scenarios. Tang Ziyi's combat plan was seamless and accepted even by the military, except for doubts about the three-day timeframe. All they knew was that they were on a rescue mission. What Ling Qingyu and Tang Ziyi aimed for was the annihilation of the sole underground force.

Ling Qingyu's mind played a chess game on a 2D map where she laid down arrows representing Spirit Fox's movement. The arrows were beautiful in her eyes. Hopefully, the group wouldn't encounter too many troubles in the search for the two missing undercovers, a man and a woman.

Yes, the whole Kilo had memorized every detail of the important targets to be rescued, including the top echelons of the enemies.

Tang Ziyi also immersed herself in replaying her plans several times, including several alternatives and backups to deal with any crisis. She wasn't too worried in case the plan went south because Athena would provide amazing support. Her precious niece would come up with new options quickly in response to accidental variables.

She had full confidence where most average military commanders would shy away from committing the biggest mistakes. After all, in their eyes, Tang Ziyi's plan was insane and flawed. The number of operators was too low to meet the requirements of an intensive combat.

"Do you smell something?" Ling Qingyu sniffed and asked.

"Of course, those damn girls are going to eat by themselves," Tang Ziyi responded adamantly. "They are making mistakes. We must not allow them to intensify their faults. Let's go and teach them a lesson."

Ling Qingyu sneered with contempt. "Please, just admit that you want to rob the food of your students. With our technology to hide ourselves from onlookers, do you think anyone could detect our presence? I believe even the renowned top-tier spec-ops will lose our tracks."

Tang Ziyi giggled cheekily and walked away. Shaking her head, Ling Qingyu continued to observe through the thermal lenses before her stomach churned. Ling Qingyu sighed helplessly and decided to scold her subordinates together with Tang Ziyi.

As she turned, lightning surged in the sky, drawing her attention. She gazed at the sky and guessed it was going to rain. Many lightning forks danced in various postures as bigger lamps cracked inside the clouds, shining down on the rare scene below.

Oh, she wished her sisters on the scouting mission the best of luck. Under a pouring rain of cats and dogs, it was definitely going to be unpleasant for them.

Chapter 562 The hunt

Boom! Clap!

Thunder cracked nonstop, and the rain poured hard, splattering against the walls. The blowing wind carried droplets into the abandoned building through the windows and openings.

Tang Ziyi leaned against the wall with her eyes closed, seemingly meditating, unbothered by the harsh rainfall that could impact the mission. Amidst the noisy natural event, Ling Qingyu's laughter as she patted her knees while surfing on her mobile phone drew Tang Ziyi's attention.

"Oh my, I never expected this author to dare write such a plot. Two national ministers meet with the tyrant for peaceful negotiations to save their nation, and in exchange, the kingdom will sacrifice two princesses," Ling Qingyu said with vigor as if she wasn't participating in a serious military objective. "But it turns out the tyrant is gay, and you two are in danger instead. Hahaha.

He wants you, not the beautiful ladies!"

Veins bulged on Tang Ziyi's forehead at Ling Qingyu's lack of seriousness. Reading novels before a battle—should Tang Ziyi think Ling Qingyu was too experienced or that she simply didn't care at all?

No, since that mysterious existence demanded Ling Qingyu's participation, even if she did nothing and merely showed up, the reward was already guaranteed. Damn, Tang Ziyi couldn't allow this slacker to exploit any loopholes. She had decided to bring Ling Qingyu to the battlefield.

Ling Qingyu sneezed and blinked her eyes, shuddering when she saw Tang Ziyi's eyes staring at her intensely.

Oh no, what do you do if you offend your chief? Help! Ling Qingyu thought. She knew her laid-back days were over.

Watching Ling Qingyu's expressions change rapidly within a short period, Tang Ziyi sneered in amusement and decided to ignore Ling Qingyu's comments about the online novel's plot.

Suddenly, Tang Ziyi looked around to observe her operators and sighed in relief. These girls were resting, meditating, and conserving their strength, both mentally and physically. Of course, a few were walking around to digest the food they had eaten. For the first time, Tang Ziyi felt that this appalling and disgusting mission seemed like a picnic.

With the spatial device, things had changed for the better. Tang Ziyi made a mental note to research spatial devices. Even if they couldn't match Ling Qingyu's, her research with Athena should at least produce something with three to five times the conventional storage capacity. Even twice as much would satisfy her. The benefits were undeniable.

With Spirit Fox's super strength and skills, adding spatial devices to the equation would not just multiply their capabilities but exponentially boost them.

Even Ling Qingyu's singular input had altered the coming battlefield situation, shocking veterans like Tang Ziyi, though the storage was still too invincible.

Glancing at the watch on her wrist, Tang Ziyi ordered all Kilo teams to prepare and set out in five minutes. "All Kilo teams, the hunt begins now. Five mikes to the staging area and report back once you arrive at the destination."

"Copy."

"Roger that. Finally, it's time to move our muscles."

"Understood. Hehe, now for the excitement."

Five minutes later, every team except Kilo 1 marched to their destination according to the plan. Ling Qingyu wasn't spared, either. She thought she would be swimming lazily as part of the logistics team and spending her time casually with Kilo 1. Who would have expected Tang Ziyi to transfer command of Kilo 1 to her deputy without a second thought?

Damn, Tang Ziyi seemed so relaxed, as if playing with Ling Qingyu was more important. The latter complained indignantly but to no avail.

With high-sounding reasons, Tang Ziyi dragged Ling Qingyu away, following the path of Kilo 4, the reserve team. Under the lightning storm and rainfall, the Spirit Fox operators felt nothing, protected by their special suits and equipment. The weather didn't affect their performance.

The only notable change that caused Ling Qingyu's eyelids to twitch was the teams responsible for containment, Kilo 2 and 3. She swore even Country A, a world superpower, wouldn't have its heaviest infantry squad carry such a huge amount of weaponry on foot.

Members of Kilo 2 and 3 carried extra weight on their backs. One carried a remote-controlled sentry machine gun. Another carried a TOW missile, also controlled remotely. A few had three missiles on their backs, along with launchers comparable to Javelins. The lightest among them carried RPG-7s and a large ammunition supply for the teams' rifles.

One member equipped herself with a Stinger missile and an anti-material rifle that fired .50 caliber rounds. The rest carried automatic grenade launchers and man-portable automatic mortar systems.

Yes, automatic. With AI precision and guidance systems connected to satellites, the operators didn't need to learn much beyond selecting the type of rounds and swiping what they intended to hit on their tablets.

Oh yes, because of Tang Ziyi's vision of going fully electronic, every operator had a tablet attached to their vest. If their external suits changed visually, the idea of future soldiers would become a reality.

Who knew what if the MCU camouflage suit had invisibility function later? That was for the future.

Anyway, after understanding the level of the containment teams, Ling Qingyu was dumbfounded. This was too fierce, right? Such a level of weaponry and the ample ammunition support, particularly provided by operators serving as ammo carriers, made any enemy reinforcements seem like moths to a flame.

To be honest, Ling Qingyu saw the bulkiness of these operators' gear and felt a little back pain just watching.

Of course, appearances were deceiving. She knew these women had improved beyond what an ordinary human could achieve. They were now super soldiers.

As for the assaulting teams, the operators preferred lightness and maneuverability, so they carried more ammunition and small arms. In case they needed more firepower, Kilo 1 would send it upon request. The fight ahead, before the city encirclement, required full stealth, meaning heavy weaponry would be useless.

Ling Qingyu and Tang Ziyi had no worries that their 100 operators would encounter misfortune fighting an enemy group that outnumbered them.

First, they weren't engaging head-on. Even if they had the capability to quash the enemies, they preferred to play to their strengths with maneuverability.

Second, 80 operators belonging to Spirit Fox were like Captain America and Amazonian warriors. Although these girls weren't exaggerated, just a single such unit type could overwhelm any army today. If a dozen cooperated as a team, Ling Qingyu and Tang Ziyi shared one expression:

Hehe.

The enemy had better pray they died without knowing they were being attacked. Ignorance is bliss.

Meanwhile, Ling Qingyu, wielding her HK416, followed Tang Ziyi, who was leading. Only the two of them were acting as a team.

Kilo 4 had already split off from their path. They had their own duty. Actually, Tang Ziyi and Ling Qingyu didn't need to accompany others, but the former had a whim to train her apprentice harshly.

