

## **Beautiful 631**

### Chapter 631 Second case (edited)

The second event occurred on the outskirts of Province N, far to the east. The police station on the provincial border received an alert about a wanted manslaughter suspect escaping from the police and heading toward Province N.

The two police forces from different provinces needed to work together. The neighboring province requested Province N's assistance.

Departments communicated with one another, and the Police Chief called Yang Qingyue to notify her of the situation.

Respective levels built rapport to avoid any displeasure between the two forces. The nearest police station dispatched vehicles for pursuit.

Athena intercepted these messages and informed the nearby Spirit Fox patrol unit. She didn't issue an order, as Yang Qingyue hadn't said much.

It was up to their free will. Bored, none of the Spirit Fox operators refused. The girls responded, and two SUVs raced toward the suspects' location.

A few minutes later, on a highway that cut through hills and treelines, winding through several turns, a small police sedan was pursuing a gray Ford van.

Sirens wailed, echoing across the curves and breaking the tranquil silence of nature. A few frightened vehicles quickly pulled over.

Although this highway was no longer a major road after the construction of a new interstate route, some drivers still enjoyed weaving through the bends while sightseeing a flowing stream and several ponds formed over time by water erosion.

Ten or more kilometers behind, the police force that had requested reinforcements sped up in pursuit.

They had received the information too late, allowing the van to escape the tight blockades.

The police officers might not have even been aware of some off-road paths that led elsewhere, and the suspect driver took advantage of this knowledge.

Upon receiving the notification, Yang Qingyue dispatched a new helicopter and its crew.

Once the air asset had its eyes on the suspect, the police would gain the upper hand. Since the CCTV network was still under construction, it was unavailable, particularly in areas like the one the suspect was in, where monitoring was deemed nonexistent.

Nonetheless, with Ling Qingyu's financial power, the entire Province N would soon be under the watchful lens of CCTVs. No location would be hidden.

Even remote areas would be scanned by bypassing patrol drones overhead: both fixed-wing and quadcopters, each serving a distinct purpose.

With automatic recharging and regular maintenance schedules, human intervention was rarely required. Ling Qingyu's new company intended to serve as a contractor to undertake repairs and maintenance under the provincial police department's supervision.

For now, there were still drones available to help track the suspect's location until the police helicopter took over, allowing the drones to return to their original patrol missions.

Of course, for Spirit Fox and Athena, satellites could easily track a moving vehicle.

The police sedan revved its engine, maintaining its pursuit. The intercom blared, ordering the suspect to pull over and surrender.

The van ignored the command and tried to accelerate. However, it was never going to outrun a sedan in terms of speed, given the negligible difference in engine power—even if the police sedan was an old model from the 1990s.

When the police sedan attempted to overtake from the side—a maneuver frowned upon in tactical communities—the suspect driver reacted by swerving into the vehicle to collide.

The sedan braked, avoiding the collision, and tried again as if warning the driver up close might force him to surrender.

Soon, the officers inside the sedan saw a hand stretch out from the van's driver-side window, holding something.

A spark suddenly lit up on the hood of the sedan, triggering panic. The vehicle swerved slightly, slowed down, and regained control after the initial fright.

"What was that? Did you see what he's holding?"

"No idea. Is it a gun?"

"Not sure. Just keep tailing him. Don't give him a target to shoot."

"You don't need to tell me."

Ping... Pang!

"???"

The fellow officers turned to the driver with questioning looks.

The driver chuckled nervously and excused himself. "My hands slipped. Don't make me talk!"

Crack!

A loud noise accompanied a visible crack on the windshield, eliciting a scream from the policewoman in the back seat. The others followed suit, startled by her fear.

"Well, at least now we know what he's holding. Good news," one officer remarked.

The group stared at the projectile stuck in the glass—a nail. Firing a nail with such speed and force could only mean a modified nail gun.

The officer reported over the radio:

"C201 to Dispatch. Suspect is armed and dangerous. Appears to possess a projectile weapon, possibly a modified nail gun. SWAT intervention may be needed. Any ETA on reinforcements?"

Additional sirens wailed in the distance, bringing relief to the lone officers. They were merely from a township-level department, called in because they were the nearest.

It looked like their colleagues had arrived.

When they glanced at the new arrivals, two black police SUVs approached, joining their pursuit.

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Meanwhile, Yang Qingyue hung up the call and agreed to provide the necessary assistance. Cai Ning brought live video feeds from the control center to her tablet.

The new control center could monitor through Ling Qingyu's project by using drones, despite inactive CCTVs. Additionally, there were still old ones functioning to fill in the gaps.

Both already had sight of Spirit Fox right behind and smiled helplessly. These girls were like dogs sniffing around.

They had yet to request Spirit Fox's involvement, but the unit had already acted. At the same time, Cai Ning and Yang Qingyue lamented the weaknesses in their internal police communications—like a sieve compared to the generals under Ling Qingyu.

"Let them take over and end the chase before it gets close to an urban area," Yang Qingyue ordered.

Cai Ning nodded and left. Honestly, neither chief was keen on sending additional reinforcements.

Dispatching a helicopter and coordinating with local departments to assist was already more than enough to catch a suspected killer charged with manslaughter and multiple homicides.

When they saw Spirit Fox intervening, they knew the case was as good as solved. However, neither of them yet knew that the suspect was wielding an improvised nail gun.

Once Cai Ning delivered the orders, the two black SUVs roared to life and charged forward. While the police sedan struggled to keep up with the van, the SUVs steadily closed the gap.

There was no hurry, no impatience. Despite the curves that slowed the vehicles down, the SUVs maintained their peak possible speed.

Compared to an averagely trained police driver, Spirit Fox operatives were tactical experts, trained and honed to the maximum level. Instructor Tang had revealed secrets and techniques that made them surpass both special police units and the military.

Not to mention, they had no fear of bullets, especially since the suspect only wielded a nail gun. There was no real threat.

The suspect driver panicked, unable to shake off the pursuit, while the police sedan relaxed and trailed behind, waiting for their colleagues to take the lead.

Though they couldn't see inside the SUVs as they passed by, the officers could guess what kind of operatives they were dealing with.

For now, the chase was in Province N's hands. The provincial force that had requested assistance was still too far away.

They also grumbled about how the suspect had managed to escape from the other police force in the first place.

Fortunately, the suspect wasn't from Province N—if he were, they wouldn't be dealing with nails but real, deadly bullets.

After all, the notorious reputation of Province N meant that surrounding provinces worked strictly to contain the spread of illegal guns and smuggling.

Unlike in Province N, most dangerous criminals in other areas resorted to improvised firearms or nail guns. As such, police outside of Province N rarely faced true firearm threats.

A Spirit Fox operator initiated a TPAC maneuver. A PIT maneuver was too dangerous around so many turns due to the risk of overturning and crashes.

The moment a rare opportunity arose, the first SUV flanked the van, followed closely by the second one. The first SUV blocked the van and braked gradually, boxing it in.

The sedan understood the tactic and joined in to help. A successful boxing-in maneuver brought the chase to an end.

However, the suspect had other plans. In a move that defied imagination, the van veered off the road and crashed into a pond, slowly sinking into the water.

Spirit Fox operatives and the police officers were momentarily caught off-guard.

This was madness—suicide!

The three vehicles screeched to a halt. Everyone dismounted.

The officers stood at a loss while the Spirit Fox operatives were momentarily dumbfounded. Then they shed their heavy gear—vests, helmets—and dove into the water.

Three splashes.

One operator remained onshore, keeping watch over the equipment, while the other three swam swiftly toward the sinking van.

Even as the glass began to submerge, by the time the operatives reached the van, only the hood remained visible.

None of them worried about drowning or other dangers—they had been ruthlessly trained.

The lake near Ling Qingyu's residence wasn't just for show under Tang Ziyi's watchful eye. The operatives had been forced to practice swimming both indoors and outdoors, including under simulated strong currents. God knew where Tang Ziyi had acquired the equipment.

Additionally, their tactical gear included small portable life jackets hidden within their specialized clothing and Kevlar vests. Activating the mechanism deployed the jackets instantly.

The three operators submerged, switching on flashlights embedded in the bases of their expandable batons.

The van's windows were closed, and the doors were locked. Perhaps the depth of the pond wasn't sufficient to create enough pressure to crack the glass yet.

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Or perhaps the pressure inside and outside had equalized. The three operators were slightly confused since the suspect showed no desire to escape. He could have fled if he had held his breath and swum underwater.

Unable to open the doors, the operators smashed the fragile glass with the bottoms of their batons, which had been modified with a circular formation of spikes.

They reached inside and unlocked the obstacles from within.

The three quickly entered and found three men inside. One was the suspected driver, confronted by the operator who had breached through the front cabin.

Two others were victims, their hands tied behind their backs and eyes blindfolded, struggling to hold their breath as bubbles escaped from their mouths in panic.

There was no need to untie their hands, as it would complicate the rescue. The three operators immediately chose their targets.

The two tied men were grabbed by their collars and dragged out. For the two operators, it was effortless.

Scissor-kicking downward, both women surfaced for air once the water was clear. Although the two men tried to struggle, their bonds limited their movements to mere writhing in fear.

Had they not been tied up, the operators would have had to expend far more energy on the rescue. Of course, knocking the men unconscious wasn't off the table if necessary. They wouldn't hesitate to do so if their work was disrupted.

Meanwhile, the remaining operator was still dealing with the suspect underwater.

While the others easily rescued the victims, this operator was attempting to pull the suspect out of the submerged vehicle.

The man resisted and fought as though he wanted to die. The operator was undeterred. Compared to him, she was highly skilled. Her movements were efficient and graceful as she parried and struck, knocking the air out of him.

Instructor Tang's rigorous training had included underwater close combat, comparable to that of special forces. The operator thoroughly overpowered the suspect, leaving him battered and bruised to her satisfaction.

The man was no match and was soon knocked unconscious. The operator then grasped him and pulled them both to the surface.

As for why Spirit Fox didn't simply shoot the suspect when he resisted arrest, it was because they had confidence in their skills.

Even skilled and highly trained practitioners would struggle to fight effectively underwater. Without experience and proper techniques, such fighters were like children facing adults.

Secondly, they hadn't been informed about the hostages inside the vehicle when they were called in for the chase.

