

Beautiful 581

Chapter 581 Assault

Vroom! Vroom!

The guards at the checkpoint glanced over suspiciously at the source of the sound. Under the cover of lessening thunder, they were a little unsure if they heard right. After all, if there really was a car coming in their direction, they would definitely scold the driver.

Which idiot drove under heavy rain without headlights, especially at night?! This bastard must be educated.

They exchanged glances and confirmed they were listening to the same thing. One of them said with a slurred voice, "Oh, come on. We have to work under the rain. Hey, you, go and get yourself wet!"

The unluckiest guard was chosen to interrogate. While the others stayed under cover, he was solely responsible for being exposed outside. Cursing lightly to release a bad breath, he stood helplessly, withstanding the rain droplets.

Vroom! Vroom!

The sound came closer and louder. Damn it, he swore, he would make things harder for these two drivers disturbing his rest. He couldn't attack his senior, but he could bully the weak, right?

Sparks of lightning illuminated the oncoming vehicles. Black shadows loomed nearer. As for the headlights, he didn't pay too much attention. There were many similar vehicles, whose owners didn't bother to repair and maintain their belongings.

Cost was one issue, but the main reason was too much of a mess to take care of, particularly in areas not controlled by the government. Black markets to buy required materials.

Since fines weren't issued here, nobody bothered to ensure the vehicles' condition according to regulations.

Upon closer inspection, the cars didn't seem to slow down at all. He signaled with the torch. Those who usually passed through here should already know a checkpoint existed.

What welcomed him were more menacing engine roars. Flashes flickered nonstop.

Da. Da. Da. Da.

He felt several hammer strikes as he lost his balance and consciousness. His eyes witnessed with the remaining breath, the checkpoint riddled with holes. Bullets whizzed past above.

Glass shattered. Debris from the concrete walls filtered out, splashing around. Even panicked screams and groans erupted from the surprise attack.

Yes, they were under attack! Then, he could only feel his body temperature dropping rapidly and no longer move.

Onboard two pickup trucks, two turret gunners unleashed every round mercilessly—rapid, accurate, and deadly.

Da-da-da-da-da.

Spews of fire emitted from the hot muzzle as the gunners twisted their bodies to aim at the targets. The small post was reduced to nothing within 30 seconds.

The two cars merely slowed down for a more accurate gunning experience before accelerating again after observing no reaction from the post.

Through the NVGs, the operators saw bodies, piled together and unmoving. A few glances, then the vehicles sped away.

Compared to Kilo 5, 6, 7, and 8, Kilo 4 operated alone from the north avenue. In case they required more support, Kilo 9 and 10 were ready to intervene from containment roles.

After killing everyone at the checkpoint, the two technicals began to enter the vicinity of urban infrastructure.

On the way, they spotted two guards, rifles slung behind their backs, staying under cover to protect themselves from the rain; they seemed to be arguing loudly. Or it might be the culture to emphasize their emotions.

However, it wasn't long before their bodies stiffened and buckled. The wear and tear of the wall behind them along with the metallic symphony depicted what had happened.

The turret gunner released the trigger and scanned around. She had just wasted roughly 40 rounds of ammunition and decided not to squander wealth, even if she knew her backup had ample logistics.

Such was the exact thought in the minds of Tang Ziyi and Ling Qingyu, who were observing Kilo 4's entry.

They focused on the latter since the team went in solo compared to four other teams from the southbound.

Damn it, girl. Even if she was rich, please don't waste too much. With the high-quality aim honed and possessed by Spirit Fox operators, 10 rounds were sufficient. Now this girl had spent 4 times that.

Ling Qingyu shifted her scope toward the moving objects around Kilo 4 and alerted, "Ziyi, two suspicious vehicles, 9 o'clock. Moving fast toward Kilo 4."

Though she wasn't certain about the goal of the vehicles, their actions must be intended to scout and investigate their suspicions.

"Acknowledged," Tang Ziyi replied and patched through the radio. "Kilo 4, this is Kilo 0, be advised, two targets approaching from your 9 o'clock. They'll appear in your vision within several seconds."

"Kilo 4, copy. Thanks for the info."

Tang Ziyi complained, "Call me boss next time. Don't Ziyi me. What if someone spies on us and hears our identities?"

"Come on, stop hassling. Don't think I don't know what you're up to." Ling Qingyu rolled her eyes. "Besides, we'd be unworthy if we couldn't trust Athena's product."

"Kirin, this is practice. I'm doing this for your own good."

"Good, my ass, you just want me to call you boss," Ling Qingyu scoffed. "Or just change the code to something else."

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While the two bickered, the universe kept rolling its wheel of time. The forefront Kilo 4 turret gunners had her sight on the flank.

Approaching the intersection, two technicals slowed down and decided to confront the targets. Their mission was to assault, but the primary objective was to search and destroy.

Shock everyone with awe and get out before the enemies prepared a counterattack.

Turning right, the vehicles met two single headlights. Apparently, they were motorbikes, racing toward Kilo 4.

Two on each bike, with rifles on their backs. Clearly, they should never be innocent bystanders.

On sight, the turret gunner in the first vehicle pulled the trigger. Bursts of flames spewed out of the muzzle. Hot gas evaporated the droplets around.

Da. Da. Da. Da-da-da.

The other turret gunner provided cover for the first. 360-degree protection was held efficiently.

The passengers on the trunk weren't there for nothing. They covered the flanks and rear. No angles were given up.

Caught by surprise, two motorbikes slipped after bullets sieved through the bodies of the drivers and passengers. They couldn't even react.

The bikes skidded and tumbled on the ground. One of them exploded into a powerful fireball and struck the wall of a particular building. The night lit up in the eyes of Spirit Fox operators.

The front technical slammed away the bike blocking its path and continued.

Clang. Clang. Whish! Whish!

Tracers whooshed around the two technicals, a few hitting the armored trunk and hood, creating the sound of pebbles hitting metal.

By now, the explosion and gunfire should have attracted attention and could no longer be suppressed by the weather conditions.

Two turret gunners adjusted their aim and returned fire. Immediately, the enemies were suppressed. Incoming tracers turned sparse and dissipated.

The technicals sped up and followed the original layout. The gunners never ceased to withdraw firepower. Only when they passed through the suspected source of gunfire did they stop.

Several corpses lay helpless. A group of armed men, dead. There were a few running away from the vehicles but were mowed down by a machine gun.

The fierceness returned to quietness again as turret gunners searched for targets. The rest also scanned their muzzles and popped a few flashes on the dead bodies.

In several buildings, the rooms above switched off their lights. The impact had alarmed the entire block.

The two motorbikes were a response by the enemy to check on the previous checkpoint after hearing suspicious noises. Because the distance was a bit far and radio communication couldn't reach them, the enemy leader sent the scouts to relay messages.

Who would expect a normal check to turn hideous straight away? Their response was fine enough to instantly fire upon Spirit Fox operators.

At least they resisted and alerted many, not that Kilo 4 cared about secrecy. Compared to ordinary gangs in Province N, the armed men were more active and decisive.

Perhaps, the prior annihilation of the group in several residential areas was due to the poor quality of guards. Since the city housed important business areas and people, the guards were likely to be more elite.

The difference was noted and reported by Kilo 4 to every team. Just as the two vehicles rushed away, a figure stepped out of a hiding spot with an RPG, planning to surprise them from the rear.

One of the operators sitting on the trunk spotted him and fired. "RPG at 6 o'clock."

Accurate rounds landed in vital areas and incapacitated the threat. Despite being affected by the moving vehicle, the operator's accuracy remained relatively effective.

A joke. If she couldn't hit him within 30 meters' range while on the move caused by juggling motion after spending hundreds of hours shooting thousands of bullets, she would quit the job, even if Ling Qingyu, her boss, came to dissuade her.

Of course, if the boss really intervened, she would consider. Hmm...

Urban combat, where enemies could pop out of nowhere from a variety of angles. The operator witnessed the danger firsthand. If she hadn't been looking or paying attention, one of the technicals would have been blown up, and their Kilo 4 would have lost face in front of other sisters.

Given the protection level of Ling Qingyu's products, where operators survived even the closest C4 explosion, she didn't believe they would die from an RPG's projectiles and explosion.

Chapter 582 Assault II

The storm lashed down relentlessly, a continuous roar of thunder overhead masking the ominous rumble of approaching engines. Kilo 5, 6, 7, and 8 continued their rapid advance through the city, the steady drumming of rain on their vehicles creating a perfect cover for the assault. Most of the enemy forces were still unaware, only the commotion near Kilo 4's zone—a distant explosion—hinting at something wrong. But for now, the city remained largely unsuspecting, sheltered from the storm and the approaching violence.

No vehicles used headlights. Apart from the low growl of engines, nothing exhibited their presence.

Kilo 5, 6, 7, and 8 barreled through the urban streets, the rumble of their engines harmonizing with the growling thunder overhead. They moved together in formation, like a pack of wolves, their statures cutting through the dense sheets of rain. The storm worked in their favor—few civilians dared to venture outside, leaving only the unlucky guards to face the incoming assault.

As they approached a key intersection, the operators coordinated their split. Kilo 5 peeled right, Kilo 6 veered left, while Kilo 7 and 8 continued straight ahead. Each team maintained communication, ensuring no gaps in their assault pattern. They were entering hostile territory, and hesitation was not an option.

Kilo 5 gunned its engines, the lead vehicle smashing through shallow puddles, sending waves of water crashing against storefronts. Two turret gunners were positioned, their fingers already on the triggers. The moment they spotted movement, the sound of gunfire cracked through the air. Da-da-da-da! The spray of bullets splintered brick walls, shredded old signs, and ripped through guard positions before any return fire could even be mustered.

"Kilo 5 entering Sector A. Visual clear. Proceeding with assault," the radio crackled as Kilo 5 confirmed their arrival. The vehicles barely slowed as they cut through narrow streets, rain bouncing off the wet walls of buildings lining the alleyways. Civilians were scarce outdoors; the rainstorm had kept them indoors, and the thunder masked the deadly operation moving into their midst.

Besides, tourism in the rainy season didn't fend well, lowering the risk of civilian casualties. Not many tourists like visiting places in wet conditions, particularly for the wealthy ones who enjoyed luxurious services.

Kilo 6 followed suit, entering a sector just west of Kilo 5's position. "Kilo 6 moving into Sector B. Light opposition ahead. Engaging," the turret gunner in the lead vehicle announced as the first sporadic enemy presence appeared—a few guards braving the rain, none of them yet aware of the coordinated attack.

