

Middle Age 551

Chapter 551: Chotto Matte!

Inside a business car at the alley entrance sat a middle-aged man in his forties with a small mustache.

This man was none other than the leader of the Kansai Division of the Sanko Group, Sato Yuichi.

The Sanko Group is extremely large in scale, originating in 1901, and is the biggest and most influential gang organization in Japan.

It has not only monopolized most of the underground business in Japan, covering everything from casinos, loans, firearms, flour to port freight, reaching almost everywhere, even having branches in several countries in Southeast Asia, a presence even the authorities fear.

Sato Yuichi, as the Kansai Division leader, holds a core position within the Sanko Group.

The entire Japan is divided into Kantou, Kansai, and Sekigahara areas, with Kansai encompassing Capital City, Osaka, Nara Prefecture, and several other places, totaling an area of 27 thousand square kilometers.

Therefore, the actual power range under Sato Yuichi's control is very large; unless under special circumstances, this whole region relies on his singular decision.

At this moment, Sato Yuichi was sitting in the car, drinking champagne and listening to classical music with a touch of elegance, until his subordinates reported that Hatoyama Kiichi was approaching with his men, breaking his immersion and prompting him to open his eyes.

Hatoyama Kiichi, with a dozen subordinates and members from the Public Security Investigation Agency, was aggressively heading over just meters away.

As he saw Sato Yuichi sitting inside through the car window, a trace of surprise flashed in his eyes, and his brows furrowed tightly.

The anger that was about to burst out was forcibly suppressed.

How come this guy came personally?

Hatoyama Kiichi's steps paused; originally, he thought the blockade was just low-level members of the Sanko Group, and showing a badge from the Public Security Investigation Agency would be sufficient to disperse them. Unexpectedly, it was Sato Yuichi, a major figure, personally overseeing the situation.

There must be deeper motives behind this.

Sato Yuichi inside the car also saw him, quickly pushed open the car door, and stepped out warmly like an old friend.

"Haha, Senator Hatoyama, long time no see."

Suppressing the surprise and doubt in his heart, Hatoyama Kiichi gestured for his people to halt and stepped forward to shake hands with Sato Yuichi: "Leader Sato, long time no see."

Though he considered himself of high status and from the bottom of his heart despised those involved in the syndicate, as a mature politician, controlling one's emotions without showing them is fundamental, and he would not openly display his dislike even if he detested the other party.

"Why is Leader Sato here?"

"Oh, I came to help a friend with a small matter." Sato Yuichi released his hand and casually explained.

"Senator Hatoyama, bringing so many people out in the middle of the night, is there an important issue? Would you need my help?"

Hatoyama Kiichi frowned slightly at the insincere smile of the other party.

He glanced at the distant courtyard and asked in a deep voice: "The friend Leader Sato mentioned isn't a Huaxia person by any chance?"

Upon hearing this, Sato Yuichi's mustache slightly curled, neither nodding nor denying, but instead asked in return: "Oh? Senator Hatoyama also knows that friend?"

Hatoyama Kiichi knew the other was deliberately pretending ignorance, yet he was not annoyed; the only inexplicable point was how that Huaxia person was connected to this Sanko Group bigwig.

His gaze swept across the Sanko Group members behind Sato Yuichi, each with a fierce expression and bulging waists, evidently carrying weapons.

These were not ordinary associates but elite members of the Sanko Group.

Having clarified the other party's stance, Hatoyama Kiichi did not intend to waste more time with Sato Yuichi, bluntly stating: "Can't say acquaintance, I came here just to see him."

"Leader Sato, I have other matters to attend to; we can talk another time."

"Wait just a moment!"

Just as Hatoyama Kiichi was about to leave, he was stopped by Sato Yuichi.

A cold glint flickered in his eyes as he patiently asked: "Leader Sato, what other advice do you have?"

Sato Yuichi, still wearing that insincere smile, reached out and grasped the other's arm: "Senator Hatoyama, let me accompany you."

Upon hearing this, Hatoyama Kiichi's gaze instantly turned icy, staring Sato Yuichi down: "Accompany me? Leader Sato absolutely wants to meddle in this matter?"

Seeing that the man was truly about to get angry, Sato Yuichi now did not persist, reluctantly releasing his grip: "Senator Hatoyama misunderstood; I simply haven't seen you in a long time and wanted to catch up."

"Hmph!" Hatoyama Kiichi snorted coldly, shook off his hand, and strode towards the villa ahead.

Though he went inside, his subordinates and the Public Security Investigation Agency staff were blocked by the Sanko Group men.

The two sides pushed and shoved, seemingly on the verge of a conflict erupting.

Upon hearing the commotion behind him, Hatoyama Kiichi swiftly turned around, his expression darkened as if it could drip water.

Facing Sato Yuichi's repeated provocations, he was no longer bothering to put on a casual face.

"Sato Yuichi!" Hatoyama Kiichi's voice squeezed out from between his teeth, carrying a chilling coldness, "Are you sure you want to be an enemy of the Hatoyama family?"

Sato Yuichi seemed to ignore his threat, instead stepping back half a step, signaling to his subordinates with a nod.

The originally pushing and shoving Sanko Group members stopped instantly but remained fanned out, encircling Hatoyama Kiichi's subordinates and the Public Security Investigation Agency members tightly, the weapons at their waists exposed, creating an intimidating atmosphere.