Tang Ziyi didn't bother to stay in the temporary HQ, where Kilo 1 was based. She believed every Kilo could accomplish their objectives. She had personally trained and honed these girls and watched them grow into Valkyries.

She deeply understood their expertise. The only apprehension came from Kilo 9 and 10, the military special forces. She didn't know their levels, which was why she kept Kilo 4 as a backup. These men were liabilities to her.

Because the military insisted on participating, Tang Ziyi had no choice but to accept the deal when she spoke with General Tang. Alas, politics had entered the game.

Well, Ling Qingyu and Tang Ziyi weren't at a loss if officials participated subtly. There were many green lights and conveniences.

Besides, the more, the merrier. She had prepared Kilo 4; why should she hesitate? Moreover, how would Gu Yi, Mother Yang, comprehend Spirit Fox's strength without comparison?

Tonight's event suited Ling Qingyu's and Tang Ziyi's taste to create a shock-and-awe show of force!

Chapter 563 Mass graves

Tread. Tread.

A boot stepped into a puddle, disrupting the reflection of lightning's work above. Ling Qingyu frowned and kept walking.

Throughout the journey, she followed Tang Ziyi's lead, unable to refuse. As the rain soaked her and the ground splashed with every step, Ling Qingyu mentally cursed Tang Ziyi so many times that she lost count.

And somehow, each time she did, Tang Ziyi's head would turn in her direction, as if sensing her mood. Secret sutra seemed to have heightened her sixth sense and opened her third-eye chakra. When had she even started talking in astrological terms?

Ling Qingyu couldn't see Tang Ziyi's expression clearly, with the helmet, hood, and night-vision goggles covering her head. Yet, the four bland eyes seemed more menacing than ever.

Ling Qingyu gulped and tried to look innocent. They soon arrived at a spot where three bodies sprawled on the ground next to a dog.

"Oh, why kill the dog?" she thought. Though, of course, if she had been leading the team, she would have acted just as ruthlessly.

She knew these were the handiwork of Spirit Fox operators, likely from Kilo teams 5, 6, 7, or 8, though she couldn't tell exactly which one.

Puff. Puff. Puff.

Without warning, Tang Ziyi fired four more shots into the corpses, causing Ling Qingyu to stop in her tracks.

Although these suppressed shots could still be detected by sensitive ears, the rain and thunder deafened everything. That was the reason Tang Ziyi didn't delay the operation because of the weather. These factors provided the best cover for covert ops. Even inside enclosed walls, the suppressed sounds of rifles would barely alarm anyone.

Tang Ziyi knelt, signaled for a stop ahead, and looked around before moving to an area where the large tree canopies shielded them from the rain.

Ling Qingyu sat close and asked, "Why did you shoot those dead bodies again? I'm sure our operators already confirmed their status."

"Yeah, but how sure are you with just your eyes?" Tang Ziyi kept scanning their surroundings as she replied.

"Hmm, 80 percent," Ling Qingyu estimated, thinking that number was already pretty high.

"It isn't 100 percent, is it?" Tang Ziyi replied. "Why risk uncertainty when you can resolve it early?"

"Well, yeah..." Ling Qingyu couldn't argue, but she understood. No one liked taking chances.

"What if someone learned how to disguise themselves to ambush us? We can't be sure. I'm not going to endanger us with a 20 percent chance." Tang Ziyi explained.

Ling Qingyu nodded and couldn't help but think about those action movies where protagonists hid from special forces by playing dead, wiping off some blood, and pretending to be disheveled.

In reality, the operators would perform several dead checks if the intervals between units were too long. How did those characters survive? Plot armor?

As Tang Ziyi said, if there was a chance that infiltrators could sneak in and disguise themselves, the operators would shoot without hesitation, not worrying about ammunition consumption. Unless under extreme circumstances, only fools would try to confirm a kill with close knife attacks.

Close combat meant a 50-50 chance where talent and skill made up less than 40 percent, while luck played the major role.

Even a child could kill a decade-trained operator by sheer luck and trickery.

"We're setting up our OP here. Bring out the tents I asked you to store away." (OP—Observation Post)

Ling Qingyu complied, rolling her eyes. Her confidante treated her like a humanoid backpack.

Quickly, the two camouflaged themselves, sheltered from the rain by the thick tree canopy above.

From here, Ling Qingyu could easily see the two target areas where Kilo teams 5, 6, 7, and 8 were operating. There was some distance between them, but Tang Ziyi had chosen a spot that facilitated observation of both. As expected of a goddess of warfare, she had an excellent understanding and experience.

Perhaps Ling Qingyu's luxurious and stable life had made this goddess indulgent and a bit less serious sometimes.

If Tang Ziyi had heard Ling Qingyu's critique, she would probably have been at a loss for words. When had she ever failed when a crisis arose? She always nipped problems in the bud, and yet Ling Qingyu still offered only partial affirmation?

"Take out two M24s and two KSR-50s for me, plus the setup equipment and night vision devices, would ya?" Tang Ziyi requested with a smile.

"I'm now confirming my suspicion that you don't see me as human."

"As you are," Tang Ziyi replied, placing her HK417 beside her and preparing to assemble what Ling Qingyu handed over next.

Several tripods appeared in front of the duo. Tang Ziyi snapped the mechanisms to fix the pods according to her plan.

Ling Qingyu then brought out four rifles and a highly digital spotting device, equipped with a CPU to calculate wind and trajectory based on various surrounding factors.

Tang Ziyi mounted the spotting device on a tripod between them. She attached two M24s to their tripods: one on her left and the other in front of Ling Qingyu.

The sniper rifles were now set up for shooting in the most relaxed sniper posture—crouching, with hips on the ground and knees bent, touching the shooter's elbows.

The KSR-50s were placed on their original bipods under the barrels, adjusted for prone shooting. The two added night-vision setups to the rifles before stretching their limbs and joints.

Ling Qingyu smacked her lips as she admired Tang Ziyi's figure.

This bastard—if not for her foul mouth and manly behavior, she'd score a perfect 10 as a goddess.

"Admiring my beauty?" an enchanting voice asked.

"Yep," Ling Qingyu nodded absentmindedly.

"A pity you'll never conquer me."

Ling Qingyu clicked her tongue, annoyed but didn't miss a beat. "Hmph, who can say what the future holds? You better not slack off, or I might catch up quickly."

"I'm waiting for you." Tang Ziyi replied, adjusting her M24 scope and studying the layout. Ling Qingyu mimicked the movement in the other direction, adjusting her magnification.

Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed uneven soil about 25 meters away to the right, as if something had been dug up and reburied. It couldn't have been the rain.

"Ziyi, why does it look like something is buried over there on our right?" Ling Qingyu asked.

"You just noticed now?" Tang Ziyi's tone was amused and a little surprised. "I thought you'd seen it already."

"Well, tell me, am I right?"

"Yeah, it's a mass grave."

"Hehe, I knew my observation skills have... wait." Ling Qingyu swallowed and coughed. "A grave? A mass grave?"

"What's the fuss?" Tang Ziyi snickered.

"Damn it, Tang Ziyi! You chose this spot on purpose. You know I'm afraid of ghosts!" Ling Qingyu hissed angrily, though she kept her voice low to avoid exposure.

Her tempered response amused Tang Ziyi, who couldn't resist teasing her more.

Besides, did she hear Ling Qingyu right? Afraid of ghosts? Tang Ziyi bit her lip to suppress a laugh.

"You are the least qualified to be afraid of ghosts."

"What do you mean? Do I need to be qualified?" Ling Qingyu was exasperated.

"I mean, with your luck and that mysterious entity guarding you, I bet a ghost would burn itself if it even looked your way. If ghosts ever became a real threat, you'd be the last person standing," Tang Ziyi said, leaving Ling Qingyu speechless.

"What happens?" Ling Qingyu decided to transfer the topics.

"What else but poor victims who lost values in the eyes of the crime syndicate?"

"Well..."

Tang Ziyi added. "I bet these bodies had every useful organ removed to sell in the black market."

"Damn." Ling Qingyu could only curse. "They drain the victims to their last values. How could they?"

Tang Ziyi knew Ling Qingyu was merely expressing disbelief and didn't reply. The latter recollected her thoughts and focused on the objects in her scope.

Chapter 564 Datalink telescope

The M24 Sniper Weapon System—SWS—was a variant of the Remington Model 700 rifle. This weapon is categorized as the military and police version. It is commonly referred to as a "weapon system" because the M24 allows for a detachable telescopic sight and other accessories in addition to the rifle itself.

