

Beautiful 671

Chapter 671: Troublemaker's physique

Usually, Gu Yi wouldn't bother mingling in low-level fights, apart from moving a few chess pieces.

This time, she was dead serious. It could be said that the Qin Group had touched her reverse scale, daring to attack her close confidante.

Emotionally and publicly, she had to retaliate—and hard. What kind of leader would she be if she gave in?

How could she convince her subordinates and allies in the future if she concealed her momentum and edge?

Perhaps she wouldn't have been so thunderous if Ling Qingyu and her assistance weren't involved. After all, those dirty files and the vast intelligence network were force multipliers in her next moves.

Regardless, sooner or later, Gu Yi would have to target the Qin Group, its affiliates, and underlings in the government—from both moral and personal standpoints.

She had gained benefits from Ling Qingyu, and she had to repay them. Of course, despite the merits, Gu Yi carefully weighed numerous factors to judge whether the future was feasible.

Otherwise, with her talent and reputation, she wouldn't have lost the ambition of sitting on the throne—until Ling Qingyu reignited the flame.

After all, everyone she encountered was corrupt, their minds filled with filth. Although Country C's situation had worsened in recent years, she never intended to create an upgraded living hell for the people, no matter her desire and thirst for power.

The Qin Group was destined to be her enemy. Now, she had to appease the Yang family to prevent excessive complaints—though she hadn't cared in the first place.

Home affairs didn't need to be spread around and ruin her public image, exploited by the opposition to smear her.

She wouldn't be surprised if, in the coming days, rumors about her adulterous affairs spread across the internet. Scandals were the most effective and easiest tools in politics.

Regardless of whether they were true or false, repeated gossip left a long-lasting impression. If excellent public relations experts maneuvered things perfectly, she might even lose the opportunity to explain the truth.

Well, these matters amounted to nothing, as she had her own teams to tackle the problem.

While Gu Yi struggled for her daughter-in-law's future, in the capital of Country E, a flight from Country C landed at the airport.

Passengers inside the aircraft yelled with joy and relief, feeling the touch of solid ground as the wheels made contact.

They clapped and expressed their gratitude. Outsiders wouldn't understand what they had been through.

In the business class, Lin Fan waved around and smiled. It felt great to be a hero and show off, especially in front of the beautiful stewardess.

5 hours ago.

He didn't like to spend too much money and wouldn't usually sit in privilege class. He found that sitting in economy allowed him to mingle with the crowd more.

All sorts of people from different walks of life enlightened his mindset. So, he was originally staying in the back until his neighbors had a conflict.

In the three-seat row, he was sitting near the aisle. A man and a woman suddenly began quarreling.

Well, it was more like the man was admonishing the woman with various accusations, not showing her the slightest respect.

The cause was the urn in her hands. The woman explained that it contained her late husband, who had recently passed away. She was bringing him home while traveling the world to fulfill a promise they had made together.

How touching and loving. Though the couple seemed to be interracial, Lin Fan gave a silent blessing.

However, the atmosphere was ruined by the man's nonstop bombardment about how unsightly and creepy it was to fly with an urn, citing bad luck and misfortune.

He even tried to provoke the crowd and sway them to his way of thinking. Fortunately, most people were sane enough to understand.

Indeed, just as Ling Qingyu had anticipated, Lin Fan encountered troubles and nuisances. He was practically a humanoid magnet with a label on his forehead that read desiring problems.

No matter where he went, trouble followed. This time wasn't so serious—or so he had thought.

He stepped up to protect the woman and, in doing so, attracted the attention of the most beautiful stewardess on the aircraft.

The flight attendants intervened and tried to reason with the persistent fool who clung to feudal superstitions, but they ultimately gave up.

Lin Fan inwardly complained that dead corpses were everywhere—even the fuel they used contained remnants of the past. What was there to be afraid of?

Because of his kindness and to resolve the root of the problem, the head stewardess—the most beautiful among the group—offered a solution, relocating Lin Fan and the woman to business class, where seats were available, as an additional beneficial treatment.

Lin Fan didn't need the upgrade since he could easily afford it but simply chose not to. However, it wasn't bad to accept a beauty's offer—especially one who was gazing at him with admiration. No big deal.

The widow thanked him multiple times and the two conversed about their daily lives and the plans after arriving in Country E.

Just when he thought the flight was about to end uneventfully, a commotion erupted in the back.

Since the two classes were separated by a curtain, he couldn't observe the situation, but he sensed the pleas in the fearful cries of the passengers.

The curtain was suddenly torn open, revealing a strange man holding a woman hostage, wildly swinging a pistol—or so it seemed.

Lin Fan was momentarily shocked that someone had smuggled a firearm on board without alerting anyone. Then, he realized—3D-printed materials could evade detection.

Disassembled into multiple parts and reassembled later, the gun wasn't particularly powerful, but its threat was more than enough.

The man threatened everyone on board and forced the pilot to divert the plane to another country, different from the intended destination.

However, the name of the country elicited frowns—it was a rare dictatorial state that had recently become restless under the backing of Country R.

In reality, the gun could fire at most less than a dozen rounds. How many could die among the crowd? But who dared to be the first?

This was how a simple knife could lead to great tragedies, and many similar scenarios had played out before. People underestimated the power of collective strength and instead sought heroes.

Why bother waiting for a savior when you could save yourself?

Nonetheless, uniting people from different backgrounds was easier said than done—especially with such a variety of ethnicities and races.

In short, regardless of the kidnapper's demands or motives, Lin Fan wasn't interested.

He swiftly disarmed and subdued the kidnapper the moment an opportunity presented itself, rescuing the attractive stewardess he had set his sights on.

The woman's heart pounded, and her emotions caused her to develop a favorable opinion of the young hero.

The flight continued as planned, and the two flirted, bringing their relationship closer. Lin Fan also received a ridiculous number of tissues with phone numbers discreetly slipped into his pocket by several flight attendants.

He was both overjoyed and in pain. Ling Qingyu would definitely envy him for receiving such absurd treatment—she might even conspire something bad out of spite.

On the other hand, if Lin Fan ever discovered Ling Qingyu's enjoyment of private flights and her personal flight crew, he would curse the injustice.

At present, he had long since forgotten about the troubles, dismissing both situations as mere nuisances.

Lin Fan waited for the plane to taxi to a stop. Country E's police had already arrived to handle the hostage situation that had unfolded on board.

They entered the aircraft first and took the suspect away, bound tightly with ropes. After asking a sufficient number of questions, the police left.

Only then were the passengers allowed to disembark. Despite the troublesome ordeal, no one complained—things could have been much worse if not for the hero on board.

He didn't leave immediately, though. Not until he had subtly teased his favorite stewardess enough.

Lin Fan's peach blossoms bloomed wherever he roamed. With just a snap of his fingers, he could have any stewardess he desired.

As a stallion among men, his favor always leaned toward those with beauty, purity, and backgrounds that could benefit his future. Destiny favored him.

He walked alongside her, ignoring the jealous, burning gazes around him—including those of the pilots who had their own interests in the chief stewardess.

When it came to women, he wasn't overly picky, but he wasn't a fool either. A man like him should always have a female confidante by his side, no matter where he was, right?

Wealth, power, and beauty—all were within his reach.

Too bad he had to stay away from the alluring stewardess for now. His plans involved great dangers, and she couldn't be caught in the crossfire.

Meanwhile, his thoughts drifted to another concern—how to ensnare the goddess without offending her or pushing her away because of his harem.

The moment he stepped into the airport, his eyes scanned through the glass walls separating the two halls, designed to facilitate the flow of passengers arriving and departing.

His intuition tingled—something was amiss.

He spotted a couple, or at least what seemed like one, engaged in a serious discussion. Their expressions and temperaments felt out of place.

Then, his gaze shifted to another man entering the restroom. Something about him seemed off.

Lin Fan shook his head. Maybe he was just overthinking things after the thrilling events on the aircraft.

It was impossible that troubles followed him, right? He refused to believe his troublemaker's physique joked by his women.

Chapter 672: Foreshadowing

A few minutes after Lin Fan's flight touched down, Ling Qingyu's Airbus landed and taxied to its designated spot.

Thanks to her privileged status—both as someone about to communicate with the nation's leaders and Athena's discreet manipulations—she enjoyed early access and additional benefits.

Like now. Instead of going through the usual immigration process, a staff member came aboard to check passports and handle the necessary registrations for her group.

The procedure was seamless. Money truly made everything possible—at least, for those with wealth close to Ling Qingyu's level.

Even she had no idea what exactly Miss System had done behind the scenes to make officials cater to her demands so efficiently.

Another reason they bypassed conventional border checks was their decision to bring over their own vehicles.

Why make herself suffer unnecessary hassle when a few extra cents could smooth the process and improve her mood?

Of course, Carlo's warning still lingered in her mind.

Country E was notorious for its lawlessness, corruption, and ongoing conflicts. The possibility of an attack was all too real.

Through the window, she caught sight of a familiar flight number.

She raised a brow and voiced her suspicion. Athena promptly confirmed—it was Lin Fan's flight.

Ling Qingyu's eyes widened in shock.

That troublemaker caused disasters wherever he walked!

Given Carlo's concerns and now the sheer coincidence of Lin Fan's arrival, how could she not think something was amiss?

Her premonitions were rarely wrong—so much so that they often manifested into reality.

And right now, every fiber of her being was screaming that something was about to happen.

If Lin Fan could hear her inner thoughts, he'd no doubt shift the blame back onto her.

Sure, he attracted trouble—but never anything too big. However, if she was nearby, that trouble would escalate into something catastrophic.

Together, they were a walking calamity.

After all, when protagonists crossed paths, peace was never an option.

Despite her formal role as a harem member, Ling Qingyu had acquired immense fortune through Miss System's intervention.