Meanwhile, Hatoyama Kiichi's people also drew their weapons, creating a tense standoff.

Sato Yuichi's calm voice echoed: "Senator Hatoyama, you can take your people inside, but as for these Public Security Investigation Agency folks, they need not enter."

Hatoyama Kiichi's gaze scanned between the two opposing groups, the air thick with the smell of gunpowder.

He stared at Sato Yuichi for a long moment; the other party seemed to have retreated a step, but behind it lay a hidden agenda.

Despite being a congressman with the authority to command police departments to detain individuals, he personally lacked such power, so with the Public Security Investigation Agency barred, he had no official means to deal with Qi Yun and others.

"Leader Sato, you're quite skillful!" After pondering momentarily, Hatoyama Kiichi did not wish to engage in a direct clash at this time, so he ultimately left a harsh remark and turned to leave.

His subordinates were allowed to follow quickly, leaving only the Public Security Investigation Agency members stuck in place, unable to advance or retreat.

Their status couldn't even intimidate ordinary citizens, let alone these syndicate guys; and if push came to shove, the equipment these people had was even better...

Sato Yuichi watched their departing figures, slowly smoking in silence.

Beside him, a younger member approached to ask: "Boss, by doing this, won't Hatoyama family people retaliate against us later?"

Sato Yuichi slowly exhaled a smoke ring, a sinister glint flashing in his eye.

"Soon we can obtain an extra 30% share of firearms, fully expelling the Daichuan Association from Kansai, so it doesn't matter if we offend him."

Chapter 552: Death Beckons

In the yard, when Hatoyama Yuchi saw his cousin bring people over, he immediately shouted excitedly, dragging his injured arm over for a round of gibberish.

Qi Yun couldn't understand what the other was saying, nor did he care; he was just gauging this Japanese congressman and those subordinates he brought.

After listening to Hatoyama Yuchi's complaints, Hatoyama Kiichi glanced over those subordinates in the yard who were severely beaten, his face grim.

Not only was the Hatoyama Clan's honor trampled, but this was also an open provocation to him, a congressman.

He suddenly lifted his gaze to Qi Yun, his sharp eyes seemingly wishing to swallow the other whole.

"You're Qi Yun?" Hatoyama Kiichi's voice was icy, each word bearing suppressed wrath.

Qi Yun showed a hint of surprise on his face, not expecting this guy to speak Chinese quite fluently.

He stood up, stepped forward, his gaze unwaveringly fierce: "Yes, I am Qi Yun."

Hatoyama Kiichi, seeing Qi Yun so calm and collected, temporarily set aside his initial thought of wiping out these people upon entry, wishing first to figure out what ace the opponent held.

"You came to the Hatoyama family to act recklessly and injured so many people; you owe us an explanation."

Qi Yun raised an eyebrow, the corners of his mouth curling into a slight sneer: "Explanation?"

"I'm just here to retrieve what belongs to me. As for those who were injured, it's because they tried to attack me; I merely defended myself."

Before Hatoyama Kiichi could respond, Hatoyama Yuchi couldn't hold back, immediately jumping out and shouting angrily at Qi Yun: "Baka! You damn Huaxia person."

He dragged his injured arm, trembling with anger, his spittle flying, "Today I must chop you up and feed you to the dogs!"

Upon hearing the insults, Qi Yun's originally peaceful face turned dour; he silently sat down again, then signaled to Xiao Wu beside him.

Xiao Wu instantly understood, moving quickly, stepping swiftly to Hatoyama Yuchi's front, before the latter could react, his left hand reaching directly for Hatoyama Yuchi's extended arm.

However, just as his fingers were about to touch Hatoyama Yuchi's arm, a cold flash suddenly stabbed from the side.

It was a ninja, a ninja who suddenly appeared from behind Hatoyama Kiichi, wielding a long sword, his body wrapped in black ninja attire, almost blending into the night.

This person was Hattori Kazuya, a top master of the Hattori clan—his skill ranked among the top five of Japan's ninja circle.

The sound of the sword slicing through the wind accompanied his silhouette, Hattori Kazuya moving so fast that only a blur remained, the blade aiming directly at Xiao Wu's wrist reaching for Hatoyama Yuchi.

This strike was precise and vicious, evidently intending to cripple Xiao Wu's arm while protecting Hatoyama Yuchi.

Xiao Wu's pupils suddenly shrank; he keenly sensed that this newcomer was not simple, not on the same level as the ninja he crippled before. Immediately, he dared not be careless, his wrist suddenly flipping inward while powering his waist, his entire body twisting at an incredible angle towards the rear side.

Just barely dodging the blade's edge, his left hand swiftly lifted, a cold flash quickly slicing through, directly aiming at Hatoyama Yuchi.

First, a crisp "ding" echoed, the long sword missing its target and heavily striking the bluestone slab, sparks flying, the hard stone slab unexpectedly split with a crevice.

Then, a shrill "ah!" screamed, Hatoyama Yuchi's stretched arm pierced by a sharp dagger, blood spouting from the wound, staining half his sleeve red.

He shrank in pain, instinctively wanting to cover the wound, but his other hand was still wrapped in thick bandages; using any force caused a stabbing pain.

