

Genius 1241

Chapter 1241: No tears until seeing the coffin

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These drug dealers didn't even realize where Qin Fang was before they were already hit by bullets. How could they remain calm?

Their first instinct was to retaliate with gunfire. There was no way they'd obediently follow Qin Fang's orders and lay down their weapons—that would basically mean surrendering their lives to him.

People like this, after all, were used to living with their heads on the chopping block. They understood that walking this path meant death was always a possibility.

Because of that, they had long stopped valuing their own lives. Physical resistance was simply normal for them...

Unless they were facing a large military or police force, surrender was never an option.

If it was only a small squad, even if the enemies had superior firepower, they'd still resist with everything they had. Surrendering or giving up their guns was not in their vocabulary!

And now, Qin Fang found himself in exactly this kind of situation. Although his earlier shots had startled the group of drug dealers, it was far from enough to make them give up fighting back.

"It seems I'll need to show you a bit more to get you to cooperate..."

Qin Fang waited for a moment, but the gang showed no response to his words. They were tightly hiding behind the trees with their guns gripped even tighter, holding their breath. Clearly, they were banking on their numbers to deal with Qin Fang...

Even though it was obvious that Qin Fang was alone from start to finish, these people weren't fools. If it had been a large-scale military or police operation, they could tell the difference. But Qin Fang's shouting and shooting were all handled solo. As surprising as his gunnsmanship was, it still wasn't enough to make them surrender.

This time, Qin Fang was truly angered. These people didn't know when enough was enough, so he saw no need to remain polite.

Splat~~

Qin Fang observed his surroundings, his arm shaking slightly as he fired. A dark shadow flew from his hand, traveling a short distance before hitting a tree with a faint sound.

Rat-tat-tat-tat~~~

The drug dealers hiding behind the trees heard the sound and, without thinking, pointed all their guns towards where the noise came from. The violent tongues of flame from their gun barrels instantly roared to life.

The gunfire filled the air, echoing sharply in the previously tranquil forest. The sound reverberated, shaking the entire forest and causing eardrums to hum uncomfortably.

Thick gunpowder smoke spread through the air, contrasting vividly against the lush greenery of the forest. The area their guns aimed at was instantly riddled with bullets, turned into a wasteland.

Bam, bam, bam~~

Qin Fang, clearly not one for pleasantries, seized the moment his plan succeeded. His sharp eyes scanned the scene, taking in the positions of the drug dealers with remarkable clarity before he opened fire decisively.

Unlike the wild, random shooting of the drug dealers, Qin Fang used precise point shooting. Each target received just one shot, wasting not even a single bullet.

"Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!!"

The focused precision of Qin Fang's shots was significantly more effective than the dealers' chaotic sprays. Almost every bullet hit its target, with none missing.

And every single target had the same outcome.

True to Qin Fang's earlier words, this time, he wasn't shooting at their arms anymore. But he wasn't aiming to kill by shooting their heads, either...

No, each of them received exactly one shot, neatly shooting off an ear.

In the blink of an eye, what had started as three dealers hit in the arm and temporarily unable to hold their guns turned into all eight members of the group losing one ear each...

Now, what a sight this was: an entire team of eight drug dealers, with no one spared, each injured but not fatally. Yet the spectacle was enough to frighten anyone.

Screams of pain echoed without end. These men weren't afraid of death, but facing a lethal shooter like Qin Fang, they had no choice but to resign themselves to their situation.

This match-up wasn't even on the same level. Despite having eight people, they hadn't even caught a glimpse of Qin Fang before all of them were injured.

If Qin Fang's earlier shots to their arms had been 'self-defense,' this wave of injuries carried a clear warning.

Just like Qin Fang had said earlier: the first time, it was your arms. The second time, it's your ears. The next time... would likely be the last—probably right through the head!

"Stop shooting! We surrender..."

Though this small group wasn't afraid of death, it was clear that continuing to fight would be pointless—only leading to a quicker demise...

Rather than die in vain, they chose to surrender, hoping for a slim chance of survival. After all, Qin Fang hadn't killed anyone yet, which suggested he wasn't entirely bloodthirsty. This gave them a shred of hope.

With glances exchanged among them, their leader reluctantly gave the order to surrender.

To show their sincerity, they dropped their guns, even tossing their sidearms to the ground. One after the other, the remaining men followed suit, raising their hands high in a gesture of total submission.

"Now that's more like it..."

Only then did Qin Fang emerge from the treetops, a faint smile playing across his face.

The eight-member drug gang were left hanging their heads in defeat, too humiliated to say a word. Some clutched injured arms, others held their bleeding ears, but their dejected expressions were universal.

To be taken down by a single man... This was the first time something so humiliating had ever happened to them. If word got out, they'd lose all standing in this business.

"Boss, all our goods are here. If you want them, take them..."

The gang leader, showing a glimmer of cunning, noticed that Qin Fang was alone and not wearing either Anlang's or Dragon Country's military uniforms. Instantly, he assumed Qin Fang was a rival in the same trade.

In their line of work, life was no joke. They had their heads constantly on the brink of death and faced countless dangers, not just from law enforcement but from their peers as well.

Getting the goods was one thing, but returning with them was often a gamble with death. Be it wild animals, traps, or cutthroat rivals, dangers lurked everywhere.

Compared to their usual rivals, Qin Fang now seemed like one of the "kind ones."

"I'm not interested in your goods. I just want to..."

Qin Fang sneered. He wasn't a drug dealer, much less a drug addict. What would he do with those drugs? He waved his hand dismissively, just as he was about to ask his intended question when—

He sensed danger behind him. Without even turning his head, he pulled the trigger on his gun, aiming directly behind him!

Bam~~

The gunshot rang out!

Someone fell with a thud... never to rise again.

A single, round bullet hole had appeared in the center of his forehead. Dead before he hit the ground.

"Ugh..."

Qin Fang's reaction was so fast that it left the other drug dealers in complete shock.

The gang leader had been distracting Qin Fang while one of his underlings quietly drew a hidden pistol to ambush him. But as soon as he moved, Qin Fang had already fired.

It was as if Qin Fang had known all along what they were planning, waiting for it to happen. Just as the man began to raise his weapon, Qin Fang ended him.

"Looks like you really won't give up until you see your own graves... I warned you; don't try any tricks in front of me, or this will be your fate!"

It wasn't that Qin Fang was unnecessarily ruthless; it was simply that drug dealers like these valued their lives too little. Even now, they dared to resist. He saw no reason to spare them any compassion.

The deciding factor, however, wasn't just the ambush attempt. The deceased man was an Anlang native.

"If they're not one of us, their loyalty is questionable!"

Qin Fang felt no need to hold back now.

It was just one dead drug-dealing Anlang native. Qin Fang hadn't planned for this mission to be bloodless, and this poor soul was just unlucky enough to cross his path. Why would Qin Fang show him mercy?

"Don't... don't kill us!"

Even the gang leader turned pale. Although he hadn't orchestrated the ambush, he had cooperated with it.

But now, what they had gambled was lost, and their lives were no longer in their own hands...

Even if Qin Fang hadn't intended to kill them earlier, it was hard to say now!

Chapter 1242: The Descend

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No one can remain calm after almost being killed in a sneak attack. These people, fearing for their own lives, had no choice but to beg for mercy.

No one is truly unafraid of death; it's just a matter of not having faced that moment yet. Especially when life or death becomes a choice...

"Relax, as long as you honestly answer my questions, I won't kill you..."

Qin Fang really had no interest in killing these people.

If it weren't for the possibility that these people might have information on Tang Cheng, Qin Fang wouldn't have even wanted to deal with them. As for their current predicament, it was entirely their own fault, and they had no one else to blame but themselves.

"Y-Yes, yes... Just go ahead and ask. We'll answer everything we know without holding anything back!"

By this point, this small drug cartel had completely caved. Although the man standing before them was alone, his strength was terrifying, and he killed without so much as blinking. If they even slightly infuriated him, there's no telling which of the seven of them might be the next to fall.

Rather than resist and die, it was better to comply and perhaps grasp a slim chance of survival.

"You just mentioned that you previously encountered Anlang's government forces?"

Qin Fang ignored the somewhat sycophantic "Boss" and instead walked directly up to Xiao Liu, who had spoken earlier. Locking eyes with Xiao Liu, whose gaze was evasive and filled with evident fear, he asked the question.

"Yes... They took 30% of our goods!"

Xiao Liu nodded frantically. He couldn't understand why Qin Fang was asking this question but instinctively provided an accurate answer.

Even their typically domineering leader had already given in, and the most ruthless among them, the Anlang man, had already fallen to Qin Fang's gun. Xiao Liu understood all too well what choice he had to make.

"But Ruan Laosi said those people weren't actually Anlang's government forces..."