Luck ensured a smooth future—but only if the universe deemed her worthy.

At least, that's what fortune-tellers would claim. Whether reality actually worked that way was another matter entirely.

For now, she and her group remained aboard, waiting for their documents to be officially stamped. Meanwhile, under the attentive care of the beautiful stewardesses, they enjoyed their time in comfort.

Ling Qingyu muttered under her breath, half-joking, half-wary, "Damn, I don't want a robbery at the airport."

She highly doubted that security here would be so lax.

And as for criminals in Country E? They shouldn't have leveled up from novice village just yet.

Athena, hearing her mother's grumbling, rolled her eyes.

As an advanced AI lifeform, she trusted data—not superstition.

Yet, time and time again, her mother's intuition had proven eerily accurate.

So, despite her skepticism, Athena dared not dismiss it outright.

Mo Yunxi and Yin Jingfei quickly noticed Ling Qingyu's shift in demeanor.

"What's wrong, Sister Ling?"

"Yeah, is something bothering you? Even Sister Yunxi—who usually struggles to read emotions—picked up on it," Yin Jingfei added. "Sister Qingyu, you can trust us."

"Just call me dumb if you want to," Mo Yunxi swatted Yin Jingfei's shoulder playfully.

"I think 'low EQ' is a better term," Xiao Yue chimed in.

Ling Qingyu, who had been deeply lost in thought, couldn't help but laugh at their banter.

Yeah. Why was she worrying so much?

She had already prepared for everything.

The rest was up to fate.

Still, fulfilling Carlo's request might be harder than she initially expected.

As Mo Yunxi and Yin Jingfei bickered—blissfully unbothered by their respective ranks as doctor and nurse—Xiao Yue quietly observed.

Unlike the others, she understood Ling Qingyu's concerns on a deeper level.

She approached Xiao Yue and gestured with her chin.

Ling Qingyu bit her lip before confiding her suspicion in a low voice, barely audible to the other woman's ears.

Xiao Yue's brow furrowed deeply.

She had expected Ling Qingyu to be facing a serious problem.

But it turned out to be... superstition?

Perhaps her expression was a little too intense, because Ling Qingyu smacked her thigh and screeched, "Listen to me! There's no doubt my premonition is getting stronger. Believe me—it doesn't hurt to be prepared!"

Xiao Yue nodded. "Understood. But in the face of absolute strength, these things mean nothing."

"I'm not worried about us. I have confidence in myself, in you, and in the others."

Ling Qingyu exhaled, then continued, "What concerns me is the promise I made to my subordinate just hours ago. I don't want it running into trouble."

She quickly explained the additional reason for their arrival in Country E—a last-minute decision she had made after speaking with Carlo.

Xiao Yue took a moment to process, then nodded. "Got it. I'll alert the girls to arm up."

"Go. It doesn't matter if we frightened others."

Ling Qingyu waved her off before patting her own chest in reassurance.

Her gaze flickered toward her bracelet.

Luckily, I've packed everything in here.

The fear of insufficient firepower is a powerful motivator.

She let out a small sigh.

Hopefully, this is just me overthinking.

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While Lin Fan and Ling Qingyu processed their own suspicions, a man in a yellow boonie hat hurriedly laid his backpacks down for the security staff to inspect.

The way the conveyor belt dragged his belongings made his heart clench. He inhaled sharply, exhaled even sharper, and darted his gaze around.

His head stayed low, attempting to conceal the upper half of his face. His erratic behavior should have raised alarms, but the security personnel paid him little mind, continuing their routine checks.

He stole a glance at the door ahead. His last-minute ticket had already been purchased, and he had successfully crossed the immigration checkpoint. Beyond that door was the boarding pathway—his final step to freedom.

The closer he got to crossing the threshold, the more anxious he became.

If Ling Qingyu were here, she would have grabbed him by the collar and dragged him away in an instant.

This man was the target of Carlo's request—her subordinate's nephew.

"Sir, may I check your bag?" A female security officer stepped forward. She was likely a policewoman assigned to airport security.

The man nodded impatiently. A male guard beside her patted him down, running a scanner over his skin. Both officers had dark skin, blending in with the locals.

As the female officer rummaged through his belongings, she pulled out an expensive camera and placed it on the table, locking eyes with him.

His stomach twisted.

Damn.

"What's the problem?" he asked, trying to sound casual, though his fingers twitched against his side. His eyes hovered over the camera despite his best effort to resist the urge.

That camera contained sensitive information. Information that had to be exposed to the world. He was risking his life for this.

"Sir, in Country E, you must register and pay a fee in advance to bring a professional camera into the country," the officer stated.

"Excuse me?" He blinked, momentarily speechless.

"Sir! Please pay the camera tax. Do you hear me clearly?" She repeated, her expression firm.

Internally, he was screaming.

He had faced zero trouble passing through border control and immigration, only to be stopped at the final step over this?

He knew the country was corrupt, but this was blatant. And judging by the indifferent expressions of those around him, this wasn't out of the ordinary.

He had heard stories—passengers extorted, fined, even robbed outright in certain airports.

If he wasn't in a hurry, he would have argued, made a scene, and forced a supervisor to intervene. But time was against him.

Gritting his teeth, he reached for his pocket—

Only to find a few crumpled bills.

His heart sank.

He had burned through most of his cash just getting here.

The two officers' eyes gleamed when they saw him take out money. Their faces soured the moment they realized it wasn't as much as they expected.

They had assumed that a man carrying such an expensive camera must be wealthy.

"That's all I have," he said, suppressing his anger. "Let's not make this difficult. I don't like trouble either. And frankly, this is a matter for the tax bureau, not you. You should know that. Pulling this card won't end well for either of us."

He had no time for this. Every second spent here increased his risk. His tone was sharp, his patience fraying.

The two officers exchanged glances, thrown off by his defiance. They hadn't expected him to push back—let alone be familiar with how things worked behind the scenes.

After a brief silence, the female officer cast a glance toward a nearby small room.

A moment later, a man emerged, holstering a pistol at his waist.

The man in the yellow boonie hat felt his lips twitch.

Seriously?

Just let me through. Why make this a whole damn ordeal?

So, reasoning wasn't going to work.

Robbery it is, then?

Not long ago, he had played along with the corrupt culture of this country, using it to his advantage.

Now?

He hated it.

BOOM! BOOM!

Bang—bang—bang—bang—bang.

Chapter 673: Airport attack

Half an hour ago.

Somewhere inside a van, a man pried away the curtain for a moment and glimpsed at the outside world before putting it back into position.

He was anything but ordinary. He wore a military vest with magazines inside the pouches. In his right hand, he held the barrel of an AK-74, its buttstock planted on the floor.

He murmured a response into the handphone as if receiving instructions and took a deep breath.

He pulled his hood down, covering his entire face except for his eyes. His head turned toward the interior, where his teammates sat in silence.

Eight men awaited his words. They were similarly armed to the teeth. Nobody could discern their identities or races.

Even the portions of skin they showed seemed artificially obscured, as if their complexion had been altered to match the locals.

When their leader ended the call, they knew the action had begun. Their postures straightened, and their auras turned murderous.

"Listen up. Intel from upstairs has confirmed that our target has appeared at the airport, just as some of our experts predicted."

"Experts? More like common sense," one man joked, and everyone laughed.

The leader waited for the laughter to subside before continuing. "But it also proves that our target has some counter-surveillance skills to avoid detection."

"Boss, haven't we sent our operators ahead to scout and report back? They should have seen the target by now."

"Don't underestimate him. Otherwise, how on earth did he manage to evade our pursuit for so long? We can't afford to lose this man again. We know his name appeared on the airline's ticket purchase records. Now, it's confirmed that he has already cleared customs. He's there. Gentlemen, the moment his flight takes off, the mission is doomed. Time is working against us."

"Haven't our scouts already positioned themselves to kidnap and interrogate him?" one subordinate asked, voicing what everyone wanted to know.

"It's not as easy as you think. He bought a last-minute ticket and will be airborne in less than half an hour. Our undercover agents can't expose themselves. Although we look down on Country E's security, fewer than a handful of operatives won't stand a chance against dozens.

"Besides, I'm waiting for their call to confirm whether they successfully snatched the man. Don't get your hopes up. HQ has grown impatient and has ordered us to intervene directly. We still have ten minutes before we reach the airport."

"What's our mission this time?"

"HQ wants a false flag operation."

"A false flag operation?" All the members cried out in surprise, feeling a strong sense of foreboding.

"Yes. Since we can't quickly confirm the target's identity, we'll stage a terrorist attack and kill everyone. The blame will fall on those extremist insurgents."

"What the fuck?!"

"Boss, you can't be serious."

"Haha, you guys are such wimps. I'm getting more and more excited."

"Yeah, the blood rush of killing."

"Motherfuckers!!!" Those unwilling cursed at the lunatics.

"Quiet!" The boss silenced everyone. "That's not my call but HQ's. The Godfather sends his regards. Do you understand?!"

"Understood!" After a moment of silence, a collective agreement resounded—some voices filled with willingness, others with reluctance.

Although their group had committed enough crimes to cause public outrage, the prospect of a terrorist attack, massacring everyone, sent a chill through some of the members.

Before, despite their gruesome actions, the impact was minimal—only affecting the targets and those connected to them.

However, this mission went beyond what some could accept, though the bloodthirsty demons among them reveled in it.

Of course, no one dared to oppose the order. They knew the consequences of refusal. Maybe nothing would happen immediately, but once they were alone later, misfortune would follow.

They were a black ops unit. Their missions were never meant to be revealed to the public.

In fact, they were no different from the white gloves of a political apparatus—disposable at will.

Tonight's cleanup job sent chills. Several sane ones understood they must not fail; otherwise, they would be sleeping six feet below the ground.