Hatoyama Yuchi staggered back two steps, falling onto the ground, his face contorted with pain, cold sweat pouring from his forehead, all arrogance vanished.

Hattori Kazuya seeing this, his eyes burst with ferocity; the opponent injured the person he was protecting right under his nose — an utter disgrace.

Before Hatoyama Kiichi could speak, he gripped the long sword tightly, directly charging at Xiao Wu again!

Hatoyama Kiichi also snapped out of his shock, he hadn't expected Qi Yun to be so brazen to cripple his cousin's hand right in front of him — akin to being slapped in the face.

His eyes brewed with anger, glaring at Qi Yun, his teeth grinding loudly, chest heaving violently.

The initial thought of first figuring out the opponent's ace completely faded, leaving only fury after being provoked.

In Japan, no one dared humiliate the Hatoyama family like this! Even if the prime minister's men came, they'd have to show some respect.

Qi Yun, an outsider from Huaxia, dared act like this — truly trampling the entire Hatoyama family!

Hatoyama Kiichi raised his arm, ready to order his men to attack and annihilate these people completely.

However, his hand had just lifted halfway when he suddenly saw a red light shooting towards him from the direction of the distant rooftop.

The red light wasn't solid but was an infrared aiming point from a sniper rifle scope, dead center on his forehead!

A strong fear instantly engulfed him, Hatoyama Kiichi's raised arm stiffening, his muscles instantly tensing, even his breathing instinctively halting.

Sniper!

The other side actually had a sniper prepared!

Hatoyama Kiichi's heart almost leaped out of his chest! He felt as if the grim reaper was beckoning him.

Regardless of his status as a congressman or the Hatoyama surname, none could prevent the bullet...

He looked at Qi Yun in terror, unwilling to believe the other truly dared kill him; could this Huaxia person not fear the enormous trouble he might bring?

And Qi Yun watched him mockingly, a cold smile on his lips, as if saying "dare act rashly, you'll definitely be the first to die..."

"Stop!"

No need for much thought, Hatoyama Kiichi quickly made a wise decision, immediately calling Hattori Kazuya back.

The latter, who was engaged in an intense fight with Xiao Wu, suddenly received this order and froze.

But as he turned back, seeing the red dot on Hatoyama Kiichi's forehead, he too was thunderstruck, the swung long sword abruptly stopping in mid-air, the assault halting.

Xiao Wu didn't seize the opportunity to attack, instead swiftly returning to Qi Yun's side.

"Master!"

As a ninja, it's taboo for Hattori Kazuya to have emotional fluctuations, yet at this moment he couldn't care less, subconsciously wanting to dash over to protect the master behind him.

"Stay put!" Hatoyama Kiichi's voice was severely hoarse, the red dot on his forehead slightly trembling with his speech, the red beam tightening his heart, "Don't move!"

In this scenario, any movement from Hattori Kazuya could prompt that sniper to fire; facing absolute killing power, no superb ninja technique could make a difference.

Hattori Kazuya remained frozen on the spot, his face under the mask pale.

The yard fell into bizarre silence, even Hatoyama Yuchi's screams ceased.

Only Qi Yun casually lit a cigarette, appearing like an outsider.

"Qi... Mr. Qi Yun, perhaps we can talk..." Hatoyama Kiichi looked at Qi Yun, his voice trembling.

Qi Yun nodded indifferently, pointing at the stone bench across: "Mm, come sit down and talk."

"Have your people wait outside."

He didn't really intend to kill the other, given that he was a congressman, a core member of the Hatoyama Clan; if the guy died here, it would truly cause a massive uproar.

Moreover, the conflict between the two sides wasn't unresolvable.

The prerequisite was that this guy intelligently handed over the stuff...

Chapter 553: Negotiation

Inside the villa, only after all of Hatoyama Kiichi's men had withdrawn, did the red dot hovering around his brow finally disappear.

Only then did Hatoyama Kiichi dare to exhale heavily, his back already soaked in cold sweat. He wiped the sweat from the corner of his forehead and walked over to sit on a stone bench nearby.

"Mr. Qi..." Hatoyama Kiichi licked his dry lips, breaking the silence first, with a significant air of flattery in his tone, "Earlier my men were reckless and offended you, I apologize to you."

As a congressional member and the future sect leader of the Hatoyama Clan, he was long accustomed to the reverence and flattery of others, when had he ever been so humble?

But the situation was beyond his control now, and he didn't dare to gamble on whether Qi Yun had the guts to kill him...

"There's no need for an apology." Qi Yun calmly stubbed out his cigarette, exhaling the last puff of smoke, "I came here only to retrieve what belongs to me. Just return my belongings."

Hatoyama Kiichi hesitated after hearing this. Regarding the origin of the two treasure swords, Hatoyama Yuchi had already reported to him that they were undoubtedly the most representative national treasures of Huaxia.

He had already planned to present one of the swords to the emperor during a meeting two days later.

Although the Imperial Family of Japan had been declining, it remained the spiritual symbol of the whole nation.

If he could present such a rare Huaxia treasure sword as a gift, not only could he greatly please the Imperial Family, but he could also gain invaluable political resources and possibly the implicit support of the forces behind the Imperial Family in the next election.

He had contemplated this plan all night and had carefully considered his words for when presenting the gift, but now he had to reluctantly hand it over, how could he be willing?