Somehow, the provincial police had either missed the information or were unaware of it. Perhaps they had even ignored it deliberately.

When two Spirit Fox operators emerged from the pond, the officers ran to assist as much as they could.

A policewoman quickly radioed for an ambulance and additional support. No one had expected there to be victims.

Although the men were untied, the Spirit Fox operators remained vigilant as the officers worked to address the aftermath.

Another siren approached, signaling the arrival of reinforcements from the station. The local police from Province N were ecstatic, as they believed they had successfully resolved the case themselves.

Even though another province might take over, there were still some benefits for them.

Soon, the suspect regained consciousness and looked around. Instead of the fear or worry everyone expected, he erupted into a string of curses, lamenting the world's unfairness.

He screamed for them to kill him, declaring that he should have been left to drown and refusing to say anything meaningful. His repeated displays of self-neglect raised questions among the Spirit Fox team.

Perhaps the police hadn't noticed it, but the four Spirit Fox members certainly did—especially the one who had fought him underwater.

The four members reported their suspicions to Yang Qingyue through their leader while requesting Athena's assistance for more information.

A shocking revelation emerged. It turned out the suspect's sister had been raped and murdered by gang members.

Although the police had arrested eight suspects, they had been released due to a lack of evidence.

As Athena explained, the four operators exchanged knowing glances—this was all too familiar.

These scenarios were routine in crime-ridden Province N, especially in cases involving criminal organizations that had infiltrated the police and local government.

Without Athena's support to root out corruption in one fell swoop, even Spirit Fox's talent and skills would be wasted.

It was possible that the suspect's six prior murders had been acts of revenge for his sister.

The operators' attitudes toward the suspect shifted slightly, with a hint of respect. Although he had committed crimes, at least he had taken action instead of merely complaining.

However, one question remained: how had he identified all eight gang members?

As the two victims scurried away from the suspect, bitterly recounting their ordeal, the four members shared a nod and split up.

They also relayed their suspicions to Cai Ning and Yang Qingyue, hinting that the provincial police might have been complicit.

Two operators approached the suspect while the other two interrogated the victims.

When the operators, armed to the teeth, approached, a flash of guilt flickered in the victims' eyes before they quickly hid it.

The operators took note of this oddity, their suspicions seemingly confirmed. The police officers were stunned by the turn of events.

Was the man they had been pursuing a criminal or a vigilante avenger?

It was shocking to realize that what had seemed like a simple manslaughter case might implicate the town's police.

Fortunately, Spirit Fox's presence ensured the balance of power. When titans clashed, their work would likely be overlooked in the chaos.

Meanwhile, the two operators interrogating the suspect managed to break through his defenses.

The man sighed and finally admitted, "Murder them? No. I'm disposing of trash bags for the greater good of Mother Earth."

The two didn't mind his swearing, which suited the situation. Initially, they would have been a little grumpy and reactive when faced with similar events, but experience and numerous comparable scenarios had taught them to keep their emotions from interfering with their judgment.

Well, the two operators agreed with his words—provided his actions were directed at the correct culprits.

"How do you know they're the ones who murdered your sister?" one of them asked.

"I saw them with my own eyes. I know for a fact," the suspect replied.

"Excuse me? Why didn't you testify in court?"

"Testify? Why should I? They were arrested on charges of attempted burglary and attempted robbery, but nothing related to rape, murder, or assault!" The suspect grew emotional. "The maximum sentence would have been 2-3 years at most because there wasn't any direct evidence implicating these men..."

"But the time of death and forensic reports could've gotten them convicted through indirect findings and assumptions," the operator countered.

"Hah, if the case were that simple, why would I go to such extremes?" the suspect mocked. "The upper levels are all corrupt, and these men are connected to people in high places. It's so easy for them to overturn the case."

"The moment I realized this—"

"—you confessed in court that a group of men you saw wasn't them," the operator finished for him.

"Exactly," the suspect sighed, shaking his head. "It's a pity two scums will live."

"Maybe, but if what you're saying is the truth, they'll end up in prison for sure."

"No. Once the news dies down, they'll be released. I told you, the gang has a large network. Money means everything. Not to mention, one of those two men is the son of a gangster boss who's well-connected with influential figures.

"They won't let me go, either. Among the six pieces of trash I disposed of, one was the son of the police chief. Heh... You should've let the van sink." The suspect glared at the women who had intervened and rescued him. The wetness of their clothes didn't elicit a spark of gratitude in his eyes. He still held a grudge against Spirit Fox, especially the one who beat the shit out of him.

Of course, the operators noticed his expression but didn't care. They simply didn't have time to bother with him.

Investigation wasn't part of their job, but their instincts prompted them to intervene and call for help. Yang Qingyue, their nominal boss, would excel in this arena. Since the case ended in Province N, the law enforcement here could step in and address this young man's injustice in the name of cooperation.

Even though this man would likely be found guilty of manslaughter, at the very least, his sister would receive justice, and her name could rest peacefully.

While the Spirit Fox operators discussed the matter, the surrounding officers struggled to keep their swearing in check. They were also slightly apprehensive, wondering if they had overheard information they shouldn't have.

Two more sirens wailed in the distance, followed by another farther away. The Spirit Fox operators smiled. Their sisters had arrived.

The smiles didn't last long, though, when one of their newly arrived comrades stepped closer. Perhaps the presence of holographic masks allowed some operators to forgo wearing uncomfortable ballistic-resistant hoods during non-dangerous operations.

On the right side of her neck, a clear red lipstick mark was deeply imprinted on her skin. Her disheveled hairline and untidy clothes, as if she had rushed out in a hurry, caused dark, stormy expressions to cross the faces of the four earliest-arrived operators.

While they had been getting dirty and wet, someone else had been having an affair! How audacious!

If not for the presence of outsiders, this woman would have been challenged to a continuous ring fight until exhaustion.

Her partner in the vehicle wasn't spared either, receiving a few accusatory glances. She could only shrug helplessly to assert her innocence.

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"I understand. Let me check a few matters. Thank you," Yang Qingyue slammed the receiver and summoned Cai Ning.

"What's the matter?" her childhood friend asked.

"It seems like a car chase has ended."

"That's good news, right?"

"On the contrary," Yang Qingyue ground her teeth. "It's quite the opposite. The situation is complicated."

"Tell me, I'm all ears." Cai Ning took a seat, her interest piqued. Yang Qingyue explained everything the Spirit Fox operators onsite had discovered.

"It looks like we'll have to intervene if the case is true. This is no longer a fight between soldiers; it's a duel of generals," said Yang Qingyue, sighing at the inexplicable turn of events.

"Actually, we could turn a blind eye and let it be. Don't interfere, and nothing will happen," replied Cai Ning with a shrug.

"Politically correct," agreed Yang Qingyue. "But you and I both know we can't do that. Regardless of the moral implications, once we're aware of it, we have to take care of it."

"Besides, our girls want to get involved. Let's help them realize their vision. Otherwise, we might be gossiped about behind our backs. You know their pettiness," added Cai Ning, acknowledging the steely resolve of Tang Ziyi's subordinates.

If Spirit Fox didn't want to take action, they wouldn't have delivered such a detailed investigation, one that the current police network and Yang Qingyue's past connections would struggle to match.

Obviously, the meaning was clear: the girls wanted them to step up and speak with the higher-ups.

Yang Qingyue had already secured her position as the chief of the Province N police station. Cai Ning had reluctantly followed suit, getting promoted again as City N's acting chief.

This scenario left the latter feeling dizzy, overwhelmed by the workload. Although the fatigue wasn't much different from before, the pressure was undeniable.

Even though her childhood friend had always dumped all the work on her, Yang Qingyue had, at least in name, shielded her from everything, while her mother maneuvered in the political arena.

However, now that she stood on the stage herself, it was almost unbearable—completely incomparable to her past role of solely focusing on missions and tasks.

Here, she had to negotiate, adjust, and manage a massive team. To her, the entire City N still felt like an enormous responsibility.

"Are you sure you're going to make a move?" Cai Ning asked. "You know that if you fight against your own over such a small matter, no matter how much your mother supports you, your path ahead will be filled with thorns. It's not impossible for you to lose your only chance at promotion, you know."

"I know, and I understand the consequences. But will I have peace of mind? That's a question I won't know the answer to until I'm on my deathbed," Yang Qingyue clicked her tongue. "Not to mention, I don't care about climbing the ladder anymore. Look, I have nominal power over Spirit Fox. If I go further up, who knows if that power will be taken away? Let's secure my position in Province N. That's real power—with soldiers under my wing—instead of relying on high-sounding officials with no direct control."

"Come on, it's not like you don't know how much that bastard with the surname Ling supports you," Cai Ning chided. "Spirit Fox could become a nationwide organization if you stepped up, given Ling Qingyu's mindset. She might even be happier."

Yang Qingyue rolled her eyes at Cai Ning's remark. Indeed, Ling Qingyu could extend her support further, ensuring they stayed connected through various means.

Neither she nor Ling Qingyu liked outsiders' interference. From Spirit Fox's work, Yang Qingyue had witnessed their relentless pursuit of justice, and she could vouch for their discipline and self-control.

Initially, she had worried about managing undisciplined troops, but their indomitable and incorruptible mindsets had proven her wrong.

"Anyway, help me confirm the information. Reach out to your friends in MSS; they might have more internal news," Yang Qingyue instructed.

"Gladly. They're like hungry wolves ready to tear that chief and his power apart. After all, all that wealth could be legitimized and confiscated," Cai Ning grinned and left.

Yang Qingyue paused and sighed. She longed for the original sister who wasn't so politically savvy.

Talks among higher-ups were always about interests. Yang Qingyue had matured significantly. Though she tried to hold onto her original intentions, life often made it seem futile.

Fortunately, she hadn't sunk so low as to corrupt and exploit her power, thanks to Ling Qingyu's regular donations to the departments. She didn't need wealth and could pursue her ideals freely.

It must be her greatest fortune to have Ling Qingyu as her solid backing and her mother as a shield against enemies beyond her level.

Soon, Cai Ning returned, nodding to confirm the news, though it wasn't as detailed as what Athena provided.

Athena's identity had been shared among them after Yang Qingyue's mother witnessed her abilities firsthand.

Though her foreign origins remained questionable, Athena had been a tremendous asset to Ling Qingyu and contributed greatly.