The boss observed their reactions and didn't say much. In his opinion, the only foes standing against him were a few airport elite guards and police officers.

The former could be eliminated with their skills, while the latter weren't in his consideration at all.

Furthermore, there were two additional teams accompanying them. He was tasked with leading his men in the frontal attack—eliminating anyone in sight while keeping an eye on the target's whereabouts if possible.

They had no idea where the sensitive information was stored, but that could be handled in the aftermath.

The others would encircle the airport and ensure no one escaped the net, especially the target.

To reinforce the image of a terrorist attack orchestrated by extremist insurgents, they would leave behind a few pieces of "evidence."

Among their teams, there were indeed a few locals. Their bodies would serve tonight's op well, though their owners had no idea about the impending danger.

Several minutes later, the van slowed down and came to a complete stop. The driver spoke into the communication channel:

"We're here. Team One has arrived."

"Team Two on standby."

"Team Three, one mike before position in."

The boss nodded at his men and cocked the AK. "Remember, no English. We're now extremist insurgents."

"Roge."

"Roger, Sir."

"Hablo español?" A nonsensical, comical phrase drew his attention, causing him to scold back.

"Just don't speak, son of a bitch."

"All teams, green light. You're on your own."

With the order, the boss slammed the van's sliding door open and stepped out. His men poured out behind him.

Outside, a guard in desert camouflage and a red beret, wielding an AK-47, noticed the parked van.

It had been idling too long in the terminal, an area meant only for pick-up and drop-off.

Walking toward it, he planned to berate the driver and passengers inside, perhaps even impose some arbitrary fines.

Suddenly, the door swished open, and hooded armed men poured out. His steps froze in shock.

Before he could shout or raise his rifle, a gunshot rang out. His head bloomed red as he collapsed onto the ground.

Immediately after, rapid automatic fire erupted. The terrorists fanned out in a coordinated formation.

One of them, carrying an RPG, aimed at the only armored vehicle nearby.

Boom!

The projectile streaked forward and obliterated the vehicle, blowing away the soldiers around it. The explosion sent a wave of heat and concussive force rippling through the entryway.

The shockwave hurled civilians to the ground, scattering luggage and debris in all directions. The responding guards were gunned down instantly.

In a matter of seconds, all threats outside the terminal were eliminated without resistance.

Screams erupted, and panic set in. A stampede began. Civilians bolted after shaking off their initial paralysis.

Some crawled, their legs heavy with fear. Others rushed forward, shoving obstacles aside.

Some trampled over the fallen, desperate to escape. Some cowered behind baggage and vehicles, seeking cover.

A terrorist wielding a PKM machine gun aimed at the fleeing crowd.

The muzzle roared as bullets tore through the defenseless mass. His teammates fired at any figure within their sight.

Despite their reckless carnage, a few men remained vigilant, scanning for threats and working as a unit to provide cover.

Their caution paid off. Across the terminal, two officers drew their pistols and took aim—they were killed instantly.

The coordinated attack, from its opening salvo to the seamless cooperation between team members, had already sealed the tragic fate of those inside the airport.

No matter how well they pretended to be terrorists, their rigorous training and years of experience betrayed their true skills.

Bodies piled up as rounds tore through the air, drowning out the groans and moans of the bleeding victims, who had only moments left to live.

The attackers ignored them and pressed forward. By now, most officers had abandoned their posts and fled in terror.

Unfortunately, no one can outrun a bullet.

The escapees were mowed down mercilessly, save for a few lucky ones. Those with quick thinking sought cover and managed to survive the initial slaughter.

Some security personnel, unarmed and defenseless, had no choice but to flee—and they could hardly be blamed. Without weapons, they were nothing more than sitting ducks.

In the face of gunfire, everyone was equal—officials, soldiers, civilians, elites, politicians, the wealthy. Status, power, and skin color meant nothing.

Bang—bang—bang—bang.

Click! Click!

Those who ran out of ammunition reloaded without breaking stride.

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Inside the airport, a man growing impatient with a blatantly corrupt security officer shuddered at the thunderous explosions and rapid gunfire outside.

Though he couldn't see the terminal entrance from his position, his head instinctively turned toward the source of the chaos.

They were here.

As the screams escalated and a frantic tide of footsteps rushed in his direction, he snatched up his belongings—his camera, his bag—and bolted.

He didn't care about the reactions of the staff around him. He had only one goal—survival.

Yet, deep down, he knew the odds were slim.

The security officers who had been troubling him moments ago were now frozen in terror. The superior, the only one with a handgun, immediately took off after the man, shouting orders at his subordinates.

The other two collapsed against the table, their legs giving out beneath them. One, a black man, stood paralyzed—eyes wide, breath shallow, body trembling in response to the relentless gunfire.

The female officer covered her eyes, trembling as the chaos unfolded around her. Her body felt fused to the furniture, as if held in place by an invisible force.

Though their reactions seemed irrational, this was a common human response in extreme crises—the freeze response—just like the panicked civilians outside.

When bombarded with an overwhelming number of high-intensity stimuli in a short period, the brain needed time to process before deciding the next course of action.

It was the same instinct that caused a deer to freeze in the glare of headlights or a rabbit to flip onto its back and play dead when terrified.

This reaction was deeply ingrained in biological survival mechanisms.

The supervisor called out again, his voice edged with urgency, but seeing no response, he cursed under his breath and sprinted off helplessly.

Chapter 674: Lin Fan intervened

Upstairs, the explosions and rattle of gunfire had sown confusion. Since people couldn't see the tragedy yet, they hadn't realized the grave danger involved—except for a few who were familiar with the symphony of battle.

However, the shock and tremors had alerted even the dullest person in the crowd, let alone Lin Fan and the individuals he suspected.

For instance, Lin Fan subconsciously listened to the chaos, trying to extract as much intelligence as possible.

The couple he had his eyes on instinctively lowered their stance while their hands reached for their waists.

Lin Fan took note of their behavior. Only those trained in firearms under stressful conditions reacted like this. It was as if the two were reaching for nonexistent guns.

Although they retracted their hands later, realizing their weapons weren't with them, he was certain they were extremely accustomed to carrying firearms.

Their identities weren't simple—they were specialists. When Lin Fan looked at the other man, he noticed that this one was unnervingly calm, as if he had anticipated the attack long ago.

In contrast to the couple, this man even took time to scan his surroundings, seemingly searching for a specific target in the crowd.

"What's the matter, Lin Fan?" the stewardess asked.

"Stay close to me. We might be in danger. Have your sisters stick around us as well."

Lin Fan recollected his thoughts and assessed the situation. Multiple shooters—probably more than a dozen. Hiss! This was the worst scenario he had ever faced.

Even the last bank robbery paled in comparison. At least there, people had survived, and the authorities had reacted quickly. The robbers had higher priorities than killing.

Here, he was alone. The enemies seemed intent on slaughtering everyone. Judging by the sounds of gunfire, Lin Fan had long realized that the fight was likely one-sided.

This was a coordinated assault, and their objective was unknown. He couldn't rely on the mercy of strangers.

No. Although airport security was unreliable, with proper leadership, an organized defense could be formed.

Moreover, there were fellow colleagues nearby. No matter how strange and coincidental fate seemed, he had to seek their help.

He didn't think he could fight off a dozen well-armed enemies alone, in the worst-case scenario, without any weapons.

From the security guards' reactions, they appeared panicked and would likely ignore everything.

"What's happening?" the stewardess asked, now realizing the potential danger. Her reaction might not have been as quick as his, but her reasoning was still intact.

Likewise, the crowd began to panic, their steps driven by an instinct to flee danger. Of course, the unseen screams terrified them the most.

Lin Fan strode toward the closed entrance meant for boarding passengers. He had no intention of following the formal path toward the arrival terminal and foolishly facing the enemies head-on.

"Everybody, run! The airport is under attack!"

"Where do we run?"

"Just run!"

Lin Fan's direct approach toward the guards alarmed them. One of them unholstered his weapon and pointed it at Lin Fan.

Without hesitation, Lin Fan snatched the pistol away and aimed it at the guard's partner.

"Don't move! Don't panic. If we don't work together, we'll all die soon."

The chief stewardess and her colleagues, who had followed in Lin Fan's footsteps, stood in shock—dumbfounded by his swift, deadly action.

"Sir, calm down! Put the weapon down."

"I'm not with them—don't ask me," Lin Fan said. "Just listen. We need to prepare a defense if we want to survive."

Initially, Lin Fan had considered simply dragging away the beautiful stewardess, her friends, and those who had followed his advice to escape into the open field.

But he chose otherwise when he realized he had no knowledge of the airport's layout. Of course, his actions elicited screams from the crowd.

"Who are you? What do you intend to do?" The guard, who was being aimed at by the male protagonist, stuttered but managed to calm down after asking the important question.

Against the backdrop of carnage below, where screams and gunfire spread like a prairie fire, his composure was already impressive for an ordinary police officer.

"Former Special Forces member from Country C," Lin Fan introduced himself with confidence. "The airport is likely under a terrorist attack. Do you have any plans?"

Anyway, no one had time to verify his claim. In the minds of many, Special Forces operatives were omnipotent masters of warfare, making it easier for him to gain trust.

Since he had no time to waste, he needed to act fast and decisively. First, he had to intimidate them by demonstrating his skill—showing that he could kill the officers effortlessly. Then, he added his background to make himself sound more persuasive.

Indeed, the two panicked officers immediately regained their composure, now feeling a sense of hope at having a dependable figure to follow.

Before they could speak, Lin Fan cut them off again. "Tell me where the armory is. Size doesn't matter—we need to get there quickly before the terrorists cut us off."

"Yeah, it's upstairs, just a short walk away," the officer who had lost his firearm replied. "Let me lead you there."