But the scene from before where he was locked on by a sniper rifle was still vivid in his mind; if he didn't hand over the items, it was uncertain if he could walk out of there alive today...

Qi Yun glanced at him, seemingly sensing his internal struggle, and sneered, "What? You don't intend to return them to me?"

Hatoyama Kiichi's whole body stiffened, as if a thief whose thoughts had been exposed, a trace of panic flashed in his eyes.

The higher the position and the greater the power a person holds, the more they cherish their life; no treasure is worth as much as one's life.

"No... that's not it, you've misunderstood!" He hurriedly waved his hand, wanting to explain, "It's just that..."

"No 'just'!" Qi Yun interrupted Hatoyama Kiichi's words before he could finish, in a decisive tone, "I must get my belongings tonight!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Brother Quan stepped forward, staring at Hatoyama Kiichi with unfriendly eyes, the black barrel of a gun directly aimed at his forehead.

Hatoyama Kiichi's body instantly froze, the cold barrel pressed against his skin, causing him to shiver uncontrollably.

This was the first time in his life he had experienced such coercion.

Even though he was unwilling in his heart, in the face of the black barrel of the gun, both his identity and pride seemed to become worthless.

"Mr. Qi, let's talk this out!" Hatoyama Kiichi's voice shook uncontrollably, "I will return the items to you! Please put the gun down first."

If he had his own people present, he might have maintained a tough demeanor, but since there were only outsiders, there was no need to put on a show.

Seeing that this old fellow finally surrendered, Qi Yun's expression slightly eased, and he nodded at Brother Quan.

Brother Quan understood and withdrew the muzzle.

"Have them bring the items in, then you can leave."

Hatoyama Kiichi took a long breath, but his expression quickly turned bitter again, "Mr. Qi, the items are in my Tokyo office, I... I didn't bring them with me..."

Qi Yun's eyes suddenly became sharp, glaring at Hatoyama Kiichi like a knife, "Are you playing games with me?"

Almost simultaneously, Brother Quan raised the gun again, the black muzzle pressing once more against Hatoyama Kiichi's temple. The cold metal touch caused his momentarily relaxed nerves to instantly tense, with cold sweat continually rolling down his skin.

"I'm not! Absolutely no such intention!" Hatoyama Kiichi's voice trembled like a sifting chaff, his teeth chattering uncontrollably, "Truthfully! Those items are too precious, I feared carrying them wouldn't be safe, so I specifically locked them in the office safe. I can take you there to retrieve them now!"

This time he wasn't lying, because before coming, he hadn't planned on returning the items, so he hadn't brought them at all.

But who could have imagined that the person opposite him would be so audacious to the point of completely disregarding his identity, and directly threatening to kill him...

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun still fixed his gaze on Hatoyama Kiichi, attempting to discern whether he was lying by using intelligence queries, but to no avail.

After contemplating for a few seconds, he let out a sneer, "It seems you're still unwilling to return my items."

"No, absolutely not my intention! Mr. Qi has misunderstood!" Hatoyama Kiichi hurriedly waved to explain, "Please accompany me to retrieve them, I assure you intact delivery in your hands."

Qi Yun shook his head, "No need, have your subordinates bring the items over, I'll wait here."

Upon hearing this, Hatoyama Kiichi showed a bitter expression, "I'm afraid... I'm afraid that's not possible, the safe requires my fingerprint to open."

Qi Yun's face fell, regardless of whether the other person was truthful, news from this side definitely must have spread by now, and there would surely be his forces attempting a rescue outside.

All his arrangements were set in the Capital City here, rushing off to Tokyo was truly an unwise decision.

Beside him, Brother Quan suddenly spoke, his voice devoid of any emotion, "Which hand? I'll help cut it off and send it back with your subordinates."

Hatoyama Kiichi's body shivered, his face instantly turning pale, "No! You can't! Please don't do this!"

He quickly clutched his right hand, his body involuntarily shrinking backward, his eyes filled with terror and disbelief.

The casual tone in which this fellow mentioned cutting it off was like cutting an apple, the ruthlessness causing his hair to stand on end.

Although he had often ordered his subordinates to commit harakiri, how could his noble body be compared to those commoners?

Qi Yun remained silent, understanding that if he truly cut this person's hand, it would be akin to killing him, and once the Japanese government found out, they surely wouldn't let him off easily.

His goal was only to retrieve the two treasure swords, not to push the situation to an irreparable stage.

Brother Quan glanced at Qi Yun as if guessing his thoughts, speaking again, "I'll take people and accompany him to retrieve the items."

Qi Yun looked at Brother Quan somewhat surprised, not expecting him to volunteer, as even a fool could imagine how dangerous following the other party would be.

Brother Quan chuckled nonchalantly, "I came with you precisely for this, I can't let you take the risk."

"Ever since the day I joined the boss, he already gave us all the settling-in allowance in advance. This is our job."

After saying this, he again turned his gaze to Hatoyama Kiichi, his tone turning cold, "And, I believe he's a smart man."

Hatoyama Kiichi hurriedly nodded in agreement, "Yes, I have no grudge against Mr. Qi, it's just a small misunderstanding, I won't do anything rash."

"If you don't feel reassured, I'm willing to leave Hatoyama Yuchi here!"