Da-da-da-da-da! The gunfire echoed through the rain-soaked streets, as the turret gunner in Kilo 6 quickly eliminated the threat, barely pausing as the vehicles continued at high speed. Behind them, bodies lay crumpled in the downpour, their weapons useless beside them.

Kilo 6 advanced down a narrow alleyway, the turrets swiveling like predators sniffing out prey. The sound of clanging metal and splintering wood echoed off the walls as a group of armed men emerged from a nearby doorway. The turret gunner didn't hesitate, opening fire as the enemy barely registered their presence. Muzzle flashes lit up the narrow street, reflecting off the rain-soaked pavement as bodies crumpled where they stood. Any notion of a cautious approach was obliterated by the sheer violence of the thunder run.

"Look at Kilo 6," Ling said, readjusting her scope. "They just plowed through two patrols, no hesitation."

Kilo 7 and 8 accelerated down the main boulevard, cutting through what little opposition remained on the wide-open road. A series of armed guards had scrambled to form a defense, setting up a roadblock with sandbags and crates. They barely had time to dig in when the first rounds from the turrets rained down on them. Bullets shredded the makeshift cover, and the heavy engine roars of the technicals drowned out their desperate cries. The two vehicles didn't slow down, smashing right through the wreckage without hesitation.

"Kilo 7, Sector C. No contact yet," came another update from the third team. The main boulevard remained eerily quiet, the only sound the splashing of water beneath the heavy tires of the technicals. They maintained their pace, focused on reaching key enemy locations, their mission clear: search and destroy.

"Kilo 8, Sector D. En route. Standing by for further intel." The southern advance had split, each team covering a different part of the city with ruthless efficiency.

On the hill across the distance high above the chaos, Tang Ziyi glanced at her tablet, the drone feeds providing a bird's-eye view of each team's progression. The black-and-white images flickered as the drones zoomed in on key areas, marking out positions of potential resistance.

Ling Qingyu and Tang Ziyi watched from their vantage point, their scopes following the chaos below. "They're moving too fast," Tang Ziyi remarked, her tone flat but approving. She scanned the streets, watching as enemies tried and failed to mount any sort of cohesive resistance.

"Kilo 4's noise still hasn't roused the hornet's nest fully," she said into the comms, her voice calm. "They won't know what hit them until it's too late."

Ling Qingyu, beside her, kept her eye on her sniper scope, scanning the surrounding areas for any unexpected developments. "Good. Let them stay in the dark a little longer," she muttered. Her scope shifted slightly to focus on Kilo 5's progression through Sector A.

"Kilo 5, this is Kilo 0, you have two enemy vehicles approaching your six. Keep moving, and be ready to engage," Tang Ziyi radioed to the lead team. She saw the confirmation flash across her screen as Kilo 5 adjusted its speed, preparing for a swift confrontation.

Meanwhile, Kilo 5's lead vehicle swung around a corner, encountering a small guard post. The guards—still unaware of the larger assault—stood lazily by, rifles slung over their shoulders. They hadn't seen or heard the thunder run approaching, their casual stance betraying their lack of preparation.

The turret gunner on Kilo 5 wasted no time.

Da-da-da-da! The guards didn't even have time to react as the rounds tore through their bodies, their rifles clattering to the ground as their lifeless forms hit the wet pavement. The technicals plowed through, not bothering to slow down as they crushed through the debris and bodies.

"Kilo 5, hostiles neutralized. Continuing through Sector A," the radio crackled, their tone steady despite the carnage.

Kilo 6 encountered slightly heavier resistance as they pushed deeper into Sector B. More guards, hearing the distant gunfire from Kilo 4's area, were starting to move, but the rain and thunder still played to Spirit Fox's advantage. As Kilo 6 sped toward their next objective, they spotted a small group of men hastily setting up a barricade at the end of the street.

The lead turret gunner of Kilo 6 grinned, twisting her body as she took aim. "Target locked."

Da-da-da-da-da! The burst of machine-gun fire shredded the barricade before the defenders even had a chance to fortify it. The wooden crates and sandbags splintered, bodies crumpling behind them as the technicals pressed forward.

"Kilo 6, no resistance left. Moving to next checkpoint."

As Kilo 7 and 8 pushed deeper into Sector C and D, they began encountering more patrols, but it was clear the enemy had still not fully realized they were under attack. A few stray guards tried to take potshots at the passing technicals, but they were quickly silenced by the devastating accuracy of the turret gunners.

"Kilo 7 engaging small group, southeast corner of Sector C. Neutralized. We're picking up speed."

"Kilo 8, same here in Sector D. Resistance light, no serious defenses yet."

Each technical was a whirlwind of destruction, advancing with unrelenting speed and firepower, their only concern to eliminate any opposition before it had a chance to organize. The rain and thunder were both a curse and a blessing—while the storm provided excellent cover, it also made visibility difficult. But the Spirit Fox operators were well-prepared, their NVGs cutting through the darkness and their training allowing them to adjust with precision.

In the midst of the chaos, Ling Qingyu and Tang Ziyi maintained their overwatch, always ready to intervene. "Two more vehicles on the move, 11 o'clock," Tang Ziyi noted calmly. She relayed the information through the radio, and Kilo 6 quickly adjusted its route to intercept.

Ling Qingyu watched the progress with a sharp eye, seeing the chaos unfold in real-time through her scope. She noted the pattern of bodies left in the technicals' wake, the rain quickly washing away the blood that splattered the streets. "They're making good time," she said to Tang Ziyi.

Tang smirked, adjusting the drone feed as Kilo 7 neared a more fortified position. "Better not slow down now. They're starting to wake up." She radioed an update to the teams. "Be advised, Kilo 4's noise is spreading. Expect heavier resistance soon."

As Kilo 5, 6, 7, and 8 tore through their respective sectors, they remained laser-focused, their thunder run taking its toll on the unsuspecting enemy forces. But with each passing minute, the enemy would become more aware, and soon, the real fight would begin.

Chapter 583 Going DARK

Directing everything from overhead, Tang Ziyi delivered vital information for the operators to respond.

All the targets, including civilians and gunmen, were clearly marked by the drones. Sophisticated computing technology, plus Athena's computation, provided real-time intelligence. No extra human work was needed. Tang Ziyi was enough to relay messages from Athena's conclusions. Many gunmen were neutralized before they could react by the Kilos, communications lost, disoriented from the Kilo teams' rapid advances, and utter violence with no mercy.

From above, through the tablet's screen, Tang Ziyi watched as several teams wreaked havoc and instilled chaos. Although the nighttime was the perfect moment to sleep, in a gambling city filled with debauchery, desire, and sin, night was the perfect cover to hide the evil inside humanity.

There was still some civilian activity. Fortunately, all Spirit Fox operators had honed their reaction skills to the maximum, making it very, very, extremely rare for them to mistakenly shoot an innocent person.

"Kilo 4, enemy technical ahead... *BANG!* ...eh... never mind. Scratch my advice." Tang Ziyi closed the call to warn Kilo 4 because a loud boom nearly shattered her eardrum.

It was Ling Qingyu who had opened fire, KSR-50, and ejected the yellow casing. Before she had time to speak, Ling Qingyu fired once again.

"Technical neutralized," said Ling Qingyu.

From the video feed, Tang Ziyi saw the technical plowing against the street wall, the driver's side window shattered. As for the enemy's machine gunner, his breath ceased to exist.

"Kilo 4 copied. Thanks for the assist," the Kilo 4 leader wiped her sweat and replied.

Although she trusted her turret gunner's marksmanship, she didn't think their group could eliminate the enemy gunner, especially when he had a metal sheet welded to the machine gun as cover.

As Kilo 4's pickup trucks approached the destroyed technical, the enemy's swinging DShK cannon drew gasps.

Of course, one of the operators took out her grenade, pulled the pin, and threw it onto the trunk of the technical while their vehicles kept moving.

The 'ball' bounced twice and exploded after a few seconds. The technical bounced a little, and all the windows shattered. The .50 caliber machine gun was blown to pieces.

The initial thunder run was a tremendous success, though the area of operation was on the periphery of the city.

"All Kilos commence another run. Let's shock our gigolos," Tang Ziyi sneered and gave the order.

The technicals made a turn and patrolled a different route in their allocated areas: A, B, C, D, E.

"Kilo 9 and 10?"

"Kilo 9."

"Kilo 10."

"Take over the nearest building and provide support for Kilo 4," said Tang Ziyi. "Athena, mark those transformers for me on the feed. We are going to cut their power."

"Understood, Aunt Tang." After Athena agreed, violet rectangles appeared on the video feed.

"Kirin, blow those transformers with your .50 caliber while our girls don't need our support yet."

"On it." Ling Qingyu chambered another round and began scanning for transformers she could see from her height.

Tang Ziyi guided several Kilos on their path according to her screen. The first transformer was blown to pieces by the turret gunner's relentless firing from Kilo 4.

The second was destroyed by two grenades thrown quickly from the speeding trucks. The third one followed by the fourth, and so on.

From afar, the first blackout happened in Kilo 4's zone. Blocks of buildings fell into darkness after flickering two or three times. Soon after, Tang Ziyi and Ling Qingyu saw similar results in other zones.

Like tides, the city succumbed to darkness, block by block. Of course, some places still retained electricity, but gradually, under the actions of all Kilos, darkness swallowed them.

Boom! Boom!

Ling Qingyu fired two rounds at a transformer she could see. Through her scope, sparks of fire glittered on the asphalt. She even imagined hearing the sizzling of electricity.

Naturally, these were her imaginations. But it was a stunning sight to see the brightest areas completely disappear, leaving only vague shapes under the starlight.

Any transformer she had in her sights, she kept shooting. Soon, the city lost its light, and even from satellite images, the light pollution dissipated.

"Kilos, we own the night. Going dark." Tang Ziyi declared the third phase: systematic assault and clearing operations. Her declaration met opposition from the enemy's generators.

She quickly forced Ling Qingyu to destroy these generators on the exteriors to preserve her dignity.

As a platoon leader, she wouldn't allow any disturbance that might ruin her prestige. Since she had said the darkness was theirs, no light was allowed.

However, the enemy dared to splash her face. Ling Qingyu smiled and obeyed. Though she wanted to see Tang Ziyi's jokes, she wasn't the one to ruin the bigger picture. However, some generators were indoors or unreachable from their current position.

Tang Ziyi continued commanding the operation, ignoring Ling Qingyu's grinning face.