The M24 is a bolt-action sniper rifle, firing 7.62 x 51 mm NATO rounds with an effective range of 800 meters.

What Tang Ziyi and Ling Qingyu had chosen was a completely modernized version of the old 20th-century M24, with an almost unrecognizable futuristic scope, tiny Piggytinny rails, an adjustable buttstock, and a modified magazine holding 10 rounds.

Currently, M110 semi-automatic sniper rifles were preferred over the M24 in Country A's military, but Tang Ziyi liked the good old, venerable M24. It was reliable enough to get the job done. The old generation always fended just fine.

The KSR 50, a bolt-action sniper rifle, fired high-precision .50 caliber 12.7 mm x 99 NATO rounds. Its modular rails allowed the adaptation of various accessories. The magazine held five rounds, with an adjustable cheek rest and butt pad, a folding stock, and an effective range of 1,500 meters.

The rifle was newly fielded in Country T of the Middle Kingdom, where it had been in service for three years, demonstrating great success and performance.

This anti-material monster was capable of obliterating any lightly armored objects and was best suited—even overpowered—for the current mission.

Ling Qingyu wiped her M24 with the back of her hand as she recalled the data. The small chatter between the duo ended as a heavy atmosphere hovered around them. Whenever her eyes glanced at the suspected mass grave, Ling Qingyu had to control her emotions and redirect her concentration elsewhere.

Compared to Tang Ziyi, she was definitely a novice. Ling Qingyu sighed as she noticed there was no change in Tang Ziyi's expression or mood.

"You don't need to feel bad or anything. You know it's not our fault in the first place," Tang Ziyi comforted, breaking the uncomfortable silence that hung around them.

"I know. I'm not some Virgin Mary character. It's just so many human lives, not even worth as much as domesticated animals," Ling Qingyu sighed.

"The dark side of humanity. Humankind rarely changes. It just evolves while carrying on the same basic principle—survival of the fittest," Tang Ziyi replied.

"Don't you think it's ironic that, while we've become more civilized and advanced, we still abide by nature's law?"

"Look, I guess you now understand how precious peace is." Tang Ziyi paused, forming her sentence carefully. "The so-called peace you enjoy is supported by people who dare to dirty their hands and bleed so that ordinary people can enjoy life."

"There must be a way for us to transcend that law of nature." Ling Qingyu clicked her tongue. "Order and chaos—there has to be a road. We just can't find the path yet, but I believe it exists."

"Now, now, Miss Ph.D. in philosophy, quit the chatter. The operation should begin now." Tang Ziyi released her grip from the M24 and placed her eye on the sophisticated spotting scope.

She radioed in. "All Kilo, sitrep."

"Kilo 1, ready."

"Kilo 2 (and 3), one mike to arrive at the designated location."

"Kilo 4 on standby for further command."

"Kilo 5 (6, 7, 8, 9, and 10) ready to assault."

Though Ling Qingyu couldn't see every unit, she had her vision on Kilo 5 and 6 through the scope. If she shifted her angle, she would see the operators from Kilo 7 and 8. Kilo 9 and 10 were clearly out of her sight, separated from the others. The closest support to the two of them should be Kilo 4. These pictures sparked in her mind like a road map.

As a superb visual thinker, Ling Qingyu didn't find it hard to draw these images just from the radio communication.

"Good to hear. Kilo 5 to 10, green light. I say again, green light." Tang Ziyi gave permission to assault. "Try to stay quiet. Anyone who lets the enemy return fire will have a hard time from me. Clear?"

"Crystal, Instructor. Kilo 5 (6, 7, 8) on the move."

"Copied," replied Kilo 9 and 10 simply.

Kilo 9 and 10 were silent about the latter command since they were military, and Tang Ziyi didn't demand too much from them either.

"Boss and Kirin will form a temporary sniper team, supporting Kilo 5, 6, 7, and 8. Call sign Zero. Happy hunting!" Tang Ziyi cut off the radio and turned her gaze toward Ling Qingyu.

"What? Oh no, don't tell me you want me to shoot while you spot?" Ling Qingyu looked back, baffled.

"Take it as a practice run," Tang Ziyi replied, her tone unchanged. "Besides, you excelled a lot when you ran the drills with me. Trust me, you have more potential than you think."

Ling Qingyu rolled her eyes at the motivational remarks. Who didn't know how to mentally lift others' spirits? She had too much of chicken soup.

"I'll back you up in case you miss or ruin a shot," Tang Ziyi reassured her.

"How are you going to do that?" Ling Qingyu asked, confused. Although Tang Ziyi had an extra pair of M24s and a KSR 50, she couldn't complete the same task of shooting and spotting simultaneously, could she?

Well, as soon as that thought crossed her mind, Ling Qingyu had a sudden suspicion. Would this cheeky, manly woman bring out another innovation?

"Don't mind me. I'll show you in a minute," said Tang Ziyi.

She tweaked the futuristic scope of the M24 and the spotting device, clicking a few buttons as her eyes moved back and forth.

"Done." Tang Ziyi smiled.

Despite being hidden under the cover of her NVGs, Ling Qingyu's eyes widened and nearly burst out of their sockets.

What did she just witness? Good gracious.

As Tang Ziyi moved the M24, the spotting device also rotated on its tripod, pointing its lens in the same direction as Tang Ziyi's barrel.

Damn! This was infantry equipment, not some high-tier electronics system from a multi-million-dollar Apache helicopter or fighter jet.

Honestly, this innovation was comparable to the military armaments of a superpower. Tang Ziyi's device had thermal imaging, super lenses, lasers, and more.

"How are you going to know what the spotter lens shows through your M24 scope?" asked Ling Qingyu.

"Mine isn't comparable to yours."

Pat! Ouch, that hurt. Ling Qingyu's heart and face felt slapped and pierced ruthlessly. Tang Ziyi didn't hold back.

Ling Qingyu patted her chest hard to alleviate the congested blood circulation and avoid vomiting. "You better give me a good reason...or else..."

"It's as if you can do anything to me... Tsk," Tang Ziyi teased, clicking her tongue.

Ling Qingyu:

"Sister Tang...please...enlighten my soul, baby needs your help," Ling Qingyu said, using her secret weapon of coquettish charm.

Nobody could withstand her offensive charm attacks, not even Tang Ziyi or Xiao Yue, who knew her thoroughly and deeply. The effect was undeniable.

"Alas," Tang Ziyi flipped her NVGs and relented. She took off her helmet and placed it on the ground near her. Covering her head with a boonie hat, Tang Ziyi gazed through the scope. "A datalink connects the two scopes and shares crucial data. I can see it all through my M24 scope and switch between the rifle and spotter visions just by clicking a button here."

"Okay, that's a hell of a lot of money to spend," Ling Qingyu said, furrowing her brows. Applying fighter jet systems and miniaturizing them for infantry use—it was almost unreal.

If not for Ling Qingyu's special advantages, Tang Ziyi's research might have led nowhere. But Tang's whimsical ideas always paid off, so who was she to complain?

"Yeah, but it's worth it. I can do two jobs at the same time. Girl, don't worry about the money, we're rich," Tang Ziyi shrugged.

"Hmm, that's my money you're talking about," grumbled Ling Qingyu.

"What's yours is mine, right? We're close sisters," Tang Ziyi replied.

"Close sisters, my ass. I think I'm more like a poor girl being milked for her greatest value. What sister have you seen treated like a commodity?" Ling Qingyu shook her head and retorted. She also took off her helmet, putting on a boonie hat like Tang Ziyi to protect against the small droplets of water.

"Okay, now let's quickly divide our sectors." Tang Ziyi switched back to machine mode as she gave commands.

Ling Qingyu replied succinctly. Dividing sectors was vital for further communication between the shooter and the spotter—or, in their case, two shooters.

Ignoring their unusual combination, having clearly defined sectors allowed them to instantly identify targets and smooth out the operation.

This was the real reason why sniper teams with two operators required professionals and high-ranking officers.

It demanded a tactical mindset, strategy, and detailed planning, which ordinary soldiers without proper education lacked. The military didn't mean discrimination but there was a clear distinction between educated soldiers and uneducated. IQ chasm wasn't something hard work could mount over.

Chapter 565 Building secured

Click.