After blurting out his first response, Xiao Liu seemed to suddenly recall something and hastily added it, fearing that leaving out any detail might later cause trouble with Qin Fang.

"You're Ruan Laosi?"

Qin Fang nodded casually. He had already overheard what Xiao Liu said earlier, so asking again was almost redundant. He walked straight over to Ruan Laosi, the Anlang man whose appearance was distinctly different from Dragon Country people. Fixing Ruan Laosi with a piercing gaze, he asked the question.

Ruan Laosi, an Anlang native, was known for being a calculated and quiet individual within their group. While he often spoke little, Qin Fang had noticed earlier that Ruan Laosi's ruthlessness exceeded even that of the Anlang man Qin Fang had just killed.

"It's often said that silent dogs bite the hardest..." And Ruan Laosi epitomized such a person.

However, at this moment, even this "silent dog" could only obediently nod to answer Qin Fang's question.

"Those people weren't Anlang's police or military?"

Qin Fang posed the question again.

Qin Fang had already used the Mind Reading Technique to learn some details from Xiao Liu concerning their encounter with the so-called government forces.

But Xiao Liu didn't know much. Key details still required clarification from Ruan Laosi, who understood the local context better.

In Anlang, when drug traffickers encountered military police, they were rarely stopped outright. Instead, the authorities would typically extort them by taking a cut of their goods. Large, well-connected trafficking organizations often faced reduced or waived cuts after proper "arrangements."

However, for small, powerless groups like this one, being caught meant a mandatory 30% cut of their goods—a loss that deeply stung.

A few days ago, they had run into one such group. Knowing they were drug traffickers heading to the Dragon Country's border, the group wasted no time in seizing 30% of their goods.

The eight of them had considered resisting, but with 20-30 fully armed soldiers suddenly appearing, they were immediately disheartened.

The issue lay here: typically, Anlang's military police set up checkpoints on well-trafficked smuggling routes, extorting trafficking groups as they passed by.

No matter how poorly armed the traffickers were, they couldn't realistically challenge these well-prepared defensive positions.

This time, however, the "military police" they encountered were deep in the forest. Ironically, the group had chosen a remote path to avoid such military police, only to stumble directly into them.

The group had seized their 30% cut without a word. The traffickers thought it was standard procedure and assumed they had come across a hidden government force.

The key reason Ruan Laosi believed these people were not locals, however, was that their weapons and equipment were too advanced—far superior to Anlang's most elite forces.

If Anlang's military had such formidable supplies, they would undoubtedly behave even more tyrannically, potentially starting another border conflict with Dragon Country.

"Where exactly did you meet them?"

After learning this key detail from Ruan Laosi, Qin Fang gained a clearer understanding. He didn't need much more information; the priority now was to locate this group's current position.

If Qin Fang's guess was correct, this mysterious and dangerous group must be the same one that breached Dragon Country's border and disbanded Tang Cheng's special forces team.

This group was likely a mercenary organization. Only a force of that nature could possess such power and advanced weaponry to accomplish these feats.

The reason they took the traffickers' goods might have been mere happenstance. Taking 30% of the goods could have been an effort to masquerade as local military police, forcing the drug traffickers to quietly accept their loss.

It was also possible that there were drug users among the mercenaries...

This wouldn't be surprising at all. Mercenaries led dangerous lives, even more so than drug traffickers' perilous trade.

Drug traffickers, despite their risks navigating mountains and borders, could usually escape with their lives if they abandoned their haul.

But mercenaries lived in war zones, surrounded by gunfire. A single misstep could mean death without any chance of recovery.

Because of this, mercenaries often splurged their earnings as quickly as they earned them, knowing the uncertainty of completing their next mission alive.

Their indulgences typically fell into familiar vices—women, gambling, and drugs.

As Qin Fang pieced these elements together, his understanding of the mercenary group's presence near the border became clearer. Their clash with Tang Cheng's special forces had nearly annihilated Tang Cheng's team.

This amounted to an outright provocation of the Dragon Country Military's tolerance—a blatant act of self-destruction. If Dragon Country mobilized significantly into Anlang's forests, this mercenary group, formidable as it may be, would stand no chance against a full-scale assault involving ground, forest, and air strikes.

Yet, despite this, they had remained and seemed intent on provoking a rash response from Dragon Country's military...

"Damn it, there's probably some American scheme behind this!"

Qin Fang didn't have extensive political insight, but after some simple analysis, the entire scheme became somewhat clearer to him.

This mercenary group breached Dragon Country's border, then retreated deep into Anlang's forests. Sending in special forces like Tang Cheng's team wasn't a problem, but a large military operation by Dragon Country's armed forces would constitute an unauthorized invasion into another nation's territory...

And when that happened, America would undoubtedly be the first to start making a fuss, likely fabricating nauseatingly absurd accusations as part of their machinations.

"They're stationed about ten kilometers south from here, slightly to the west..."

Ruan Laosi and the others quickly provided all the intel they had.

Qin Fang, however, consistently used the Mind Reading Technique on them. These individuals were inherently untrustworthy, and even in this situation, their spoken words were not necessarily reliable.

Only the information gleaned through the Mind Reading Technique was absolutely accurate, extracted from the core of their thoughts without any room for fabrication.

"Fortunately, you've been cooperative and didn't try to deceive me... I'll let you off this time. Get lost!"

After cross-checking the results of the Mind Reading Technique among them, Qin Fang confirmed that they hadn't lied. Perhaps they hadn't had time to collude. Fabricating a false story would have easily been exposed by inconsistencies among them—a guaranteed death wish.

Faced with such risks, it was safer to tell the truth directly!

Having secured the information he needed, Qin Fang saw no further reason to waste his time on these now-useless traffickers. Without another glance, he quickly disappeared into the dense forest.

The traffickers had encountered the mercenary group two days before. Two days was more than enough time for many developments and relocations, so the group might no longer be in the same area.

Qin Fang couldn't afford any delays—he needed to catch up as soon as possible.

Tracking the mercenary group was critical. More importantly, Qin Fang had to rescue Tang Cheng and his men before the mercenaries could find them.

That was the primary purpose of Qin Fang's trip to Anlang. Everything else was secondary.

For instance, the traffickers Qin Fang spared this time. While he didn't kill them, he reckoned that they'd eventually run into the massive joint military forces gathering near the border—a case of walking straight into a trap...

Chapter 1243: Feint to the East, Strike in the West

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Since these unlucky kids involved in drug trafficking were destined for tragedy, either at Qin Fang's hands or at the hands of those soldiers behind him...

Why should Qin Fang bother to meddle in these murky waters?

These few drug dealers weren't exactly heinous villains—they were merely driven to such desperate measures by their circumstances. Even if Qin Fang were to kill them, he'd only earn a small amount of Justice Points.

Compared to the truly corrupt officials, ruthless bullies, and outright villains, these unlucky kids were practically saints.

Qin Fang had no interest in worrying about their fate. Right now, he was pressed for time, so without hesitation, he sped off in the direction revealed by that unlucky drug dealer as quickly as possible!

These few unlucky kids, trudging through such dense mountain forests, moved extremely slowly and cautiously. Hauling their goods, they had managed to cover barely ten kilometers of mountain trails in two days.

They could be considered seasoned in navigating the mountains, and their pace wasn't terrible. But compared to someone like Qin Fang—a Martial Arts Expert who traversed mountain trails as effortlessly as walking on flat ground—they were leagues behind.

Qin Fang moved incredibly fast, sprinting all the way. Unlike those drug traffickers, he had no concerns about being discovered and paid no mind to stealth.

Even if he encountered the An Lang government forces, Qin Fang could easily break through their checkpoints—there was simply no one who could stop him...

Even so, it still took Qin Fang several hours to traverse this difficult mountain trail. After searching for a while, he finally discovered the camp the drug dealers had mentioned.

"How brazen—they haven't even left..."

Seeing it was a shock—the group hadn't departed as Qin Fang had assumed but had audaciously set up camp here instead. Their blatant arrogance was infuriating.

Qin Fang didn't dare to approach too closely. He found a hidden, sturdy tree to perch in from afar, quietly observing the camp's movements.

Fortunately, Qin Fang carried highly specialized equipment—a custom-made telescope was, of course, among his tools. Thus, he had no trouble surveying the camp from a distance.

"Indeed... a Mercenary Group."

Although the camp was far away and Qin Fang's Mini-map Function was somewhat limited, he was able to discern the camp setups clearly using the telescope and his keen eyesight.

The arrangement was something the An Lang Military could never achieve—unless the American forces sent their own troops, which was improbable. This could only mean that these people were from a Mercenary Group.