"Thanks, Sister Ning. Let me deal with a certain scum." Yang Qingyue shooed her deputy away without hesitation, ignoring Cai Ning's curses as the door closed. "Tell them I give permission to proceed and not to worry about other messes. I'll handle them."

"When needed, Sister. When not needed, a drag... hmph! True plastic sisterhood," Cai Ning managed to mutter as she exited the room completely.

"Hello," Yang Qingyue introduced herself and waited for the other side to respond. "Your Excellency seems to be in trouble. No need to thank our police force—serving the people is our duty.

"It's a bit unkind of Your Excellency to hide important factors, endangering the lives of my subordinates.

"I understand time is of the essence, but detailed information determines the success of the mission.

"My subordinates have discovered new findings that require further investigation. Since my detective teams are currently restless because the province is too calm, how about a deeper cooperation between the two provinces?"

"Haha, instead of blaming me, Your Excellency, you should be mindful of the possible troubles ahead. I completely understand it's difficult to sit in that chair, especially with so many jealous eyes watching."

"Only when your backyard is free of fire can you concentrate on external matters. You're welcome to visit me anytime. I'll happily accompany you without the slightest dissatisfaction, Your Excellency."

"Forgive my youth, Commissioner. I might not pursue steadiness because I have an ample amount of time. As a junior, please guide me as I try to gain experience from you through this cooperation."

"Don't be angry. It wouldn't be good for me to hear you've been hospitalized after chatting with me."

"I have no fear of your so-called circle. I believe people will see that I acted righteously in the future. See you soon, and take care."

Snap.

Yang Qingyue slammed the phone and cursed lightly. It had taken her greatest patience to maintain a polite tone without succumbing to anger while dealing with the official on the other end, who kept swearing and badmouthing her.

Of course, the words weren't blatantly vulgar, but they were laced with gendered insults and jabs at her beliefs. She had carefully noted such behavior and was preparing to repay the grievances.

Likewise, the old bastard would retaliate against her interference. In the name of cooperation and through implicit threats, she had intervened in the case by sending special investigative teams to curb blatant abuses of power.

By now, Yang Qingyue had a good sense of the so-called truth, even if evidence was still lacking. The team she sent in was tasked with gathering that proof.

The other chief would undoubtedly attempt to interfere and destroy evidence. Both sides understood the undercurrents at play.

What had started as a simple manslaughter case had now escalated into a political battle. In truth, Yang Qingyue hadn't wanted to get involved initially.

However, the man's courageous revenge for his loved one had stirred her sympathy and admiration.

Yes, the man would likely go to prison, but she could ensure a lighter sentence with her intervention. She had Ling Qingyu and her mother to back her up. The matter wasn't overly complicated.

Justice had failed him, driving him to destroy his entire life. People might complain that he had acted too extremely, but without his actions, his sister wouldn't have received the justice and peace she deserved.

Yang Qingyue knew Province N wasn't free of similar filth. Yet those past events had faded into unsolved crimes.

The real reason she had set up a special task force for investigations, composed of her most trusted and capable subordinates, was to uncover all those shelved cases.

With the new AI technology sent by her lover and the intelligence organization, Yang Qingyue refused to believe she couldn't solve them all and bring peace to the victims' families.

Let this first case serve as the stepping stone for her investigative unit.

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"Bitch! How dare she!"

On the other side, the commissioner was fuming. "Doesn't she want to rise higher? I didn't provoke her, but she's striking at me! Does she think having the Minister of Justice behind her makes her invincible? She's too domineering—such bullying!"

His secretary nodded imperceptibly while inwardly complaining. Wasn't the commissioner doing the same, leveraging his power?

"How could she threaten me with a petition to Minister Gu?" The commissioner took a deep breath to calm himself.

Now that the matter was out of his hands, he had to think carefully about his next steps. Turning toward the only available beautiful figure in the room, he vented his anger. He had neither the time nor the mood to indulge.

"Get out! Useless!"

The secretary: "..."

Chapter 634 Let's play a game

Yang Qingyue tapped on the mouse and scanned through the files Cai Ning had sent over. Reading several lines quickly, Yang Qingyue understood the level of corruption and why the suspected man chose not to throw the eight bastards into prison.

The maximum sentence and other loopholes were worse than just a mere slap on the wrist. Replacing him, Yang Qingyue thought she was no better and had no right to say otherwise.

But the law was the law. Nothing was allowed to cross it or exploit it. Any offenders must be held accountable. The only problem with sentencing influential and powerful figures was the corruption holding back true justice.

An unfair justice system? Perhaps. Yang Qingyue had headaches contemplating such philosophical issues.

It appeared that one of the eight scums was linked to the police chief—a nephew or something, though she had no idea how they were connected.

Nonetheless, his father was the owner of one of the gold mines in the province, which explained everything.

"As I expected," Yang Qingyue muttered and looked at the outside scenery through the window.

The problem of gangs and organized crime was about to be solved. However, corruption issues in Province N posed a greater threat.

Luckily, she was in control of the province instead of someone else. She dared not imagine what another commissioner would do in her situation without a sufficient team behind them.

Meanwhile, four Spirit Fox operators noticed an additional six sisters had arrived. No one bothered to care about the lipsticks except the police officers.

The policewomen tried to keep their distance, lest they became targets, while the male officers lamented the unfairness of fate.

Even the new arrivals, who had just gotten there, found their eyelids twitching. Were Spirit Fox operators always this playful?

In this harsh era of finding women, someone was robbing away their resources. What a waste of human population efficiency—it was hearsay.

The four earliest operators approached the two men, whom the male suspect had pointed out.

The latter had given up on his fate, unwillingness written all over his face. He should have just killed them instead of wanting to torture them and allowing them to escape.

Among the four, only one still wore special clothing in full kit. The rest had only clothes on since their vests and helmets had been removed, although their hologram masks still worked.

One of them stepped closer and took a half-kneel in front of the two men, who were now leaning against the car with temporary blankets provided by the police.

"Is he telling the truth?" she asked a simple question, yet her eyes seemed to sieve through the two men.

Combined with the wetness clinging to her sturdy and elegant figure, along with droplets on her hair and face, she exuded an air of superiority.

With her height and attractive face, she seemed to look down from above. From their slight initial contact, the four operators realized these two men were spineless, incomparable to the ones in Province N.

Relying on officials' backgrounds and bullying the weak might have been too common for them. At least in Province N, gangsters dared to fight against the strong.

Spirit Fox's menacing, slow approach, exuding control and authority, had shaken their will. The four operators now completely believed the manslaughter suspect's words.

"Officers, do you believe a murderer's words? We're the victims here!" One of the men regained his courage and quibbled. "Don't you care how many people he killed?"

"I don't believe or disbelieve. It's because I care that I'm interrogating to get the full picture," the woman answered with a shrug. "You'd better answer while we still have good attitudes and are in a good mood."

"Are you threatening me?"

"No, it's a suggestion." The woman stared at the two and signaled her friend. The two, who were dressed similarly after taking a swim, grabbed the blankets and threw them aside.

The move stunned not only the two men but also the murder suspect and the police officers.

The nearby police officers were about to march in to protest but were blocked by fellow Spirit Fox operators.

Even if the officers attempted to use force, they would be no match. Of course, "force" referred to pushing through.

The earliest group of officers who had been with the four operators during the chase showed hesitance in their expressions—not outright rejecting nor supporting, as they had heard the suspect's confession.

Although nothing could be verified, the conjectures had a higher chance of being true. However, their behavior surprised their colleagues even more.

No one had anticipated them allowing Spirit Fox to act wantonly. Spirit Fox operators who arrived later were in a similar situation.

They had no idea what had happened before their arrival, but once their fellow sisters acted, everyone was on the same side.

"Act first and speak later" was their motto. It didn't matter if their sisters were committing crimes; they would try to hide it as well.

Besides, every operator had a trait of justice and righteousness. Their incorruptible will had been forged repeatedly by Tang Ziyi.

There must have been something important going on, and they would find out later. No sister would hide secrets and ruin others.

The sudden chill caused the two men to shiver and hug themselves. Their bodies and minds were already weak to begin with, despite their bulky appearances meant to look dangerous.

"What are you doing? You're wronging us. Police can't abuse others."

"Yeah, this is tyrannical behavior. You have no right..."

"Now, now," the operator interrupted before the speech could veer off-topic. "Don't panic. As long as you cooperate, things won't get worse."

"What do you mean?"

The woman clicked her tongue and asked, "Do you know something about us?"

"Of course, Spirit Fox unit of Province N," the two men replied.

"Then, where do you think our infamy comes from?"

The men blinked their eyes and shrank back against the police vehicle. "You... you..."

"Believe me, we've never targeted the wrong souls," the woman reassured, but her soothing words only terrified them more. What kind of comfort was this?

Boom. Boom. Thud.

Boom. Boom. Thud.

The woman glanced helplessly in the direction of the distinct sound source. Her friend was hurriedly tapping on her phone to turn off the music, then scratched her head apologetically.

"Sorry, I thought background music would make the atmosphere more serious. I chose the wrong song."

"It's a good idea," the woman rolled her eyes, "but 'I Love Rock and Roll' doesn't match us, right?"

Nearby, the police officers, Spirit Fox operators, the suspect, and the two men almost slipped from the surreal nature of the discussion.

Particularly, the two men were on the verge of tears. This was too much torture. They didn't believe the excuses.

These women might just be devils here to haunt them and make them pay for their karma. This was deliberate.

Perhaps noticing their fear, a glint flashed in the woman's eyes. "Don't worry. We won't lay a hand on you."

The more you say it like that, the more afraid we are, the two men thought inwardly. They hadn't forgotten the woman's words about how Spirit Fox's fearsome reputation had been instilled among criminals.

"It's a bit boring to conduct enhanced interrogations," the woman chuckled, glancing around. "How about we play a game and see whether you'll tell the truth?"

The woman took out a black revolver with a wooden handle from behind and twirled it on her palm, showcasing the exquisite antique-era weapon. "Look at this masterpiece. It's really difficult to get your hands on something like this."

She snapped the cylinder out and removed all the golden bullets into her palm before inserting five back and keeping one between her fingers. She displayed the entire set of bullets in front of the two men's eyes.

Their worries intensified with each passing second. A sense of foreboding struck everyone present, except the Spirit Fox operatives, who had immense trust in one another.