A thumb flicked the match several times before the ignition finally produced a bright flame.

Boom!

The thunder shook the air as a man brought the match close to his mouth, covering the flame from the harsh wind.

The cigarette's tip glowed red as he took a deep drag. He removed it and blew out the smoke.

"Hey, brother, I want to smoke too," another man said, patting the first man's shoulder.

"Okay, let me help you," the man with the lighter replied, but as he moved to help his companion, his cheek was splashed by a sticky substance.

Withdrawing his hand quickly, he touched his face and tried to see the wetness on his palm. His eyes widened as the lightning behind them cast light.

Red.

The sticky substance was blood. He hadn't even had time to speak before his consciousness faded away.

The two men on the sentry tower fell limp on the floor.

Everything happened too fast. A few meters away, shadows moved through the bushes toward the two dead men.

Another flash of lightning illuminated the sky, briefly revealing the visitors: military-grade helmets, NVGs, Kevlar, and MCU camouflage suits.

"Sentries down. Kilo 6 providing overwatch."

"Roger, Kilo 5 breaching in."

Several black figures moved forward. One group approached the fence in a wedge formation.

One member slung her rifle back and pulled out a device. Another stayed close to provide cover, while the rest scanned the sectors.

"You sure the laser cutter will work in the rain?" the Spirit Fox operator providing cover asked hesitantly.

The breacher paused for a tenth of a second before continuing to tweak the device. "I think you haven't read the manual yet."

"Hehe..." The former chuckled nervously and whispered, "Don't tell anyone about this."

"Well, at least your education level isn't so low that you can't understand rainfall poses no obstacles." The latter switched the device on, and a short blue beam formed.

She quickly aimed it at the fence and cut a doorway, large enough for a person to enter. Pushing the separated part of the wire inward, she made way for her team.

"Kilo 5 going in."

The operators on standby immediately filed in, covering every angle with their assault rifles. Despite the uneven terrain and wet ground, the team stuck together in formation.

Puff! Puff!

Two staccato bursts of suppressed fire echoed under the cover of heavy rain and thunder. The quiet shots went unnoticed.

The lead operator took down two threats who appeared to be patrolling in raincoats. Perhaps the duo had something important on their minds, but their fate was sealed.

"Two hostiles down."

Kilo 5 moved along a path, avoiding light sources like tall pillars, exterior bulbs, and interior illumination.

Puff! Puff! Pop!

Remaining concealed, Kilo 5 eliminated several sentries they encountered, both inside watchtowers and roaming the grounds, while Kilo 6 provided containment and support.

Of course, nobody forgot to dead-check. These SOPs had been ingrained deeply into their training.

"Kilo 5 securing Building 7."

The numbers on the buildings were temporarily marked for ease of communication during the operation phase.

Two operators approached the security booth. The bright interior lights were naturally a target. The team separated and moved in buddy formations.

Inside, two security guards were laughing and exchanging crude jokes. One poured hot water from a kettle into his cup while the other played a game on his phone, its ding-ding sound betraying the collection of coins.

"Bro, have you heard about the traitor? There's a beautiful girl too. A pity she might be ruined soon. But hey, maybe then we'll have a chance," the man said, his eyes glowing with imagination. "When do you think we'll get a taste? Those strong thighs and that tight ass... just thinking about it makes me hot."

His companion gazed at him with contempt. "Whatever happens, even if she's ruined, she'll still serve those above us. We'll never get a chance. Sophia's been here for years, and it's never our turn. Hmph!"

"How about we try the girls in our residence? As long as we keep control and threaten them, we'll get away with it. After all, it's obvious who's more valuable to the higher-ups—those girls or us... Haha, as long as we don't overstep, we can enjoy life."

"Yeah, we're already bored with the comfort women they give us. When will things change? Money, women, and power."

The pair were so engrossed in their fantasies that they didn't notice death was near. Their confidence as guards stemmed not from defending against outsiders but from bullying and extorting victims. Now, the tables were turning.

Outside, both Spirit Fox operators were within arm's reach of the door. A short pause allowed them to assess the situation—how many people were inside, who they were, and so on.

These brief delays had powerful effects. Statistics had shown that entering with even a preliminary assessment was better than going in blind.

The lead operator gripped her weapon tightly, compressed it under her armpit and swung the door open as her foot stepped inside. Her barrel locked directly onto the dumbfounded man, who spilled hot water onto the floor.

He thought the visitor was one of his fellow guards, ready to crack another joke.

What he saw instead was the gateway to hell—four eyes belonging to the grim reaper, filled with palpable killing intent. Time seemed to slow, and the falling liquid appeared to hang in the air.

He wanted to scream. He wanted to move. He wanted to resist and lung at the intruder. A pity, his life was now over. But his life was already over.

Without hesitation, the operator squeezed the trigger twice, hitting him in the head before aiming at the other guard, who had jumped from his recliner. Both bodies slumped to the floor.

Her partner fired additional rounds to confirm the kills. "Control."

"Clear." Both operators raised their HK416s to high port and exited the booth, their movements fluid and purposeful.

A dozen Kilo 5 operators split into two teams and locked onto two entry points for Building 7. There were multiple entries, and they selected the closest two.

Without needing rehearsal or further orders, the operators swiftly positioned themselves. "Kilo 5 clearing Building 7, moving interior."

Eight members infiltrated while the remaining two stood back-to-back, covering the L-shaped perimeter outside. The thunder overhead masked every movement, aiding their stealth.

Room after room, they silently cleared the building. In one room, card players with weapons close at hand were engrossed in fierce betting, oblivious to any danger.

The operator pulled out her suppressed pistol and fired without hesitation.

Seven shots to the head. Seven targets down. She fired additional rounds to confirm the kills, then made a tactical reload.

Holstering her pistol, she switched back to her primary weapon and signaled her partner to advance, ensuring the enemies' weapons were disarmed.

Actually, there was no need to replace secondary weapon to fire for fear that sounds might compromise stealth, as the thunder and heavy rain masked everything.

Some rooms housed sleeping women. The operators stepped quietly, scanning the area for weapons before silently closing the door and moving on without disturbing anyone.

In a few rooms, children slept alongside women. Spirit Fox operators retreated without disturbing the non-combatants but remained vigilant.

They didn't have to think too hard—these children and women were likely forced to be there. Who knew if some had been tortured or forced to give birth? These poor kids might not know and enjoy the happiness ordinary children should have.

If Spirit Fox didn't intervene, these children's fate would be sealed. They would become conscripts, slaves, or militia, losing any sense of right and wrong, obeying their warlord's orders without question. Pitiful.

Yes, those killed today may have been children who grew up in these conditions, but their hands were stained with blood and sin. Spirit Fox wouldn't lose sleep over such things.

Puff. Puff.

These strange noises, irregularly popping, went unnoticed. Those still awake didn't even bother checking for falling bodies or thuds. In this place, bullying, beatings, and even screams were routine.

Sometimes, the operators encountered women working like servants, watching them with numb expressions. With gestures of silence, the operators would knock them out gently, pressing on key acupuncture points and cuffing their hands behind. Tapes were put over the mouth as well.

As for those who tried to resist or scream, the operators were ruthless, covering their mouths and slamming them to the ground before knocking them out.

Men who showed no defiance or were innocent from the start received the same treatment. But those who tried to warn others were silenced permanently.

From their demeanor, gestures, and unspoken cues, Spirit Fox operators made quick decisions about identities.

Uncertain? No problem. The operators used tasers—sophisticated, pistol-like devices that fired rounds to incapacitate targets without the need for wires. Only when they were sure of a threat did they resort to lethal force.

Building 7 was cleared of any threats within minutes, without raising an alarm. Eight operators made entry, then split into smaller teams to cover more ground, with a minimum of two operators per group.

"Kilo 6, Kilo 5 has secured Building 7, we'll now be providing overwatch. Bound forward."

"Copied, Kilo 5."

Kilo 5 members in the building quickly initiated a secondary clearance, leaving behind closed doors. Afterward, some operators cleared the rooftop and took high ground for support.

The two outside containing Building 7, retired from their duties and entered the building to shield themselves from the precipitation after seeing Kilo 6 operators surpassing their position.

The building Kilo 6 secured went unimpeded and without hindrance. The speed was much quicker since most slept except a few who roamed around compared to Building 7.