Chapter 554: The Goods in Hand

Qi Yun eventually accepted Brother Quan's suggestion, letting him take two members to retrieve the items, as it was the safest choice for now.

Even if the other side tries any tricks, as long as he isn't controlled, there's still a way to rescue Brother Quan and the others.

After leaving the villa, Hatoyama Kiichi was under control by Brother Quan's team and headed to Tokyo, none of his subordinates were allowed to follow.

Though he was temporarily out of danger, Hatoyama Kiichi took a deep breath internally, his nerves not as tense as before, and he secretly glanced at Brother Quan with a hint of barely detectable coldness.

A few hours later, the car stopped at a Tokyo office building parking lot, as soon as Brother Quan and his people got out of the car, a large group of people swarmed in from all directions, surrounding them, all holding weapons.

Facing the dark gun barrels, Brother Quan showed no fear on his face, he grabbed Hatoyama Kiichi's arm and asked casually, "Planning to go down with me?"

Hatoyama Kiichi could obviously feel the gun barrel pressing against his waist; extremely afraid for his life, he wouldn't risk himself, so he wisely ordered his men to disperse.

"Clear a path!"

As he shouted, his subordinates looked at each other but eventually backed away, though their guns still pointed at Brother Quan and his team with wary eyes.

"Let's go, don't waste time." Brother Quan tugged Hatoyama Kiichi's arm, controlling him as they headed towards the elevator.

They quickly took the elevator to Hatoyama Kiichi's office, where they locked the door and pulled down the blinds to block outside view, only then did Brother Quan let go of Hatoyama Kiichi, instructing him to get the items quickly.

Hatoyama Kiichi rubbed his aching arm from being pulled, knowing he has no choice now, he suppressed the unwillingness in his heart and walked to the corner safe.

"Beep beep beep."

After entering the password and confirming his fingerprint, the safe door opened with a sound.

Hatoyama Kiichi took out two wooden boxes from inside the safe and turned to place them on the desk.

Brother Quan signaled the two team members to stay alert, while he himself went to the desk, opened the wooden boxes, and took several photos of the treasure swords with his phone, sending them to Qi Yun.

Although Qi Yun hadn't seen the swords before, from the appearance of the Nine Dragon Treasure Sword, it basically matched the records; as for the other Tai'e Sword, it still had traces of bronze rust.

Thinking the opponent couldn't fake them in such a short time, he instructed Brother Quan to bring the items back.

After receiving confirmation, Brother Quan placed the treasure swords back into the boxes and then turned to Hatoyama Kiichi, "Don't mind giving us a ride, do you?"

Upon hearing this, Hatoyama Kiichi's expression immediately soured, his voice filled with anger, "This wasn't in our agreement, you've got the stuff, and my cousin is still with you, I won't act recklessly."

Brother Quan shook his head indifferently, "Don't mention your cousin, for politicians like you, not even your own father is expendable, right?"

Hatoyama Kiichi seemed to be hit where it hurts, his eyes blazing with anger, "I'm not going back with you, either take the stuff and leave or kill me!"

Seeing through this guy's bravado, Brother Quan immediately pulled his pistol and cocked the slide, "Fine, your wish will be granted."

He then held his hand on the trigger, as if he was truly ready to shoot!

Hatoyama Kiichi shuddered in fear, feeling as if his blood had frozen.

Seeing Brother Quan's face devoid of any joking, he realized this guy might really dare to kill him.

"You... you're crazy!" His voice trembled uncontrollably, his previous toughness collapsing instantly, "I'm a congressman! If you kill me, you won't leave this building, and that Qi Yun will join me in the grave!"

Brother Quan didn't even blink, responded calmly, "Oh, so will you cooperate?"

Hatoyama Kiichi's intimidation seemed futile against this mud-legged man who doesn't fear his threats.

But he could not go back with them; he never wants to experience the feeling of his life being in someone else's hands ever again.

After two seconds of silence, he reluctantly compromised, "I can go to the city outskirts with you, that's my bottom line!"

Brother Quan raised his eyebrows, appearing satisfied with this bottom line, he slowly lowered his pistol and sent Qi Yun another message, then instructed the two team members to escort Hatoyama Kiichi out.

"I hope you'll cooperate and not escalate the conflict."

Hatoyama Kiichi remained silent, his expression as sour as if he had eaten something awful.

With him as a talisman, naturally, his subordinates wouldn't dare act, letting them board the car.

Once the car left the parking lot and reached the main road, one team member driving glanced at the rearview mirror and reported to Brother Quan, "We have a tail."

Sitting in the back seat, Brother Quan didn't even bother looking back, speaking calmly, "Ignore it, just follow the planned route back."

"Yes." Responded the team member without further words.

More than an hour later, the car got off the overpass, and up ahead was the highway leading to Capital City.

It was deep into the night; traffic was sparse on the streets, the car stopped at a T-junction.

Brother Quan nodded at Hatoyama Kiichi, "You can leave now."

Hatoyama Kiichi wasted no time, hastily pushing the car door open, stumbling out in a hurry.

Just as he got on his feet, a convoy of Chevrolet Suburbans swiftly approached.

The front car stopped beside him, a few subordinates jumped out quickly and protected him.