He didn't even consider Lin Fan a threat. If Lin Fan had any ill intentions, he already had the upper hand.

Besides, he and his partner were already in a dire situation. Sure, there were other colleagues, but their circumstances were likely no better, since well-armed personnel were stationed below.

What worse outcome could there be in this scenario? It was their greatest luck to have a former Special Forces operative helping them.

"Wait a second," Lin Fan said, turning his gaze toward the people he had been watching earlier. "You, you, you—step forward and confess. If we want to survive, this is our only hope now. Although I don't like to say 'the greater the strength, the greater the responsibility,' there is some truth to it."

Lin Fan pointed at the suspicious couple and an unresponsive man. The latter made Lin Fan frown.

The couple exchanged glances. After a brief contemplation, they stepped forward with some hesitation, seemingly making a decision.

How had their identities been seen through?

Well, that wasn't the crucial factor here. The two nodded and responded, "We'll help, then."

"Thank you. And you?" Lin Fan directed his question to the last man.

"Alright, but we need guns."

Lin Fan smiled and turned to the officer, not even bothering to return the pistol in his hand. "You can lead the way now, brother. We don't have time. And please have your colleagues barricade the area—lock everything down."

"Sure, man." The officer relayed the order to his fellow guards and sped off. Lin Fan and the trio followed. Before leaving, he didn't forget to remind the chief flight attendant he favored.

"Miss, it's not safe to stay inside the airport. If possible, could you lead the passengers inside the aircraft?"

"That seems like the best option. I'll arrange for them to evacuate," the lady nodded firmly.

"Don't worry, Mr. Lin. We sisters will help your girlfriend," one of the stewardesses teased.

Since Lin Fan had claimed a Special Forces identity, admiration sparkled in her eyes. Her colleagues weren't spared either.

"You!" The chief stewardess blushed and glared at the traitors. "Take care, Lin Fan."

"Don't worry," Lin Fan replied, smiling at the playful exchange.

He wasn't overly concerned about the terrorist attack.

People died every day.

He stepped up for his own survival and for those he cherished, like the girls before him. Of course, his moral upbringing and disgust for the massacre of the powerless by armed attackers were additional reasons.

"Wait." The stewardess suddenly grabbed Lin Fan's shirt and lightly pecked his lips in a surprise attack.
"I'll be waiting."

Lin Fan nodded and reluctantly moved away.

Damn, he didn't need to explain his scumbag tendencies—the girl made the first move. He was silently cheering himself on.

If Ling Qingyu, who was currently planning to sever the connection between the stewardess model and the male protagonist, saw the scene, she would complain about the unfairness of fate.

While staff and willing civilians prepared barricades, Lin Fan's group welcomed two additional members who admitted their expertise in gunfighting.

Inside the armory, Lin Fan introduced himself again. "Former Special Forces member of Country C."

"FBI Special Agent Sitwell."

"Special Agent Hill."

If Ling Qingyu were here, her eyelid would twitch at the names, and she would curse her system.

Even S.H.I.E.L.D. had transmigrated? Would Agent Coulson appear next?

Meanwhile, Lin Fan raised an eyebrow.

The couple was FBI?

From their rapid reactions and calm demeanor, their true identities were far more than that. These two were likely on a special mission and could even be the reason for the attack.

Everything was uncertain, and Lin Fan wasn't stupid enough to disrupt morale among his allies.

Not to mention, his suspicions were just conjectures without evidence.

"Country A, Former Marine Recon."

This was the man Lin Fan suspected most, based on his observations. However, his identity raised the confidence level of the temporary team. Marine Recons were badass units, experts in modern warfare—the modern elite scout version of the ancient times.

"Country I, veteran of the Republic Guard."

"Country S, border garrison—on vacation."

The newest members were also soldiers. The probability had increased.

In fact, Lin Fan almost cursed upon identifying his teammates.

Why in the world were they all here? No wonder a terrorist attack had occurred.

Combined with his great luck—despite his doubts about his physique—he had to admit that the coincidences leading him into trouble contained some truth. FBI agents, a Marine Recon, veterans, and him (Retired mercenary)... No surprise.

If he knew Ling Qingyu had arrived, he might have sprained his ankle and accused her straightaway: It's you.

This woman had resonated with him deeply since the last bank robbery. He encountered problems but not so great until Ling Qingyu was nearby.

"Gentlemen and ladies," Lin Fan almost forgot a woman was in the group. "We don't have time for pleasantries. Let's cooperate and survive first."

"You don't need to say it."

Lin Fan's 'veterans' and the accompanying security guards quickly armed themselves.

AK-74 assault rifles, magazines, vests, and other necessary gear.

Chapter 675: Don't set up an early flag

The airport security guard leading Lin Fan and the rest didn't trust them easily. He remained vigilant even after hearing their identities.

Somehow, his suspicion grew stronger when he realized why so many special forces members, ex-military personnel, and agents were gathered at the airport at this time.

Coincidence?

If the others heard his inner conflict, they would nod nonstop, lamenting the strange fate.

However, despite following Lin Fan's lead, none of them were prepared to listen solely to his orders.

He wasn't the leader, but as the first responder, he had the moral high ground and appeal.

It depended on his charisma to facilitate further cooperation. The temporary team needed a capable leader to withstand the coming onslaught.

Despite having weapons in their hands, they weren't certain they could repel the attack. The only option was to hold out for as long as possible—given the sheer number of enemy combatants, as indicated by the sounds—until reinforcements arrived.

None of them had realized the terrorists weren't what they had expected. The foes were far beyond their worst overestimation.

Usually, airport security wasn't as tight as today, with military vehicles and soldiers standing guard.

The entire operation was meant to ensure Ling Qingyu's safety, orchestrated by the government. Her visit was a secret among the higher-ups.

Who would have expected a complete disaster to unfold? When reports of a terrorist attack reached their ears, nearly everyone suffered myocardial infarctions.

The higher-ups quickly scrambled to launch a rescue operation. It would take at least 45 minutes for the QRF to reach the airport—already the fastest possible response time.

Under normal circumstances, without pressure from superiors, the delay could extend up to two hours, a testament to corruption and their disregard for ordinary citizens.

Those inside the airport weren't aware of these matters. They only received the message that reinforcements were on the way.

"I know it's hard for me to convince you all. We have our pride, but cooperation is the only path to survival." Lin Fan began his speech after equipping everything he needed.

An AK-74, a vest, a pistol, and a few magazines. He was slightly taken aback by the thorough preparedness of the airport security.

Country E wasn't a powerful nation to begin with. It was rare to see such equipment available—especially AK-74s, as AKMs were preferred by the military.

Since he was visiting Country E to meet with his comrades, he understood the complexity and limitations of the country's military strength.

"I know my men still have some doubts, but we're the only hope here," Lin Fan addressed the security guard's concerns.

"Let's find the best-barricaded positions and fight from there, dragging it out until the QRF arrives... Any ideas?"

He was direct and didn't bother to sugarcoat the unpleasant reality. It was better to resolve misunderstandings before the fight began.

As for why Lin Fan and the rest weren't rushing to rescue the panicked crowd downstairs—they weren't in a movie script with plot armor, though Lin Fan's existence was debatable.

A handful of enemy fighters would have been manageable, but the current number was estimated to be over a dozen. If Lin Fan proposed a rescue operation immediately, he would lose all respect.

Not to mention, they knew nothing about the terrorists. In warfare, a lack of intelligence always led to extremely dangerous outcomes.

The others agreed and quickly put forward their suggestions. Within a few moments, a defensive plan was formed, and the group sped toward their designated positions.

The accompanying security guard also bolted toward his comrades to relay the message.

Six minutes had passed since the attack began. A few officers downstairs had managed to resist valiantly despite being suppressed.

Once the element of surprise wore off, further attacks required precise timing and tactical competence. Unfortunately, the terrorists seemed to possess both advantages.

Resistance, apart from prolonging the battle, seemed futile, but it bought precious time for Lin Fan and his group to establish a proper plan.

More people flooded into the room from downstairs—both civilians and staff—adding pressure on the guards.

The only fear was that terrorists might disguise themselves and infiltrate the circle. Though the possibility was unlikely, the risk was still there.

Two FBI agents planned to hold the entry points from the arrival terminal with the available guards.

Fortunately, every exit from the aircraft merged into a single path, making it easier to defend for a while.

The rest guarded the path from the departure terminal gate. Even though the airport wasn't comparable to those in top nations, it was still vast relative to their small group, making it difficult to fend off intruders.

When Lin Fan returned and saw his beloved stewardess still ushering people into the aircraft, especially those who escaped later, he complained.

His scolding was soft, but it showed his concern. "Why aren't you inside the aircraft already? It's dangerous here."

His temporary teammates ignored the banter and continued with their tasks. The alluring chief flight attendant explained, "I want to help as much as I can. It's the least I can do."

"Alright, go in now. Don't linger around. If possible, ask the pilots to reverse and taxi away from the airport. It'll buy you time."

"We only have pilots available for two aircraft," the stewardess said with a frown.

"Anyway, staying inside the plane is the safest option right now."

The woman was about to nod when a loud explosion drew their attention. Flames lit up their surroundings.

They saw a parked transport propeller aircraft in the open field blown in half from the middle. Fire spread, slowly engulfing the structure.

Lin Fan: "..."

Beautiful flight attendant: "..."

Special forces members: "..."

Airport security guards: "..."

Onlookers who heard Lin Fan's assurance: "..."

The corners of their lips twitched. Sometimes, words could backfire. Setting up an early flag really followed Murphy's Law.

Boom!

Right before their eyes, a projectile with a trail of smoke flew straight into another aircraft. Another explosion followed.

This time, they spotted the culprit—RPGs. Small figures fired at the staff members on the field.