After two thunder runs, the enemy began to react, particularly in the center, where security was extremely tight.

According to the original plan, each Kilo marched from the periphery. This time, no technicals rushed toward the enemies.

The storm had made visibility poor, with sheets of rain cascading down the streets, blurring the cityscape into a mess of muted colors and hazy outlines. The teams communicated via their encrypted radios.

Kilo 5, 6, 7, and 8 moved cautiously from the southern avenue, their vehicles advancing in a staggered formation, trying to minimize exposure as they entered the dense urban environment.

To avoid being overwhelmed, the convoy didn't separate as before. Two teams stuck together— Kilo 5 and 6; Kilo 7 and 8, though each team maintained some distance within the group.

Similarly, Kilo 4 marched in from the northern avenue. Same formation, but Kilo 9 and 10 were accompanying them this time.

As the vehicles slowly crawled, operators followed on foot on both sides, employing combined arms tactics with armored vehicles, heavy firepower, and infantry.

The formation projected might and power. A few individual tiny drones, like Country A's

Black Hornets

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, whirled and scanned the building interiors. The pilots sat on the trucks, investigating from the video feeds.

This step expedited the room-clearing procedure to search and destroy enemies, saving time and energy. If hostiles were found, the pilots informed the team leader, who then ordered a clearance straight toward the target.

The progress of each team was swift, but Kilo 4 was faster since the military faction provided additional manpower. Nevertheless, the team slowed down as more openings appeared against them.

The eerie quiet of the urban sprawl was unsettling. They knew the enemy could be hiding anywhere—in windows, behind cars, in alleyways. Every shadow could conceal an armed threat. The real horror wasn't just the enemy's position, but the civilians trapped in their homes, living their regular lives amidst the chaos.

The previous thunder run was different since the weather and nighttime cleared civilians' presence. Speed and aggression shocked their opponents.

However, their fast-moving, hard-hitting actions alarmed everyone. Civilians might panic and make a daring run, entering crossfire. Everyone knew another thunder run was impossible—first, because the enemy was already prepared, and second, because civilians could jeopardize everything. Perhaps those bastards wouldn't care, but Spirit Fox Operators did.

Any collateral damage was a stain for them. As elites, every sister took pride in accurate shots. Slight mistakes weren't tolerated in their culture.

Well, the boss and Tang Ziyi didn't care much, but it was still their insistence or creed. Actually, any special operations unit obliged the same creed as warriors, which also included the military faction and wolf members.

For those who committed war crimes as a special force, claiming they merely followed orders, every other special unit looked down upon them.

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Time passed after the sudden storming of Kilos.

Tang Ziyi observed from her overwatch position, her finger tracing the screen of her tablet. The three drones circled high above, providing a bird's eye view of the city. She could see the four teams moving cautiously through the southern sector, their thermal signatures glowing against the cold, wet streets.

"Ziyi, you see anything?" Ling Qingyu asked, her eye still trained through her sniper scope. She could feel the tension, the storm masking the sounds of combat, the rain distorting visibility.

Tang Ziyi zoomed in on the feed from one of the drones, her eyes narrowing. "Hold up. Kilo 6, you've got movement at your 3 o'clock. Two civilians, unarmed, moving between buildings. Check your shots."

"Kilo 6, copy. Civilians spotted. Switching to non-lethal engagement mode."

The lead vehicle of Kilo 6 rolled to a stop, and the team inside braced themselves. One of the operators slid out, keeping his rifle trained on the two figures while another activated a laser pointer, marking them for non-lethal containment. The civilians, drenched from the rain, appeared panicked and disoriented, clearly caught in the crossfire of something far bigger than them. Being painted by a strong laser beam was the ultimate deterrent.

"Get down! Hands where I can see them!" the operator shouted in an international language. The civilians froze, eyes wide, before dropping to their knees in surrender. The operator quickly approached, zip-tying their wrists and checking them for weapons. Once cleared, the civilians were escorted behind the vehicle, safe from potential firefights.

Who knew whether the gunman pretended to be panicked civilians to retreat toward their strongholds.

Things shouldn't go on or else people might get hurt, Tang Ziyi narrowed her eyes.

"Athena, send SMS to everyone here. Stay inside and stay away from the windows. Don't go out no matter what happen or what they heard for their safety. Warn them several times." Ling Qingyu immediately commanded her daughter.

"On the way! Done, Mom."

Tang Ziyi also praised Ling Qingyu's remedy. Psychological warfare, a strategic move.

. Of cuz, includes Drone Black Hornets

Two shock and awe, thunder runs. Afterward, slow clearance routine

Chapter 584 Ambushed

Kilo 7 was the next to encounter trouble. They approached a narrow alleyway, their vehicle moving slowly to avoid detection. Suddenly, a burst of gunfire erupted from a nearby building, the sound of automatic rounds tearing through the rain and slicing into the armored vehicle. Sparks flew as the bullets pinged off the steel.

"Ambush!" one of the operators shouted, her heart pounding. The turret gunner reacted immediately, swiveling the mounted PKM weapon toward the source of fire.

"Hold fire!" the Kilo 7 leader ordered, spotting movement in the corner of her eye. There, in the building across from the ambushers, a family cowered in their living room, children pressed against the window, watching in horror. One wrong move, and the crossfire could kill them.

"Kilo 7, this is Kilo 0," Tang Ziyi's voice crackled over the comms. "Check your shots. Multiple civilians in the adjacent building. Suppress only with burst mode. Control your aim."

The turret gunner gritted her teeth, wanting to unleash a barrage of fire, but she knew the rules of engagement were clear. Instead, she fired short, controlled bursts into the building's upper windows, keeping the enemy pinned down without risking the lives of the innocent family across the street.

"Kilo 7, shifting position," the driver announced, backing the vehicle into a more defensible spot behind a low wall. The gunfire from the enemy stopped as the ambushers retreated deeper into the building, unwilling to risk open combat against armored opposition. But the tension remained thick—there would be more, and the ambushers had home-field advantage.

By now, those curious civilians, attracted by the noise, had retreated inward, staying away from the windows. A few daring ones picked up phones to capture the rare sight.

However, the utter darkness would disappoint their interest. Lighting up a torch was a big no-no. Weighing the risks and the gains, most chose to retreat.

In all likelihood, the enemy had begun to react properly, utilizing buildings as cover and concealment to stage an ambush. Fortunately, there were mini drones to search nearby buildings, although some rooms blocked the tiny machines from flying in.

Kilo teams still needed their operators to check inside. Of course, the urgency of time forced the operators to march in a convoy—to engage when engaged.

Fortunately, most of the time, their mini drones were able to stealthily enter and identify targets, and two previous thunder runs disoriented the enemies so much that most were already on their way to fall back, believing that the attackers had breached from multiple fronts.

Burning transformers, generators, vehicles, and other signs showed that the enemy believed they were encircled.

Challenges in radio communication and the loss of collective leadership left groups leaderless, each defending their post or running away. Plus, with lights cut off except in the central area, it gave the illusion that they had lost control of a vast part of the city.

In fact, the opponents believed Kilo teams had achieved far more than they actually had. The quick progress by Kilo inflicted false beliefs, which benefited Spirit Fox.

In a way, the double thunder runs had poised a successful initial stage of storming the city. Still, while many enemies were eliminated or fleeing, a few had the guts to garrison inside buildings.

Kilo 8, positioned nearby, moved to provide support. They swung their vehicle wide, taking an alternate route to flank the enemy. "Kilo 8, preparing to breach. Mechanical only," their leader called out. With civilians still nearby, they couldn't risk explosives or heavy firepower.

Kilo 5, meanwhile, had their own trouble. As they advanced deeper into the urban zone, they were forced to slow down even more. The streets were littered with abandoned vehicles, and the narrow alleys created choke points perfect for ambushes. Their NVGs picked up movement inside a nearby shop. Through the dusty glass windows, they saw figures crouched low, trying to stay out of sight.

"Possible hostiles inside. Could be civilians," one of the operators whispered.

"Can't take the chance. We need to confirm," the Kilo 5 leader said. She signaled for two of her team members to approach on foot. The operators moved cautiously, keeping their weapons trained on the windows. One approached the door and pressed her back against the wall, glancing inside. Her heart raced, every second feeling like a lifetime.

Suddenly, the door burst open, and two men ran out, guns drawn. The operators had no choice. They fired, two quick shots to the chest, dropping the first man instantly. The second man hesitated, fear flashing in his eyes, before tossing his weapon aside and surrendering.

"Hostile down. One in custody," the operator reported. "No civilians inside. Area cleared! Request permission to continue clearing."

"Negative, send in the drones and scout around. Continue to roll on the road."

"Roger."

The terror of urban warfare was clear now. Every corner was a risk, every shadow a potential threat. And with civilians scattered throughout the war zone, the rules of engagement were tight. The teams had to balance the need for speed and aggression with the necessity of protecting innocent lives. One wrong move, and the mission could spiral out of control.

Above them, Tang Ziyi continued to monitor the situation, her drones giving her a clear view of the battlefield. She spotted another group of armed men moving toward Kilo 8's position. "Kilo 8, heads up. You've got tangos moving on your 9 o'clock. I count four, armed."

"Kilo 8, copy. Engaging."

The operators in Kilo 8 quickly repositioned, their vehicle sliding into an ambush point. They waited until the armed men were fully exposed before opening fire—precise, short bursts to avoid collateral damage. The firefight was brief, brutal, and efficient. The armed men never had a chance to react.

The enemy worked against the odds—no light, no vision, lack of preparedness, no leadership, and lack of supplies. Except for the sound of the engine growl that might convey Spirit Fox's position and minute starlight to assist.

Although cries, arguments, and scoldings erupted after the early successive explosions, people quieted down as tension drowned the city in disbelief. A battle had occurred.

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"Ziyi, I bet we'll need more sniper support than just us to gain an advantage," Ling Qingyu said.

"Nah, you're enough. Of course, I know you're right, but the mission is to search for our missing undercover," said Tang Ziyi. "We don't have enough manpower to fill every gap. We'll make ends meet, and besides, please trust your girls."

"Alright," Ling Qingyu shrugged. "And here we are, where we can shoot targets but have to hold our breath."

"If you'd like to experience whiplashes above our ears, you're welcome to do so," Tang Ziyi rolled her eyes. "Do not engage unless you have sight on important tangos."

What she said was right! They couldn't hide the muzzle flash of a .50 caliber sniper rifle, much less the sound, even if groans of thunderclaps continued rattling.