The camp was built against the mountain's natural contours, surrounded on three sides by steep peaks. Only the side facing Qin Fang featured a vulnerable gap, forming a valley-like terrain.

This geographical setup made the camp highly defensible against attacks—well-placed heavy weaponry atop the peaks could fend off even large-scale assaults effectively.

The three surrounding mountains had steep, towering cliffs that were difficult to climb for ordinary people, let alone large troops trying to scale them. Such movements would be too easily detected.

This terrain posed a significant challenge to Qin Fang as well.

He needed to approach the camp and extract information about Tang Cheng and his team's whereabouts from the mercenaries. Only then could he rescue his brother-in-law Tang Cheng.

"Will I have to wait until nightfall to move in?"

Given the circumstances, the timing didn't seem ideal—broad daylight made the camp's defenses robust, and despite Qin Fang's Stealth Skill, it would lose much of its effectiveness under such conditions, increasing his chances of being spotted.

Only under the cover of night, when the surroundings turned pitch black, aided by the forest's naturally poor lighting and the camp's relatively limited illumination, would Qin Fang stand a chance to infiltrate the camp and gather intelligence.

At present...

There were no particularly good options.

Helpless, Qin Fang could only carefully monitor the camp's situation, scrutinizing every detail to find the tiniest flaw—a "needle in a haystack" scenario.

Time wasn't on his side...

"Wait... a cave..."

Cornered and out of options, Qin Fang meticulously scrutinized the camp for a long while. Unexpectedly, he managed to uncover a critical detail.

The outer defenses of the camp were relatively normal; however, the internal fortifications were extensively reinforced. At the camp's center was a rudimentary combat bunker, with gun barrels all pointed inward!

Qin Fang also vaguely noticed something in the deepest part of the camp—the area surrounded by its defensive structures—there appeared to be a dark cave, shrouded in shadows.

The camp's defensive measures were evidently designed to protect against the cave!

Could the cave harbor venomous vipers or wild beasts?

Definitely not!

If it were mere animals, they would've already been slain and cooked by the mercenaries...

The true source of concern and fear for these mercenaries in this mountain forest seemed to stem from none other than... certain individuals.

Who were they?

Naturally, it was Qin Fang's brother-in-law Tang Cheng and his special forces squad!

"This complicates things..."

Although what Qin Fang deduced remained speculative, intuition told him that he had hit the mark. Tang Cheng and his team were most likely trapped inside that cave.

Chapter 1244: Feint to the East, Strike in the West_2

The mercenary group had completely sealed the outside, leaving Tang Cheng and the others with no choice but to remain trapped inside the mountain cave. They either ran out of ammunition and food, starving to death, or they made a desperate charge to fight the mercenaries. Although the odds of escaping alive were slim, at least taking one enemy out in death was better than starving for nothing!

"No, we must establish contact with them as soon as possible..."

Time was not on their side. If Tang Cheng and the others had truly been trapped in that cave for two days, their physical strength and energy would have been severely depleted.

No food, no water... Even the toughest warriors couldn't handle that.

If Qin Fang didn't come up with a solution soon, the fighters trapped inside might just make a suicidal charge with their weapons.

If it came to that, faced with the overwhelming firepower of the mercenary group, even Tang Cheng would have no guarantees of survival.

This mission to Anlang was one where Qin Fang had given Tang Feifei his solemn vow that he would definitely bring Tang Cheng back alive...

If something happened to Tang Cheng, it wasn't just that Qin Fang would feel guilty—he wouldn't be able to face Tang Feifei again at all...

"Dammit, I'll risk everything!"

Qin Fang wasn't one for pointless talk. Since sneaking in had become impossible, he could only resort to other tactics.

With a flick of his wrist, a heavy sniper rifle appeared in Qin Fang's hands. The bullets were already prepared and locked into the chamber... he aimed directly at the distant campsite.

The range of the heavy sniper rifle was incredibly far, its power terrifying, and the sound it made was thunderous. A single shot would alert every mercenary in the camp—it was impossible not to notice.

At that point, if hundreds of mercenaries rushed out, even if Qin Fang had ten guns, it wouldn't be enough to withstand the sheer barrage of bullets that would come his way...

Qin Fang had previously clashed with a mercenary group before and knew these individuals were seasoned experts. After spending so much time completing missions and fighting alongside each other, their teamwork had become almost flawless.

This wasn't as simple as $1+1=2$. When combined, their strength multiplied exponentially, becoming overwhelmingly dangerous...

Qin Fang understood perfectly the concept of "enough ants can kill an elephant."

In ancient times, martial arts experts were far more common, with some reaching near-mythical levels. Yet, even those elites only roamed the martial world and never sought to conquer the realm or become emperors...

While martial arts experts were incredibly powerful, they couldn't overpower coordinated military units. With proper command, soldiers could unleash devastating strength, taking out even the best martial artists in mere moments.

The mercenary group in the camp now operated with the precision of a professional military unit. And though Qin Fang was powerful, he wasn't invincible—he couldn't take on a hundred men single-handedly.

Unarmed, Qin Fang might've dared to try. His group-based skills thrived on numbers: the more enemies, the greater his strength...

But the problem was, few of these mercenaries relied on hand-to-hand combat or cold weapons. Most were equipped with firearms.

Qin Fang had once been nearly killed by a bullet. That opponent had also been a group of mercenaries. By some miracle, Qin Fang survived, while those mercenaries were sent to meet King Yama instead.

This time, though, Qin Fang wasn't sure he'd be so lucky. A single stray bullet could end it all for him.

Bang~~

And yet, despite the risks, Qin Fang pulled the trigger without hesitation.

The target was an unlucky mercenary passing by. Judging by his attire, he seemed to be a mid-level leader. At least, from the way he had just reprimanded a careless gate guard with such arrogance, even Qin Fang—his enemy—found it unbearable.

So...

Disgusted, Qin Fang decided to settle a personal grudge on the side and took the man out with a single shot.

At this range, it was well within a sniper rifle's effective distance. For someone with Qin Fang's shooting skills, missing was impossible.

A single bullet tore through the man's forehead, exiting through the back of his skull...

The shot was absolutely lethal. Even with immediate treatment, it might take years—decades—for the man to recover, if he ever woke up at all...

But in this remote mountain wilderness, there was no one capable of treating such wounds. The nearest hospital was hundreds of kilometers away.

Such was the poverty of Anlang...

In these isolated mountain areas, life was brutal. Die here, and the wolves would likely drag your corpse away, leaving little chance of a proper burial.

When mountain folk faced such catastrophic "illnesses," they usually turned a blind eye, acting as though the victim had never existed...

The unlucky soul Qin Fang shot was a steward-level figure in the mercenary group, a minor leader. However, few respected his authority.

But the man had chosen to strut arrogantly in front of Qin Fang, acting like he was some kind of big deal. No wonder Qin Fang found him so irritating and decided to "reward" him with a bullet.

"Enemy attack!!"

"Woooooo~~"

The gunshot was so loud and sudden that it instantly alerted everyone in the camp. The chaotic sounds of alarm began to echo, as if war had broken out.

A sniper rifle out in the open, and one that had just killed a mid-level leader in one shot—this was a big deal. Mercenaries quickly grabbed their guns and raced out.

The alarms only grew louder, spreading like wildfire through the camp, even rousing those mercenaries resting in their tents.

Qin Fang wasn't afraid of these charging mercenaries. While they were intent on hunting him down from afar, he remained perched leisurely in a tree, eyes fixed on the movements within the camp.

Bang~~

Before anyone could react, Qin Fang fired again. Spotting a group of mercenaries clustering together, he didn't even bother aiming precisely, simply pulling the trigger to shoot into the crowd.

The spot Qin Fang chose to shoot at was cunningly selected among the clustered enemies, making his shot devastating.

If only his sniper rifle could fire like a submachine gun, unloading countless bullets in seconds, he'd have tossed a grenade into the group already and sent the lot of them straight to hell...

Even so, Qin Fang's shot didn't miss. Another unlucky mercenary took a bullet, this time to the chest, his heart bursting into a crimson spray.

At least this victim lasted a few minutes before finally succumbing to death's embrace and joining Black and White Impermanence in the Underworld.

"Woooooo~~ Enemy attack! Enemy attack!!"

By now, most of the camp was awake and aware that something had happened. But before anyone could fully grasp the situation, Qin Fang's second shot rang out.

Unlucky as ever, his second target fell as well, another enemy eliminated.

This time, the chaos in the camp exploded. These mercenaries weren't amateurs—they were ruthless killers themselves.

"Gather your men and follow me... Track him from this side!"

"Several guys over here! Split up and make sure we catch him!"

Orders were barked one after another within the camp. Every face was grim. Winning was expected, but losing would mean utter disgrace!

Ratatatatata...