Apparently, the staff had been hiding, thinking they were safer outside than confined inside the building.

"Okay, you can stay wherever you like," Lin Fan sighed and added. Anyway, the inner circle was still the safest.

He hadn't expected the terrorists to waste precious RPGs destroying aircraft. How much resentment did they hold?

Now, the back was completely exposed. One group attacked from the terminal, wreaking havoc inside, while another popped up to flank the exterior.

There was no way to defend the exterior. The worst had happened. Why did the terrorists seem so adamant about exterminating everyone in the airport?

Just then, they saw another projectile heading toward a larger plane in the distance—an Airbus A380.

Oh, no! This should belong to a big boss, possibly an important dignitary. The flight just arrived not long ago. There are people inside!

This was the collective thought of everyone, bracing for another explosion.

On the other hand, Lin Fan wondered why on earth such a massive aircraft was even in Country E, where it usually had no business. Was the airbus the terrorist's target from the beginning.

Before the projectile reached its destination, in contrast to their expectations, it exploded mid-air, stunning the onlookers.

What happened?

Chapter 676: Terminal Battle

A moment after the pre-detonation—or so everyone thought—small figures sprang out of the Airbus door.

Two well-equipped figures, clad in green camouflage with vests and helmets, stood atop the airstair, their rifles aimed at the second terrorist group.

Fire burst from their muzzles. The RPG holder was gunned down, and the second unfortunate terrorist near him was also neutralized.

The terrorist group was shocked by the sudden turn of events, losing two members in the shortest exchange.

They reacted quickly, seeking cover and attempting to return fire once they established their positions.

Lin Fan, observing the fight from afar, frowned. FBI agents and veterans were also watching the battle, their expressions equally grim.

Ordinary spectators were merely relieved that another force was engaging the terrorists, but experts saw more.

The manner and speed in which the terrorists reacted to gunfire showcased their competence—almost at the level of special-tier operators.

Of course, what added to the shock was that the new force had immediately suppressed the terrorists' arrogance with just two people.

Another figure emerged from the doorway and dashed down the airstair before propping up the bipods of their weapon on a baggage chariot and lighting up the terrorists' position.

Rounds zipped across the field, forcing the terrorists to cower behind cover. The figure fought rhythmically, as if there was an art to wielding a solo machine gun.

With accurate shots from the snipers on the airstair, the second terrorist attack was impeded.

Soon, more figures poured out of the aircraft, splitting into two formations. One moved toward the airport terminal, while the other advanced to assault the suppressed enemies.

Seeing his companions frown, Lin Fan reassured them: "An enemy of my enemy is my friend. Relax. There's no point in overthinking. Just wish they are backing us. We've got our own work to do."

The rest nodded and returned to their tasks, apparently agreeing with his words. By now, most had misunderstood the passengers inside the Airbus, believing them to be the main goal behind the attack by the terrorists.

The terrorists' target had been the aircraft all along. Even Lin Fan saw no flaw in this reasoning, especially after witnessing how well-trained and well-equipped the A380's guards were.

He didn't dwell on it, watching more terrorists fall while the remaining ones maneuvered to retreat.

However, he managed to get a clearer look at the formation heading toward the terminal—high-grade military equipment, FN SCAR-SC and SCAR-TPR, carbine and DMR roles respectively, for obvious reasons.

One used 5.56, while the other utilized 7.62 for power and range.

Yet, these weren't what bothered Lin Fan the most. As he trailed behind the airport security, something about their ballistic visors seemed oddly familiar, triggering a sense of déjà vu.

Yes—visors on the helmets! Spirit Fox wore them. He still had PTSD from the robbery and the last time an operator had thoroughly humiliated him in front of Lan Xi.

Lin Fan shook his head with a wry smile. He must have been hallucinating, matching the formation outside with Spirit Fox.

This was Country E—more than 18 hours away. He must have carried some strange habits from home.

"Miss, just stay safe, don't roam around. In the worst case, the original plan won't change. Hide in the aircraft. It's the safest and has the highest probability of survival."

The stewardess acknowledge his advise and sauntered away to fulfill her responsibility.

While FBI agents and veterans from both nations took responsibility for blocking the terrorists' escape routes, Lin Fan and an ex-Marine Recon rushed toward the sound of automatic gunfire.

They soon arrived at the scene of a man blindly defending himself with a pistol, poking out and firing. Lin Fan grabbed the man's shoulder, signaling him to fall back.

"Go and help the others in the back and rearm yourselves," said Lin Fan. He gestured at the two partners behind—Marine Recon and fellow security guard who he robbed a handgun—and positioned himself after receiving a positive response.

Bang! Bang!

Lin Fan peeked from the corner and opened fire, forcing the approaching pair of terrorists to retreat.

The round he fired before leaning back struck one of the enemies in the calf. A scream echoed, confirming the sudden pain.

Lin Fan was about to pursue this brief victory, but eerie whooshes and debris rocking near his cover kept him pinned down.

Another quick peek when the firefight paused—and Lin Fan barely caught a glimpse of a shadow dragging a wounded man away to the T-shape corner.

"One down, wounded," Lin Fan informed and beckoned the two to advance. There were screams ahead, mixed between genders and ages. Some survivors needed care.

Lin Fan kept his forward sight on the corner where the two terrorists were. He covered the pair who marched along his line of sight.

The ex-Marine pried carefully, exposing only a minimal portion of his posture. Lin Fan retracted his rifle and followed behind in a high-ready position, staying vigilant both at the rear and front since there was another hallway.

The Marine fired and instantly ducked back to dodge the incoming bullets. The trails and aftermath were clearly visible from the damages on the wall.

He fought for the corner and stabilized himself by firing in rhythmic shots. The airport security officer knelt and stretched his AK forward, firing from the Marine's waist. Two guns were always better than one.

"Dead?" Lin Fan asked.

"Negative, they fell back," the Marine responded.

Lin Fan didn't say much because the terrorists themselves seemed to be masters in battlefield tactics and CQB. He had noticed this since his first contact with them just moments ago. It was his skill and advantageous position at the corner that allowed Lin Fan to hit one in the calf.

He couldn't capitalize on the victory. But around that turn should be a hallway, and if the Marine controlled it, the terrorists should have retreated far.

"Still two, correct? Both of them ran away?"

"Yes."

Lin Fan glowered at the Marine, suppressing his impatience. How? One injured—an extra burden—still managed to escape with his partner?

When he saw the black policeman twitching with nervousness, Lin Fan controlled his emotions and patted the latter's shoulder.

"My man, take a deep breath. One, two... Breathe... Come on... Once again. One. Two... Breathe," Lin Fan calmed his fragile teammate. "You're doing fine. Don't overthink it."

Thud. Thud. Thud.

Footsteps echoed from behind. Two officers—one of whom had returned after being sent away by Lin Fan.

The latter acknowledged the officer's courage. It wasn't easy to head straight into battle after experiencing its dangers firsthand.

This guy had almost died when the two terrorists advanced—if not for Lin Fan's team's intervention.

"Alright, I want you three to lock down this hallway. Remember, don't pursue them," Lin Fan instructed the three officers.

The trio nodded and set up their positions, aiming their AKs.

"Hey, Marine, on me." Lin Fan squeezed the big man's arm.

"The name's John."

Lin Fan shrugged: "Okay, John, Officers have this hallway. We push forward."

Lin Fan led John into another hallway. The duo pointed their rifles in a crossed-coverage style, stepping over bodies and blood. They ignored the agonized groans and pleas for help as they continued clearing ahead.

Chapter 677: A mess

The duo bolted toward the exclamations. Panicked cries filled the airport terminal.

Those who managed to survive the initial onslaught were pleading or desperately trying to escape. After all, how many could a dozen men kill with their weapons?

Considering their magazines—30 rounds times 12— that equaled 360 bullets. Reloading would double that number.

However, not all bullets found their mark, and not every target received only a single hit.

Plus, people wouldn't just stand still and accept their fate. There were also brave officers who resisted, drawing the most fire.

Anyway, both of them encountered a pair of civilians in distress. Initially, the civilians were terrified at their presence, gulping and shivering nonstop.

Lin Fan couldn't blame their reaction. Not everyone could handle extreme stress. Even if the brain screamed for movement, the body was another obstacle to overcome.

Since they weren't murdering people on sight, they could be regarded as the good guys, right? Compared to the devils they had just run from, Lin Fan's duo seemed kinder.

Yet, no one dared to move under the watch of armed men, despite seeing somewhat friendlier expressions.

"Go, go! Don't stay here and mess up our job," Lin Fan gestured with his chin.

As soon as his voice faded, the crowd vanished, stunning the duo into momentary disbelief. Had they really just seen that?

No wonder these people survived. Given their escape speed, which terrorist could catch up with them?

Perhaps they couldn't resist the attackers, but they could certainly outrun their peers to live a little longer.

They weren't the last. This time, Lin Fan announced their faction and assured the crowd.

People kept surging toward Lin Fan's direction. As the point man, he had to maneuver his weapon while swatting away the crowd.

A man bumped into him, and Lin Fan pushed him aside with his palm. "Sorry."

Then, nothing more.

The man rushed off. Lin Fan frowned and kept moving. His sudden appearance had nearly made Lin Fan fire, catching his attention.

His posture seemed to be hiding something, but now wasn't the time to investigate. He didn't look shocked at confronting Lin Fan and the Marine behind him, unlike most others.

Also, he was running with a huge backpack. No sane person would try to escape with an unnecessary burden—well, at least not most people.

Regardless, as Lin Fan continued, he came across an officer with a handgun. The latter snapped his pistol toward him.

Lin Fan and his partner immediately reciprocated. "Friendly."

"You must be the reinforcements that little boy mentioned. Thank you for helping us."