Exposing the sniper's location, just for the sake of small help, wouldn't do much. And the enemies also had snipers, who might cause additional havoc to the teams below if the duo lost their eyes for a while.

The duo dared not bet that the enemies didn't have their own snipers equipped well and modernized.

Even if they had a thermal imagery advantage, there were too many gaps for opposing snipers to suppress them. So, Ling Qingyu's shots must be calculated and meaningful.

At the same time, Tang Ziyi was waiting for the intelligence report from Kilo 1. This team had taken over the role of logistics and was investigating the missing agents' whereabouts—interviewing victims, interrogating gang members, and so on. Additionally, Athena was hacking and listening to the enemies' electronic devices to pinpoint their position.

Even though the current assault was to completely eliminate the syndicate gang, rescue was a priority here.

All hands would be loose only after the two missing agents were found and rescued. For now, they needed to keep up the pressure.

From Kilo 4's perspective, the accompanying Kilo 9 and 10 had huge questions about the firepower of the syndicate gang here.

The technicals driven by Spirit Fox raised alarms. The enemies were so well-equipped that the Toyota Hilux had been modified into armored fighting vehicles, nearly resembling or even surpassing the ones used by anti-cartel military and police forces in Country M.

Heck, "armed to the teeth" was an understatement. Big wheels, heavy armor linings, huge beam lights above for off-road navigation.

Luckily, the turret machine guns were the good old reliable PKMs. If these were replaced by .50 caliber machine guns or miniguns, they might pee their pants here.

The strong iron frames behind, on the trunks, provided comfortable and useful railings for support and loading stuff.

Because no Spirit Fox operators confessed that the technicals belonged to them or spoke anything about it, Kilo 9 and 10 from the military assumed the girls had snatched them from the gangs.

No one was dumb enough to expose everything and attract unwanted attention that might endanger their rare and kind boss. They reckoned, in this world, no one could provide the kind of support Ling Qingyu gave to them—dreams, honor, and a supportive team to survive a dangerous life and turn them into pros.

Chapter 585 Syndicate's perspectives

Strange noises were coming from afar, and the man thought deeply with suspicion. Perhaps the weather had affected the business here, as the busyness found on normal days was absent.

So much so that the noise level created by masses of people seemed more obvious, allowing him to hear a distant sound even though thunder and lightning waged above.

Clatter...Clatter.

Again, the man twitched his ears, annoyed. He didn't deny that he was a little more sensitive than others.

Looking at his subordinates, whose appearances were too deserving of a beating, he didn't want to admit he had trained these men personally.

Well, compared with the rest, they were capable—he admitted this aspect. But that was it; they were too proud and arrogant.

He couldn't help if a person's ambition didn't push them to progress in this profession. The man felt helpless too.

Competing with his friends, he wanted his men to excel. Yes, he was one of many mercenaries, invited and paid amply.

Clatter...Clatter.

Okay, now he really wanted to ask what was wrong with the sound coming from the north. Before he had the time to ask, his head quickly turned to the north.

Hell no, that was an explosion, no matter how muffled it seemed to be. Explosions could never lie to him. As a mercenary, he already knew how to discern various sounds that signified dangers and alerts.

"What's wrong in the north?" he crackled into his radio, but the reply was a continuous buzzing.

He tested several times and came to a deadly conclusion—someone was messing with them.

"Is there something bothering you, Boss?" His men asked, seeing his pale expression and the sweat on his forehead.

Clatter...Clatter...Da-da-da-da.

Damn, this time the sound came from the south and very close. The man's eyes bulged, and he screamed, "There are gunshots nearby. Prepare yourselves."

The rest of the men exchanged glances in confusion, but their bodies reacted instinctively, readying their weapons.

They naturally heard the gunshots, but the reality hadn't registered in their minds. Nobody dared to attack this city; even the government officials of this country had to give face in front of them.

The mercenary stared in the direction of the fast-approaching vehicles and engine roars.

"Men, prepare for defense! Stay behind cover." He cocked his rifle's bolt and aimed down the sight. His subordinates mimicked his actions. "Fire!"

Upon sight of two shadows, dangerously looming toward him, he barked his orders and pulled the trigger repeatedly.

Sparks pinged off the moving vehicles, and bursts of fire responded to their challenges. Multiple sonic booms whizzed past him.

He even heard the sound of flesh being torn apart and saw multiple subordinates twitching as bloody dust fanned out of their bodies.

His breathing quickened at the unexpected event. He had the initiative, but his group still lost.

Damn accurate machine-gun fire. The opposition subdued his group in one round of engagement.

A few surviving subordinates fled to both sides of the alleyways. He couldn't stay here alone and followed, not forgetting to roar, "Keep up the pressure! Keep firing."

Everyone shot at the passing vehicles, but more men went down. This time, they saw the culprits—enemy advanced, sophisticated technicals.

The vehicles passed by, and the turret gunners above managed to mow a few more of them down.

Fortunately, they survived, not knowing the true reason for their survival was that the enemy intentionally ignored their existence to focus on their objectives and not waste time.

The enemies weren't simple, not even ordinary soldiers. Or was it a group of mercenaries attacking the city?

Listening carefully, his surroundings were filled with gunfire and explosions. He and his men were at a loss—no communication, no news, and no commands from the top.

He felt like they were alone, stranded, and that the entire city had fallen. Of course, as an experienced fighter, he knew this outcome was impossible, but his thoughts were still in a negative direction.

Not only him, but every member of the gang also felt surrounded and abandoned. If not for the central area remaining strong and unaffected, they might have collapsed.

"Let's go. Try to avoid them and group up with others." He could only give the order. Somehow, he felt the enemy's tactics seemed familiar.

No, he was definitely familiar with it. The more he contemplated, the more it became clear. Oh, wasn't this the tactic exploited by Country A during its invasion of its opponent's capital city to dethrone the dictator?

Exploiting the gaps in the enemy's intelligence and unpreparedness, solely focusing on speed and aggression to demoralize the fighting will.

There was still a chance for a comeback, he reaffirmed his confidence. Although he had no idea about the manpower of the enemies causing chaos in the city, as long as they could stabilize internally, they should win.

They managed to survive the initial stage by luck; fate was on their side.

...

Amidst the sudden explosions and gunfire, the gang members in the central area were a little slow to react, but the addition of mercenaries quickly led them to set up a defensive formation and shrink the circle.

According to visual observations, it appeared that the periphery was now under the control of the attackers.

The attackers' methods were too high-end and vicious to the core. From the top to the bottom, the organization's strength disappeared completely.

The warlord disliked independent grouping, so none of them were trained to operate in a decentralized manner, apart from a few mercenaries.

Till now, no one knew the strength of the attackers or their identities, including the reason behind the attack since the gang shouldn't have offended anyone.

Of course, these topics were heavily discussed among the upper echelon.

Elsewhere, inside a certain room in a particular building in the central area.

The electricity was switched off on purpose, even though the generators were still running. Those houses not connected to the elite system stayed in the dark.

Although the transformers here weren't hit, since they were connected to a specific destroyed one in series, electricity no longer flowed here.

Two men, one pivoted on a sniper rifle, an AWP Magnum, scanning through the open window, covered with a blanket. His eyes were peeled to the scope, which could be seen through the tiny opening.

Another, near the other window, in a similar scenario. A blanket covered him, exposing a small hole so his scope could poke through and scan outside properly. He leaned against the wall, perpendicular to the scope, perfectly hiding his figure from the window.

From their attire and clean methods, the duo were a veteran sniper team. Staying indoors, they minimized their signature, temperature, and exposure.

Even thermal equipment wouldn't be able to detect the two clearly. As soon as the firefight began outside, they sprinted to an appropriate location to defend.

However, a loud blast from the enemy's heavy sniper fire changed their goals. The duo remained patient, ignoring the panicked cries, explosions, and gunfire to track where the attacking sniper team was.

Based on the sound, they managed to pinpoint the general direction. Now, the two observed carefully.

Compared to the weak gang members, as mercenaries, they were also well-equipped. For instance, the sniper and his spotter were using thermal scopes to scan the horizon, locking in positions the attacking snipers might use.

"Hey, like I said, after two quick storming attempts, our opponents returned to conventional assault. I can pick off at least two in the marching formation," the sniper grinned.

"Focus on our goals. Priority is to eliminate the sniper. Two little foot soldiers are nothing here," his spotter replied.

"I know, I know, you're really annoying," the man sighed.

"We only have a round or two advantage. After that, we'll also be exposed to the enemy's sniper. Who knows if there's only one watching the city?"

"But we still haven't found them yet."

"They could have moved after sniping."

The two went silent. If the enemy sniper team had moved, they were in trouble too. The sniper asked, "Are we searching in the wrong direction?"

"I don't think so..." The spotter hadn't said much before the familiar sonic boom and impact rattled their vision.

"Seems like they haven't moved, what a relief," the sniper smiled coldly.

The spotter noticed something. "Look at your 10 o'clock. 800 meters away. I see a heat signature."

"Found it. Hmm, it's a bit too small to be human, right? Is this sniper a fool, lighting a cigarette?"

"No, man, I think it's a small exposure due to carelessness. They're definitely skilled at hiding among the terrain, even deceiving our thermal scopes," the spotter explained. "Luck is on our side. His barrel is heating up from the previous gunshots."

"We aren't sure if we're looking at a human yet."

"Roughly 60 percent. We can wait to confirm."

"That's enough. Let's do it!"

The sniper racked the bolt and adjusted the telescope, doping the distance and mils. The spotter read out the variables aloud.

It was really inconvenient without electronic assistance. Every mercenary complained bitterly about the enemy's superior electronic warfare.

After hearing his partner's words

, the sniper controlled his breathing and squeezed the trigger.

Boom!

Chapter 586 Small heart-racing duel

Whizz! Crack!

Ling Qingyu flinched and glanced instinctively toward the sound. "What's that? Something cracked!"

Tang Ziyi naturally understood what happened and roared, "Get your ass down the slope. Conceal yourself from the horizon!"

She wasn't too worried, but letting someone get shot in front of her, even if the person wouldn't receive any injuries—heck no.

Ling Qingyu shrank, and the moment she moved, the last exposed place witnessed the smack of being hit by a fast projectile. She saw the very grass she leaned on splinter into pieces. "Damn, Ziyi. I really didn't sign up for this, you know. You dragged me here."

Two shots. The enemy sniper dialed in very rapidly and landed quite an accurate shot, though a little far from where Ling Qingyu was prone.