Chapter 566 I'd rather kill than comfort women

The two buildings Kilo 5 and 6 cleared faced challenges differentiating shoot and no shoot figures since no one seemed to be locked up.

They had to utilize full capacity and reasoning ability of their brain to discern whether a person was an enemy.

That was an ultimate skill, ignored by many, particularly in a very mixed situation like right now.

Not to mention, not all hostiles were equipped with weapons, in contrast to the ones outside, patrolling the perimeter.

Being able to identify enemies, Spirit Fox did a job well done. Now, that two buildings closest to them, had been secured.

Kilo 5 made another bound. A dozen operators dashed on the muddy soil. Their figures only revealed themselves when lighting erupted above.

Splashes rippled on several puddles as many feet stomp the small pond. "Kilo 5 approaching Building 5. Request Kilo 6 provide overwatch and contain Building 6."

"Understood. Relax and proceed. We've got your back," Kilo 6 leader responded.

Previously, Kilo 5 cleared Building 7 and Kilo 6 cleared Building 8 accordingly. However, due to the residence layout, Building 5 and Building 6 stood before Kilo 5's path ahead, which meant that the two buildings were Kilo 5's responsibility.

But they had little manpower to strike two buildings at once, which was the reason why Kilo 5 beckoned support from its team.

While they cleared one building, Kilo 6 would contain any threats. Of course, based on their strength, they could breach the two simultaneously but nobody demanded fast-pace.

Nobody was in immediate danger. Why should they risk stealth in order to complete a superb stunning stigma?

Kilo 5 leader licked her lips under the hood and checked her teammates. She squeezed the second figure's shoulder in the formation, who passed on the message to the pointsman.

The operator turned the handle and stepped in, amidst the awful door whining. Luckily, the goddess weather favored Spirit Fox, obscuring the noises that could alarm the enemies.

Droplets draped along the MCU camouflage suits and fell on the floor. Her slow muzzle swing brought additional water.

As soon as Kilo 5 leader followed in and entered the building, she radioed. "Kilo 5, going interior."

Without waiting for any reply, she flipped her NVGs up. The rainwater soaking the lens disturbed her vision. It worsened when she entered the rooms with light.

Her subordinates reacted the same, snapping the goggles upward. She signaled everyone to press on. 10 figures separated into small teams.

While they advanced, they witnessed several horrors and blood-rushing madness. Maids, apparently recruited from victims, suffered.

They were like properties, which could function anytime as long as owner desired. Compared to other women, who might be turned into sex slave and prostituted till they died, they were fortunate, or so, it seemed.

Human lives weren't worth much than weeds. Spirit Fox operators who lived and thrived in peaceful era struggled to suppress the rage and sympathy. There was also a scene of a poor man, forced by another.

All of the culprits met King Yama. Only, every Kilo 5 operator felt they died too soon, without equal karma.

Although religions showed hell exist, nobody cared, nor were Spirit Fox operators. As for reincarnation, every operator would sneer.

What was the use of a punishment, when the punished forgot what he or she had done in the past life.

If superstitious beliefs indeed existed and were proven, things might turn around. By then, perhaps, the world wouldn't be fair again since divine had interfere with destiny, one could argue.

These were the flashing thoughts that didn't hang on the operators too long. Kilo 5 leader snapped her muzzle at the sudden open door.

The two parties stopped in a daze. On the one side, a well equipped operator, covered from head to toe, had her sight on the target.

On the other side, two figures, entangled, came out of the room. They were a pair of man and woman.

It wasn't a stereotyping but she kept her barrel, locked on the man. Based on the scenario, men were likely to be enemies than the women, not that the latter didn't exist.

In fact, Spirit Fox operators had yet to encounter female targets, that needed to be eliminated.

The two didn't have any weapons. Otherwise, she would have sieved the two figures as soon as they popped out of the door.

The man threw the woman and backed into the room, shouting in a language she didn't understand.

The operator pushed the woman in and entered the room, trying to lock her muzzle at the panicked man.

The woman screamed as she slipped and hit the ground. Her partner stayed at the threshold, ready to support her and protected the team's flanks.

Pap! Pap!

"Acha..." The man froze, and stopped his cries, gurgled out blood as his hand tried to stop the bleeding, then slammed to the ground.

Kilo 5 leader fired two rounds. The first pieced the enemy's throat. The second entered the skull.

Two successive shots killed the man. As for why the man's body reached out to stop the bleeding, she wasn't interested to know.

Because of this weird phenomenon, she poured five more rounds. The body twitched and jumped a little.

Raising a brow, she ignored the man and turned her attention toward the woman, who shook in fear and kept murmuring nonsense, blabbing nonstop.

Pa.

The woman stopped screaming and covered her cheek. Her eyes seeming to regain clarity and focus but these were what Kilo 5 leader overthought.

The woman was just too frightened to continue yelling because of her slap. She didn't want to but she had to, in order to prevent a stealth compromise.

Although thunders above provided margins of error, she couldn't afford to let the woman alert others.

She knelt on one knee in front of the woman and tried to comfort in a soft voice. "Hey, I'm sorry to hurt you but you must understand there are many others, who needs our rescue."

The woman avoided her gaze and retorted. "Who needs your rescue?"

"Huh? What did you say?" The operator blinked in disbelief. Did she hear correctly? Although the woman spoke in the smallest tone, Spirit Fox operators were beyond normal human range, in terms of everything, which included hearing.

"I said, who needs your rescue, you will mess us more if you fail." The woman sniffed and complained bitterly.

She brought her knees to her chest. Listening to her reason, the operator glanced at her partner, who shrugged and focused on the exterior.

Blaming the innocent rather than the culprit. This was the living proof of how ordinary people oppressed their owns rather than fight against the tyrants.

They blamed others for the misfortunes they suffered. A method used by tyrants to divide the population. Most liked to stay in the boiling water instead of attempting to leap out themselves.

Ostracizing a friendly frog for increasing the temperature because they failed to cure the true cause. This was another form of Stockholm Syndrome.

Kilo 5 leader had no time to cure this bullshit or to comfort the terrified woman. She only felt blessed that the woman didn't interfere and try to rescue the man.

So, she simply knocked the woman out and cuffed her hand and taped her mouth. She said to her partner. "You bastard. Why don't you help me control her?"

"I'm watching you, that's the point. If she makes any move, I'll kill her." The partner replied.

Kilo 5 leader was so speechless that she had nothing to say except to pat her partner. "Anyway, next time subdue her to prevent similar shouts which can expose us."

"Nah, I ain't touching hysteric people. It's better to kill than comfort."

If not for the occasion, she really wanted to slap her partner. Dumbfounded, she radioed Kilo 6. "Kilo 6, this is Kilo 5. Sitrep"

"Cold." After a short pause. "And wet."

"Pfft." Kilo 5 leader choked. Sis, this wasn't the way to answer her call.

Chapter 567 Last building

"Pfft." Everyone connected to the channel choked and coughed, including Ling Qingyu and Tang Ziyi afar. Every operator collectively wanted to laugh and almost exposed themselves during the stealth operation. Even Kilo 9 and 10, part of the military, smiled and had to use strong willpower not to laugh.

Of course, they were more restrained in the mission, unlike Spirit Fox, who could afford to compromise stealth due to their "cheats."

"I'm serious, Kilo 6," the leader barked, feeling both speechless and amused.

"I'm telling the truth. You asked for it," Kilo 6 responded. "Okay, go ahead and ask your question."

Knowing enough was enough, Kilo 5's leader didn't bother to joke around anymore. After all, that old lady might blow up in anger at her later.

"Well..." Kilo 5 described her predicament and asked if Kilo 6 had observed anything unusual.

"Negative. It seems luck is on your team's side. No hostiles or anything suspicious. Believe me, we didn't hear anything over here."

"Of course, I know you wouldn't have heard it. Anyway, warn us ahead if you discover something." Kilo 5's leader closed the channel and glanced at her partner, who shrugged.

"All Kilo 5, pause and give a sitrep," the leader asked over her team's channel.

"All according to plan."

"Situation under control."

"Good, the enemies aren't alerted, right?"

"Roger."

"Good, go ahead. Out." Kilo 5's leader ended the communication and sighed in relief. How grateful she was that the weather was on her side.

"Hmm, team leader, we neutralized two targets who grabbed weapons and ran in your direction..."

"Copy," she exhaled and didn't think much of it. If they were alerted, so be it. It wasn't like they couldn't conquer this residence. Now, all she hoped was to drag things out long enough to keep the enemies from noticing anything strange.