"Helping you is also saving ourselves," Lin Fan replied.

"It's not like we have a choice," added the Marine.

The officer was a supervisor, and he quickly briefed them on what he had witnessed and his speculations. Although Lin Fan had already made rough estimates since first contact, he welcomed more information.

The supervisor was dismissed since he wasn't much help here. It was better for him to manage and lead the defense of his fellow officers.

Honestly, communication between separated team members was almost nonexistent. This supervisor was lucky enough to have a radio in hand.

Even Lin Fan had no idea how the FBI's side was progressing. Hopefully, they were holding their ground.

Suddenly, shots rang out ahead. Lin Fan and the Marine rushed forward and spotted a lone terrorist, his side exposed to them, gunning down civilians.

Lin Fan aimed quickly and pulled the trigger. Bang! Bang!

His shots landed, but the target merely stumbled. He couldn't follow up because two or three civilians rushed into his line of fire.

He hesitated—but the terrorist didn't. As expected, the figure immediately turned his gun on them.

Rounds ripped through the bodies and burst of blood spread in the air. Some rolled in disheveled manner because of the prior momentum, cracking their joints.

Civilians caught in the crossfire collapsed to the ground. With no time to mourn or check their fate, Lin Fan and the Marine quickly split to opposite sides. Their aim was difficult—waiting for a clear shot as the civilians moved unpredictably.

Lin Fan and John fired alternately, whoever had a better line of sight. At the cost of three more civilians getting shredded, Lin Fan finally ended the terrorist with a headshot.

Instead of running away or staying low, the panicked crowd cut through the crossfire and suffered for it.

The duo entered an open area, and Lin Fan fired an additional round to confirm the kill. Then, he turned to John. "Where did this guy come from?"

John shrugged. "If I knew that, I wouldn't have stayed a low rank when I was discharged."

"We might have a third group making an unexpected entry," Lin Fan said while pointing the remaining crowd toward an escape route.

The first group attacked from the entrance. The second caused chaos, launching rockets at aircraft and likely setting up overwatch—until they ran into another group of lunatics.

This must be the third or stragglers from the first but Lin Fan preferred the former possibility higher.

"It's probably from the emergency exit," John suggested.

Lin Fan followed his gaze and spotted one in the distance. "The crowd must have been running from the gunfire, hoping to escape through this exit."

He already pictured what had happened. Moments later, more muffled gunfire erupted from the exit.

Multiple shooters—there was no time to waste. "Hurry."

Too many angles forced Lin Fan and John to take a risk. Open areas were frowned upon in combat tactics, but the duo had to take a direct path to reach the source of the gunfire faster.

If they were ambushed, they wouldn't be in a good position to fight back later. It sucked, but sometimes, life didn't offer a choice.

John took the lead while Lin Fan followed.

Both pressed forward, their boots crunching over shattered glass and shell casings. The air reeked of blood and gunpowder, the echoes of distant gunfire bouncing through the stairwell ahead.

They reached an emergency exit—doors battered open, the red EXIT sign flickering overhead. Bodies lay scattered, some slumped against the walls, others sprawled mid-flight as if they'd never made it past the threshold.

Screams erupted.

A group of civilians dashed away from the exit, desperate to escape the massacre inside. Just as they reached the doorway—

TAT-TAT-TAT!

Gunfire ripped through the panicked crowd.

Lin Fan's head snapped toward the source, but the shots had come from beyond the stairwell, out of sight. His grip on his SCAR-SC tightened as he scanned the dimly lit landing.

Among the fallen bodies, a couple had miraculously survived. They crouched behind a corpse, hands clutching each other, frozen in pure terror. Their breathing was ragged, their shoulders trembling as they braced for the inevitable.

Then, from the stairwell—two figures emerged.

The terrorists stepped into view, rifles at ease, not firing immediately. Instead, they loomed over the couple, taking in their terror like wolves savoring a kill.

One of them let out a low chuckle, lifting his rifle ever so slowly. He wanted to see them break. To hear them beg.

John's voice was a growl. "Sick bastards."

Lin Fan didn't hesitate.

Crack! Crack!

Lin Fan's AK74 fired first, two rounds hammering the lead terrorist's chest. The man staggered, his twisted smirk vanishing as he collapsed backward, his rifle clattering to the ground.

John followed up. His AK47 roared, a 7.62 round punching straight through the second terrorist's skull, splattering the wall behind him.

The couple flinched at the deafening shots.

"MOVE!" Lin Fan barked, gesturing to the side. "Get out—now!"

They hesitated for a second too long.

A third terrorist, lurking just beyond the stairwell, swung his rifle toward them—

BOOM!

John fired first, sending the man stumbling back. But instead of going down, the terrorist twisted behind the stair railing, firing as he retreated.

Lin Fan and John ducked as rounds sparked against the metal frame.

"He's falling back!" John growled, reloading.

Lin Fan's jaw tightened. "We push."

They advanced up the stairs in tandem.

The terrorist knew his trade—clean, disciplined movements. He fired in controlled bursts, using every railing, corner, and shadow as cover.

Lin Fan hugged the inner curve of the stairwell, keeping a line of sight on their target. John flanked left, moving in sync.

The terrorist reached the next landing, shouldering his rifle for a precise shot—

Crack!

Lin Fan barely dodged the bullet as it smashed into the concrete near his head.

John grunted. "This guy's got hands."

Lin Fan exhaled. "Not for long."

They moved in unison.

John fired a suppressive burst, forcing the terrorist down another flight. Lin Fan sprinted forward, switching shoulders mid-run to keep his sights trained ahead.

The terrorist reached for his last magazine, desperate—

Too late.

BOOM!

John's shot slammed into his vest, sending him crashing against the railing. The man gasped, barely clinging to his rifle.

Lin Fan finished it with two precise shots to the head.

The terrorist's body slumped down the stairs, leaving a crimson trail against the cold concrete.

Lin Fan exhaled, nodding toward John.

Chapter 678: Perspective of Ling Qingyu

While Lin Fan's group thwarted the terrorists' attacks and impeded several of their advances through sheer luck and competence, Ling Qingyu and her girls weren't staying idle.

In fact, the former had no possibility of repelling the attacks apart from prolonging the fight until reinforcements arrived.

Minutes ago, just before the first stage of the attack began, Athena immediately informed her mother of her suspicion.

Seconds later, her daughter's conjecture became reality. When the news reached Ling Qingyu's ears, she struck her fist against the nearest piece of furniture, drawing attention:

"Absurd! Damn it!"

Xiao Yue furrowed her brows. Ling Qingyu always remained calm, even if a storm raged before her eyes.

Whatever had happened to make her lose composure must have been significant. In contrast, Mo Yunxi and Yin Jingfei were slightly frightened by the outburst.

They had never seen her turn warlike, though the latter had witnessed brutality during the last robbery.

However, the sudden disappearance of the usual gentleness exuding from Ling Qingyu silenced the entire aircraft—even the stewardesses began to panic, wondering if someone had made a mistake.

As she listened to Athena's further explanation, Ling Qingyu calmed down and thought of countermeasures.

She had never expected the black ops to be so ruthless, with not the slightest care for innocent, unrelated lives.

She had known in her past life—and even more so now, after broadening her horizons—that innocent people always perished in conflicts.

Bystanders were always the most unfortunate and pitiful victims. Nonetheless, casualties resulting from collateral damage and casualties inflicted intentionally to achieve a goal were two entirely different matters.

She could never accept the latter, regardless of any justification or so-called evidence that the killings would serve a greater good.

Even before the aircraft arrived at the airport, Ling Qingyu had already anticipated that the black ops would make a move against Carlos' nephew, as this was their last opportunity.

She had expected her Spirit Fox team to play a game of hide-and-seek, engaging in spy tactics before making an escape.

After all, she was going up against the apparatus of the world's strongest superpower—she couldn't afford to provoke them too much.

Not to mention, she was about to travel there in a few days to accompany Mo Yunxi and Yin Jingfei. Now, it seemed she had to reconsider leaving them behind.

She didn't want to expose any weaknesses. These matters would have to be decided later.

For now, she had to organize a direct rescue, suppress the so-called "terrorist attack," and prepare for the aftermath of offending Country A's black ops.

She and her girls would soon come under the scrutiny of the upper echelon. That would be problematic and completely opposed to Ling Qingyu's plans to remain low-key on the international stage.

Seeing Xiao Yue beckoning her for an answer, Ling Qingyu quickly explained that a terrorist attack was underway.

The explosions and gunfire confirmed her words. Waving her hand, she ordered the girls to gear up.

At the same time, she had sent rare weapons to a certain private room in case unexpected situations arose, from her bracelet.

Ling Qingyu still hadn't gotten rid of fear of lack of firepower. Mortars, RPGs, anti-tank and anti-aircraft included. Heavy weaponry was on stand-by.

In truth, she trusted that her girls wouldn't even need her support—they could handle the black ops with ease.

Sure, the enemy's skills weren't to be underestimated, but the need to masquerade as terrorists meant their equipment had taken a massive downgrade.

Soon, Spirit Fox operators suited up in heavy gear—or, more accurately, what Tang Ziyi categorized as medium-weight gear:

Lightweight: Kevlar vest, high-cut helmet, headset.

Medium-weight: An upgrade from the lightweight version, featuring a ballistic visor and thin shoulder armor—Spirit Fox members could decide individually whether to wear the latter.

Heavyweight: A real modern-era knight setup, with thick neck armor, Kevlar protection for the back of the neck, and reinforced shoulder and thigh armor—the outfit resembling that of a samurai.

Usually, medium-weight gear was sufficient for any operation, given the special materials used in its manufacturing.

Even a direct RPG hit wouldn't pose the slightest threat to those in the heavier option.