The nearest policewoman gasped, disbelief evident in her eyes. The two men looked around, seeking help, but to their dismay, Spirit Fox blocked anyone unrelated.

On the other hand, the suspect felt both disbelief and thrill at the turn of events. He had thought these two bastards were going to get lucky.

The female interrogator grinned and inserted the bullet into the chamber before spinning the cylinder and snapping it back into place. "It seems like our friends know what game we're about to play."

"No, you can't do this! Help!"

"Oh, come on. We haven't even started yet," the woman sighed dramatically. "Who's going first? You, or you?"

No one here was a fool. With a revolver and a bullet, everyone knew exactly what game the woman intended.

The police officers became restless and moved to subdue the operators. Killing people without evidence right in front of them?

But this was Spirit Fox. Each operator had prepared for every possible scenario, with remedies for such attacks and defenses.

Before anything could escalate, they set up appropriate formations and executed their plans. Within half a minute, no further movement erupted—not even gunfire—because the officers couldn't draw their weapons in time.

The four officers nearest to the scene, still in the planning stage, were dumbfounded, patting their chests in relief that they hadn't acted sooner.

Meanwhile, the two men were in despair. The help they sought was useless.

"You don't need to worry," the female interrogator said. "One of you will survive. Maybe neither. Or, you can tell me everything you've done to that girl and confess sincerely. Perhaps I'll be in a better mood."

She continued, "It doesn't matter if you don't speak. I'm sure the young man behind me will be happy if both of you die to make up for his regret. The one who speaks first will live. I've given you an opportunity. It's up to you two to grasp it."

She played with the revolver in her palm and chuckled darkly. Her three teammates surrounding her replicated her aura—tapping metal objects, laughing, or looking at the men with pity, as if they were toys about to be discarded.

Seeing the two men still clinging to the hope that Spirit Fox was bluffing, the female inquisitor licked her lips and slapped them lightly on their cheeks.

"Come on, we don't have time. Are you going to speak or play? Ten... Nine... Eight... Seven..."

Chapter 635 Russian Roulette

"I think your countdown is a bit wrong," someone interrupted, breaking the serious atmosphere.

The woman turned her helpless gaze toward the person who always found a way to pull her legs out from under her—yes, the same one who had turned on rock music.

"What's wrong?"

"There's only one bullet, and you haven't even started the game yet."

"Oh, right." It turned out this disruptor was correct. The woman coughed and fixed the issue. "The game is Russian roulette. One bullet in a revolver will decide the fate of the unlucky. If you don't act before I count to ten, my friend here will blow your head open. Either you pull the trigger yourself or confess. Don't bother lying—we can tell very easily. Many brave ones have tried their luck, to no avail."

She chuckled with an unsettling, sinister air. "Take turns pointing the muzzle at yourself. Let's see whose fate is stronger. Or," she added, her voice laced with mockery, "I can help cure your fear. You know what? I'll just shoot first. Let the rest be your luck."

"You're a police officer. How could you do this? Don't you fear repercussions?"

"Repercussions?" the woman sneered, exchanging glances with her fellow sisters before bursting into laughter. "Why should we worry? We didn't do anything. The story will say our officers tried to rescue two hostages but were tragically shot dead by the suspect's revolver. When we found him, we salvaged his body from the pond."

"The suspect attempted suicide but was saved. He was willing to cooperate and confessed the reason for the killings. Somehow, that news got leaked."

The threat was naked, raw, and chilling. Officers nearby instinctively wanted to intervene but were immediately quelled by the commanding aura of Spirit Fox.

Some of the smarter and more pragmatic officers decided to watch silently, sensing the situation unfold. Even the murder suspect, who had all but given up hope, suddenly revived and voiced his agreement.

"Yes. When I knew I couldn't escape and in order to finish my vengeance, I shot those two scums in the head before trying to drown myself."

The officers' mouths twitched in disbelief. This wasn't an interrogation; it was a collaboration unfolding before their eyes.

What was Spirit Fox trying to do? Dangerous tasks were usually their domain, not investigations or interrogations.

Sure, a testimony from an intimidating Spirit Fox operator could be useful—provided no other witnesses stepped forward. But could the officers ignore such blatant tyranny?

No matter how much they despised criminals, their consciences weren't strong enough to turn a blind eye to this act.

Naturally, if Spirit Fox pulled strings behind the scenes and affected their careers, that would be a different story. But surely, Spirit Fox wouldn't stoop so low, right?

Weren't these operators supposed to be righteous? Or were the rumors of their uncontrollable violence and penchant for torture the truth instead of anonymous smears?

The same chilling thought gripped the two men being interrogated. Cold sweat drenched their backs as they realized these operators were bold enough to commit such acts in front of other police officers.

Still clinging to a sliver of hope, the two suspects tried to convince themselves that Spirit Fox was merely pretending to be fierce.

The female operator, still holding the revolver playfully, sneered as if reading their thoughts. "It seems someone doesn't believe I'll actually do this. Well, as the ruler of the game, I believe in fairness. Let's begin with my turn."

With that, she pointed the muzzle at her chin and pulled the trigger.

Click!

The sudden motion shocked everyone except her fellow Spirit Fox operatives. The bystanders flinched, their eyes wide in disbelief. The move was so quick they hadn't even had time to react.

The two suspects stared in horror, their reddened eyes bulging.

Crap. This woman was a lunatic with no regard for her own life.

It was terrifying to face ruthless people, but against someone willing to be ruthless to themselves? There was no cure for that.

This woman was serious. She had the guts to kill them, and if not for the information she wanted, they were certain they'd already be dead.

"Haha, it seems luck is on my side," the woman chuckled. "Now it's your turn. You can either talk before I count to zero or take your chances. There's only a 1-in-6 chance of the bullet being in the chamber."

"Ten... Nine... Eight... Seven..."

"Five... Four... Three... Two... One..."

Click.

The man whose head had been under the barrel trembled, only relaxing once he realized he had survived. His heart raced, and he barely recovered from the sheer panic of staring death in the face.

The second man shivered as the woman calmly pressed the trigger without hesitation after her countdown.

"Now it's your turn. The odds are worse now—1 in 5. Let's see your luck. Ten... Nine..."

The revolver gleamed under the sunlight, its polished surface catching faint glints as the countdown echoed like a hammer on their nerves.

"Eight... Seven..."

The second man's hands shook as he stammered, "Wait! I—I'll talk! Just don't—"

"Five... Four..."

Her voice was sharp, cutting through his stammering like a blade.

"I mean it! I'll tell you everything! Just don't pull the trigger!" He was pleading now, his words spilling out in a desperate, clumsy rush.

The Spirit Fox operator paused her count, tilting her head. Her piercing gaze seemed to strip away every layer of falsehood.

"Speak," she demanded.

The man fumbled, pointing at his companion. "It was him! He started it! I—I didn't even want to hurt her. He forced me to go along with it!"

His companion's eyes widened in fury and fear. "You coward! Don't you dare—"

"Three."

The operator's voice interrupted again, cold and deliberate. She hadn't stopped spinning the revolver's cylinder, the sound of its clicks sending shivers down their spines.

"We were hired!" the second man blurted out, sweat dripping from his temples. "By someone high up! They didn't want her to talk—she knew too much about the gold mine deals. They just told us to scare her, but he..." He glanced at his companion. "He went too far! He—"

The other man clenched his fists, his face twisted in a mix of anger and terror. "Shut up! You think they'll let you live if you sell them out? We're dead either way!"

The female operator smirked, her eyes narrowing. "Ah, so you do know who's behind this."

The second man froze, realizing his mistake.

"Two."

The police officers, who had been held back by Spirit Fox's unyielding wall, now looked conflicted. The words spilling from the suspects' mouths were damning, but the methods used to extract them were equally unnerving. One officer muttered to a colleague, "They're not really going to shoot, right? This has to be a bluff..."

His colleague didn't respond, his eyes glued to the scene.

"Enough," a calm, commanding voice cut through the chaos.

All heads turned as an operator stepped out of the shadows, her presence as commanding as a storm. Dressed in attire similar to the others, which billowed slightly in the wind, she carried an aura of quiet menace. Her gaze swept over the suspects, the police, and finally her team.

She had been silent, observing the theatrics staged by the four earlier operators. Though her attire made her identity indistinct to outsiders, the rest of the operators knew her well.

"Stand down," she ordered, her voice leaving no room for argument.

The woman with the revolver sighed, flipping it in her hand and securing it back into its holster behind her back. "You always ruin the fun."

"This isn't about fun," the leader replied, her tone icy. She stepped closer to the two men, who now looked at her with equal parts fear and desperation. "Who hired you?"

Neither man spoke, their earlier courage replaced by trembling silence.

She crouched in front of them, her sharp eyes locking onto theirs. "I don't have time for games. You've seen what we're willing to do. Speak now, and I might consider making this quick."

The first man stammered, "It was... it was the son of the mine owner! He's the one who ordered it. Said she was digging too deep, causing trouble for the gold mine deals. He's dead now, killed by him... Please, we were just following orders! Arrest us."

The confession hung in the air like a bomb waiting to detonate.

The surrounding police officers exchanged uneasy glances. The corruption they had long suspected was now laid bare, but implicating someone as powerful as the chief's son was a dangerous move.

The operator stood, her expression unreadable. "Take them into custody," she instructed the nearest police officer.

"But—"

"No buts," she snapped, her gaze sharp enough to cut steel. "They're suspects in a major case now. If you can't handle that, I'll call someone who can."

The officer nodded reluctantly, gesturing for his team to move in. Meanwhile, the culprit, who had played Russian Roulette, strode away to her vehicle alongside her three partners.

#### Chapter 636 Necessary Violence

Three of them were wet and dirty, their clothes clinging to their bodies. Because of the interrogations and time constraints, they hadn't had a chance to change.

Although their physiques made them resistant to the cold, Spirit Fox valued a healthy lifestyle. No one wanted unnecessary illnesses to disrupt their daily lives. So, the three operators opened their trunks, where they had stored extra suits.

Without hesitation, they removed their upper clothes, including their underwear. Their smooth yet sturdy skin and muscles gleamed in the light, drawing the attention of nearby officers, including the female ones, despite their focus on work.