And just then, a group suddenly emerged from the mountain cave's entrance, firing wildly toward the mercenary camp's structures, catching them completely off guard. The mercenaries scrambled for cover, hastily retaliating with intense gunfire...

Chapter 1245 Bombing a Path

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This Mercenary Corps seemed to have no concerns at all, not even afraid of provoking Anlang's government troops to come over. Faced with this kind of enemy attack, they quickly sprang into action, and an intense barrage of firepower immediately sprayed all around.

The firepower was extremely fierce, even making Qin Fang stare in amazement.

Although he knew this Mercenary Corps was heavily armed, he couldn't help but be taken aback when he saw the array of weapons they brought.

Various submachine guns, machine guns, sniper rifles, rocket launchers, flamethrowers... Basically, as long as it's a weapon Qin Fang had seen or heard of, he could find it in the hands of this Mercenary Corps.

Looking at the setup, if not for the dense jungle of Anlang making tanks, helicopters, and other equipment unsuitable for use, such equipment might have appeared before him as well.

"Holy crap..."

Fortunately, Qin Fang never intended to stay in one spot for long. After firing a shot, he promptly fled. If he had lingered even a moment longer, he would have been turned into a sieve by now.

These people weren't like the small drug trafficking gangs he encountered earlier. They were mercenaries, whose prowess matched that of special forces from regular armies.

The small gangs couldn't figure out Qin Fang's location, but among these mercenaries were experts who could quickly deduce the position of a sniper just from the sound of the gunshot and the angle of bullet impact.

So, most of the intense firepower was focused on the area of Qin Fang's previous hideout and its surroundings...

The speed of their counterattack was also astonishing. If Qin Fang hadn't been exceptionally fast—far faster than an average sniper—he would already have been riddled with bullets.

Perhaps this could count as the perk of being a sniper and a Martial Arts Expert.

At the very least, the guerrilla tactic of "shoot and relocate" gave him significant advantages over others, making survival more convenient and efficient.

However, while Qin Fang was attracting the Mercenary Group's firepower, he hadn't realized that the trapped group in the cave seemed to have coordinated with him, launching their surprise attack at exactly this moment.

Of course, the Mercenary Group wasn't unprepared for such things. Compared to ambushes from the exterior, they seemed to prioritize defending against threats from within.

Thus, as soon as the cave group charged out, they were met with fierce firepower from the Mercenary Group.

Rat-a-tat-tat~~~

In an instant, the entire camp descended into chaos. Gunfire and explosions rang out incessantly, creating a scene of extreme noise and commotion.

Within the Mercenary Group, the numerical advantage was evident. Qin Fang had managed to divert about two squads, totaling more than twenty men.

Yet inside the camp, there were still over a hundred well-prepared troops. The surprise attack from the cave group that emerged barely made it far before the overwhelming firepower drove them back.

Watching all of this from the outskirts, Qin Fang could only catch parts of the action, but he couldn't do much to help. Two squads were closing in on him, intent on surrounding and eliminating him.

With his own life hanging in the balance, even if Qin Fang had wanted to help, he had to prioritize saving himself first!

Bang~~

He aimed his sniper rifle and fired a bullet. One unlucky mercenary, though relatively quick to react, failed to avoid the shot to his shoulder. The powerful impact from the bullet sent him flying backward.

Bang~~

But Qin Fang was never one to leave something unfinished. He promptly fired another shot.

The wounded mercenary, now slower due to his injury, wasn't able to dodge this time and took the second bullet straight to the head—instant kill.

Rat-a-tat-tat~~

After firing the two shots, Qin Fang's location was immediately exposed. A hailstorm of firepower descended on his hideout, forcing him into a desperate scramble to escape using his superior speed.

Even so, stray bullets grazed him a couple of times. Luckily, the damage was minor, costing him just one or two points of Life Points—not something worth worrying about.

Qin Fang moved swiftly, shooting accurately while baiting the pursuing mercenaries into chasing him as he fled. Though he seemed in a ragged state, was it truly so?

"Where are our men?"

The game of cat-and-mouse lasted about ten minutes, during which the gunfire from the camp had mostly faded away. It could mean either the battle was over or their attackers had been wiped out.

However, when the mercenaries chasing Qin Fang regrouped to count their numbers, they were shocked to discover that out of the initial twenty-something troops across two squads, fewer than half remained.

Clearly, Qin Fang's seemingly chaotic flight was actually a deliberate tactic to deplete their manpower. Although it seemed a while before anyone went down, in reality, this ten-minute chase had cost them many lives, averaging one fatality per minute—and these were kills where no one could get back up.

As for Qin Fang, despite his apparent disarray and minor injuries, he could still run and jump easily, showing no signs of being seriously hurt.

By the time the mercenaries realized something was wrong, it was too late. They'd already suffered heavy losses, and they hadn't closed the gap between themselves and Qin Fang.

"We've been duped—let's head back..."

Someone said this, attempting to rally their comrades and return to the camp.

Their inability to close the distance with Qin Fang coupled with their dwindling numbers made it painfully evident they were being baited. Even the least smart among them couldn't ignore the obvious trap anymore.

"Thinking of leaving now? Isn't it a bit too late?"

Qin Fang hadn't worked so hard just to kill a few mercenaries. There was no way he'd let them retreat safely!

If that happened, it would've been as if Qin Fang hadn't accomplished anything at all—what's the point?

Watching the mercenaries begin to withdraw in an orderly fashion, Qin Fang stopped in his tracks, glaring coldly at their retreating figures, a cruel smile playing on his lips.

Then, with a slight movement, he vanished into the dense forest.

Not even two minutes later...

Boom~~~

A massive explosion thundered ahead, shaking a large swath of the forest as if an earthquake had struck.

Trees were blasted into the sky, and an enormous fireball erupted, igniting the area into a blazing inferno that stood out vividly amidst the surrounding greenery.

"Phew~~ Good thing I ran fast!"

Not long afterward, Qin Fang reappeared, his smoky figure emerging from the chaos. He quickly shed his burned, tattered clothes and changed into a fresh set, restoring his usual demeanor.

The mercenaries targeted by Qin Fang clearly weren't as lucky. They were either blown to pieces by the explosion or consumed by the raging flames.

Luckily, the lush greenery and humid climate of the forest limited the spread of the fire.

After ensuring this wouldn't result in a large-scale forest fire, Qin Fang decided not to concern himself further...

The weapons carried by Qin Fang weren't just ordinary guns; he also had terrifying killing devices—bombs seized from Cao Chun.

Though these bombs had already been activated, the Props Box's time-freezing feature kept them from detonating. Once removed from the box, they instantly exploded. Naturally, Qin Fang only stored them there for safety.

Now, finally, their time to shine had arrived. He threw out a single bomb...

Cao Chun was truly a Madman of explosions. The bombs he crafted made even C4 look weak in comparison, and using them against these mercenaries was the perfect choice!

The two squads of mercenaries had already lost more than half their numbers while pursuing Qin Fang. When they began regrouping for the retreat, Qin Fang lobbed a bomb their way... wiping them out entirely.

Qin Fang had considered using bombs to carve a path earlier, but the feasibility was low.

These bombs were a double-edged sword: they could harm the enemy but also severely endanger Qin Fang himself. The trigger-to-detonation time was too short, and while Qin Fang was fast, he couldn't completely escape the blast radius.

In other words, if Qin Fang ever faltered slightly in his retreat, the bombs he threw could injure or even kill him.

Deploying a single bomb was risky enough. If Qin Fang used them to break into the heavily-guarded camp, he might end up heavily wounded even before saving anyone.

"But... throwing out one or two occasionally isn't a problem!"

Using bombs to clear a path wasn't viable, but tossing out several at once posed no issue. Qin Fang's face lit up with a sinister grin.

With that, he disappeared into the forest again, this time heading toward the Mercenary Corps' camp...

Boom Boom Boom~~

As Qin Fang had planned, he reached the camp near its valley entry point.

Before the mercenaries could react properly, they saw Qin Fang swiftly toss a few black objects...

One bomb had already caused major havoc, rallying the mercenaries to take action. Now three bombs landed directly within their camp...

Chapter 1246: Ferocious Puppet Person!

...

Boom boom boom~~

The extremely violent explosion sound instantly invaded the front part of this camp, the wild vibrations and powerful explosion shockwave caused terrifying damage to the nearby area.

Qin Fang wasn't too far from the explosion center, the shockwave could also impose extremely terrifying damage on him...

However, Qin Fang obviously wouldn't engage in such a purely suicidal attack.

Just as he threw the three bombs out, a huge black shadow quickly appeared in front of Qin Fang, embracing Qin Fang with both hands, and with slightly hindered steps, ran swiftly towards the outside of the valley...