Regaining his freedom, Hatoyama Kiichi restored his aura as a big shot, unable to suppress his seething rage, he looked at Brother Quan's quickly departing car and shouted at his men, "Baka! Leave none of them!"

The lead subordinate turned back, gesturing to the convoy and speaking a few commands rapidly.

The muscle cars quickly accelerated, their engines roaring through the streets.

However, they had just moved a few meters when the T-junction ahead suddenly lit up with headlights, followed by several cars rushing out to block the road.

In the next instant, the car windows lowered, revealing faces covered with black stockings and indistinguishable features.

Without any extra words, they set up automatic weapons and fired a sweeping burst in front of the Suburban convoy.

"Tat tat tat!"

The sharp sound of gunfire echoed through the deserted streets, bullets pocked the asphalt with a flurry of sparks, spreading into a honeycomb-like pattern.

The driver of the lead Suburban panicked and hit the brakes, tires screeched sharply against the ground, facing the dense bullets ahead, nobody dared to show their heads, all hiding within the cars.

With a ferocious expression, Hatoyama Kiichi also trembled in fear, under his subordinates' protection, he hid behind cover.

The gunfire came swiftly and ended even quicker, after a single magazine's burst, the blockading cars sped away, leaving only the smell of burnt rubber and the lingering scent of gunpowder in the air.

"Baka!" Once the situation was confirmed safe, Hatoyama Kiichi roared in anger again!

"Chase them! Get them all! I'll give them a proper seppuku myself!"

His subordinates snapped out of their fright, knowing the opponents have already gone far, but not daring to contradict Hatoyama Kiichi in his furious state, reluctantly starting their cars to pursue relentlessly.

Hatoyama Kiichi's anger was still burning, he immediately took out his phone and called his contacts.

"I demand to see the Prime Minister!"

Chapter 555: No Way Out

Capital City, Hatoyama Yuchi's villa.

When Qi Yun received the message from Brother Quan's side, his long-held anxiety finally eased a little.

He raised his wrist to check the time; it was already four in the morning. He then took out his phone and sent a message, subsequently standing up and ordering, "Let's go, to the airport."

Upon hearing this, Xiao Wu and the others perked up, positioning themselves protectively around Qi Yun as they headed towards the door.

Outside the villa, Hatoyama Yuchi had just hung up the phone when he caught sight of Qi Yun walking out. He immediately shouted angrily, "Catch them!"

At his command, over ten of his own men, along with nearly twenty brought by Hatoyama Kiichi, all surrounded them, each holding weapons, blocking Qi Yun and his group's path.

Qi Yun was aimed at by dozens of dark gun barrels. To say he wasn't nervous would be a lie, but he remained extraordinarily calm in appearance because showing fear now could ruin everything.

He looked at Hatoyama Yuchi disdainfully, snorted coldly, "What? You think you're capable now?"

Hatoyama Yuchi was so infuriated by Qi Yun's contemptuous demeanor that he nearly bled. His spiteful gaze was fixed on Qi Yun, "You bastards from Z, none of you are leaving today!"

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun's expression turned instantly grim, "You damned dog, have you learned nothing?" Then he gestured to Xiao Wu blocking in front, "Go, chop off both of his hands for me!"

"Click~"

As soon as Qi Yun gave the order, Hatoyama Yuchi's people were ready, all cocking their guns, poised to open fire at any disagreement.

With a blank expression, Xiao Wu ignored the threat posed by the guns and began to move step by step towards Hatoyama Yuchi's position.

Just then, Ninja Hattori Kazuya seemed to appear out of nowhere, stood in front of Hatoyama Yuchi, and stared at Xiao Wu with a sinister glare.

The atmosphere on site immediately grew tense; Hatoyama Yuchi couldn't understand where Qi Yun got his confidence from. Even if he arranged for a sniper, what could he do?

Could he possibly kill everyone instantly?

With dozens of guns on his side, they could still turn them into sieves.

"Roar~"

At that moment, the distant roar of engines suddenly came from afar, growing closer.

Two blinding beams of light pierced through the night, directly shining on Hatoyama Yuchi and his men's faces, causing them to squint and raise their hands instinctively.

Soon, over ten black Land Rovers swiftly arrived, screeching to a halt at the gate.

Almost simultaneously, car doors swung open, and dozens of strong men wearing black suits jumped out, each gripping weapons, including submachine guns and automatics, instantly surrounding Hatoyama Yuchi's men.

Hatoyama Yuchi's people were stunned by the weapons aimed at them, unable to comprehend where this group suddenly emerged from.

Judging by the firepower, the two sides were not on the same level; if they really opened fire, then these people would be done for, forcing them all to shiver fearfully without daring to move.

Once these men in black suits controlled the situation, a business car rolled over and stopped. The car door opened, and a middle-aged man with slicked-back hair stepped out.

He toyed with a skull-shaped ring in his hand, his gaze dark and sweeping across the crowd, finally resting on Qi Yun, immediately adopting a kind expression.

The newcomer was none other than Sato Yuichi, the head of the Kansai branch of the Sanokuzu.

He quickly approached Qi Yun, proactively extending his hand, speaking in an oddly accented Chinese, "Hello, Mr. Qi, I'm Sato Yuichi, here to take you away."

Qi Yun briefly shook hands with him; despite the smile on Sato Yuichi's face now, he could still sense the presence of a gangster boss from him.