The operators didn't care about the public stares. After all, there was nothing to see when nothing was truly hidden. Of course, they weren't careless—none of them would expose themselves outright. Their sisters surrounded them, shielding them from prying eyes and glaring at the men to mind their own business.

Perhaps confidence and strength had transformed Spirit Fox from within. Born in a land steeped in traditional values and restrictions on women, it could be inferred that they had found liberation.

In truth, it wasn't culture or ideology that freed them but pure strength and confidence. They no longer cared about others' opinions. What if someone stared? They could easily handle it.

Naturally, they weren't exhibitionists. They still knew to cover themselves with towels over their busts. Yet their presence and poise seemed to amplify others' imaginations.

Despite this, no one dared to approach, except for a certain female officer who hovered near the trio after threatening the men to stay away. Her eyes gleamed with admiration as she watched them change without hesitation, even as other operators used large towels from the SUV's trunk to block any provocative views.

The officer remained, conflicted. Despite being the same gender, wasn't this a bit too much? She was on the verge of shouting "shameless!" when she paused, remembering her situation. Did this make her a pervert?

If she had asked Ling Qingyu or Miss System, their answer would have been simple: strength.

Everything revolved around strength. It built confidence and shaped temperament, whether for men or women. Personal strength and background determined the script one could perform in life.

Why, then, did female characters in Ling Qingyu's past games and stories often wear revealing clothing? Not bikinis, of course, but showing skin was normal. It wasn't about culture or entertainment for the audience.

The real reason was capability and self-assurance. Once someone gained strength, they no longer worried about their appearance or public judgment. They were unconcerned about lecherous gazes or societal accusations because nothing could harm them.

In extreme cases, some even punished those who dared to ogle, enjoying the mix of attraction and fear they evoked.

Women naturally harbored wariness toward men due to the countless incidents happening worldwide. Societal expectations often imposed strict limitations on their lives, creating invisible cages. While men faced similar pressures in regards to the responsibility and expectations, for women, the restrictions felt like chains in daily life, completely like birds with broken wings.

Before the modern era, women often knew little of the world beyond their homes. Even today, in some parts of the world, not much had changed. Ling Qingyu understood this deeply.

Because she had the strength to protect herself from immediate harm and wield power, she didn't mind enhancing her beauty or showing off her alluring appearance. Initially, she had felt insecure, worrying about whispers behind her back.

Over time, she broke through her insecurities, though she had some advantages to help her. While it might be harder for others, it wasn't impossible. Everyone had insecurities. Only by facing and overcoming them could they move forward unbound.

Similarly, Spirit Fox had transcended such concerns. A little undressing didn't faze them in the slightest. It wasn't as if they were completely naked; only their upper bodies were exposed.

Besides, most women enjoyed attention and displaying their beauty. Some believed that if the world were entirely safe, women might be the first to walk naked or wear very little.

Fashion itself often focused on accentuating female beauty and sensuality. While part of this was for attracting male attention, much of it stemmed from women's desire to satisfy their vanity and seek validation for their beauty.

Anyway, the unrestrained behavior of Spirit Fox's operators almost caused the policewoman to forget her original intention.

"Are you girls really going to shoot him?" she asked.

"Of course not," the one who had threatened and interrogated replied with a smile.

"Oh, that's a relief. You just exploit his fear," the policewoman said, patting her chest with a naive smile.

The other two operators watched with playful eyes, unfazed by the female officer's presence among their circle. Perhaps her desire to inquire was so strong that she conveniently forgot the operators were still changing clothes.

"But why do I remember that you actually put a bullet in the cylinder?"

"It's just a simple magic trick," the operator replied with a shrug. "I tricked their eyes into thinking I loaded the bullet. In reality, I hid it in my hand with a quick movement."

"Really?" The female officer acted surprised. In her eyes, and those of her colleagues, the operator had clearly appeared to load the bullet.

The operators nodded knowingly. Unlike average humans, they could clearly see their teammate's sleight-of-hand technique. That was why they had remained so calm, even staging a good-cop-bad-cop routine.

Noticing the behavior of the two operators, who had finished changing their shirts and drying their hair, the policewoman expressed her doubt.

To prove their truthfulness, the female operator took out her revolver and snapped the cylinder open. No bullets were loaded.

The policewoman was shocked and marveled at the trick that had fooled everyone—everyone except Spirit Fox.

"So, do you believe me now?" the operator asked with a smile.

The policewoman nodded and replied, "It's really brilliant. You nail everything and seek justice for our murderer." She paused before asking again, "So, the infamy you and those two men spoke about must be false, right? ... Right?"

The policewoman repeated herself because she received no answer—only well-intentioned smiles that sent a shiver down her spine.

Sensing the tension, the policewoman nearly bolted back to her teammates but controlled herself. "Did you really kill them?"

"Which gangsters haven't we killed when they resisted and endangered bystanders' lives?" one operator replied with a shrug.

"You know I'm not talking about that," she retorted.

"We know exactly what you're talking about, but do you think we could have the current peace—where the gangs fear us instead of us fearing them—without violence?" another operator chuckled and interrupted.

"Of... of course not," the policewoman sighed. "From the looks of it, this isn't the first time you've violated regulations and threatened criminals."

"We never said that," all four disagreed, continuing to undress the lower part of their outfits. This time, they used larger towels for coverage.

None of the operators entered the vehicle to change, as they were wet, and no one liked cleaning or drying the interiors, especially the seats, which were the hardest to clean.

"By the way, you guys have really big assets," the policewoman said enviously, making a lifting gesture. Her hands somehow landed on one operator's chest, whose forehead creased in annoyance. The victim swatted her hands away helplessly.

All four looked down at her bust and nodded sympathetically. One even offered advice: "Eat well, exercise regularly, drink more water, and get good sleep."

The female officer rolled her eyes with a dark expression, choosing not to argue further. As for the possible torture happening behind the scenes, though she didn't condone it, her experience and the current discussion made it seem necessary.

"Okay, I know you don't like the way we operate, but you must realize that when dealing with people who exploit loopholes, you're destined to lose if you keep abiding by the rules. Either the rules change, or the enforcer changes."

"You know, we're fortunate that cartels and more serious gangs haven't formed here yet," an operator argued. "Look at Country M in the Southern Bush—absolute chaos and the downfall of order. Now it's spreading like a virus to other nations. Even places that respect human rights too much, like Alyssia, are beginning to lose control."

The policewoman nodded slightly, choosing not to say much but hoping to connect more with the Spirit Fox operators. The opportunity was rare.

Perhaps the two sides had different stances, but both worked to protect Province N. Plus, she had already witnessed how criminals exploited corruption to their advantage, listening to the two men's hurried confessions to escape "death."

Now, she understood why groups like Spirit Fox were sometimes necessary, even in peacetime. One needn't look far; Country B in the Southern Bush bore a strong resemblance to Spirit Fox.

A special force like BOPE had committed numerous human rights violations, but their existence was the only weapon against gangs and thugs who had no fear of the law. While BOPE might be harsher than Spirit Fox, their principles were strikingly similar.

A lecherous whistle cut through the air, disrupting the serious discussion. "Ladies, mind if I take a look?"

The policewoman furrowed her brows at the intruder and instinctively retreated closer to the operators she was familiar with.

Owing to emergency requirement, she didn't take deep notes of this woman but she didn't want to stay close with this adulterous slut.

The four operators cursed under their breath and hurried to finish dressing. The speaker was a fellow Spirit Fox operator, unmistakable with a lipstick mark smeared across her face.

Everyone knew what that meant. The silent consensus among the four operators was clear: this pervert needed a lesson.

Without hesitation, and to the astonishment of the policewoman and others nearby, the four operators pounced on the offender in civilian clothing. What followed was a flurry of kicks aimed at her backside and playful but firm slaps delivered to her head.

The lesson was vital; or else, who knew when this lunatic would target the same gang!

Though Lily wasn't scorned among the ranks since many other sisters were copying their boss's lifestyle, being targeted by a scumbag must not be tolerated!

The rest of Spirit Fox merely slapped their foreheads and chose to ignore the 5P commotion.

Chapter 637 A small confrontation

New sirens blaring in the distance interrupted the playful banter between the five operators.

Everyone took a deep breath and turned serious, stunning the nearby policewoman. The sudden change of expression was more dramatic than those seen in soap opera actors.

Of course, this shift did little to hide the dust and dirt on the single bullied operator, whose face now bore black smudges in addition to the lipstick mark.

The policewoman stifled a laugh at the operator's disheveled state, managing to keep herself from embarrassing the situation further.

While she and her colleagues considered transferring the case to the teams requested by a foreign province, the four operators—fellow Spirit Fox members—had stern expressions.

What must come would come. They had no intention of transferring the case away without first handing it over to Yang Qingyue's aides. Otherwise, truth and justice would never be achieved. From the confessions of the three men, they understood just how high the stakes were.

Sure enough, vehicles from another province arrived—unmarked vans and marked sedans pulling up nearby.

Numerous figures disembarked, and what appeared to be the leading party strode toward the suspect and the two arrested men.

The group's gleaming eyes, joyful expressions, and eager demeanor made it clear—they were elated to see their job seemingly completed.

"Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for your hard work. We'll be taking it over from here," the lead detective declared as he stepped forward. "We'll remember your cooperation and assistance. It's an honor and fate to meet here."

Before the Province N police officers could respond—especially the officer-in-charge—the Spirit Fox leader, the most senior member, stepped forward. "The honor is ours. You must have had a long trip to come here."

The officer-in-charge frowned, feeling his role had been usurped. A twinge of displeasure rose in his heart, but he knew better than to damage the situation by blatantly asserting his presence.

Then, he felt a comforting pat on his shoulder and turned to see the source. It was another Spirit Fox operator, who leaned in to whisper, "Don't rush ahead. This is a battle between two provinces. You haven't forgotten the confession our two 'hostages' made, right?"

The officer glanced at the terrified suspects, who seemed to see hope in the arrival of the other province's police.

He understood exactly what the operator meant. The convoluted twists and turns behind the scenes were beyond his or his township station chief's ability to handle.

It was clear: only Spirit Fox could intervene. Central authority was required to contend with similar authority.

"I completely understand. Don't worry, we'll be watching from behind and waving flags," said the officer.