The terrifying shockwave hit, constantly impacting on this black figure, making puffing sounds, but the black figure remained unwavering, not even showing the slightest posture of falling forward, standing as firm as ever...

The mercenaries at the camp also noticed the black figure amidst the thick smoke and flames, and while fleeing in panic to avoid the terrifying shockwave from the explosion, couldn't help but raise their guns to aim and shoot at the faintly visible black figure...

However, the bullets they fired seemed to disappear without a trace, having no effect at all, and the black figure remained as firm as ever, not even wobbling, making them extremely frustrated!

"Idiots... how could my puppet person be so easily injured?"

On the other hand, protected by this black figure, Qin Fang sarcastically looked down on those foolish mercenaries, as even the shockwave from the bomb couldn't harm his puppet person, let alone ordinary bullets.

Even if powerful armor-piercing or explosive rounds hit the puppet person's body, they would at most leave a few marks, without causing any destructive damage.

There's nothing to be done, the materials used for the puppet person are so special, practically indestructible, no one knows how Master Lu Ban back then managed to create it.

If it weren't for the abnormal protection of the puppet person, Qin Fang wouldn't dare open the path with bombs like this...

Of course, he could only throw a few bombs outside the mercenary group's base, killing his way in with bombs is very unrealistic.

Outside, the enemies are only in one direction.

But if he charged in, he would face enemies from three or even four directions, and the puppet person could only protect him from one direction at most...

For his own safety, Qin Fang could only engage in destructive attacks on the narrow valley entrance... As for attacks further inside, Qin Fang himself couldn't participate.

By the time the smoke dissipated, both Qin Fang and the puppet person were nowhere to be seen, and by this time, the mercenary group must have gone crazy, a team of over two hundred people was played with easily by Qin Fang alone... If this got out, the very existence of their mercenary group would be questioned.

After a temporary chaos, the mercenary group quickly reorganized, immediately assembling a team of elite mercenaries, equipped with very powerful firepower, ready to encircle Qin Fang.

At the very least, they needed to organize a very secure outer perimeter; they were also worried that Qin Fang might have more high-power bombs.

"Hehe, the battle has just begun..."

By this time, Qin Fang was already in a very safe place... a place the mercenaries would never think of.

"Buddy, the next job is yours!"

Qin Fang patted the puppet person in front of him who looked like a Terminator and laughed.

Although he knew this guy couldn't talk, Qin Fang couldn't help doing this, since this "dude" had bullets hanging all over and was holding a Gatling Fire God Cannon in its hands?

This was something Qin Fang got through the Assassin's Alliance's black market, prepared specifically for this rescue operation...

Originally meant for his own use, the current situation forced him to change the initial plan, mounting this big guy on the puppet person...

Although the puppet person has a humanoid appearance, it's essentially not human, with no trace of life or even body heat, it's completely like a cold machine.

Whether the mercenary group had thermal detectors, Qin Fang wasn't sure, but it was clear they couldn't detect his puppet person.

"Go..."

Hiding safely, ensuring he wouldn't be discovered by the enemy, Qin Fang concentrated fully, then closely linked with the puppet person in front of him, murmuring slightly as he felt a slight change in his field of view!

Click click click~~

With these slight sounds, the puppet person, carrying a Gatling Fire God Cannon and many bullets, departed from there, moving at a relatively not very slow speed towards the mercenary group's base.

Qin Fang stayed where he was, concentrating entirely on the puppet person, equivalent to his primordial spirit leaving his body, transferring his consciousness into the puppet person's body...

This skill was somewhat similar to the Beast Eye, except that the puppet person was clearly much stronger than the beasts tamed by Qin Fang... and it consumed significantly more.

Watching his physical strength points decrease rapidly and the noticeable energy depletion, Qin Fang could only smile helplessly, estimating that after this round, he would need quite a bit of rest to recover fully.

But there was no other option, the enemy's firepower was too strong, relying on him alone was definitely not enough, whereas the invulnerable puppet person was an excellent choice.

No one would relate the puppet person to Qin Fang even if exposed deep in the forest, so Qin Fang didn't need to worry too much.

Da da da da da~~~

Qin Fang concentrated entirely on the puppet person, quickly charging into the mercenary group's camp, as soon as he appeared, the opposing side's fierce firepower instantly attacked him.

In almost an instant, Qin Fang clearly felt the puppet person hit by at least dozens of bullets, if it was him, he would have died dozens of times instantly!

But the puppet person seemed unscathed, except for the occasional inability to move after being hit by bullets, its body didn't even step back, firmly standing there.

Click click click~~~

Does Qin Fang seem like someone who only gets shot without retaliating? Obviously not...

Just hearing the sound from the Gatling Fire God Cannon, bullets immediately loaded!

Da da da da da da...

Right after that, the six-barreled Gatling Fire God Cannon began spitting terrifying tongues of fire...

The Gatling gun is the most terrifyingly rapid-firing gun to date, reportedly capable of reaching up to ten thousand rounds per minute at its peak...

Although Qin Fang's Gatling Fire God Cannon wasn't that extreme, it could fire about six thousand rounds per minute, once activated, it was unimaginably terrifying.

Because of its terrifying rate, Gatling guns are usually mounted on frames to effectively counteract the horrible recoil from such high firing rates.

Ordinary people can't handle such a Gatling gun, even elite soldier kings in the army handle it with difficulty.

Qin Fang dared to use such a terrifying weapon only because of his extraordinarily enhanced physique and strength... but for the puppet person, this might as well be tailor-made.

The terrifying recoil consistently acted on the puppet person's body, only producing faint collision sounds, but couldn't cause any substantial damage.

Da da da da da~~~

For Qin Fang and the puppet person, using the high-speed Gatling Fire God Cannon was just causing havoc, while for the mercenary group, it was the beginning of a nightmare!

Like a ghost invading a village, the Gatling Fire God Cannon instantly began its intensive strafing, wildly conducting carpet bombing on the entire camp...

With a terrifying firing rate of six thousand rounds per minute, it was so powerful that the ground seemed plowed, even the weeds were shot into the sky.

The tents in the camp were collapsing one after another, leaving countless bullet holes, and the unfortunate crooked trees inside the camp suffered similar fates, riddled with bullet holes...

Some relatively small trees, yet to be chopped for firewood by those mercenaries, were snapped in half by the bullets, powerlessly falling aside...

The mercenaries had it even worse, under such intense firepower, they feared poking out their heads, many of the unlucky ones already had bullets through their heads!

Don't forget, although the puppet person itself isn't skilled in shooting, since Qin Fang's consciousness was inside it, it's equivalent to Qin Fang holding the gun himself.

The near-advanced shooting skills, combined with the puppet person, were unafraid of any bullets from outside, while fiercely attacking the mercenaries, resulting in very significant casualties.

For a moment, these mercenaries were completely suppressed by the puppet person, unable to raise their heads, with considerable casualties, but their bullets couldn't even graze the puppet person...

These mercenaries were all like they'd seen a ghost, besides incessantly cursing "fuck", they had no choice but to temporarily retreat and avoid the invulnerable "terrorist"...

And just when they were extremely frustrated, trying to figure out how to deal with this terrifying assassin, the invulnerable, terrifyingly powerful assassin suddenly... vanished in a bizarre manner!

Chapter 1247: Saved the Wrong Person?

...

"Time's up..."

Qin Fang was utterly exhausted, his mind in a state of helplessness.

The puppet person was indeed brutal, single-handedly suppressing the mercenary group of over two hundred people to the point where they couldn't even raise their heads...

Unfortunately, Qin Fang's physical strength points and energy points were limited. He couldn't control the puppet person to continue such a slaughter for too long. Otherwise, Qin Fang could have wiped out the entire mercenary group under his control...

At present, Qin Fang's energy points could only sustain him for about two minutes. If he gritted his teeth and pushed further, he might be able to delay it by an extra ten seconds or so...

This was precisely why Qin Fang unleashed such terrifying firepower from the very start—to carve out a bloody path as quickly as possible and, at the very least, to throw the mercenary group into a chaotic disarray.

When Qin Fang's energy points reached their critical limit, the control was automatically lifted, and the puppet person was retrieved into Qin Fang's Props Box.

Qin Fang himself was left panting heavily, slumped there, beginning to recover and regain his strength... Physical strength could be replenished by eating baozi, but depleted energy could only be restored slowly.

...

Qin Fang temporarily halted his assault, needing time to rest and recover his energy. He didn't expect to restore himself to peak condition but at least needed to regain the ability to move freely. Without sufficient self-defense, it would be extremely dangerous should he encounter those mercenaries.

It was likely those mercenaries bore a deep-seated hatred for Qin Fang by now, desperately itching to tear him into pieces. Without the ability to protect himself, Qin Fang would not dare to show his face recklessly.