The firearms belonged to the FN type—SCAR MK17 and MK20—equipped with lasers, optics, and flashlights.

The MK17, chambered in 5.56mm, was an excellent choice for CQC, while the MK20, chambered in 7.62mm, was the designated marksman's weapon of choice.

The former was fitted with EO-Tech scope variants to cover short and long distances, while the latter had an 8x variable magnification scope.

As Spirit Fox gathered, the flight attendants stood frozen, gasping in shock and covering their mouths in fear, worried that speaking too much might lead to their silence—permanently.

No one expected these girls to be monsters, even though some had seen a few of them equipping gear when they landed on the Private Medical City Island—Star Hospital. However, this time, the entire group had transformed.

On the other hand, Mo Yunxi and Yin Jingfei pursed their lips, sharing the same thought—as expected, Spirit Fox belonged to Sister Ling.

Their suspicions were finally confirmed by Ling Qingyu's actions.

Although the current terrorist attack was dangerous, the two trusted Ling Qingyu's capabilities.

Only the flight attendants and pilots were visibly panicked by the sudden news, with the latter hoping to take off immediately.

Ling Qingyu reassured them and firmly warned them to stay inside the aircraft no matter what happened.

She had learned from Athena about the aircraft's defense systems and structural integrity—this was a mobile fortress.

Once everything was in place, Ling Qingyu immediately stated the mission objective: eliminate the terrorists and rescue as many civilians as possible.

"Don't take this lightly—these terrorists aren't ordinary. They're spec-ops from Country A in disguise. I won't provide any further information," Ling Qingyu waved her hand to silence the murmurs caused by the shocking revelation.

"It's not important in our case. Eliminate them first. Athena will post updates on your visors."

"What? How?"

"That's impossible." A stewardess from Country A voiced her disbelief.

Everyone, including Spirit Fox, was momentarily stunned. It wasn't that they doubted Ling Qingyu's intelligence, but the possibility seemed too far-fetched.

Of course, Ling Qingyu didn't care about the stewardesses' and pilots' opinions since their understanding was limited.

From Athena's analysis, Ling Qingyu grasped the multiple objectives behind the black ops' false flag operation:

First, they aimed to eliminate the potential threat—Carlos' nephew—and bury any secrets. Dead men tell no tales.

Second, by transferring the blame onto a specific insurgent group to be designated as terrorists, they could justify flooding Country E with weapons sales under particular provisions.

Naturally, Country E would declare war on the group, necessitating foreign aid—which meant the lobbyists backing the black ops could profit immensely.

Third, Country A's intelligence services would use the conflict to expand their network and amass wealth.

The longer the war dragged on, the more dependent Country E would become on their "protection."

Politically, economically, and legally, this was in Country A's best interest—despite its disgusting moral implications.

It was no surprise that this operation was sanctioned by the higher-ups.

Of course, not everyone within Country A supported it—the nation wasn't monolithic.

Factions existed, each vying for vested interests, with the military-industrial complex pulling the strings from the shadows.

However, they would never have guessed that Ling Qingyu's existence overturned everything.

Chapter 679: Spirit Fox reacts

"Nothing matters other than saving people at the moment. That is your primary mission," Ling Qingyu said, standing in the middle of the circle formed by Spirit Fox operators.

"Your secondary objective is to extract a VIP—Carlos' nephew, a relative of the board member we just met on the island. You can study him on your visor."

Spirit Fox operators nodded and focused on the AR segments filled with cascading information on their visor screens, resembling something out of a sci-fi movie.

None of them were surprised. They had been using such technology since the beginning. From the outside, the cascading screen wasn't visible on the visor, and no one would realize the operators were sifting through information while listening to Ling Qingyu's words.

Furthermore, Athena would provide essential intelligence during the brief window and compile it into the most useful form possible.

Meanwhile, Mo Yunxi, Yin Jingfei, and the flight attendants could only give them space, lost in deep thought as they listened to Ling Qingyu's speech.

Everything seemed slow, and some might complain why Spirit Fox hadn't acted yet. In reality, Ling Qingyu was already speaking rapidly, and this brief time was meant for preparation—equipping gear and weapons.

Plus, mentally readying was another technique like warm-ups in exercise. Sending her troops directly into combat wasn't problematic but wouldn't be as efficient as their potential dictated.

Not much time had passed since the first explosion. Just as Ling Qingyu was about to send Spirit Fox out of the aircraft and call her mother-in-law, a loud boom rattled everyone's ears.

The A380's cabin door had been opened, allowing the sound to transmit clearly inside. The acoustic protection ceased to function.

She could even hear the rapid breathing of the flight attendants, as well as a pair of doctor and nurse. Mo Yunxi seemed agitated while Yin Jingfei behaved calmer.

She had experienced the thrill with Ling Qingyu once and seeing the latter in complete control, the little fear churning in her stomach went out of fire.

Xiao Yue and the operators calmly observed the source of the explosion, just as Ling Qingyu did through the circular window.

Moments later, she saw a rocket heading toward the aircraft. She instinctively braced for impact before realizing the aircraft's defense mechanism had intercepted the projectile, detonating it a few meters away from the fuselage.

From the vivid mental picture formed by Ling Qingyu's logic and Athena's clarification, she immediately understood that someone was trying to destroy her aircraft.

She was dumbfounded. She had been struggling with how to justify her interference to minimize fallout and avoid attracting disaster.

After all, while rescuing civilians and quelling the terrorist attack seemed morally justified, she and her team were bound to become an eyesore.

However, if someone attacked her directly and delivered a slap, it would be impolite and unreasonable not to reciprocate.

Now, she could officially declare that her troops were acting in self-defense, leaving Country A's secret forces speechless, forced to blame their own troops for initiating the conflict.

From being a mere nuisance to rendering the enemy helpless, Ling Qingyu had upgraded her position and secured a glimmer of opportunity.

Of course, the artistic comparison was a bit exaggerated, but that was how reality worked.

Meanwhile, the shockwave from the explosion entered through the open threshold, causing minor damage.

The flight attendants screamed, and a few slipped. Glassware fell from the furniture and shattered. Curtains flapped violently in the air.

Instantly, Spirit Fox reacted. There was no need for further communication—they had already designated their roles.

Two marksmen and a support machine gunner rushed out. The two SCAR MK20 holders pivoted the underside of their rifles' handguards against the metallic rail of the airstair to stabilize their aim, then opened fire.

Their weapons were equipped with suppressors, and the muffled bangs sent puffs of air toward their foes.

At a distance of over 350 meters, their shots landed directly on target.

The pair worked in sync, forcing the entire enemy squad to seek cover and remain hidden.

The machine gunner raced down the staircase and darted to the best cover she could find—a baggage trailer—while her two marksmen suppressed the enemy.

Once in position, she disengaged the safety of her FN Evolys—an LMG from the FN family like the SCAR—and unleashed a heavy, rhythmic barrage to reinforce suppression, pinning the enemies down and achieving final fire superiority.

Tat—Tat—Tat—Tat

The FN Evolys made history as it categorized itself among the Ultralight Machine Guns (UMGs). Configurations were available in both 5.56 and 7.62. Compared to its peers, its perks were its lightweight and compact design.

It boasted a rate of fire of 750 rounds per minute, with an effective range of 800 meters for the 5.56 version and 1,000 meters for the 7.62.

This was the sight that Lin Fan and his temporary comrades witnessed. The terrorists had no choice but to endure the suppressive onslaught, waiting for it to subside.

Machine guns needed cooldowns and reloads. The relentless fire came at a cost. How long could it last?

Nonetheless, the enemy was destined for disappointment. They had yet to realize they had poked a hornet's nest.

Inside, Ling Qingyu nodded at the relevant team leaders. She had already briefed them on everything necessary—the rest was up to the professionals.

"Three teams. Team One will follow me and sprint to the terminal for rescue and to locate our VIP," the leader ordered, ignoring the roaring background. "Team Two, you will head out, eliminate the immediate threat, circle around, and clear the perimeter before making entry. Team Three will serve as a reserve and guard the plane. Are we clear?"

"Clear!" Except for Team Three's whining about missing the chance to rush into a hail of bullets, everyone's minds burned with adrenaline.

"Move!"

"Team One, proceed as planned." The column slid down the stairs and headed toward the terminal. The leader gave Ling Qingyu a nod before following her teammates.

"Team Two, assault!"

Another column formed up, engaging the visible terrorists on the airfield.

"Team Three, provide support for Team Two and establish the perimeter around the aircraft."

Additional operators took up their assigned positions.

Team One completely ignored the nearest firefight, focusing solely on the terminal. They trusted their allies to handle the threats and cover them.

Besides, their armor's perks and the hidden, mythical talismans—though untested—provided further assurance.

Team Two and Team Three operators, apart from a few who crouched or knelt behind cover near the original machine gunner with professional stances, faced their worst nightmare.

After all, there was very little cover between them and the terrorists. The best options were unused trucks, luggage carriers, or buses. Several of the enemy squad's members had already been taken down by Spirit Fox's snipers before they even reached cover.

Fortunately, Spirit Fox had already established initial fire superiority and kept the momentum going. The terrorists couldn't even peek out to aim, leaving them no choice but to blindly poke their rifles out and fire indiscriminately.

A better term for their strategy would be accuracy by volume of fire.

The formation remained at risk due to the open field, forcing the operators to kneel or go prone to lower their profiles and reduce the chances of getting hit.

Even blind fire could land a lucky shot. Nobody was willing to gamble their life on that—even if they wouldn't die, it would still hurt!

Still, 300 meters was a huge distance for extreme accuracy. Even without the highest competence level, Spirit Fox would win through sheer equipment superiority.

The operators were slightly elated when they learned their opponents belonged to Country A's special forces.