The operator's lips twitched. She had merely wanted to soothe his conflicting emotions to avoid jeopardizing their next plan. She hadn't expected him to have the mood to watch like a spectator at a cinema, complete with popcorn. Clearly, he had a big heart to withstand the drama ahead.

Meanwhile, the lead detective frowned at Spirit Fox's response but masked his emotion and offered praise. "As expected of Spirit Fox. Justice is served swiftly, Ma'am."

He knew the matter wouldn't end simply and disliked having to interact with these operators.

Spirit Fox's reputation preceded them. Whoever became their target would face dire consequences if they showed even the slightest resistance. While they were indeed great assets to the police, their involvement in this case signified something else entirely—Province N's commissioner had intervened.

For a crude manslaughter case, their presence was unnecessary. Even if they wanted to help, they typically wouldn't engage directly with him.

"You're overpraising us, Sir. Everyone works hard and cooperates seamlessly," the Spirit Fox leader replied.

"Thank you greatly. I don't want to take much more of your time. We'll handle the case from here."

As the conversation unfolded, the officer-in-charge listened closely, his ears perked up. Meanwhile, Spirit Fox operators moved casually but positioned themselves in a formation that suggested they were prepared for the worst.

At the same time, Athena delivered good news through their comms: Yang Qingyue had approved their decision to directly intervene.

"That won't be necessary," the Spirit Fox leader stated.

"What do you mean?" the lead detective asked, furrowing his brows. As he feared, matters had escalated to the worst-case scenario. Still, he clung to the hope that his suspicion was merely a false alarm.

"It means exactly what you think it does," the woman replied with a shrug, her tone kinder but her words sharp and concise. "I don't think we need to strain our relationship over this matter."

"This issue doesn't need to escalate to that level," the lead detective argued. "Besides, there's too much paperwork involved. Let us take care of the rest. The suspect committed multiple homicides in our province. I assume your actions are beyond your authority."

"Unfortunately, they are not," the woman countered, shaking her head. "With all due respect, the chase ended in our jurisdiction, which means, through formal channels, you can only transfer the prisoners once we've finished handling the matter."

She paused before adding, "Commissioner Yang has instructed us to say hello to your superior. I suggest you contact your boss before making any decisions."

Despite being frustrated, the detective knew he shouldn't act brashly until more information arrived. From the confidence in the opposing operator's tone, he had a premonition that they would return to their office empty-handed.

Just as he reached for his phone, agonized and uninvited pleading sounded from behind the Spirit Fox operator.

"Help us, please. We've been detained arbitrarily. Get us out of here!"

Seeing the two men in dismay, cuffed and treated harshly, the detective grew curious and asked for an explanation. The answer left him stunned.

He hadn't expected hostages to be involved when he sent the relevant intel. Why were they captured? And why did their expressions seem so desperate, begging him to intervene?

"Why were they arrested then?" he asked.

"For murdering and raping a girl," the woman answered.

"Absurd! These are unfounded charges."

"You've already confessed to what you've done. Otherwise, how could you have incurred the wrath of her brother?" the woman calmly replied, turning her gaze toward them.

Her words piqued the detective's interest, but he wasn't easily convinced. Everything needed to be backed by evidence, not mere speculation or words.

"Of course, who wouldn't admit to anything under gunpoint and torture? Detective, please save us! Spirit Fox is the absolute embodiment of police brutality. No, it's the behavior of tyrants. As fellow police, you wouldn't want your reputation tarnished, right?"

The detective stared at the leading woman. "Is there any truth to what he's saying?" He didn't entirely dismiss the men's claims, as he had his own network among criminals and informants, some of whom had narrowly escaped Province N.

"Of course not. Do you believe their one-sided accusations? We abide by the rules and regulations when enforcing the law," the woman replied, shaking her head. "Has anyone seen us overstep our boundaries? As righteous parties, such claims are the most outrageous slander."

When she asked this, every member of Province N—officers and Spirit Fox alike—exchanged knowing glances and shook their heads.

"How could that be? I didn't see the slightest threat," an officer remarked.

"Yeah, they spilled the beans so quickly the moment they saw Spirit Fox uniforms. They must've done something wrong," his colleague added.

"What I saw was them mumbling hurriedly before confessing outright. We never expected our hostages to be criminals," a policewoman chimed in.

The most unexpected comment came from the murderer being pursued by the detective's team.

"Officers, though I don't like being arrested harshly by Spirit Fox, I must admit they didn't wrong those two bastards. Their guilty conscience led to this outcome, just after I admitted my own motives."

The lead female operator spread her hands, as if to emphasize her point. On the other hand, the two men looked as though their eyes would pop out of their sockets.

"You and I both know, from their confession, that things have escalated to a level demanding cooperation between the two parties," the woman said.

The detective nodded helplessly and reluctantly called his boss. Both sides understood the stakes involved. The murderer wouldn't survive imprisonment and would likely die in an "accident" if taken back to their province.

Now he realized why his superior had ordered him to shoot on sight, citing the suspect as dangerous. Luckily, he had insisted on capturing the murderer alive and refrained from giving orders to fire unless there was a direct threat or danger to the public.

Damn, was he about to be dragged into another fierce storm unknowingly?

He could only hope to survive the chaos.

Soon, the detective ended the call and learned that the two commissioners had already negotiated. It seemed justice was served for the young man and his sister, though the result was a bit extreme.

As he observed more carefully, he noticed that Spirit Fox operators had subtly maneuvered into an L-shaped formation, effectively blocking his team. He broke into a sweat and coughed nervously, prompting concerned looks from his subordinates.

Damn, this was exactly what he expected from the notorious special unit—a group that dared to encircle a military convoy and face threats head-on without fear.

He felt fortunate that neither he nor his team had acted superior or tried to coerce anyone. In fact, the moment Spirit Fox operators were spotted, everyone dropped any pretense of suppressing the township-level police.

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Once an agreement was reached, the operator responded with a pleasant tone.

"You can wait while our special investigation team from City N drives here. Or you can go back and read our reports later."

"I'll wait," the detective replied. Only a fool would return without gaining anything. "That about those men..."

"They will be under our control," interrupted the woman. "The two confess in our province and will be handled by our department."

"That's natural," said the detective as he wiped his cold sweat. His colleagues didn't look either.

What was their presence? A mere group of clowns to watch the show? All the merits were robbed away!

Like business, an enmity is forged when capital is affected. Haggling away merits that were destined for the officials, were no different from killing them.

Nonetheless, in front of pure strong force, their protest appeared weak and childish. It was better to save face by acting magnanimous.

Chapter 638 Third case

The main suspect was grateful and subtly thanked Spirit Fox, but the operators merely stated that he was going to jail anyway.

It was only a favor to seek true justice and clear his sister's case. Plus, the act was righteous as well.

Their inexplicable and outrageous methods as law enforcement opened his eyes. However, he wasn't foolish enough to talk about it openly.

When the investigation team led by Yang Qingyue arrived, the Spirit Fox operators returned to their original posts. The detective team followed along unwillingly, while the other police officers gained a story to tell in the future.

When the case went public, it went viral. Ordinary people were always fascinated by tales of violent justice taken personally, especially when the outcome aligned with a righteous cause.

The authorities grew concerned as discussions spiraled out of control, fearing the emergence of vigilantes and extremists, which could disrupt the established order.

Rumors circulated that it was Spirit Fox's involvement that framed the case as a righteous cause.

Otherwise, given the man's atrocious acts, it would have been difficult to convince the public of his motive for manslaughter.

Soon, those connected to the case were swiftly taken down once Yang Qingyue intervened. Even the police commissioner of that province had to sacrifice several loyalists to save himself, harboring resentment as a result.

The new enmity forged didn't concern Yang Qingyue. Naturally, this didn't stop Ling Qingyu from adding salt to the wound.

Athena's detailed and weighty report to the corruption bureau and Gu Yi prompted swift action to prevent any further spread that could tarnish the government's reputation.

The police commissioner stood no chance of survival or revenge. Ling Qingyu destroyed every possible avenue for retaliation. What her wife hadn't cleared, she ensured was nipped in the bud, abolishing any remaining roots.

With Ling Qingyu involved, no matter how convoluted or deeply connected the commissioner's network was within his province, his sentence wasn't going to be easily dismissed.

...

The third case unfolded similarly near the outskirts. This time, the story began with the elder sister of a young student committing murder and torture.

Her younger sister had been bullied and treated unfairly, leading her to attempt suicide by jumping off a building. She survived but lost consciousness, with little hope of recovery.

Frustrated and angered by the lack of response from the relevant authorities—especially since the leader of the bullying group was the daughter of a conglomerate—the elder sister lashed out violently.

Planning meticulously, she took her time to torture her sister's bullies and extract vital information. For those with minor involvement, the punishment resulted in injuries that would heal within weeks.

However, the darker participants suffered serious injuries that left permanent scars, and the worst offenders were directly tortured and killed.

When educated individuals turn into villains, they become a force to be feared, and the police struggled to track and protect the remaining victims.

They couldn't figure out how the culprit continually evaded them. Although they suspected her identity, they were helpless to act.

Attempts to pressure her by incriminating her unconscious family members were dismissed, as it could backfire and worsen the situation.

Step by step, the woman manipulated the police like a puppeteer until her final act brought her to the outskirts of Province N, where Spirit Fox operators and other police special units were called in.

Ordered to encircle a tall building, they witnessed the unthinkable. Without hesitation, the woman smiled at her pursuers and jumped off the building with another female student—the leader and true culprit behind her sister's plight—just as the detectives arrived to apprehend her.

The woman died from the fall, but the female student survived. However, her condition was dire, as her nervous system was completely destroyed, leaving her bedridden for life.

Perhaps this was the karma she deserved. No amount of money or connections could save her from her disability. She had received the punishment for her actions.

Initially, Spirit Fox operators were unclear about the background of the case until Athena briefed them after the mission.

Had they known earlier, they might have been able to prevent the tragedy, though they felt conflicted about whether they would have wanted to, as their intervention might have denied someone their rightful vengeance.

Here, the elder sister was seen as an absolute badass and avenger, exacting revenge for every crime her sister had endured.

At the same time, the operators couldn't help but feel a twinge of envy for the elder sister, who was willing to go dark and dirty for her loved ones.

Even though such thoughts were dangerous, nobody cared. Yang Qingyue, as their nominal leader, was aware of her subordinates' subtleties.