"Yeah, yeah. Stop quibbling. You're alive. With so many safety measures here, I have no idea why you're frightened."

"Are you kidding me?!" Ling Qingyu almost cussed. This was her first experience of getting shot at, and it was very close to death.

Compared to Spirit Fox operatives, who had great trust in their equipment, Ling Qingyu didn't. She hadn't undergone trust-issue drills where they shot at each other with real bullets.

"Come on, you know the bullet can't penetrate our armor," Tang Ziyi shrugged.

"But I have my eyes exposed," Ling Qingyu pointed at herself. "You know in those movies where a sniper gets killed by a bullet passing through a telescope?"

"Bullshit, that's a movie. We shoot at any exposed area and vulnerable spot. Nobody will waste time trying to aim at a tiny scope radius, the size of an eyeball, from a distance. Or are you going to believe that sniper duels end with two bullets smashing against each other?" Tang Ziyi responded sarcastically.

"Can't they?"

"F**k you." Tang Ziyi slapped her forehead. "Even if the bullet managed to hit the scope by luck, believe me, I've designed and reinforced our scope so it has anti-ballistic capability."

"Whew, that's better. You should have said so earlier." Ling Qingyu patted her chest in relief, only soliciting a contemptuous glance from her partner. She didn't mind the mockery. Everybody was terrified of dying. "What do we do next? I think they can see us at night."

"Of course, thermal vision. Pure night vision won't hone in on us so easily," Tang Ziyi agreed.

Ling Qingyu crouched low behind the slope of the hill, a few meters away from Tang Ziyi, peering through her scope with calm focus. The muffled roar of explosions and machine-gun fire echoed throughout the war-torn streets below.

Raindrops splattered against her scope's lens, making her blink as she wiped it quickly with her sleeve. Tang Ziyi, lying prone as well, adjusted her tablet to observe the video feeds from the three drones above.

"Still nothing," she whispered. Her eyes darted across the horizon, scanning the rooftops and broken windows from afar after slightly exposing her head enough to peel a periscope, analyzing the possible enemy sniper's location. "These guys know how to hide. They aren't green for sure."

Ling grunted in acknowledgment. They were being suppressed, pinned down by an unknown sniper team that had caught them off guard. The mercenaries had the advantage of the first sight—firing the first shots and forcing them into cover.

Her heart raced as she thought back to the sudden boom of a high-caliber rifle that had almost taken her head off moments earlier.

Tang Ziyi's calm and organized communications washed away her panic. Otherwise, Ling Qingyu wasn't certain she could control her instinctive fight-or-flight response.

"We're in a bad spot," Tang Ziyi muttered. "They're dug in, and we don't know where they are. I can't see a damn thing."

The mercenaries had clearly been waiting. They occupied a good spot amidst so many possible urban infrastructures to host them, with thermal scopes and the advantage of first sight.

It was only by sheer reflex that Ling had avoided the first shot. They hadn't taken out any of her team yet, fortunately, but the mercenaries had them pinned, adamant on eliminating the duo.

Ling Qingyu knew they were being hunted. Every time she peeked out, another shot cracked through the air, forcing her back into cover. The enemy sniper was good—calculated, patient. It was a deadly game, and for now, Ling Qingyu was losing.

"Patience. You better change your spot and hide your figure."

"Why don't you help me?" Ling Qingyu was exasperated. This bastard stayed clear out of sight, wanting to see her struggle.

"I'm calculating everything inside my head, okay? Plus, I think you can handle them. Remember to move slowly."

Ling Qingyu shook her head but followed Tang Ziyi's advice. She adjusted her mindset and maneuvered around.

Tang Ziyi kept scanning, muttering numbers as she calculated possible distances and angles. "Ten o'clock, rooftop, 700 meters. That could be them."

Ling slowly inched her scope toward the direction, but as soon as she adjusted her aim, another sonic boom whizzed past her, forcing her to duck back.

"Damn it," she hissed. "We've got to flush them out, or we're done. I'll change my spot again." She crawled close to the ground, minimizing herself.

Tang Ziyi stayed calm. "We'll get them. They're shooting blind too. It's a matter of patience."

Patience. The word gnawed at Ling Qingyu. She hated being reactive, but right now, they didn't have a choice. Every shot the mercenaries fired was from a position of dominance, and they were just playing defense.

"Got a heat signature," Tang Ziyi said, her voice suddenly sharp. "Ten o'clock, 800 meters, small—probably their barrel heating up."

If Ling Qingyu couldn't handle them, Tang Ziyi would snipe to help. They found the enemy's location.

Ling Qingyu exhaled, steadying her hands as she aligned her scope. There, in the distant gloom, was the faintest glint of heat. It wasn't much, just a brief slip-up from the enemy sniper, but it was all she needed.

This time, the enemy didn't hit her or suppress her. She somehow stayed out of their sight, hiding her presence. The hunting game reversed.

"Still can't confirm it's them," Tang said. "Could be bait."

Ling's finger hovered over the trigger. She waited, her breathing slow and controlled. The rain pattered against the ground, a constant drumbeat in the tense silence. Then, she saw it—just the slightest movement.

"I'm taking the shot," Ling said quietly, and without hesitation, she squeezed the trigger.

The loud boom of her KSR-50 barely registered over the storm. Through the scope, she watched the bullet sail toward its target, a brief flash of light in the rain-soaked gloom. The faint outline of the heat signature vanished.

Immediately, she ducked back, cranking her rifle up as she withdrew her body. Sure enough, a similar whizz and splash of dirt popped where she just was.

Even if she trusted her equipment a little, nobody liked the feeling of a sledgehammer traveling over the speed of sound.

"Got him," Tang Ziyi confirmed. "One down."

Ling Qingyu wasted no time. She rose again and shifted the aim slightly, adjusting for the other sniper she knew would still be out there. The mercenaries had been good—too good to leave only one shooter.

"Keep your eyes peeled," Tang Ziyi said. "They're not done yet."

Ling Qingyu repositioned, now with a better understanding of the enemy's tactics. They had been caught off guard initially, but with one sniper down, the balance was tipping in their favor. Tang Ziyi kept scanning, calling out adjustments to her aim.

"There!" Tang Ziyi barked suddenly. "Nearby the eliminated tango, moving away—probably the spotter! He's escaping."

Ling Qingyu zeroed in on the new heat signature, tracking it as it darted between covers. It was a quick, desperate movement. The spotter had realized his partner was down and was trying to relocate, and Ling could sense the panic.

"I see him," she whispered, and without hesitation, fired again.

The bullet hit and collapsed the wall. However, the shot pierced the obstacle and landed on the target behind it.

This time, the result was immediate. The figure collapsed, sprawling out into the open, exposed. Ling Qingyu squeezed the trigger again. The second shot found its mark, finishing the target.

"Confirmed kill," Tang said, a grin on his face, praising Ling Qingyu's superb calculation, even though the two couldn't clearly see the running figure. This girl had learned from her last time.

Ling Qingyu allowed herself a brief moment of satisfaction. The tide had turned quickly, and they had wiped out the mercenary sniper team. What had started as a battle of attrition, with the enemy holding all the cards, had now ended decisively in their favor.

The thrill and stakes involved made her feel addicted. "Any more?"

"Unlikely. From the first engagement, I reckon that's it. They had the first shot, the first sight," Tang said, shaking his head. "But they never accounted for us, eh? Pity, we own the first blood."

Ling grinned. "Got to admit. You love a good comeback."

"Sure do, you did brilliant." Tang Ziyi smiled.

Ling Qingyu nodded, wiping the rain off her rifle once more. "They were good," she admitted, "but not good enough."

"Damn, you never change, huh. Narcissist as always." Tang Ziyi smoked back. "I guess our higher caliber saves the day. Our bullets travel faster than theirs."

"Hmm.." Ling Qingyu pondered and agreed. "Otherwise, I won't even have the opportunity to duck back and avoid the bullet's trajectory."

"As always, you can't deny our luck. Luck is part of our strength. It's their fault that they didn't manage to hit you on the first try."

"You really want to see me, buckled away down the slope, do you?" Ling Qingyu's eyelids twitched as she complained at Tang Ziyi's anticipated tone.

Chapter 587 Fast & Furious 1

"Let's switch places. Our position is exposed," Tang Ziyi suggested. "Though Athena has successfully interfered with their communications..."

She was cut off by Ling Qingyu. "Understood. We better move, then. I don't want to experience the thrill of so many projectiles whizzing past me."

"Oh, baby," Tang Ziyi smiled, causing her partner to get a lump in her throat. The way she addressed her heightened the tension even more.

Something must be amiss if Tang Ziyi suddenly turned warm and used honeyed words. Ling Qingyu had PTSD, and as expected.

"Fret not. We'll make sure our adventure is worth it. You'll smell fire, metal, and blood, and walk through everything with me," said Tang Ziyi.

"Please don't," Ling Qingyu begged, but Tang Ziyi raised her hand and listened to the communication channel.

Something serious must be going on, as Tang Ziyi immediately transformed her expression.

"Alright, seems like you have no choice," Tang Ziyi shrugged.

"What do you mean?"

"We've got intel on our missing agents. You and I will be revving straight toward the goal to extract them."

"Just the two of us? Can't the girls handle it?" Ling Qingyu frowned.

"Unfortunately, no. I mean, they are in proper danger now and can't wait for the technicals to breach through multiple blockades in the center."

"Oh, so the agents are captured in the center?"

"Correct." Tang Ziyi gestured for Ling Qingyu to hurry up. "We better move. I'll explain everything later. You'll drive the bike since you're more skilled than me. I'll ride from behind and shoot."

"Are you serious? Really?" Ling Qingyu couldn't believe she had to risk herself again.

"Please don't make that face, darling," Tang Ziyi glared and huffed. "I've protected you perfectly from all angles. Remember—learn to trust yourself and your equipment. I promise, I won't force you to do anything. Don't let anything leave you with regret."

Ling Qingyu's lips parted slightly. Tang Ziyi was right. She had everything and was well-protected. With all the advantages, if she didn't participate, though she might not have regrets, she could still learn something.

"But won't I mishandle things and cause you trouble?"

"You think you could, or you might?" Tang Ziyi asked. "I didn't see any mistakes during your escape from the bank heist. I need you here. We two are different from the girls. They only got in touch with the sutra recently, and it's not as deep as ours."

"Then, let's go." Ling Qingyu agreed, thinking Tang Ziyi might have other reasons for wanting her to join. She dared to speculate that if she insisted on refusing, Tang Ziyi could go solo.