Five minutes later, the building was clear and secured. Building 6 was safe. Building 5 was next. They didn't encounter any trouble and managed to subdue any dissidents.

Afterward, Kilo 5 served as overwatch while Kilo 6 assaulted. Only then did the two teams discover that what they had cleared earlier were dormitories for the syndicate's employees. Now, the buildings had been turned into prisons, with metal rails to lock up the "untamed" ones inside, both men and women.

Compared to the victims who had limited freedom, the men and women here had either given up resisting or been forced to submit.

After all, not everyone was born with a steel will. And even if they were, nothing lasted forever—it was only a matter of time.

However, this situation worked in Spirit Fox's favor because it made it easier to discern enemies, with less worry about no-shoot targets, though they remained mindful that some captives might have been freed by the gang's hands.

Systematic slave training, organized management, clear rewards and punishments—though the latter were beyond human morality. When these factors were applied to criminal dens, the future became more terrifying. What if good people avoided the edge and no longer bothered to take action?

One must remember: it only takes good people doing nothing for tyrants to reign and evil to prevail.

Silenced, suppressed shots rang in rhythm with the thunder clapping above. As time passed, the progress of Kilo 5 and 6 became evident. So did the progress of the other teams.

The final two buildings closest to the highway were decorated grandiosely. To outsiders, they appeared to be legitimate businesses, giving a positive impression to first-timers arriving from the main highway. But for those behind the façade, every day was a nightmare.

Unbeknownst to the men indulging and enjoying themselves, acting as if they had control over others' fates, Spirit Fox operators approached. The Damocles of Death had landed just behind their necks, and they were completely unaware. The heavy rain had made them cozy, distracting them with their hobbies—playing cards, watching television, gaming, or torturing captives.

Across the distance from the last building, the two Kilo teams had their eyes on the target. Hiding in the shadows, no one noticed anything strange, nor were they concerned that they might be attacked. After all, they had the backing of a powerful warlord. Who would dare attack them? Even the countries they operated in and those they bordered had to show respect to the warlord.

As for blatantly kidnapping people from Country C, they had no fear. As long as they didn't overstep their control, their wealth was safe. In fact, they didn't realize they had stretched too far and challenged the patience of a big country, no matter how corrupt or disunited it was internally.

Kilo 5 and Kilo 6 stood in the darkness. Only the green glow of their night vision observed the target. Kilo 5's leader gestured to Kilo 6, asking them to provide support.

Of course, even though humans didn't notice their presence, animals did, like dogs. Dogs howled and barked non-stop, their mouths directed toward the Spirit Fox operators.

Woef! Woef! Woef!

Three dogs, chained, didn't lunge aggressively to the limits of their shackles. Their sixth sense told them that Spirit Fox operators were dangerous. The only response they had was to bark fiercely, warning the intruders that they weren't to be trifled with and alerting their owners. As dogs, their owners should support them when they needed it, right?

"Boys, what are you doing?" Amidst the heavy rain, a drowned-out man's voice shouted. Because the dogs weren't behaving recklessly, lunging to the chains' limits, the man and his fellows didn't raise any alarms.

"Stop barking! It's raining. We'll feed you a delicious meal later." The man followed the dogs' gaze but saw nothing.

These were hunting dogs that had tasted human blood. Who knew whether this group of evildoers conducted human hunting games for fun? Anyway, every operator sensed the gloominess exuded by the dogs.

The point men of both Kilo 5 and 6 sneered at the agitated beasts. To the innocent victims, these dogs were nightmares. But for them, a kick would be enough to kill them. It could be that their muzzles, aimed at the dogs, deterred them from acting too tough. Bullies to the weak and fearful of the strong, as expected of the accomplices of syndicate criminal dens.

The two leaders commanded their subordinates to move. Several shadows began to approach the dogs, which barked more and more fiercely. Instead of advancing, their limbs began to retreat, and their teeth growled. The men beside the dogs were stunned.

Obviously, the dogs' reaction had surpassed normal behavior. They understood something was wrong, but being attacked never crossed their minds.

Lightning flashed suddenly, and the man couldn't believe what he saw within that brief moment—so many figures. He felt dazed and rubbed his eyes. Soon, another flash shed light on his confusion, and he saw them for real, closer than before.

Shit, his dogs had been warning him and his friends. Before he could exclaim, his body halted all functions and began to collapse to the ground. Through his vision, he realized what he had witnessed: special forces were attacking them. But which country?

Unfortunately, his brain stopped working, and his final vision darkened as he lay in the muddy soil. The last thing he knew was that his dogs weren't spared either.

Pap! Pap! Pap!

Kilo 5 and 6 operators moved forward and didn't shoot until the enemies spotted them. All bullets demolished the enemies' heads.

Seeing their dead masters, the dogs' eyes reddened, thirsting for vengeance. Spirit Fox was happy to reciprocate.

Pap! Pap! Pap! Pap!

Ooh! Ooh!

The growls turned to whimpers for those dogs who didn't die immediately. The operators had no pity, even if they loved cats and dogs.

Pap! Pap!

Rapidly, the area was cleared. Any remaining patrols were wiped out. Kilo 5 and Kilo 6 hadn't yet alerted the enemy. Luck, and the enemies' lax vigilance and lack of discipline, favored this outcome

Chapter 568 Undercover

Inside the building, no one was aware of the impending danger.

On the third floor, somewhere in a room:

Bang!

A door burst open as a figure was thrown inside. Three men folded their arms and sneered at the figure they had pushed in.

"Why are you doing this to me?" the woman's voice asked in puzzlement. Her tone contained disbelief. "I have done nothing wrong."

"As a slave, you don't have the right to ask questions. If I want to hit you, I can."

"Yeah, here, fists speak for everything. If you're dissatisfied, fight us. Hahaha..."

The woman's face turned pale, and her lips trembled. She still bargained with words. "But I'm not. I have my role..."

"If the warlord asks you to serve him, what can you do?" One of the men laughed and pointed out the fact. "Will you resist? Come on, don't think that I don't know bitches like you want to climb higher."

"I've done so much for the organization; you can't just arbitrarily accuse me of something I haven't done. And what if I want to climb up? I need to survive as a weak woman."

"Keep quibbling. Do you think we don't know your identity?" The leader among the three finally mocked. He was the one who had thrown her in without the slightest pity.

"What are you talking about?" The woman, slumped on the floor, gasped and lowered her face. Her hair covered her expression.

"Don't bother to hide. Our vigilance has been raised so high to track spies like you since we caught two of them last time. Not sure if they were your accomplices."

The woman bit her lip and shook her head. "Don't accuse me wrongly. I'm not."

"Who knows? We'll find out soon enough." The leader shrugged. "Besides, do you think we did everything without any consideration? If not for some leads, how could we suspect you? Come in."

The woman's lips twitched. The syndicate was just as ruthless and arbitrary as he described, no doubt.

When she saw a familiar woman, her pupils constricted. She had a bad feeling. Sure enough, this woman hugged the leader and coquettishly complained.

She was stunned but not too shocked. She had witnessed many backstabblings because of jealousy and greed. This woman was her roommate.

She didn't think she had exposed her identity. There was only one plausible reason: someone was jealous and framed her. As a result, the blind cat caught the mouse, and she was unlucky.

Yes, she was also an undercover agent, searching for intel and relaying important messages. Her files were deleted and archived, which meant, except for the higher-ups, she was off the grid.

As a staunch policewoman who believed in justice, she was a warrior at heart. Her faith never wavered.

Now, it seemed like her fate was doomed. What should she do? Keep pretending to be innocent or resist? As for expecting her superiors to rescue her, her heart turned bitter.

Such was the destiny of spies.

Both women wore tight uniforms—a shirt and a skirt—that would surely ignite any man's desire. They were a little better off than the life of 'sex workers.'

"Besides, if we don't investigate, nothing happens. But when we look deeper into your files, haha... I don't think I need to say more." The man chuckled and wrapped his arm around the woman's waist, grinding her into him. "Your temper and figure can fool others, but not me..."

The woman, her head bowed, didn't speak except to shake her head. She was going to continue pretending. These men had no evidence. They were relying on intuition and the possibility of torture to crack her.

As long as she passed this hurdle, she should survive easily. But could her conscience bear such a future?

A talented agent was forced into a corner. She was unwilling. So much time and so many dreams, unrequited.