Over at the mercenary group's camp, the puppet person had mysteriously vanished, and the smoke and dust were gradually dissipating. Without the violent firepower assaults, these mercenaries couldn't help but exhale deeply.

These people were accustomed to hanging their lives on their belts, having faced countless scenes of war both large and small. Sometimes, they even had to confront tanks and bombardments. Yet they had never felt as suffocated as they did today...

Over two hundred people were first made utterly miserable by a single individual. While the casualties were not extensive, the situation was extremely dire... Then, the appearance of this ruthless figure drove them into what felt like a nightmare.

According to incomplete statistics, more than forty individuals fell under the puppet person's Gatling Fire God Cannon, with over half already dead and the others variously injured.

The problem was, despite their large numbers, guns, and even the use of rocket launchers, the monstrous figure seemed clad from head to toe in bulletproof steel armor like an unyielding Iron Man...

Whether Iron Man truly existed was hard to say, but for these mercenaries, they had just experienced what it felt like to fight "Iron Man."

The outcome, predictably, was exceedingly tragic—these men were utterly crushed.

Ratatat~~

Just as these mercenaries realized the terrifying assassin had disappeared, allowing them a moment of reprieve, their rear courtyard suddenly erupted into chaos again.

A group of equally fierce and brutal fighters suddenly charged out, taking advantage of their inability to organize even the semblance of a proper defense.

They struck with swift aggression, catching the mercenaries off guard. Before the mercenaries could react and mount a counterattack, these people didn't intend to tangle with them. Instead, they fought while retreating, escaping the camp through the undefended frontline.

This group was naturally the special forces soldiers trapped in the mountain cave.

Their numbers were not great, only around a dozen people, and each of them was injured to varying degrees. Furthermore, their ammunition was running low.

Continuing to battle these mercenaries head-on would be incredibly unwise; breaking through was essential for any chance to plan their revenge later...

With such tremendous commotion outside, the people inside the mountain cave obviously couldn't remain unaware. The continuous explosions were so intense that even debris was falling from the cave itself, making everyone worry whether the entire cave might collapse all of a sudden.

At first, they thought the mercenary group intended to blow up the mountain cave to bury them alive inside, but the more they listened, the less it seemed to make sense.

Eventually, they realized the mercenary group's camp was under heavy firepower assault, and the special forces soldiers began suspecting reinforcements had arrived on their side.

Naturally, they couldn't remain cowardly and hidden any longer. They quickly reorganized, and all soldiers still capable of fighting grabbed their weapons and charged out with ferocity.

While the puppet person was wreaking havoc outside, they could vaguely observe from within the mountain cave. However, during that time, the puppet person's assault was indiscriminate.

The Gatling Fire God Cannon's firing rate was extraordinarily terrifying, but controlling it was nowhere near as convenient as using a standard handgun. Its accuracy was relatively low, relying on its terrifying rate of fire to compensate.

Given the low hit rate, micromanagement was challenging, even for someone as skilled as Qin Fang, who didn't dare claim to be flawless.

The soldiers naturally understood this even better. That's why they held back at that moment, waiting until the puppet person vanished and the mercenaries had just barely caught their breath before launching their own explosive assault and breaking through with the fiercest firepower.

Chapter 1248: Saved the Wrong Person?_2

Completely unprepared, the mercenaries had lost their previously fortified defensive positions. It was now impossible for them to stop the escape—it really seemed these men had managed to survive against all odds...

"That was way too close..."

After successfully breaking through and retreating to a safer area, this team of warriors couldn't help but let out a deep breath of relief.

Trapped in that cave, their supplies had almost completely run out. If rescue had come any later, they wouldn't even need enemies to take action; they'd have walked out to their own deaths willingly.

No one anticipated that reinforcements would suddenly arrive, throwing the mercenary group into complete disarray. Only then did they manage to seize the opportunity for a breakout...

Even though the losses were still significant, it was far better than being annihilated entirely.

"By the way, who on earth saved us? Could it have been Captain Tang's team?"

Before long, one of the team members murmured thoughtfully.

"Captain Tang?"

Hearing this name, Qin Fang was momentarily stunned. He immediately moved toward the direction of the voice.

He had been resting at a secure spot for some time, recovering enough Energy Points to ensure his personal safety. Now he decided to check out the situation nearby.

Unexpectedly, as he approached, he overheard someone speaking Chinese. Instantly, he perked up his ears, and the mention of "Captain Tang" made him tremble with anticipation. Without hesitation, he moved closer to investigate.

Wasn't this entire mission for saving Captain Tang?

Now that there was some clue, how could he possibly give it up...

Sure enough, as Qin Fang followed the voices, he caught a faint glimpse of a group of soldiers. Their clothes were tattered and stained with blood.

"It's them..."

Upon spotting their uniforms, Qin Fang immediately recognized them. They appeared to be the ones who had been trapped in the cave earlier—during their last breakout attempt, Qin Fang had caught a brief glimpse of them, so he naturally remembered.

"Who's there? Show yourself!"

As Qin Fang was about to hail them, the soldier on guard duty noticed his presence.

Click-click-click-click~~

Within a split second, over a dozen soldiers reacted—they took cover, drew their guns, and were fully ready to fire!

"I'm one of you..."

Qin Fang immediately shouted loudly and stepped out from behind the tree, throwing down his weapon as a gesture of goodwill.

These people were, after all, the ones he had just rescued, and furthermore, they were fellow countrymen, so they were indeed on the same side.

Seeing that Qin Fang had discarded his weapon and raised his hands in an unthreatening manner, their apparent leader—a man in his early thirties—stepped forward cautiously. However, the other soldiers kept their guns pointed at Qin Fang, ready to shoot if he made any suspicious moves.

"You are...? Were you the one who saved us?"

The leader approached and examined Qin Fang carefully. He could distinctly smell the thick scent of gunpowder on Qin Fang's body.

This gunpowder smell was different from the scent left by bullets; it was the unmistakable odor from bomb explosions—a heavy, choking smell that was instantly recognizable.

Thinking back to everything that had happened earlier, there was no doubt Qin Fang was the one behind the explosive ambush on the mercenary camp...

After all, the bombs couldn't have been set off by the mercenaries themselves—no one would be foolish enough to blow up their own base. That left only Qin Fang as the culprit.

By this logic, Qin Fang was undeniably one of them.

If Qin Fang hadn't targeted the mercenaries' camp, and the terrifying Gatling gunner hadn't launched his assault, the breakout attempt wouldn't have succeeded.

"Are you... from the Jincheng Military Region?"

Faced with this question, Qin Fang neither confirmed nor denied it. The answer didn't seem worth debating at this point.

Instead, he glanced around at the group of a dozen people before him. None of the faces were familiar—not even one...

Although Qin Fang couldn't claim to know every single special forces soldier in the Ninghai Military District, he had at least met most of them. He would have some vague recollection of their faces.

But these individuals didn't match any of them, leaving only one possibility: they were from the Jincheng Military Region.

This operation had been a joint effort between the two military regions—essentially a competitive exercise. However, complications arose when they encountered this international mercenary group, whose firepower and skills were overwhelmingly strong. Their misfortune had been immense...

"That's right. We're from the Jincheng Military Region. I'm Captain Jiao, their team leader."

Confirming Qin Fang's guess, the leader nodded and introduced himself.

Upon realizing the truth, Qin Fang felt utterly frustrated. After enduring so much effort, he still hadn't managed to rescue his brother-in-law, Tang Cheng. How could he not be disheartened? He was so annoyed that he didn't even feel like joking with Captain Jiao.

"Captain Jiao, do you know Captain Tang's whereabouts?"

After some thought, Qin Fang decided these people were likely on his side. If he wanted to locate Tang Cheng, they might have some clues.

"Captain Tang? He's not on the same route as us..."

Captain Jiao was taken aback. He had already wondered why Qin Fang had come to save them, considering they were complete strangers beforehand. It turned out to be a case of mistaken rescue...

Of course, it wasn't entirely a mistake. They were all countrymen, and Qin Fang had close ties with Li Yang from the Jincheng Military Region. In such circumstances, he couldn't just stand by idly.

"Hmm... If Captain Tang's team encountered the same mercenary group as us, they should now be in the southwest direction..."

Noticing Qin Fang's expression darken with concern, Captain Jiao paused and then speculated out loud to provide some guidance.

Although the two teams were in a competitive exercise, they had a rough understanding of each other's movements. Otherwise, one team might finish a mission while the other was still pursuing objectives, resulting in unnecessary wasted effort.

"Southwest? Thanks, Captain Jiao... I need to move quickly. The rescue team should be arriving soon—stay alert!"