"Hello, Mr. Sato, sorry to trouble you."

He then glanced at the men in black suits, silently marveling at the power of these Japanese syndicates; it seemed the movies still painted too mild a picture.

"Mr. Qi, you're too kind. It's my honor to serve you."

Sato Yuichi turned and glanced at Hatoyama Yuchi, then gestured politely, "Mr. Qi, please."

"Sato Yuichi! Are you sure you want to meddle in the affairs of the Hatoyama family!?" Before Qi Yun could respond, Hatoyama Yuchi shouted from the crowd.

Sato Yuichi glanced at him and didn't say a word.

This silent disregard was more humiliating to Hatoyama Yuchi than an outright reprimand.

"Please, Mr. Qi." Sato Yuichi spoke again.

Qi Yun also glanced at Hatoyama Yuchi, saying calmly, "No hurry, I still have a score to settle with him. Mr. Sato, would you mind waiting a moment?"

Sato Yuichi paused briefly, weighed his options for two seconds, then stepped aside, "Of course, Mr. Qi."

He nodded at his men, and the group of men in black suits instantly tightened their encirclement, gun barrels firmly locked onto Hatoyama Yuchi and his men, leaving no room for movement.

Hatoyama Yuchi felt a pang of unease, an intense sense of foreboding rising within him, "Sato Yuichi! Do you know what you're doing!?"

Sato Yuichi ignored his questioning, directly pulled out a cigarette pack and lit one. Having made his choice, he wouldn't hesitate further.

"Xiao Wu."

At Qi Yun's soft command, Xiao Wu suddenly moved within the crowd.

Like an arrow leaving the bowstring, he flashed across the night like a shadow.

Hattori Kazuya standing in front of Hatoyama Yuchi narrowed his eyes, his long sword instantly unsheathed, cold light aimed straight at Xiao Wu's face.

Chapter 556: Can't Leave _2

As a ninja raised by the Hatoyama family, even with a gun pointed at him, he couldn't sit and watch as his master encountered a mishap right before his eyes, so he recklessly charged forward.

If he had to die, it must be in front of Hatoyama Yuchi.

In the night, two figures collided, dagger against long sword, the clash of blades sparked bursts of sparks.

In the blink of an eye, the two had exchanged several moves. Hattori Kazuya's long sword was exceptionally fierce and fast, each strike aimed at Xiao Wu's head and throat, with no intention of defense.

He knew the Huaxia youth opposite him was highly skilled, so he sought mutual destruction rather than self-preservation.

Xiao Wu's gaze sharpened, showing no fear, and chose to face his opponent head-on.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!"

After several collisions, Xiao Wu finally found an opportunity. In the instant Hattori Kazuya's sword aimed at his face, he lowered his body and used the momentum of his opponent's swing to lunge forward.

This step was extremely dangerous, the blade almost grazed the top of his head.

At the moment Hattori Kazuya couldn't retrieve his sword, Xiao Wu slammed an iron mountain against his opponent's chest, knocking him several meters away.

Still in midair, blood gushed from Hattori Kazuya's mouth like a faucet.

"Bang!"

Hattori Kazuya's body hit the courtyard wall heavily, making a dull sound, the plaster of the wall crumbling down.

He struggled to get up, but as he raised his hand halfway, he spat out a mouthful of blood and collapsed completely.

This scene stunned everyone present, the fight just now was far more exciting and thrilling than those on television.

This was a real killing technique!

Huaxia martial arts, terrifying indeed!

Xiao Wu stood upright, glanced at Hattori Kazuya lying on the ground, his face expressionless.

The iron mountain move just now used full inner strength; even if the opponent didn't die, he'd probably require major surgery.

He clenched his dagger and continued towards Hatoyama Yuchi.

Hatoyama Yuchi looked at the approaching figure, face pale as a sheet, his back soaked in cold sweat.

Even with several ninjas standing before him, he felt no sense of security, especially since their family's strongest force—Hattori Kazuya—was lying on the ground, barely alive...

As for fighting fire with fire against the opponent, that was out of the question.

Being aimed at by over ten micro-gun barrels, even if he ordered them to shoot, these subordinates wouldn't heed, unlike the loyal ninjas.

"Qi... Qi Yun! We can talk! I'll let you go!" Hatoyama Yuchi yelled in panic towards Qi Yun.

Qi Yun stood still, not even bothering to glance at him, calmly smoking with Sato Yuichi.

The next second, Xiao Wu suddenly sprinted.

His movement was so fast it was hard for the naked eye to catch, just within breaths, the few ninjas before Hatoyama Yuchi were all down.

Immediately followed a blood-curdling scream.

Both of Hatoyama Yuchi's hands were severed at the wrists, blood gushed like a fountain, splattering the ground crimson red.

The severed hands fell to the ground, fingers twitching involuntarily.

"My hands! My hands—ah!"

The agony sweeping through his body was like a tidal wave, his scream filled with heart-wrenching despair.

He looked at his empty wrists, darkness overcame him, he fainted directly in the puddle of blood, under Xiao Wu's icy gaze, his subordinates dared not help him up.

Xiao Wu crouched, wiped the blood off the dagger on Hatoyama Yuchi's clothing, then walked back to Qi Yun's side.

Qi Yun was very satisfied with the kid's performance, deciding to arrange a girlfriend for him when they returned, wanting him to wholeheartedly work for him for life.