Resist. If only two men behind the leader were guarding her, she could. She could exploit her feminine wiles to let her opponent underestimate her and strike swiftly at her enemies.

Knowledge gaps are deadly in any fight—from small to tactical to strategic perspectives. The basics never change.

However, the leader was what she feared. She had collected rough information about the key personnel and organization.

This sturdy man, who hugged her roommate, wasn't simple. He was an experienced mercenary, the type of person wanted by many with tyrannical ambitions.

There were similar people recruited by warlords to train their troops. Compared to conventional military forces, they were nothing, but they sufficed more than gangs wielding firearms.

She couldn't be sure she could escape unscathed if a fight occurred. As for the other woman, who had pushed her into the ravine, it would be wrong to say she ignored her.

The woman was also a victim at first, but everyone knew she made a choice to survive. She might be innocent compared to the real evils, but the other victims were more innocent.

Besides, even if she successfully escaped the residence, could she walk away safely without harm?

Once discovered, her fate would be sealed. The saying, "The sky and the ground belong to the warlord," didn't come out of nowhere.

"Why are you not talking?"

"I've told you many times, you've got the wrong person."

"Hmph, we'll see for ourselves." The leader released the woman in his arms, stepped forward, and yanked the undercover's hair.

"Ah..." The undercover cried in pain as she struggled 'feebly.' The man was dragging her by her hair. If not to avoid exposure, she really wanted to curse.

Her scalp was almost numb. She couldn't dodge away from the pain to cooperate seamlessly. The man's profession made it even more difficult.

"Why don't you enjoy yourself while we interrogate her?" one man licked his lips and suggested.

"No need, I'll do it myself. I figure I'll enjoy her more alone." The leader smirked and exchanged knowing glances with his two lackeys, who laughed and cracked jokes.

"Make sure she spills all the beans from every hole. Don't forget us too." These words chilled the undercover's heart. Her body shivered unconsciously whenever she pictured herself in such a situation.

"I don't need your words. In the meantime, you can play with her roommate." The leader pointed at the woman who had sold out the prisoner in his hand.

"Sir... but you promised me..."

Pah!

"Did I allow you to speak? Know your place." The man huffed and focused on the prisoner. He hated traitors with wolfish ambitions.

Did she think she could manipulate him? In her dreams. This type of woman needed to know her place.

If not, teach her thoroughly until she learned her lesson. If it weren't for the information from her that aroused suspicion, he wouldn't bother with her.

Just a plaything. He would throw her away in disgust later. Taste the meal once, and be done... There were no shortages of beautiful women here.

The woman fell hard, covering her cheek with tears in her eyes. What was all that for? Instead of receiving protection, she was about to be tossed around.

The female undercover sighed and shook her head inwardly. Why bother?

The two men exchanged smiles and laughed evilly.

"Leave her to us. We'll entertain her properly."

Compared to the woman dragged away by the boss, this woman's attraction and temperament paled. She was still a stunning beauty with a wonderful figure. She should be very moist.

"No... don't..."

Pah. She received another slap and sniffled. She regretted deeply that she didn't read people clearly and had overestimated herself.

She didn't think her choice was wrong. Sooner or later, this would be her life if she didn't climb up. As for resisting, how could a weak woman who knew nothing about survival succeed?

At the same time, a small guilt engulfed a portion of her heart. From the men's discussions, 9 out of 10 times, this woman was an undercover agent. Perhaps she might have been her rescuer in the future. Was she wrong?

Chapter 569 Chaos

"Ah... It hurts," the undercover agent groaned as she was dragged out of the room by her hair. She pretended to struggle to stand up and hobbled along, ignoring the bully's laughter.

On the way, her situation attracted the gloating eyes of the men around her. There were some female staff members, but compared to the men, they barely deserved to be called a minority. Either they were playthings or solely belonged to more powerful men. As for why the undercover agent was staying here, that was a long story.

In short, she had been dragged here by the mercenary who was torturing her under various pretexts. She suspected that they wanted to use her as bait to capture her comrades.

"Hey, you..."

A voice drew her attention, as well as that of the mercenary holding her captive. Oh no, aren't those two her comrades? Damn it, won't their behavior expose themselves? Can't they just pretend? What kind of pig teammates are these? The undercover agent was speechless at her allies.

Although they had only met recently while attempting to find information about their two missing colleagues, people who served justice tended to unite. Due to an accident, the three had discovered each other during their search for the missing agents. Of course, she knew the two worked here, but her focus was currently on escaping.

However, anyone who knew her would be suspected and questioned. It wouldn't take long before these gang members dug deep and unearthed everything. Combining this with their cruel torture methods, no one could guarantee that they wouldn't spill anything.

In her opinion, the three of them were done for now. She couldn't pretend any longer. Naturally, her comrades should be aware of this too. It was now or never.

Before the mercenary or the men around them could react, she exploited their surprise and attacked violently, managing to set herself free. She struck the mercenary hard on the knee. He stumbled to the floor and was then kicked in the face again. Instinctively, he blocked the attack with his forearm.

As soon as he recovered, he shouted commands to those who were still dumbfounded by the sudden turn of events.

"What are you looking at? Get her!" He ran after the woman who dashed away, not forgetting to remind his men.

"Sir!" The surrounding men obeyed and chased after the woman who had managed to slip away. Since they were directly in front of the mercenary who had given them orders, they felt it was imperative to catch the woman who had escaped.

They understood that their leader was angry with their behavior. So, they needed to make amends.

At the same time, the mercenary didn't ignore the two people who seemed familiar with his captive. Yes, even though the woman had escaped, in his eyes, everything was due to negligence.

"And arrest those two as well."

"Yes, sir!"

The two, who were being watched by many, felt a chill run down their spines and fled the scene. All sorts of scenarios followed: they blockaded the path with furniture or other obstacles, knocked out any bystanders who slowed them down.

Some might ask, if they had pretended to be arrested, wouldn't they have made it out alive?

This wasn't a place governed by law. Only strength mattered here. The rest were nothing more than cannon fodder.

The system here followed the principle of "better to kill everyone than let one go by mistake" to the letter. The fate of the two who had fled, if captured and interrogated, wouldn't be any better than if their identities were discovered.

No matter what, the organization was ruled by violence. They never admitted to mistakes. Even though people knew many were innocent and wrongly implicated, it didn't matter one bit.

So, the two, who were a couple, frantically calculated their escape. However, the pursuers and the constrained environment brought negative results.

Somehow, the duo managed to lose their trail. The pursuers were puzzled after losing sight of the two runners. A few minutes later, when no hurried footsteps could be heard, a large cupboard opened, revealing the two people.

The same couple, wanted by the gang members. Both peeked their heads out and sighed in relief. The woman showed some shyness but quickly adjusted her mood.

Anyway, touching each other in a confined space was nothing. Although the man's hard organ had poked her sensitive spot, she brushed away any inappropriate thoughts.

The man wasn't much better off, excited yet unable to act on his feelings. His lips and tongue were dry. Never before had he imagined his partner-in-arms could be so attractive.

The duo evaded the gang's patrols and looked for a way out. Damn, the weather.

Meanwhile, their mood turned pessimistic as they calmed down and thought carefully. The rain increased the difficulty of their escape. Then there were the dogs around, which would hunt them nonstop.

It seemed like the best way was to accept their fate and wait for rescue. Headquarters had mentioned that someone would come and extract them, though the timeline remained vague for security reasons.

Should they allow themselves to be captured and face torture? Who would be willing to suffer? Not even the strongest willpower could accept being a fish on the chopping board.

In any case, their first priority was to try to hide as long as possible until rescue arrived. The bad weather could turn in their favor if they could exploit it. Of course, they should also arm themselves with firearms.

As for where to obtain a weapon, weren't they already in the right place? Meticulously and gradually, the duo evaded numerous gang members until they opened a door to hide in a room and found themselves face-to-face with one of their pursuers.

Both sides froze, and then immediately reacted. The lone gang member shouted, "Over here! Uhh..."

The man struck him in the throat and wrestled him to the floor, punching, hammering, and slapping him. The woman also rushed in, trying to find a way to help but was unable to participate for fear of attacking her friend.

She sensed another intruder sprinting towards them and hid near the threshold. As soon as the intruder entered, she caught him by surprise and threw him to the floor, knocking him out after kicking him in the temple. Another one came.