Even though this was just a guess, Qin Fang had no choice but to act on it. After giving the group a brief farewell, he disappeared into the dense forest in an instant.

"Damn, what a master..."

These special forces soldiers, often proud and confident, were considered the best the Jincheng Military Region had to offer. Simply representing their military district in this competition was proof of their exceptional capabilities.

They were able to survive encounters with such elite mercenaries—a testament to their own strength. Yet, witnessing Qin Fang's prowess left no room for arrogance. They could only laugh bitterly in the face of his overwhelming skill.

"Truly a master..."

Even Captain Jiao couldn't help but smile wryly.

It was entirely thanks to Qin Fang's intervention—causing chaos in the mercenary camp—that they had been able to escape from such a dangerous situation. He had essentially created the perfect window for their breakout.

The contrast was all too clear: where they bore wounds and scars, Qin Fang had appeared unscathed, save for the heavy gunpowder odor clinging to him. The gap in their abilities was unmistakable.

But Qin Fang had no time to dwell on what these soldiers thought. Every second spent here made Tang Cheng's situation more perilous.

The Jincheng Military Region group had at least found refuge in a cave. Whether Tang Cheng's team had anything like that remained uncertain...

Chapter 1249: Saving Iron Head!

...

The people from the Jincheng Military Region have already been rescued, and the large rescue contingent from the rear is quickly catching up. Qin Fang naturally doesn't need to worry about them anymore.

However, he has yet to find any trace of his brother-in-law Tang Cheng, and his heart is filled with unease.

If not for the fact that Tang Cheng's name in the friend list remains lit, indicating to Qin Fang that he's still alive, he might have seriously worried about Tang Cheng's safety.

Even so, Qin Fang cannot be certain that Tang Cheng's situation is safe.

Perhaps he has experienced the same ordeal as the Jincheng Military Region group, forced into a hidden and perilous position by mercenaries. Two days have already passed, and Qin Fang has no idea how much longer they can hold on...

Following the coordinates provided by Captain Jiao of the Jincheng Military Region, Qin Fang quickly advanced in pursuit. Although these were details from over two days ago, he had no other leads. Treating the dead horse as a living one was his only option—perhaps he might stumble upon a crucial clue.

Qin Fang didn't dare waste even a moment and darted through the forest swiftly. Soon, he stumbled upon a peculiar location and instinctively stopped for a closer inspection.

"Someone camped here... There was a fierce firefight..."

Traces were left on the ground—fresh ones, likely made recently...

Trees in the surrounding area bore visible bullet marks, and remnants of shell casings scattered across the ground confirmed a firefight had occurred here. Judging by the spread of bullets, it must have been exceptionally intense!

"It was Brother Tang and his team..."

The location matched the coordinates provided by Captain Jiao, and the fresh traces convinced Qin Fang that this site was highly likely connected to Tang Cheng and his team.

Whether it was Tang Cheng's squad ambushing the mercenary group or the mercenaries besieging Tang Cheng's squad was unclear. Qin Fang could discern only this much, and reconstructing the events was beyond his abilities...

"Having a lead is better than nothing..."

The clues here were at least two days old, and Tang Cheng's current whereabouts remained a mystery. Yet Qin Fang felt it was a step forward compared to his prior aimless search.

He immediately began meticulously inspecting the area. Based on the tracks left on the ground, he started tracing the retreat path of one party. When Tang Cheng's squad clashed with the mercenary group, regardless of the outcome, one side would have retreated—a direction the other side would inevitably pursue.

This direction was certainly part of the route Tang Cheng's team had traveled. If he followed it closely, Qin Fang might truly uncover Tang Cheng's location.

"Damn it, one of the parties scattered..."

But after tracking for over two hours, Qin Fang was shocked to discover the ground traces had become disorganized, and the distribution of shell casings had grown more scattered. His expression turned grim.

Based on the information Qin Fang had gathered so far, the scattered party was likely Tang Cheng's squad. The number of mercenaries far outnumbered Tang Cheng's team...

Being dispersed meant that their tracks became chaotic—over a dozen individuals splitting into over a dozen trails. Unless Qin Fang could divide himself into ten, his only option was to painstakingly track each path one by one.

It was a gamble with luck—a one-in-ten chance to directly find Tang Cheng, but an overwhelming risk of choosing the wrong direction.

"Damn it..."

Facing this setback, Qin Fang couldn't help but wear a bitter expression.

It wasn't the hard work that worried him; it was the fear that if he delayed, Tang Cheng's predicament would worsen.

"Wait, someone's here..."

Just as Qin Fang was uncertain about his next move, movement suddenly appeared on his mini-map. Someone had entered his map's monitoring range.

Without hesitation, Qin Fang moved swiftly, climbing a dense tree like an agile monkey. Using the thick foliage as cover, he completely concealed his figure...

Red dots on the map increased in number, gradually all falling within his map's monitoring range. There were roughly twenty to thirty people.

"Could this be the mercenary group?"

Discovering such a large group, Qin Fang's tension rose briefly. Instinctively, he checked the friend list and confirmed that Tang Cheng's name was still lit. Only then did he exhale slightly in relief.

Tang Cheng's team only had around ten people, which clearly did not match this larger number. Therefore, the newcomers were most likely mercenaries. They were seemingly also the only group that could gather in such numbers.

This realization made Qin Fang slightly apprehensive. He also considered the direction they came from; they were likely chasing Tang Cheng's team. Though the reason for their return remained unclear, Qin Fang was determined to investigate this path.

"Huh..."

As these people drew closer, Qin Fang began using his Scouting Skill on them one by one, ensuring his assumptions were correct. Suddenly, something surprised him.

"Brother Tietou?"

Qin Fang froze momentarily. He had been preparing himself to encounter either mercenaries or Anlang Government Army soldiers, but unexpectedly, he spotted a familiar face among the group.

Tang Cheng's troops included several members Qin Fang was quite familiar with. During his week of training alongside them, they had bonded and even sparred. Naturally, their faces were recognizable.

Among this group of strangers, Qin Fang surprisingly saw one familiar figure—Tang Cheng's soldier Iron Head. Due to his bald head, everyone nicknamed him so.

The discovery instantly lifted Qin Fang's spirits...

Unable to locate Tang Cheng's team, Qin Fang had been puzzled. Unexpectedly, a clue had now found him; there was no way he would let it slip.

Cautiously, Qin Fang peeked out, creeping closer with slow, deliberate movements, ensuring he didn't alert the group, especially since he still hadn't figured out their intentions.

This was reasonable—though Iron Head was someone Qin Fang trusted, he was currently mixed in with unknown individuals. Qin Fang had to remain cautious.

While the likelihood of Iron Head betraying Tang Cheng was low, it wasn't impossible. Recklessly intervening wouldn't be a choice a wise person would make.

As Qin Fang mulled over the situation, the group entered his line of sight.

"Anlang Government Army?"

Despite not having seen their uniforms before, Qin Fang didn't hesitate to identify them as Anlang Government Army soldiers the moment they appeared.

He had encountered the mercenaries' outfits before and had fought and killed enough of them to recognize their gear easily.

This group was neither Tang Cheng's special forces squad nor mercenaries. They were entirely ununiformed—in no uncertain terms, members of the Anlang Government Army...

Among them was Iron Head, walking with his hands tightly tied behind him. His tattered appearance, coupled with fresh wounds still bleeding and bruises spread across his face, clearly indicated he had suffered severe beatings...

Upon witnessing this scene, Qin Fang immediately understood why Iron Head was with them—he had undoubtedly been captured by the Anlang soldiers.

Anlang people were hostile to Dragon Country people, particularly the government army, infamous for extortion against Dragon-Anlang border traders—ruthless and greedy...

Now that a Dragon Country soldier had fallen into their hands, one could only imagine his miserable fate. To have survived this long could already be considered fortunate.

Normally, when Dragon Country military personnel were captured by the Anlang Government Army, their ends were brutally tragic. They would suffer relentless torture before being mercilessly executed.

"I have to rescue him..."

Conflicts between the two armies were irrelevant to Qin Fang, but he couldn't stand idly by as Iron Head fell into the hands of these soldiers.

Not only was Iron Head's relationship with Qin Fang strong, but as the only contact to track Tang Cheng, saving him became even more imperative...

"Twenty-six men... No notable experts... Seems like the situation isn't too dire!"

Having formulated his plan, Qin Fang carefully employed his Scouting Skill to examine the group's capabilities. Only then did he ease his tension slightly.

"Eight, seven, six... Three, two, one... Strike!"

Drafting a simple strategy, Qin Fang counted down and waited until the group stepped into his range before he leaped down from the tree swiftly...

Bang bang bang~~

Naturally, Qin Fang didn't hold back. Guns in both hands, he fired at the enemies as he descended.

At the same time...