However, after exchanging fire, their enthusiasm faded. The current battle felt more like beating up stray cats and dogs.

The 'terrorists' lacked scopes to match their accuracy. Even without the equipment disparity, Spirit Fox doubted they would have fared any better.

Spirit Fox operators recognized their own growth—they had reached an unimaginable level in terms of direct action.

Of course, they weren't arrogant enough to believe they were better than Tier One special forces across all sectors.

But when it came to assaulting, defending, and close-quarters combat, they were second to none.

"Team Three, cover us while we advance," the Team Three leader barked over the radio, requesting support.

Her team could have assaulted the enemy positions alone by splitting into smaller units—one advancing while the other provided cover—but why complicate things and waste efficiency when there was a better option?

"Roger, Team Two. Covering."

Team Three operators adjusted their formation, peeling off and spreading out to allow more muzzles to rain fire on the terrorists' hidden positions.

"Team Two, move!" the Team Two leader bellowed at her subordinates.

The group sprinted 50 meters before dropping into prone positions and firing at the now-exposed terrorists.

Now, they also received more accurate enemy fire. It couldn't be helped—by this point, the enemies had already set their sights on Spirit Fox's assault from the left.

After all, professionals knew how to resist and defend against flanking maneuvers. Nobody was going to sit and wait to be slaughtered.

From above, Spirit Fox's movement and suppressive fire resembled the wings of a massive bird closing in from both flanks. Their snipers and machine gunners acted as the beak, striking from high ground to soften the enemy positions.

Behind them, Team Three adjusted their tempo, slowing down from their initial aggressive rate of fire. Instead, they settled into a steady rhythm—one or two well-placed rounds per second—to maintain suppression while covering their advancing teammates.

Chapter 680: Team Two finished the task

The terrorists felt bitter about the sudden turn of events. They hadn't expected the easy mission to turn into a Waterloo.

Since the beginning, the entire group hadn't spoken, communicating only through gestures. But now, they couldn't help it anymore. It was already shocking to see their comrades' lives snuffed out.

They had been having fun blowing up planes—at least, it was better than killing people in the terminal. Not everyone enjoyed slaughtering unarmed civilians. This mission was too cold-blooded, but an order was an order. Disobeying an order protected by human rights and international organizations?

First, they had to survive long enough to even reach the lawsuits and whatnot. Surely, people would already be dead before they could assert their innocence in court.

Sometimes, people didn't really have a choice—or maybe they did—between difficult and extremely difficult chances of survival.

Yes, they came from mixed ex-military backgrounds, waging wars for policies set above them. They had done the dirty work for national interests and more.

They had already factored in the reactions of the local military and police, but what was with the sudden appearance of an elite armed group out of the Airbus?

Did they just happen to run into mercenaries on a security mission? The initial engagement, lasting less than several seconds, had already caused massive casualties.

Morale immediately dipped. First, their biggest force multiplier was headshotted, followed by those who hadn't even reacted yet.

If not for their skills and quick reflexes, total squad annihilation would have been certain. Just as they cursed in their minds, determined to kill the attackers, another shock hammered their thoughts.

So many enemy operators—and they seemed to be special forces.

"Fuck, intel always fucks us up."

"Shut up! No English!"

"Who cares now? The situation is spiraling out of control. We can't leave evidence behind..."

Leaving evidence meant their bodies couldn't be found and investigated later.

From the sudden shift in events, they realized their original plan was already in shambles.

"What about the main mission?"

"Forget it, pal. The real question is whether our whole group will be wiped out without even bones left."

"Damn it, they're flanking us... Shoot them down!"

Despite the panic creeping into him, the leader radioed: "Actual, we have a problem. An unknown armed group is attacking us and interfering with the mission. Suggesting we fall back and cut our tails before we expose ourselves."

"Who are these guys? They're suppressing us completely."

"We should retreat. Sooner or later, we'll die if we lose the initiative."

As a black ops unit, their skills might not match Tier 1—or even Tier 2 in the worst case—but they had never been this humiliated before, even when surrounded by well-armed and trained Mujahideen groups.

They had no means of counterattack. Survival had become their bare minimum goal.

Shoot, move, and communicate—that maneuver warfare doctrine applied to all battlefields. Once they stalled, they lost mobility and were forced to follow their opponents' rhythm.

Like it or not, they subconsciously admitted they were inferior to the unknown special forces tearing through their formation.

Accurate fire, lethal suppression, and faster shoot-move-communicate tactics—executed with rapid, continuous precision as if rehearsed ten thousand or even a million times.

Only their black ops support from the national level could turn the tide. But black ops meant small tactical operations without assets that would raise massive red flags.

How could there possibly be appropriate air support without blatant exposure? Wouldn't that be stupidly admitting in front of the international stage that they were subtly responsible for the terrorist attack?

In contrast, Spirit Fox Team 2 fought to gain a wider angle and suppress the terrorists. From their battle positions, the operators gradually peeled to the left in an advanced maneuver in groups of two or three.

Opposite to a break contact drill, the bounding attack pressured the black ops members as whizzing rounds and pressurized miniature shockwaves forced them to cower.

Team 2 observed their enemies launching desperate moves—those in cover trying to blind-fire while those in direct contact, visible to Spirit Fox, poured out their ammunition regardless of logistical supply or danger because they truly had no choice.

Though the Spirit Fox girls weren't afraid, due to warnings from Ling Qingyu and Xiao Yue to avoid displaying out-of-the-ordinary behaviors, they dared not 'risk' their lives.

However, the competition for fire superiority was doomed to tilt in Team 2's favor. A short, desperate outburst meant nothing in the face of absolute firepower.

Sure enough, Spirit Fox gunned down a few terrorists who fled in disarray. Well, not entirely disarray, since a few covered their teammates, but accurate bullets still found their targets.

They tried to pause and return fire in sequence but were met with a ruthless barrage of projectiles.

Not to mention, snipers occupied the high ground. The fact that several terrorists managed to flee was attributed to their great luck and perhaps Spirit Fox's underestimation.

Leaving behind several bodies, the group escaped. The Team 2 leader barked an order, "Chase them! Bite their tail hard!"

"Roger!"

Team 2 operators passed over the bodies of the terrorists. A few delivered additional rounds to confirm kills before following their teammates.

Most appeared to have been shot from behind while running. Their covering tactics hadn't worked as they had hoped.

However, instead of being killed by Spirit Fox's flanking maneuver, some managed to escape behind the burning, damaged aircraft, which happened to have its lower frame skin in direct contact with the airfield surface.

The terrorists were once again pinned behind the aircraft, using it as cover against Spirit Fox Teams 2 and 3.

Their attempt to race toward the terminal failed miserably, thwarted by Team 3's support-by-fire network.

The distance was similar to a miniature no-man's land. Covering fire wouldn't work—they had already tested it.

The black ops were immediately pushed back. Now, they felt stuck again, exchanging helpless glances.

In military terms, they had already been overrun. Although there was a chance of survival if they utilized the angle of the aircraft as cover, would the enemy even give them that chance?

Team 2 approached from the left flank and met resistance as they fought for the corner. However, the terrorists' numbers had dwindled, and it was only a matter of time.

While the operators provided covering fire, another formation lined up and stepped closer.

Of course, the black ops noticed their actions and blind-fired at the team. The point operator immediately shot at the outstretched weapon, flinging the rifle from the terrorist's hands.

After all, Spirit Fox hated blind-firing and had been trained thousands of times to counter this cheap method that required almost no skill.

The operator resumed suppressive fire, and a few rounds punctured through the aircraft's skin, terrorizing the black ops into retreating.

The gunfire stopped as the Team 2 leader signaled everyone. Standing behind the point man, she roared, "Surrender! You're surrounded! You have no choice."

The black ops looked at one another in despair. They couldn't surrender; they had no choice.

So, with Athena's intelligence and Ling Qingyu's briefing, didn't every Spirit Fox understand?

Of course not. The Team 2 leader didn't want her unit to rush forward. Usually, they would throw flashbangs to gain the element of surprise and crush the enemy.

She didn't want to resort to a peekaboo fight—she intended to frighten and demoralize these black ops.

They were already weak, but she aimed to hammer the weakest of the weak. These black ops had no time to think about the female voice persuading them to surrender.

The 'terrorists' reactions weren't surprising. A handful of them dashed straight ahead, even though their chances remained zero.

They fired on the move, aiming to suppress Team 2 but were picked off like ducks, one by one.

Maybe their desperate burst of fire might have scared others; unfortunately, Spirit Fox wasn't among them.

The girls remained too calm and had great trust in their equipment—including Tang Ziyi's weird talisman blessing, though they had never seen its effect.

The runners were killed, while two desperadoes unleashed a war cry and poured rounds toward the corners. The pointman guessed the terrorists were committing a suicidal charge and fired through the 'wall.'

Metallic clinks and debris flew over the girls' helmets as both sides fired fiercely, unseen, using their instincts to guess the enemy's whereabouts and movements.

Aggression ramped up—neither side hesitated in the slightest.

When the terrorists heard a click, realizing they had run out of bullets, Spirit Fox's file sprinted forward, pre-firing as they advanced.

As the first duo cut the corner, the pointman snapped up and pulled the trigger, landing a headshot before peeling back quickly.

Sure enough, rounds ricocheted off the metal. Another enemy still had bullets. The pointman waited patiently as the lone enemy roared and fired, as if trying to transcend his fear.

Knowing the terrorists had absurd military backgrounds, Spirit Fox would never act lightheartedly or behave like the law enforcement officers they once were.

She knelt and snapped up her SCAR again, adjusting her exposure to a different angle from her original position.

She and the target fired simultaneously. Her bullets ripped through the enemy's lower chin—she could clearly see the blood splatter from his mouth.

Pang!

The target's shot hit just above her head.