She had already guessed the mindset of Spirit Fox.

The news eventually reached Ling Qingyu when the operators informed her, fearing that the bullies' families might retaliate against the younger sister, who lay unconscious in a hospital bed.

Ling Qingyu didn't hesitate. She transferred the patient to the public hospital where Mo Yunxi worked and ordered Athena to provide covert protection.

Meanwhile, Yang Qingyue took similar action, granting rights and permissions and cutting through bureaucratic red tape via Gu Yi's channels to ensure Spirit Fox operators could protect the girl as a key witness.

So, the girl was transferred safely to Province N and received high-level healthcare under Ling Qingyu's donation and oversight.

As for the opinions of the bullies' family members or victims, no attention was paid to them as long as they were responsible for the girl's attempted suicide.

The three cases altered the perspectives of the Spirit Fox operators. Compared to Ling Qingyu, who had experience and deep understanding of evil matters, the operators could be regarded as pure beings.

The three cases were neither black nor white. Although they understood that the world was filled with shades of grey, they didn't expect such extreme scenarios to confront them.

From chasing gang leaders and serial killers to vigilantes avenging their loved ones, they felt both respect and sadness. Complicated emotions rang through their minds, especially from the last case.

It hit the nail on the head. Sometimes, they wished for more "lunatics" like the elder sister to emerge, so the elites would understand the value of life and learn to respect it, rather than exploiting others for their own gain.

In the face of death, everyone was equal. If only such awareness were universal, there would be no injustice.

Condoning bullying or trying to avoid addressing it could lead to even greater disasters. This wasn't new, as seen in Country A in the west, where former bullied victims lashed out and committed acts of gun violence.

Anyway, the three cases completely transformed Province N's image. Odd titles began emerging among citizens, calling Province N the "Land of Justice."

In the near future, Yang Qingyue would face headaches dealing with similar vigilantes and avengers taking action in Province N.

More people began believing that Province N would ensure true justice and offer them help. Upholding such a high reputation for justice seemed advantageous, but if she had to handle numerous crimes to uncover the truth, Yang Qingyue wasn't keen on being caught up in such storms.

Most injustices arose from someone abusing their power. If she had to tackle too many corrupt officials, she could risk offending too many parties and drowning in retaliation, even with Gu Yi's and Ling Qingyu's support.

Fortunately, Ling Qingyu could operate in the shadows through her hacker friend, minimizing the need for public intervention.

Sometimes, amusing cases like business espionage would occur in Province N, where spies, fearing assassination, escaped from rivalries and sought protection, relying on Spirit Fox's presence.

For instance, a female spy was rescued after her apartment was breached. She managed to hold out long enough for Spirit Fox's quick reaction team to be deployed. The two hired killers were arrested before they realized what had happened.

In fact, the female spy was astonished and grateful for her decision to stay in Province N.

After all, Province N—particularly City N—was notorious for its outstanding safety levels and rapid security response.

It wasn't unusual for operators to respond quickly to emergencies. Thefts and fights were rarely prolonged, as they were quelled within minutes.

All crimes, including possible rape and abduction, were swiftly subdued. Numerous rescues had been staged by Spirit Fox, thanks to Athena and her newly developed AI algorithm, managed by Yang Qingyue's police force, which predicted potential crimes and their probabilities.

Sure enough, more rumors spread within certain circles, leading to several migrations. Most of those relocating were whistleblowers who feared reprisals from the elites.

With time, Yang Qingyue's leadership within the police force, her allies in Province N's politics, and Gu Yi's influence would ensure that Province N became independent of outside interference—a significant benefit for the people.

Of course, this also included Ling Qingyu, who sought to instill her influence and exert control behind the scenes. Chaos is the ladder.

For Ling Qingyu, the current status was the perfect springboard to consolidate her gains and encroached more to raise her 'friends.'

Chapter 639 Spirit Fox's daily life

While prior experiences with black-and-white cases made Spirit Fox question the way of life, funny moments also appeared.

Like other police forces, Spirit Fox attracted attention whenever they patrolled, especially on foot.

Cameras from ordinary residents and streamers buzzed around them like flies. There were also fans who idolized them, expressing gratitude for being saviors.

Most of the time, such scenarios caused no problems. Since many people loved them, naturally, there were haters too.

The annoying factor came from the so-called streamers who tried to find flaws in them on purpose, either to gain media attention or promote hidden agendas.

The operators, having studied under Instructor Tang and Xiao Yue's cultural lessons, had long understood how their enemies might attack them in public.

They had evaded many such attempts. However, as per Murphy's Law, *que sera sera*.

Two operators once suffered through the gibberish monologue of a certain streamer. Because their identities as women had spread widely, some even dared to launch "love offensives," no matter their fierce and vicious reputation among criminals.

Some bet whether they could win over these iron maidens, cherishing the idea of breaking through their tough exteriors.

The streamer resembled one such admirer, but the two operators didn't believe a word of his sweet talk and ignored his advances.

Even when the anchor presented flowers, the operators rejected him. One of them felt compelled to accept the gift, but the other helped her stand firm.

"Never let others lead you by the nose!" she said. "Regardless of manipulation, moral coercion, or kindness... Period."

Faced with their rejection, the streamer advanced instead of retreating, fully aggressive in his behavior.

He complained that refusing a simple flower showed arrogance. Although the two operators thought they might indeed be arrogant, they couldn't say it out loud, right?

Besides, what obligation did they have to accept gifts? Not to mention, a bunch of flowers would be a nuisance during a mission.

Who knew whether some people might hide other devices inside? These hypocrites always had something to criticize, regardless of good or evil, without understanding the stakes.

The two ignored the persistent annoyance, knowing that any attention they gave would only satisfy him further.

While it was a bad day, the later period turned out to be unexpectedly amusing.

Somehow, the duo encountered a band singing their praises for Spirit Fox in a corny and comedic manner, complete with poetic chants:

Hide your snacks and close your blinds,

Spirit Fox is here, and they'll read your mind!

Kick down the door, take names on the spot,

These ladies don't care if you're ready or not!

Spirit Fox, go easy, please,

Your boots are loud, and we've got weak knees!

All in black, and looking so fine,

Lock me up, but don't cross the line!

Spirit Fox, you're coming in hot,

Criminals run, 'cause they're gonna get caught.

All-black gear, with a deadly grace,

Fear in their hearts when they see your face!

In tight black suits, breaking all the grooves!

Kick the door, handcuffs in hand,

Arrest me, ladies—I'm your biggest fan!

Who needs fashion shows? We've got you,

Boots so shiny, and navy blue.

Tactical queens, you're stealing the scene,

You cuff the bad guys, but you've made us keen!

Oh Spirit Fox, break my heart!

You lock up crooks, but you're the art!

You strut in slow-mo, looking so fine,

Just say the word, I'll do the time!

The lyrics almost caused them to slip and fall in embarrassment. The chants grew increasingly ridiculous the more they listened.

The duo sped off, fearing they'd be branded by the attention, but unfortunately, their retreat made headlines on the internet.

Many netizens found their behavior cute, a stark contrast to how criminals viewed them.

Later, they requested Athena's help to take down the video but were met with snickers and teasing from their teammates.

Bang!

A few blocks of sprinting later, the two had just sighed in relief when a loud crash, accompanied by honking car alarms, drew their attention.

A woman wearing a T-shirt and nothing on her lower body sat atop a sedan, stunned and in disbelief.

If not for the crumpled surface and shattered glass surrounding her, the two operators might not have realized that the poor girl had fallen from a height and survived.

They had no idea how far she fell, but her situation required immediate medical attention.

The duo rushed to the girl while reporting the incident over comms. The nearby residents were as shocked as the operators.

Most were too stunned to act, unable to think of rendering aid or volunteering to help. Of course, since the two ladies stepped in, the public quickly overcame their hesitation and began to approach.

"Don't move. Stay still," the two operators ordered, fearing the victim might worsen her injuries.

It was sheer luck that she didn't appear to be bleeding seriously from the fall. The height was unclear, but extreme caution was necessary.

Fortunately, the operators were trained in first aid and emergency medical care. From their observation, there were no visible penetration wounds.

A deeper scan would be necessary to rule out internal injuries, but that would be the hospital's responsibility.

First, they needed to placate the poor girl. "Are you hurt? Do you feel any pain?"

"It hurts," the girl muttered weakly.

"That's good," replied one of the operators, relieved. "Where does it hurt?"

"Everywhere."

"Thank goodness."

The public was dumbfounded by her speech, their expressions making it clear they couldn't believe the two operators found joy in such a situation.

Of course, the duo noticed their reactions, but they were in no mood to pay further attention. Pain signaled a functional nervous system, and the possibility of spinal injuries was slim.

There were kind Samaritans who provided a blanket to cover the girl's exposed lower body.

In fact, the two operators were slightly unaccustomed to seeing no one using their phones to record the scene. They didn't dwell on it, though—this was better.

Soon, a man ran down frantically, shouting the girl's name. They seemed to be a couple, and both started crying.

The operators prevented them from getting too close, especially when the man attempted to carry the woman in a princess hold.

Afterward, the duo interrogated the couple and ended up with black lines across their foreheads. Actually, it wasn't just them—the residents around collectively facepalmed.

Who would've expected the couple to be making love near the balcony? The woman's fall nearly cost her life.

Although the man didn't describe the situation in detail, nobody was a fool—they all got the gist of what had happened.

The older operator complained, "Boy, before acting impulsively, try to weigh your strength. You're endangering lives. And you, girl... Forget it. You've already faced the consequences of your actions, so I won't say more. Luckily, you survived and didn't injure anyone else. I have no idea how to report this matter."

Her partner nodded and shrugged. Both were at a loss for words. Scolding the couple felt unnecessary, as they'd already been punished by their recklessness.

Not scolding them, though, seemed too lenient. Well, these matters weren't their responsibility. Let the police and medical teams sweat it out writing a report titled "Falling Off a Building During Intimacy."

At least the girl had fallen for the man literally. So, the operators decided to save some face for the couple.

Onlookers: "..."

No, this incident had nothing to do with strength. What was this special forces lady even implying?

You can walk a tightrope if you're strong enough? Technically, she wasn't wrong, but this wasn't something you could just say outright.