Swoosh~~

An invisible shockwave burst from beneath Qin Fang's feet, spreading outward in a circular pattern...

Qin Fang's "One Against Hundred" title-triggered area-of-effect skill activated!

The Anlang soldiers couldn't have expected anyone to ambush them at this time. Not only were several immediately hit by bullets but the sudden shockwave slammed into their chests like a heavy hammer...

The closest ring of soldiers to Qin Fang bore the brunt of the ambush and suffered from his Heavy Strike...

Each of their chests emitted a dull thud, and they staggered backward, unable to maintain their balance, inevitably collapsing to the ground...

Chapter 1250 Sorcery

...

Splat, splat, splat~~~

Facing Qin Fang's group attack, these ordinary soldiers couldn't possibly withstand Qin Fang's powerful strength, and were immediately flung backward one by one.

Qin Fang's group attack skill comes along with a title, a skill that can be used once the title is equipped...

And the basic criterion for using it is facing more than two targets, which then qualifies as a group attack... This power is also Qin Fang's own strength.

Although applied to many people, this power gets weakened a lot, but it's not like completely dividing Qin Fang's strength into portions...

This degree of force isn't likely to kill, but it's sure sufficient to repel these people without issue!

Slash~~

Clearly unaware of how simple it would be to kill or drive away enemies, Qin Fang's timing in descending was so precise, his intention was solely to rescue.

With a sharp dagger during the descent, he instantly sliced through the rope binding Iron Head, immediately freeing him.

"Xiao Qin, is it you?"

Iron Head originally wore a somewhat dejected expression, not because of fear of death, but the embarrassment of falling into the hands of these inferior Anlang Government Army soldiers.

Yet at this moment, someone suddenly acted, and before he could react, he felt his hands loosen, he was saved...

Almost instinctively gazing towards the incoming person, he realized it was indeed his acquaintance, his team leader Tang Cheng's brother-in-law Qin Fang, and muttered in extreme surprise.

Qin Fang's sudden move startled Iron Head greatly; it seemed all too miraculous, Qin Fang charging forth alone like that...

"Brother Tietou, quit the chatter, grab your stuff..."

But Qin Fang clearly didn't have much time, and chatting at this moment was definitely not wise, so he immediately called out softly for Iron Head to regain composure, then tossed over a shadow.

Iron Head hesitated slightly, yet instinctively caught the shadow, discovering it was unexpectedly an MP5 submachine gun. Despite not knowing where Qin Fang hid it earlier, caught in the sudden turn of events, he didn't have time to ponder. Grabbing the gun, he cocked it repeatedly, aiming at the surrounding Anlang Government Army soldiers, firing in rapid bursts...

He'd suffered a lot before, mostly at the hands of these Anlang Government Army soldiers. Earlier he was tied hand and foot with no recourse, but now freed and armed, he wouldn't be courteous with these Anlang people...

Da, da, da~~

The MP5, known for its close-range killing prowess, with such a sweep instantly dispatched the remaining Anlang Government Army soldiers aiming to counter Qin Fang.

Those left had mostly been killed by Qin Fang, others clutching their chests fell to the ground, clueless about what transpired...

Da, da, da~~~

However, Iron Head evidently wouldn't spare these men; he immediately followed up with continuous shooting, ensuring none of the remaining Anlang Government Army soldiers survived.

But Qin Fang saw the threats were mostly eliminated, so he stood aside with cold eyes, abstaining from slaughtering the Anlang Government Army soldiers...

He couldn't do otherwise, not that he refused to kill, but doing so would only increase his Sin Points—those Justice Points are hard-earned and squandering them here seemed unworthy, so he left it all to Iron Head...

After all, being a soldier, especially a special forces soldier, executing special missions means killing is perfectly justified!

Of course, encountering stronger enemies and getting killed is not unexpected either.

All this happened within a brief time span, altogether in just about thirty seconds, yet the situation reversed instantly.

Previously potent and overbearing Anlang Government Army, now turned to corpses on the ground, leaving no survivors... Qin Fang's Scouting Skill came into play here, easily spotting any feigned deaths.

"Brother Tietou, how's Brother Cheng and the others now?"

Once all this settled, Qin Fang immediately caught Iron Head to inquire.

His trip was for Tang Cheng, yet having wasted quite some time without a trace of Tang Cheng, how could he not be anxious?

"The brothers are still alright, hidden somewhere relatively safe, but those damn mercenaries are still searching, unsure how much longer they can hide! Just..."

Iron Head slightly caught his breath, relieving some of the stuffiness in his chest, then shared some situation details with Qin Fang, appearing temporarily manageable, yet not especially secure.

Indeed, the final "just" brought a turnabout, leaving Qin Fang slightly tense and vaguely sensing something amiss.

"Just what? Speak quickly..."

Qin Fang couldn't help but become anxious as well, his tone getting heavier as he urged.

"The captain, he..."

Iron Head didn't mind the change in Qin Fang's tone. He showed a difficult expression, even appearing somewhat worried. His speech was hesitant, as if it was hard to speak about.

"What happened to Brother Cheng exactly?"

The more Iron Head hesitated, the more Qin Fang felt something was wrong. Although Tang Cheng's name was still shining brightly on his friend's list, indicating he was still alive, it didn't mean nothing had happened to him.

"The captain is poisoned. According to Mouse, it's not just any common poison; it's a form of Southeast Asian sorcery..."

Knowing the past relationship between Qin Fang and Tang Cheng, Iron Head feared that Qin Fang would worry too much, but he still briefly explained the current situation to him.

"I broke out just to find a way to break the sorcery, but I didn't expect..."

The reason Iron Head was captured was that he left the safe zone and was discovered by a mercenary group searching the mountain.

He was bound to die; those mercenaries never intended to let him go. But it was a coincidence that he encountered a patrolling Anlang Government Army. He's not sure what was said, but they handed him over to the Anlang Government Army...

Then coincidentally, he met Qin Fang and was saved.

However, these things Qin Fang wouldn't care about, nor was he interested in knowing the details. Since all the Anlang Government Army people were dead, even if he wanted to explore the intrigue, he no longer had the opportunity.

Besides, something else more important attracted his attention and mind.

"Sorcery?"

Hearing the word, Qin Fang's expression slightly changed.

This thing is considered an ancient witchcraft, extremely sinister and comparable to the Miaojiang Gu Art, both being elusive forms of sorcery.

Witchcraft has been passed down from ancient times, with a very long history, much more ancient than the Thousand Skills mastered by Qin Fang...

However, witchcraft is too alluringly strange, and with continuous suppression over the years, most witchcraft has been lost, with only a rare few surviving.

The most famous ones are the Miaojiang Gu Art and the Southeast Asian sorcery...

Of course, areas like North and South America, and Africa also have remnants of similar strange sorcery, although it's unclear how it was passed there, it is indeed the case.

Qin Fang had already experienced the Miaojiang Gu Art firsthand. The bizarre and formidable power was truly horrifying. If it weren't for Little Dragon's protection, he would've fallen victim to it long ago.

The Gu Art mainly revolves around Gu Insects, and without them, it's nothing special.

But the truly terrifying part lies in these extremely strange Gu Insects.

These Gu Insects are venomous creatures, and once inside the human body, they are like maggots clinging to bones. Unless you know how to expel them, they remain inside, continuously destroying every organ of the human body... until the individual dies.

Some Gu Insects even consume the corpse, hatching more and more powerful Gu Insects...

Some Gu Insects seem almost spiritual, capable of understanding the caster's intent and possessing strange skills like mind control and creating illusions...

In short, it is absolutely terrifying and extremely sinister witchcraft!

Sorcery and Gu Art are both notorious in Southeast Asia, both being powerful and extremely wicked witchcraft. It's not about which is stronger; it depends on the practitioner's power.

Qin Fang doesn't know much about sorcery, but after experiencing Gu Art, he specifically looked up some related information and records and gained some understanding of sorcery.

Sorcery is somewhat similar to Gu Art. Judging from the steps, it mainly consists of "Sorcery" and "Head."

"Sorcery" refers to the spells or Gu Poison methods used in the casting.

"Head" refers to the individual being cast upon, including the "personal connection grasp" of the individual (such as the individual's birth date, Five Elements destiny, name, location, commonly used items, related physical items like hair or nails).

Tang Cheng led a team across the border from Dragon Country, a decision made at the last minute, so it shouldn't have been anticipated or known by the enemy in advance.

However, Tang Cheng still fell victim to sorcery, indicating it likely wasn't the "head" that's the problem, but rather the "sorcery."

That means the sorcery Tang Cheng fell victim to was probably due to the caster using a highly malicious Gu Poison on Qin Fang at an extremely concealed moment, which is quite similar to the Miaojiang Gu Art.