"Take my bike. Don't worry, I'll let our girls redirect their assault. Not to mention, Athena will take over and remedy our situation if needed. We have everything fully covered." Tang Ziyi smiled and hopped off the grass, sliding down the slope. Ling Qingyu followed, removing a bike as well as unnecessary weapons.

Now, the sniper rifles were gone, with only the HK416 and HK417 remaining in their hands. Ling Qingyu swung her leg over the dirt bike and started the ignition.

Tang Ziyi jumped onto the back and hugged her teasingly. Ling Qingyu smacked away the wandering hand and scolded her, eliciting laughter.

She pulled the throttle, and the bike launched like a rocket. Its front wheel lifted off the ground, scaring Tang Ziyi.

The latter knew Ling Qingyu did it on purpose and wasn't angry. Only the corners of her lips twitched, but she wasn't to be outdone.

Tang Ziyi screamed like a little girl on purpose and stretched out her claws toward Ling Qingyu's chest, trying to pull their two bodies together.

Tang Ziyi's squeal almost threw Ling Qingyu off balance. Never had she witnessed such behavior from her before.

For the first time, Tang Ziyi showed a girlish side—of course, if only someone wasn't committing sexual harassment.

Ling Qingyu rolled her eyes and drove seriously. Round one—a draw.

Expertly maneuvering over uneven terrain, Ling Qingyu ensured the ride was smooth. Her five years of nonstop practice weren't for nothing.

Tang Ziyi flashed a thumbs-up inwardly and sighed. Sometimes, even geniuses had to kneel in front of people openly cheating.

What? In the face of strength, all conspiracies and tricks are nothing? Come on, someone please argue against her, in the presence of Ling Qingyu.

Look at this showoff, drifting without a sweat on muddy terrain. Tang Ziyi cursed inwardly and wondered if being gifted made her lose her opportunities.

Fortunately, neither Miss System nor Ling Qingyu was paying attention to her thoughts. The former would roll her eyes at the wishful thinking.

The latter would surely stage an accident to embarrass Tang Ziyi. Who in the world proudly proclaims themselves a genius?

Soon, the bike exited the off-road terrain and reached the city's outskirts, passing through the already chaotic streets.

Pure darkness, no light, no people—except for the very few who dared to venture out because they really needed to.

So, nobody paid attention to the presence of the duo, as apart from the whine of the motor, the bike didn't alert anyone else.

Like a breeze rapidly dashing across the field, Ling Qingyu and Tang Ziyi weren't detected.

With the help of night vision devices, Ling Qingyu drove past a few enemies. Tang Ziyi restrained herself from killing them to maximize the surprise as much as possible.

Ling Qingyu encountered small groups, numbering from two to eight, multiple times.

Perhaps it was because Ling Qingyu chose a direct route to her destination, avoiding the main roads where Spirit Fox had the absolute advantage and relative control, that so many gang members appeared in her vision.

These members didn't realize they were alive due to sheer luck. Although Tang Ziyi could kill them without alerting anyone, and with Athena controlling the communication channels, both were unwilling to compromise their stealth.

The reason why Ling Qingyu never got lost, no matter the turns and changes in the route, was due to her mini-glasses, similar to protective eyewear.

Since Tang Ziyi and Athena could come up with AR technology in ballistic visors, this shouldn't be a surprise.

A mini-map in the corner helped Ling Qingyu navigate. Of course, the gang members didn't always appear far away, allowing Ling Qingyu to proceed without hindrance.

There were instances where the bike drove very close to these men, prompting outcries of surprise.

"What in the world? Who's there?!"

"Damn, my eyes aren't deceiving me, are they?"

"Nope, you and I really saw something flash past us."

"Is it the enemy?"

"No idea. If it was, we'd already be dead."

"Idiots, that's just an electric bike."

"Damn it, which idiots dare to drive around during chaos? It can't be us, gang members. Don't they have any fear? What if we shoot them?"

"Who knows? They're too fast. They might be in panic mode."

"Guys, focus on regrouping. We lost communications."

"Let's go."

Tang Ziyi was too far away to hear their conversation. Otherwise, she might not have hesitated to tell Ling Qingyu to turn around and show them why flowers are red.

Naturally, Ling Qingyu wouldn't choose to go head-on. What difference would there be between Tang Ziyi shooting them down and her behavior?

In fact, the reason Ling Qingyu's bike passed so closely was because of the urban structure. Just as she drove through an alleyway, she managed to speed off in front of gang members running from another alleyway perpendicular to hers.

Minutes later.

Sometimes, when something was meant to happen, it did. Ling Qingyu's bike drew eyes. Perhaps a nearby small light source illuminated the duo's shadows.

An outcry reverberated. "Hey, stop! Who are you?! I said stop, or we'll shoot!" The gang members planned to rob the vehicle, thinking they were civilians fleeing the scene.

However, Tang Ziyi responded swiftly. She snapped her HK416 over Ling Qingyu's helmet and pulled the trigger in the direction of the sound.

Pap. Pap. Pap. Pap. Pap. Pap.

Double tap. Six shots, all of them landing on the heads of the trio who shouted at Ling Qingyu and Tang Ziyi.

The latter's accuracy impressed Ling Qingyu, who calculated the scenario if she replaced Tang Ziyi.

It was impossible to shoot so accurately at such high speed, especially with potholes and bumps that Ling Qingyu tried to avoid while maintaining speed.

The now-lifeless bodies fell, saluting Ling Qingyu's path. Their cries and Tang Ziyi's suppressed shots caused alarms.

After all, suppressors were meant to tone down the sound of gunfire, not silence it completely. The HK416's 5.56 rounds, even suppressed, still produced some noise.

Combined with the thuds of falling bodies and the previously ongoing chants that had suddenly stopped, suspicion quickly arose among the men nearby.

Murmurs erupted, but these were none of the duo's concern. Tang Ziyi manipulated her weapon and opened fire, not bothering to hide.

More bodies fell, and the gang members exclaimed, no longer suspicious, "Enemy attack!"

"Where?! We don't want to shoot each other!"

"Shoot in the direction of the noise!"

"But I can't hear anything!"

"Just do it!"

Several men, alive, returned fire. They couldn't determine Ling Qingyu's and Tang Ziyi's whereabouts. Burst of sparks lit up in the narrow street before they died down rapidly after a few seconds.

Chapter 588 Fast and Furious II

Exploiting the advantage of night capability, Tang Ziyi opened fire from above, leaning against Ling Qingyu.

Every bullet went straight toward the target—no waste, full and deadly efficiency. Bodies fell as the bike overtook their position, depicting the cruelty and speed of Tang Ziyi's actions.

In front of the dirt bike, all threats were neutralized. Tang Ziyi scanned for a while before sitting back down.

She didn't think her leaning against Ling Qingyu would cause trouble for the latter. Ling Qingyu had long overturned the concept of a normal human being.

Her weight meant nothing, and Ling Qingyu's skill, bolstered by cheating, didn't disappoint when driving.

Indeed, Ling Qingyu kept her balance without the slightest disruption and continued driving smoothly over several obstacles.

Suddenly, a loud bellow and a shadow rushed toward the bike. Tang Ziyi had no time to switch and aim at all—too close and too fast.

The figure seemed adamant about using his body to crush the speeding bike. Tang Ziyi could only respond with a belated reaction to the unexpected attack. "Careful!"

Ling Qingyu's frosty eyes glanced at the figure; her mind raced, and her limbs weren't slow.

She stretched out her arm and panned the figure's grappling forearms, then reached for his neck. Choking it with a powerful grip, Ling Qingyu lifted the figure and carried him along.

The figure froze as his feet wiggled and his arms struggled to free himself. Ling Qingyu increased her grip and saw a protruding wall along the way.

Like a charging knight, she slammed him against the wall at full speed and bolstered away. Even the sound of soft flesh being squashed didn't change her expression.

On the other hand, Tang Ziyi's lips were agape. Her movements slowed down. She hadn't even made a move, and Ling Qingyu had already solved it in a barbaric manner—strong, ruthless, and damn quick!

The sheer brutality Ling Qingyu exhibited made Tang Ziyi wonder if they had traveled through time to the medieval era.

Perhaps the only thing missing on Ling Qingyu was shiny plate armor and a valiant horse underneath.

"Damn girl! I didn't expect you to solve it like that." Tang Ziyi laughed from behind.

Ling Qingyu shrugged. "Very simple, isn't it, eh?"

"I was thinking of providing help in other ways, but I forget in a flash that our strengths are no longer the same." Tang Ziyi blamed herself a little. "As expected, a new generation is needed for new thoughts."

"You'll adapt very soon. I believe you'd behave the same if you were to replace me. After all, people in peril and dire straits will always find a method from a new angle." Ling Qingyu comforted her.

Her words quelled Tang Ziyi's emotions. The latter patted Ling Qingyu's shoulder in praise. "Anyway, you're capable—like a Valkyrie."

"A Valkyrie."

Ling Qingyu gripped the throttle hard, the engine of the dirt bike roaring as they shot down the narrow alley. The wind whipped across her face, adrenaline spiking. Tang Ziyi clung to her back, HK416 at the ready, her eyes scanning for threats.

"Incoming left!" Tang Ziyi's voice crackled in her earpiece. Without hesitation, Ling Qingyu veered right, skidding hard, the back tire kicking up dirt and debris. Bullets whizzed past them, pinging off the walls and smashing into dumpsters behind them.

Tang Ziyi leaned into the curve, twisting her body to take aim.

Pap. Pap. Pap.

The suppressed shots echoed, precision in each squeeze of the trigger. She didn't miss—five men dropped like stones, heads snapping back as they crumpled to the ground.

The previous loud engagement had alerted everyone in the vicinity, particularly the numerous gang members, as the duo got closer to the inner circle.

The alley was alive with chaos now. Shouts erupted, doors burst open, and more gang members flooded the streets.

"Hang on!" Ling Qingyu shouted, wrenching the bike's handlebars to the side and throttling forward, the front wheel lifting off the ground as they rocketed toward the opening.

"They're blocking the road!" Tang Ziyi called out, her eyes catching a blockade up ahead—makeshift barriers with vehicles and armed men.

Ling Qingyu didn't slow. She sped up. The bike screamed as they barreled toward the obstacle. Tang Ziyi braced herself, knowing what was coming. "You're insane!" she laughed, her hands gripping her rifle tightly.