This time, perhaps hearing the commotion inside, he drew a pistol from his back. "Stop, or I'll shoot," he bellowed as he stepped in.

The woman jammed the pistol and quickly disarmed him. The gunman blinked in surprise at the sudden turn of events. One moment, he had been holding the weapon, and the next, it had vanished from his hands, like magic.

Then, the woman hurled him inside, slammed him against the wall, and kned him in the groin.

Her partner's eyes widened in fear. He even gulped and couldn't rise from his lying posture.

The woman, having dealt with two men, rolled her eyes and lifted him up forcefully. She grabbed the pistol from the floor and checked its state. Now, their confidence rose since they wielded a deadly weapon.

Bang! BANG!

The couple exchanged panicked glances. Gunshots had erupted. Soon after, rapid gunfire followed. They began to worry about their comrade who had fled alone.

A minute ago...

The female undercover agent had thrown off two pursuers by using the environment as a weapon. Catching them off guard, she had swung the thick wooden statue she was carrying at their heads. The entire floor went into chaos.

As she searched for an exit, despite her thin hope, her path was blocked by three men ahead. She knew that with the attention she had drawn, the possibility of her escape was very slim, but she persevered to give her comrades the slightest chance.

Taking a deep breath to calm down, she dashed straight towards the three men, who growled and took up postures to tackle her down.

On the narrow road, the brave won. As a trained operative, her close combat capability was top-notch. In a few moves, the three men were taken down easily.

She knew most of the men weren't well-trained, but if the numbers got too high, she might still be overwhelmed. Besides, the mercenary who was on her tail still frightened her.

Based on her knowledge and intuition, she was no match for that skilled mercenary. Either she needed to stay away from him or equip herself with a weapon to equalize the power. Otherwise, she would be subdued within seconds if she fought him.

Chapter 570 Breach. Breach. Breach!

Taking a deep breath, the woman didn't slow down as she advanced, ignoring the sneers of the three men blocking her path.

The first man lunged at her as if to throw her down with his weight and capture her easily. Hah, he thought too simply.

The woman sidestepped, grabbed, and dragged the man's forearm with one hand, while lifting another with the other hand. The man had no idea what had happened.

All he knew was that he flew, rotated 180 degrees in the air, and fell flat. It hurt too. Before he could think more, he was knocked unconscious.

A foot hung in the air behind the man's head before he dropped to the ground. The woman exploited the man's momentum to throw him and finished with a strong kick to the head.

The second man followed up with an attack. Even though his mind no longer dared to underestimate the woman, he couldn't react because he had already committed to a superman punch.

The woman was speechless at the sight of the man in the air. Which idiot taught him that being off the ground was the best move? His position and direction were already known, yet he couldn't correct them.

It was the worst move any martial artist could make toward a prepared opponent like her. She didn't even want to counterattack if not for her nemesis hanging behind.

She flung the man's arm and swung it against the wall beside her. Unprepared, the man hit the hard surface with his forehead.

To make sure she had eliminated the threat, she grasped his hair and slammed his head three times continuously without pause.

She didn't have time to release her grasp before she was hit on the arm, forcing her to take a few steps back to dissipate the energy. The third man was already attacking her, stomping on her arm as he swung additional punches.

The woman dodged with proficient footwork, each attack missing by just a few inches. The second man, now unconscious, slowly slipped to the floor. Only the third man remained a threat. She needed to act quickly.

In a few seconds, she managed to find an opening and landed a blow to his crotch. The man cringed and shouted in pain. As for how she knew he was in pain—what human ever cried without the slightest sound?

Taking advantage of the opponent's opening, the woman kned him twice in the temple. All three men were knocked out cold. Everything was over within half a minute.

Click!

The woman's eyes widened when she glanced at the sound. It was a pistol, dropped by the last man due to the ferocious movements.

Her lips curled up as she grabbed the firearm and checked its reliability. Magazine full. Bullet in the chamber, confirmed by the copper bronze after cocking the slide.

Thud! Thud!

Heavy footsteps suggested her pursuers were getting close. She quickly scanned the other two men for weapons but found none. It was her luck that none of them had threatened her with a firearm.

Otherwise, she might not have had the slightest chance to turn around. The woman dashed away, ignoring the three fallen bodies.

"Stop!" the chaser behind her roared.

She didn't bother to reply or glance back. She knew from the tone that her pursuer was the mercenary she wanted to avoid.

Soon, she encountered another blockade ahead. Only one man, but this time, lady luck didn't stay by her side. "Halt, you bitch! I'm gonna shoot if you don't stop!"

Like hell she would. It was death either way. The woman snapped the pistol up and fired twice, shocking her enemies. The first round missed, but the second hit the man's thigh. The third ripped through his shoulder.

The man's response was to glitch and squeeze the trigger. Bullets ricocheted across the hall. The woman twitched and fired a few more shots as she smashed into the closest room for cover.

Even from inside the room, the man kept firing. "Damn idiot! Don't shoot! Crossfire, you moron! Are you trying to kill me?!"

The mercenary's curse drained her blood away. She was now trapped. Although the situation sounded funny, her fate was sealed.

She peeked back through the doorway. Sure enough, the mercenary was hiding behind cover, avoiding friendly fire. It seemed the man still firing hadn't heard a thing.

Oh, if only she could hit her target accurately while on the move. But she was just an undercover agent, not a Tier-One special operator. The fact she had landed a few shots while sprinting was already impressive.

When the shooting finally stopped, the woman thought she had a chance. Wrong.

Another barrage of shots rang out, and bullets zipped past her. She had to pull back to avoid being injured by splinters and shrapnel. Her situation was dire.

Now, the shooter had become the mercenary. "You better watch yourself first! She's mine, my prey!"

Bang! Bang!

The mercenary poured rounds from his extended magazine, mercilessly, thankful that he had brought extra ammo.

In contrast, the woman pursed her lips in disappointment. She had already fired several bullets, which meant she'd run out of ammunition if she engaged again.

Just two or three more shots, and it would be game over. She retreated from the doorway, her body trembling in waves. Her chest heaved, but she paid no attention to it. Life and death were so close.

The woman steadied herself, ready to unleash everything once she saw an opening. This was it. She was locked inside, no allies, alone—the expected fate of a failed undercover agent.

Outside, the wild commotion stunned the Spirit Fox operators. The two teams paused, realizing shooting had broken out inside. Their minds raced, concluding that infighting was impossible—likely, an undercover operative was in trouble.

"Looks like it's a mayhem. We need to move fast. Kilo 5 will storm in from here," Kilo 5's leader radioed to the other team. "Recommend Kilo 6 move in from another entry and secure the floor."

"Understood. The gunshots seem to be from upstairs. Kilo 5, better search the stairs and move up. We'll clear everything from the ground and link up with you."

"Beautiful plan. Let's move." Kilo 5 signaled her teammates to stack on the nearest entrance while Kilo 6 rushed in search of another door.

"Deploy the jammer."

"Roger!" The signal jammer would prevent the chaotic situation from being reported. Although if the event took too long, the enemies might alert others through wired communication—but that would only happen if they reacted in time.

By the time they found a solution, Spirit Fox should have neutralized all the threats. As for why they hadn't deployed the jammer earlier, any sign of interference might have tipped off the enemy and jeopardized the mission before they secured several buildings, unlike now.

Bang! Bang!

Gunshots rattled endlessly. The battle had intensified. Kilo 5's leader frowned and reported just before storming inside.

"Kilo 5, requesting Zero to contain any squirts. Kilo 5 and Kilo 6 don't have overwatch."

"Go ahead, leave the rest to Zero." Tang Ziyi's confident assurance soothed their extra worries. "And don't forget to declare your presence. We don't want the undercover operatives shooting at us. It'll be a disgrace if you accidentally kill them. Restrain yourselves a little."

"Kilo 6 understood."

"Kilo 5, copy. Thanks. We're counting on you." Kilo 5's leader gestured to her subordinates. Breach. Breach. Breach.

The number one operator received the message and raised her powerful leg to kick the door in. No stealth like the former plan, no snooping around for the path of least resistance.

A direct, head-on assault. Pure violence to shock and awe. Overwhelm any resistance.

Boom!

With one kick, the entire door snapped and flew off, somehow slapping two men unconscious as it hit them.

Kilo 5 operators stormed in behind. What awaited them were dumbfounded stares, with fear clearly showing in some of the men's eyes.