Even if the boy was too skinny for such risky activities, muscle-bound men wouldn't be reckless enough to attempt something so adventurous either.

The Spirit Fox operators were hassled with all sorts of issues. A week later, after the "balcony couple incident" in another area, the same duo was on routine foot patrol.

It was noon, and the sun was blazing. The operators decided to grab a drink before heading out for lunch. No, lunch wasn't happening at a restaurant—they planned to eat back at Ling Qingyu's residence. After experiencing royal-level meals, there was no way they'd settle for anything else.

As expected, the moment they entered the cafeteria, people's eyes followed them. It couldn't be helped—they were fully armored, with only their eyes visible.

The duo politely rejected offers to skip the queue and waited patiently for their turn.

When their turn came, an unexpected surprise made their lips twitch. Frankly, it wasn't just them—everyone else had similar reactions.

The cause? A certain man, wearing a hood, suddenly roared viciously and brandished a pistol at the cashier.

"This is a robbery! You, give me the cash!" he shouted, shaking his weapon for emphasis. "Do you see this? I don't want to hurt anybody. Hurry up and hand over the money. Do as I say, and nobody gets hurt!"

The dramatic reaction he was expecting didn't come. Instead, he was met with blank stares from everyone in the room. Did they think he was holding a fake gun?

"This is a real gun loaded with bullets!" he yelled, almost whining.

If others could hear his inner complaints, they'd probably roll their eyes and groan in unison: Dude, why didn't you scope out the place before pulling this stunt? Even if we wanted to help you, you're beyond saving now.

Meanwhile, the two operators exchanged accusing glances and rolled their eyes. Their unspoken message was clear: This has to be your fault, with that weird physique that seems to attract trouble.

Last time, it was the balcony couple's fiasco. Now, a comedic robbery was unfolding before their eyes.

Even if they just wanted to relax and enjoy some coffee, chaos kept finding them. If it wasn't their partner's bad luck, then what else?

'You handle it yourself. I'm washing my hands of this.'

'Likewise. Don't drag me into it.'

Silence filled the coffee shop. Customers and staff alike were quiet because the scene was too absurd.

The operators stood still, helpless expressions on their faces. The robber froze as well, realizing the grim reality of his situation. Damn it! Of all the shops he could've chosen, why this one?

"Officers, do you believe me if I say this is a social experiment? Trust me, it's just a coincidence...  
Ahem..."

"..."

"..."

If only his legs weren't shaking so much, maybe someone might have believed his nonsense. Instead, everyone rolled their eyes in unison.

Chapter 640 Shotgun Girl's return

Naturally, the fate of the unlucky robber couldn't be more obvious. It shouldn't even be regarded as unfortunate since he managed to stay alive.

His foolish actions were so awkward and irritating that the two operators had no desire to intervene.

A few days later, in a bar somewhere.

Crack.

Ling Qingyu slammed the bottom of a huge beer mug onto the wooden table and smacked her lips.

Alas, the taste at home was unbeatable, but sometimes eating and drinking outside brought about cravings.

Across from her sat another girl, her face utterly devoid of life, clearly dragged here against her will.

Ling Qingyu felt an itch to tease the girl even more upon noticing her expression. Girls should look like this—reserved and indifferent—not like a maniac obsessed with explosions.

The girl was none other than the legendary shotgun girl, famous among the sisters for being taciturn, quiet, and exceptionally lethal in combat.

Ling Qingyu couldn't resist the urge to break the girl's stoic demeanor and smother her with affection, hugging and playing with her like a doll.

Of course, that was too out of character for someone with her image as a leader. In truth, Ling Qingyu wasn't the only one; everyone in the group enjoyed teasing the shotgun loli.

Among the girls, she seemed to be the youngest, shortest, and most immature. While the others, who practiced the ancient yet profound sutra compiled by Instructor Tang, had grown taller—most exceeding 1.7 meters—the shotgun loli remained below that height.

Technically, nothing much had changed, and she retained her title as "loli," at least when compared with her Spirit Fox sisters.

To outsiders unfamiliar with her, her height might still seem tall. But despite her stature, her bone and muscle density enhancements were no less impressive than the others'.

Aside from her height, she was also an undeniable powerhouse. That's why Ling Qingyu immediately grabbed her for an outing as soon as she realized the girl had returned.

Shotgun girl and her team had been away, traveling on Elena's submarine, and hadn't been back since. They were circling the world in 80 days, mostly near Washington in Country A, thanks to Elena's obsession.

Though they had sailed far from Ling Qingyu's warm home, their treatment hadn't suffered.

Given the submarine's massive size and abundant amenities, none of the girls felt bored or stressed living underwater. The simulated scenarios quenched their thirst for excitement.

Before returning, they managed to apprehend five robbers who had previously slipped through their grasp due to political interference.

Neither Athena nor the Spirit Fox team had any intention of letting them go, no matter how tragic or reasonable the robber leader's circumstances might have been—even if he had a military background.

After all, did the victims have a choice? Especially the bank clerk who had almost suffered the worst nightmare for any woman.

Not to mention, if not for Tang Ziyi and Athena's advanced technology providing a black-tech armored system, Ling Qingyu's girls might have been killed or maimed for life. That alone was enough to justify their hatred.

Since that incident, Ling Qingyu had waited patiently, never easing up on the monitoring of the five robbers.

It wasn't wise to intervene and risk destroying the negotiation results her wife had worked on. Besides, those culprits couldn't escape her watchful eyes.

Thus, the group on the submarine kidnapped the five blindfolded men in the dead of night, snatching them from a certain country in Elephant Continent, where they had been living lavishly.

All of them were drugged and completely helpless against the well-prepared Spirit Fox team, without even realizing they were being attacked.

When they woke up, they found themselves behind bars in Province N. The five exchanged uneasy glances, terrified.

Who could have predicted their smooth, easy lives would come crashing down? Even their military contacts were stunned when they learned the men had been captured.

They couldn't dismiss Spirit Fox or accuse them of breaking their promises. While the original agreement held, it didn't restrict the team from acting on foreign soil.

Even Yang Qingyue was shocked, though she and Cai Ning were delighted to receive this "New Year's gift."

At the very least, the fugitives who had been on the run were now back in custody. From the interrogation, the duo quickly deduced that Spirit Fox had captured them overseas.

They had thought they might have overestimated Ling Qingyu's capabilities, but in truth, they had underestimated her reach.

The two knew better than to probe further into how Ling Qingyu's subordinates had succeeded. If that woman wanted to share the details, she would have done so by now.

Thanks to her subordinates, Yang Qingyue and Cai Ning now had the leverage to play their next hand.

Though a promise had been made, it didn't mean there wouldn't be follow-ups from other angles.

Compared to the other girls, who played around at their leisure, shotgun girl had different priorities. Her idea of fun revolved around big guns and explosions.

This was precisely why Ling Qingyu forcibly dragged her out to enjoy the world beyond their battlefield. Both of them wore holographic masks to obscure their identities.

Shotgun girl pursed her lips as Ling Qingyu stared at her and muttered, "Boring."

Ling Qingyu's eyelids twitched, but she couldn't help laughing. This girl never spared her boss any face. What a temper.

At the same time, she felt a bit relieved. At least the girl was talking now and seemed less isolated. Perhaps some people just needed more time to connect.

Shotgun girl ignored her reaction and sipped her cocktail, casting disdainful glances at Ling Qingyu's choice of drink.

What kind of idiot orders beer in a high-end bar?

Oh, right—her boss.

If not for the excellent salary and elite treatment, she would've spoken her mind without hesitation.

Clank!

The glass shattered, alarming the two. They turned toward the sound and heard a man cursing.

The bar music stopped, and everyone turned their heads. Ling Qingyu and Shotgun Girl calmly took another sip and observed the situation.

The dim lighting obscured details, but people could still pinpoint the general direction of the commotion. The bar wasn't too large, though bigger than the average café.

"Bitch, what are you complaining about? You women always know how to whine!" The man stood up, venting his anger.

The woman cowered and sniffled in response, clearly keen to oblige and avoid resistance.

Ling Qingyu and Shotgun Girl narrowed their eyes, dangerous glints flashing across their pupils. It seemed to be a case of domestic abuse. The man's behavior mirrored the mindset of those who believed women needed to be beaten to "know their place."

Of course, they could contemplate the issue on a broader spectrum, but Ling Qingyu and her partner refrained from intervening for now. The situation hadn't escalated to a degree that warranted action.

After all, the mess left behind by domestic abuse wasn't something resolved with a single action. If the victim couldn't willingly extricate herself from danger, there was little they could do.

Not to mention, both were here to relax, not to spread righteousness or justice. Call her pretentious or indifferent, but Ling Qingyu simply didn't have the desire to act.

However, the situation escalated when the woman's lack of response angered the man, prompting him to lay hands on her. He pushed her to the floor, delivering two kicks before stepping back, only to charge forward for another powerful strike.

The people around were too stunned to speak, except for a few who muttered half-heartedly for the man to stop embarrassing himself in public and "settle it at home."

Hearing those comments, Ling Qingyu and Shotgun Girl's faces darkened. This man dared to blatantly bully the woman, and the crowd's remarks only added to their disgust.

What gave these people the confidence to think this could be "settled at home"? In truth, such individuals were selfish, more concerned about avoiding involvement than taking action.

Fortunately, a few onlookers called the emergency number. Compared to those who only spoke without acting, they were at least better.

Another woman stepped in, trying to shield the victim. At the very least, she had the courage to stand up against the escalating violence. However, the man easily threw her aside and returned to his target, stomping on her waist.

While Ling Qingyu could have continued to watch with cold detachment, her partner couldn't. Naturally, Ling Qingyu would have stepped in if the situation worsened, striking swiftly and decisively with grounded justification.

Shotgun Girl, however, interrupted her plan, but Ling Qingyu didn't blame her. After all, they were Spirit Fox operators. Despite serving under her orders, they carried hearts of justice wherever they went.

Women's physiques were inherently more vulnerable. Being struck in the abdomen was particularly dangerous, as it housed vital organs, including the womb.

Rupture or internal damage to this area was as critical as injuries to the kidney or liver, often requiring emergency treatment.

Judging by the man's ruthlessness and the force of his kicks, the damage would undoubtedly be severe.

Shotgun Girl sprinted without hesitation, striking at his lower limbs with precision and speed.