Just before impact, Ling Qingyu yanked the bike sideways, skidding it in a controlled drift. Sparks flew as the metal scraped concrete, sliding between two cars. Tang Ziyi opened fire mid-drift, her HK416 spitting death into the gang members. Pap-pap-pap. Headshots, center mass—none of them had a chance.

They cleared the cars in an instant, the bike roaring back upright. Behind them, bodies lay sprawled, gunfire still ringing out as those left alive tried to chase after them.

Ling Qingyu shifted gears, propelling them faster, but the street ahead was filling with more armed men.

"How many of these idiots are there?" she growled, pulling the bike into another sharp turn.

"Enough to keep us entertained," Tang Ziyi quipped, a wild grin on her face as she reloaded her rifle. She twisted around, aiming at the approaching group, her finger steady on the trigger. "Time to clean up!"

As they weaved through narrow streets and alleyways, Tang Ziyi fired nonstop. Each shot was precise, cutting down their pursuers like wheat before a scythe. The narrow paths amplified the chaos—bullets ricocheted off walls, windows shattered, and parked cars exploded as the firefight raged on.

The bike roared through a final sharp turn into a larger avenue, and there they were—dozens of armed men forming a final barricade. Ling Qingyu smirked. "Hold tight!"

The bike surged forward, no brakes, no hesitation. Tang Ziyi hoisted the HK416 from her back and aimed down the scope. With a single breath, she fired.

Boom. The lead vehicle's gas tank exploded in a fiery inferno, scattering the men. Ling Qingyu kicked the bike into a wheelie, soaring through the chaos as flames and shrapnel erupted around them. Tang Ziyi kept firing as they passed overhead, her shots cutting through the smoke and fire like deadly poetry.

The bike landed hard, skidding but steady. Behind them, the blockade was nothing but burning wreckage and bodies.

"Not bad," Ling Qingyu muttered, shaking off the rush as the city outskirts finally loomed ahead.

Tang Ziyi chuckled darkly, reloading her rifle with a snap. "I told you. We've got this."

"Yee-hah," Ling Qingyu acted like a cowgirl and revved the dirt bike's motor, not releasing the brake. The rear wheels turned hot and spun like crazy before Ling Qingyu let go of her hand, and the bike turned in a circle, gyrating toward the intended street.

The bike whooshed, leaving behind the smell of burning tire. After encountering several large groups, Ling Qingyu weaved in and out of numerous narrow streets from different directions, completely blinding the opponents' guesses.

She didn't want others to know about her intentions. Fortunately, the updated map provided always allowed Ling Qingyu to stay on track even if she made a few turns away from the destination.

Not many obstacles lay ahead based on Athena's guidance. Both had surpassed the final barrier.

The only stronghold standing against them before their very goal was the defense formation around the building.

Soon, Ling Qingyu drove straight toward the elite gang members guarding the important people inside.

Coincidentally, the place was exactly what Tang Ziyi and Ling Qingyu wanted to breach.

Finally, Ling Qingyu switched the beaming headlights on to ensure the light blinded the opponents.

Compared to the outskirts, there were lights around. Not many generators were destroyed, which meant that Ling Qingyu couldn't completely hide her bike's movement. Some shapes and contours would still warn the enemies.

And indeed, the enemies noticed them once they got on the road, forcing Ling Qingyu to open the headlights to buy time.

Her aggression wasn't unanswered. The gang members immediately raised their weapons and flocked into formation to defend against the duo.

Tang Ziyi wasn't polite either. She shot first, taking down several figures before the enemy could react.

Ling Qingyu ducked and kept driving, unfazed when pings of sparks lit up around the bike.

50 meters. 25 meters. 10 meters.

She also unholstered her pistol and returned fire with one hand. Her and Tang Ziyi's shots were accurate; the enemies' were not. Only a few lucky ones managed to scratch the bike.

Utilizing headlights brought a positive perk to the battle. When Ling Qingyu finally drifted and screeched the bike to a halt, the surroundings became quiet.

Bodies riddled with holes lay cold. The defense broke apart and couldn't withstand Ling Qingyu's and Tang Ziyi's combined assault.

The tactic of bulldozing worked perfectly. The momentum, aggression, and their accurate shots—the combination achieved decent results, though the risks were genuinely higher.

Of course, Ling Qingyu and Tang Ziyi could afford to take a risk. The former was still in disbelief, not realizing how, as a once-fearful person, she could commit such utter violence.

As the surge of adrenaline dissipated, Ling Qingyu pursed her lips until she recovered her composure, receiving a pat from Tang Ziyi, who had already dismounted as soon as the bike stopped.

Ling Qingyu slammed down the kickstand and ran after her partner. Both rushed to the main door, taking positions on either side, their backs against the wall as they scanned the environment for threats. Tang Ziyi nodded and reached out to open the main door of the building, which seemed to be a luxurious hotel.

The host clearly didn't welcome them. Bursts of wood erupted in their direction as the doors exploded into pieces. Glass and high-pressure dust forced the duo to retreat.

"Fuck! Who in their right mind builds a .50-caliber machine gun nest in their house, especially in a hotel?" Tang Ziyi cursed in exasperation.

"Who knows? Maybe every head of state is the same," Ling Qingyu shouted back, taking a few steps back.

Bullets ricocheted and smashed through the wall near them. The enemies didn't intend to save on bullets or material costs.

Helpless, Tang Ziyi and Ling Qingyu exchanged glances and ducked down to protect themselves.

"Search for another entry point, then." Tang Ziyi said with a shrug.

"No need, I'll make one." Ling Qingyu's reply sprouted laughter.

Chapter 589 Timely rescue I?

Ling Qingyu narrowed her eyes in deep thought and flashed out a sledgehammer from her bracelet. Holding it tightly, she swung it against the nearby wall, smashing pieces of building blocks. Tang Ziyi noticed her actions and shook her head. Even with their strength, they might have to strike several times to carve out half of the wall.

Indeed, Ling Qingyu struck several times before giving up, managing to carve out nearly half the wall. Tang Ziyi radioed amidst the roar of .50 caliber gunfire. "You better save your energy. The wall isn't like those in ordinary houses. Not to mention, some bastards have installed a machine gun nest at the entrance. The safety measures are way overboard."

"Give me two more minutes, and I can blow this wall," Ling Qingyu retorted.

"We don't have two more minutes. The longer we waste, the more dangerous it becomes for our packages," Tang Ziyi said. She then inched her steps toward the entrance and threw a shock grenade.

Boom!

The noise died down instantly, leaving behind a few choking and coughing sounds. Tang Ziyi peeked slightly with her rifle and fired a couple of shots at a suspected machine gun position while advancing.

Ling Qingyu withdrew the hammer and followed suit, sustaining her own shots. Both of them had difficulty seeing clearly.

Due to the previous automatic large-caliber fire and grenade explosion, dust filled the air, and darkness followed after the destruction, which had shut down the building's electrical components. Even with bright flashlights, visibility was limited; night vision devices were practically useless.

Besides, Tang Ziyi and Ling Qingyu weren't foolish enough to reveal their positions with flashlight use.

"Oh, I almost forgot—my invention," Tang Ziyi chuckled and instructed, "Switch to thermal mode."

She clicked a button somewhere on her NVGs. Ling Qingyu didn't know the location and asked, "Where?"

Tang Ziyi didn't answer, but Athena provided the complete instructions. Afterward, both recovered their vision and had a clear line of sight.

They especially noted the bright-hot machine gun, Dishka, and the gunner, who had evidently recovered from the explosion and resumed firing.

Although Tang Ziyi's and Ling Qingyu's blind fire had suppressed a few defenders, the defenders regained their courage as the shots weren't accurate.

Unfortunately for them, life is unpredictable. Ling Qingyu and Tang Ziyi quickly eliminated every enemy and cleared the floor.

Both sighed in relief that no innocent figures were hurt. Regarding the stray bullets fired by the machine gunner to keep them from entering the main doors, they could only hope no one was injured.

They discovered the main electrical box in the building. Ling Qingyu threw a grenade into the room and ran after Tang Ziyi.

Soon, an explosion rang out, and the lights dimmed before a complete blackout. Darkness was their advantage, and they wouldn't give up as long as they had the means to cut off the electricity.

Sure enough, exploiting their physique, reaction time, talents, and skills, Ling Qingyu and Tang Ziyi bulldozed their way toward their destination, guided by Tang Ziyi.

Both reached the second floor and began firing. From the outside, loud bursts of gunfire were followed by panicked screams.

A few figures shot out of the windows, shattering the glass and falling to the ground in silence. The flashing sparks illuminated the darkness, rising floor by floor as time passed.

The same screams repeated. Tang Ziyi and Ling Qingyu gave their enemies a hard time, unaware that their actions had frightened those above, who noticed the commotion below.

When would it be their turn? They dared not venture downstairs and pointed their weapons at the possible entry points.

The cries and pleading below terrified everyone. Even if their superiors ordered them, they wouldn't descend, missing the chance to intercept Tang Ziyi and Ling Qingyu.

In fact, if their superiors tried to coerce them, a mutiny would likely occur. Many thought they were outnumbered and needed external rescue. The duo's aggression had both convinced and deterred the gang members.

At the top floor, in a particularly large, king-sized room, moments before darkness engulfed it, several figures were intently watching the center.

On a king-sized bed lay a woman, sprawled, her face flushed with sweat and redness, gasping with every breath. Her slight moans brought a wicked satisfaction to the onlookers. She was naked, her smooth white skin contrasting with whip and strike injuries, creating an otherworldly allure.

Her hands were cuffed behind her, her eyes rolling unconsciously. She was completely lost and broken.

"Look at her. She's out with just a slight dose," sneered the man with a chuckle. "If you don't confess quickly, you're giving up on her."

His eyes were fixed on a man forced to kneel beside him by two burly guards. The man struggled, but to no avail. He cursed and swore, hoping to divert their attention.

"Are you sure you want this to happen?" asked the man in control, eyeing his prisoner. "I promise, if you tell me everything, you and she will be spared."

He didn't elaborate on what he meant by "spared." The imprisoned man shut his mouth and looked away. Even if he revealed the information, he doubted their fates would change.

He wasn't naive enough to believe the words of a villain. He despaired, hoping for a miracle. What kind of man would he be if he were forced to watch a fellow comrade suffer such humiliation, especially a woman?

No amount of time or belief could repair him to a whole state again. His psychology would be broken for life—not to mention the woman herself.

The woman and the imprisoned man were undercover agents who had gone missing. Athena had spotted them and immediately alerted Tang Ziyi, prompting the duo to go full force to assault the building with just the two of them.

The man and woman were being tortured for information, but they had remained silent. When the torturer was about to rape the woman as an extraction method, they were relocated by someone's orders.

She was saved temporarily but met another devil. The man, a young master from a warlord family, had taken an interest in her after his subordinates suspected she might be an undercover agent.

Of course, an ordinary undercover agent wouldn't attract such attention, but if she were from the police or military, an authoritative organization, he wouldn't mind "playing."

Naturally, he orchestrated a scene to interrogate her for information, even injecting drugs to arouse her, which explained why she appeared to moan and long for contact.

Even a strong will could deteriorate under the influence of drugs and provocative actions.

Around the bed, except for the imprisoned man, several men watched with delight. There was also a foreign woman with blonde hair and green eyes, wearing minimal clothing meant to heighten men's desires and seduce their souls.

However, she turned her gaze away, biting her lip. Just as the imprisoned man roared helplessly and the foreign woman sighed at another woman's grim fate, a massive fire broke out below, halting the young master, who had already dragged the woman's body to the edge of the bed and spread her legs.

This merely annoyed him, prompting him to scold his subordinates. "What are these men doing? Get answers. Tell them that if they don't satisfy my questions, they'll be digging mines for the rest of their lives."

His subordinates shuddered with fear, and two of them left to investigate. The gunfire and ongoing fight at the city outskirts had already been noted, but the young master wasn't too worried.

With heavy protection around the perimeter, he assumed no one could breach it unnoticed, even if communications were disrupted. They had runners to relay news.

He believed that perhaps a few guards had relaxed and allowed some infiltrators to cause chaos. He thought he had time to continue and didn't expect his father's soldiers to fail.

However, he underestimated Spirit Fox's capabilities and the impact of superhumans in battle.

An explosion interrupted him again. This time, the room shook from the force, and he was frightened, his libido completely gone. His interest waned.

When the electricity went out, he realized something more significant was coming. Just as expected, the two men who had left on his orders rushed back, shouting for everyone to evacuate, as the building couldn't hold much longer.

With his men's help, he quickly dressed and prepared to flee. Meanwhile, the foreign woman, still standing, and the imprisoned man, who gained a little freedom despite still being handcuffed due to the sudden developments and had darted toward his companion on the bed, sighed in relief.

Yet, the young master paused before leaving. "Hey, since our attackers are rushing here, doesn't that mean you two are on their rescue list? Imagine what their faces would look like if they found their targets dead. Finish them off."

One of his subordinates drew a handgun and aimed at the couple, but a figure blocked his line of sight.

"Sophia! What do you think you're doing?!"

"Young master...!..!" the foreign woman bit her lip.

Chapter 590 Timely Rescue II

"Hurry, they will figure out Mom and Aunt are coming for them. They know you're here," Athena urged, observing the target's situation.

"On it," Tang Ziyi replied, her voice buried beneath the thunder of gunfire.

"Seems like we need to speed up," Ling Qingyu agreed. That bastard .50 caliber Dishka elongated their short period of opportunity.

Both had wasted over a minute, suppressed at the doorway. Tang Ziyi spotted an emergency staircase and decided to breach through the blockades in front of her.

Pap. Pap. Pap.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The duo's suppressed shots contrasted completely with the loud replies. Initially, both were moving upward through the main staircase in the center, avoiding contact as much as possible. Nonetheless, once a battle occurred, Tang Ziyi and Ling Qingyu simply finished them off.

Using the elevator was risky, even if there was a backup generator or a large battery somewhere for it. Now that Tang Ziyi had made up her mind, Athena also conscientiously provided navigational guidance through AR glasses.

"My good niece." Tang Ziyi's praise almost caused Ling Qingyu to slip her footing.

The two women's ferocious violence terrified most gang members, prompting them to flee elsewhere. A few resisted and met death sooner. So, those who escaped from the emergency stairwell shrieked when Tang Ziyi and Ling Qingyu followed them. Out of everyone, why choose their group?

Ling Qingyu and Tang Ziyi responded with straightforward shots to the heads, then proceeded. With a high-ready posture, they sprinted at maximum speed. Somebody's life was at stake. Athena's warning blared, making it clear they couldn't afford any hindrances. Between compromising on speed and taking less risk, they chose speed without hesitation.

Tang Ziyi and Ling Qingyu killed a few unfortunate ones on the way, ignoring many doors as they moved upward. Less than 30 seconds later, they reached the top floor and barged in.

Their movements were noticed by the guards. Despite the darkness, they still used flashlights. Like a stage show, Tang Ziyi and Ling Qingyu became the protagonists as several beams fell on their bodies. Not for long, those flashlights were thrown off. Cylindrical beams messed around like disco lights, except the rhythm came from muffled gunshots synchronized with groans and fearful screams.

"Mom! Move now. I've marked the room. Somebody is going to get killed!" Athena prompted the duo to hustle.

Tang Ziyi and Ling Qingyu dashed forward while the latter took out a nine-banger, pulled the pin, and threw it close to the room Athena pointed to.

"Sophia! What do you think you're doing?!"

"Young master... I... I..." Sophia bit her lip, her mind racing to produce a logical excuse to buy time.

"I'm warning you. Don't think your beauty and servitude will make me merciful. Get out before my patience drains away."

"Please consider my words; you can't kill them." Sophia slowly explained. She couldn't see anything in the darkness.

If she resisted forcefully, blind fire could kill her and the two behind her. The only solution was to placate the aggressive young master back to sanity. She had to find a plausible reason to dissuade him from killing, and from his tone, Sophia had a bad premonition. Sure enough, the young master laughed coldly and mocked.

Sophia wiped her cold sweat as she backed away a little, listening to the villain's talk. She should have stayed silent to survive; her rational thought blamed her, but her conscience couldn't bear watching people in the same position die unjustly.

In fact, if it weren't for the chaos and violence outside, the two 'agents' should have survived longer. Now, they were very close to death, merely dependent on the decision of the psychopath.

At the same time, the imprisoned man, shielded by Sophia, looked at her with complicated eyes after she chose to protect him and his partner.

Initially, he looked down on this woman, having heard from his torturers days ago that a certain female Interpol agent had given in and joined the gang members to commit crimes. Listening to these rumors,

he and his partner had negative views on Sophia, even though they knew the gang members might not be telling the whole truth.

He figured Sophia might have her own difficulties. Without her, he and his partner would already have been shot. He understood everyone had untold hardships and challenges. He shouldn't judge anyone without fully understanding them.

Who knew what this poor woman might have gone through to succumb to the gang's threats? He and his partner had no right to give opinions beyond the phrase—choices have consequences.

As for the incoming chaos and the unknown force attacking the gang, though he was happy, he wasn't pleased, since their lives were in danger. He didn't believe the young master's claim that the motherland had staged a rescue. Unlike his partner, he was clearheaded. The life of an undercover agent wasn't easy, especially in his current predicament. Even if the motherland unlocked the entire chain of commands for a rescue, it took time, and time wasn't on their side.

"Yes, you're right, Young master." Sophia tried to recapture the initiative. "But you must admit that if they're coming for the two, one of them must have an important identity. They're coming in forcefully without regard for secrecy."

"Go on." The young master took a deep breath, sounding persuaded, which gave Sophia hope.

Whether the two behind her had important identities, she had no idea. She only hoped these two weren't incompetent.

"If anything bad happens to them, you could be in trouble."

"Hmph! Let them come; I have my dad's army."

"Yes, they might be somewhat helpless against your army, but you can't stop an enemy in the dark, right?" Sophia smiled, ignoring his arrogant words, though she still felt a slight complaint.

What a big claim, flaunting his dad's military strength. "Ignorance is fearless" couldn't be more accurate. If any country seriously wanted to eliminate gangs, those gangs wouldn't survive long unless they had protection among elite officials.

"Enemy in the dark?"

"Yes, assassins, night and day. You don't want to always stay protected and on high alert. Nobody likes that situation. It's better to offend the other party less," Sophia said, feeling a glimmer of hope.

Though many of her statements made little sense when scrutinized, the impact was significant, especially with her implied threat.

"Then, step aside. I'm going to kill them anyway." The young master closed his eyes before reopening them.

"Why?" Sophia asked, still in disbelief.

"I know you want me to survive and have given suggestions for the greater good, but you're just a plaything. Now, last warning, step aside. It doesn't matter since that force is coming—I've already offended them."

His subordinates began turning on their mobile phone flashlights to light up the room. One whispered in his ear, advising him to make a quick decision and evacuate.

Sophia couldn't believe this bastard was so stupid, though he was right about one thing—the incoming force might not negotiate. She was now on the edge of a cliff. She couldn't retreat or resist.

She swallowed hard, a huge lump rising in her throat. She calmed her emotions, her eyes devoid of thought as if she had already made up her mind.

"Enemies!"

Suddenly, gunshots erupted, and a series of bodies fell to the floor, echoing through the room and distracting the men inside.

An opportunity!

She charged forward, kicked away the handgun from the young master's hand, and delivered a powerful sidekick to his head. The man screamed in pain from the pressure of her heel, which almost ruptured his skin.

She then dashed to the nearest man, snatched his pistol by surprise, delivered a few elbows, and opened fire on his head.

Grabbing the dead body before it fell as cover, she aimed at the stunned men and pulled the trigger successively. The men were shocked at this subdued woman's sudden attack and the third party's assault outside.

She took down five more men before they reacted and opened fire. A few bullets were blocked by the body she held, but one managed to penetrate, hitting her and feeling like a punch to the chest. She fell helplessly, taking down two more before a huge bang struck, followed by repeated flashes and explosions.

Ling Qingyu and Tang Ziyi hastened their pace and saw a couple of men, cowering and pointing their weapons toward the bed. They didn't hesitate and fired, ripping through the bodies as the men fell to the ground.

Both put additional rounds on each body; only then, Tang Ziyi studied the room and looked for the hostages. She found two of them as told by Athena.

Ling Qingyu stood near the threshold, covering the hallway. She would fire a few shots at the men, who hustled out of the room.

"Make it quick, man."

"I'm not a man." Tang Ziyi scolded and checked the hostages until Athena explained the situation before they came.

Frowning a little, Tang Ziyi freed the imprisoned man after an exchange of secret codes and ordered them to follow her commands. Then, she moved to the woman lying underneath the man to attend to her situation.

According to Athena, this woman saved the lives of the hostages and bought precious time.