"Let's go, Mr. Sato."

...

Meanwhile, in Tokyo, Prime Minister's residence.

Hatoyama Kiichi, who had been waiting at the entrance for over half an hour, finally got summoned, but just as he got out of the car, his phone rang.

He took out his phone and listened for a few seconds, his face turned as dark as if he'd eaten crap.

"Baka!"

Hatoyama Kiichi angrily smashed his phone to the ground, stomping it several times in frustration.

After venting his anger, he took a deep breath, calmed his mood, and walked into the Prime Minister's residence.

...

Elsewhere, on a street outside the Capital City airport.

The sky was turning light, and Qi Yun finally saw Brother Quan's car approaching, followed by several escort cars.

"No injuries, right?" Qi Yun scrutinized Brother Quan and the other two team members.

"No." Brother Quan shook his head, handing over two wooden boxes he was holding.

Qi Yun took them, returned to the business car, eagerly opened the boxes to check.

The two famous swords were intact, feeling completely different in reality compared to the photos, as if carrying a heavy history.

"Tai'a..."

"Nine Dragon Treasure Sword..."

Qi Yun murmured softly, after observing, he placed the swords back into the boxes, handing them to Brother Quan for safekeeping.

Convoy set off again, taking a special route to enter the airport.

On the tarmac, the Gulfstream G70 had already completed pre-flight preparations.

Qi Yun opened the car door, walked to the convoy behind, and shook hands to say goodbye to Sato Yuichi: "Thank you Mr. Sato for your help, if there's a chance to visit Huaxia, please contact me so I can extend my hospitality."

Though today's help wasn't for him, the courtesy was necessary to avoid being in a pinch if future needs arise.

Sato Yuichi responded with a smile: "Mr. Qi, you're too kind, we're friends now."

"I love Huaxia very much, and if I have a chance to visit Huaxia, I'll contact you first thing."

Qi Yun nodded with a smile: "Alright, then I'll be awaiting Mr. Sato's visit. Goodbye!"

"Goodbye Mr. Qi!"

Finished with their polite exchange, Qi Yun was preparing to board the plane when he noticed a figure rushing over, it was the captain of the Gulfstream G70.

"Mr... Mr. Qi, Kansai Airport has issued a temporary notice, the airport has temporarily ceased operations, all flights are prohibited from taking off! We can't leave now."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun's smile froze, he turned to the captain, his brow furrowing: "Ceased operations? Why?"

No extreme weather, such a large international airport, why stop suddenly?

This sudden change seemed peculiar...

The captain shook his head, explaining: "The exact reason isn't clear, the airport notification only mentioned an emergency requiring all flights to immediately halt departures and grounded planes to return to parking spaces quickly."

Just then, Sato Yuichi, who had already gotten in his car, hurried back with a serious expression on his face.

"Mr. Qi, many vehicles have arrived outside the airport, they're from the Self-Defense Forces."

Self-Defense Forces?

Isn't this Japan's Prime Minister's Imperial Guard?

Qi Yun's face turned solemn, he realized this might be targeting him.

Hatoyama Kiichi's influence was not for nothing, even with Hatoyama Norio's forewarning, this guy still managed to deploy the Self-Defense Forces to block his departure.

Seeing Qi Yun remained silent, Sato Yuichi hesitated briefly before continuing: "Mr. Qi, how about you get in my car first, I'll try to get you out."

Qi Yun slowly shook his head: "No need, Mr. Sato, thank you for your goodwill."

Given they're targeting him, they wouldn't easily let him go, with the airport shut down at such drama.

"Could you help send them off?" He pointed at Xiao Wu and Brother Quan's group.

Sato Yuichi nodded: "Alright, no problem, what about you?"

"I'm fine." Qi Yun feigned a relaxed smile, then instructed Brother Quan and Xiao Wu, "You go first, protect the items."

"Don't worry about me, I have arrangements."

The two exchanged a glance, seeing Qi Yun said so, they no longer hesitated and left with Sato Yuichi.

After the convoy left, Qi Yun took a deep breath, pulled out his phone, and dialed his brother's number.

In Germany it was still early morning, so Fu Wentao hadn't rested and quickly answered the call.

"What's up?"

"Brother, got blocked at Kansai Airport, not allowed to leave, even the Self-Defense Forces were deployed."

Fu Wentao on the other end was silent for two seconds, then chuckled coldly: "Heh, got it, then play along with them."

Just as the call ended, a few off-road vehicles could be seen driving toward from the tunnel direction.

Qi Yun utilized the remaining time, quickly editing and sending a text message, then calmly took out his cigarette box, lit one up.

"Hoo~"

Chapter 557: Special Security Advisor

Tokyo, Kantou Self-Defense Force Headquarters.

This isn't an ordinary office space, but a heavily guarded military command center.

High walls are lined with surveillance and electric fences, the sentries at the gate are armed, and each entry and exit checkpoint requires identity verification, with an air of foreboding hanging thickly.

After being taken off the vehicle, Qi Yun was "escorted" by two soldiers in camouflage uniforms into the main building, arriving at an interrogation room on the third floor.

The interrogation room is not large, its furnishings are simple to the point of being rudimentary, with only a metal table, two chairs, and a dangling incandescent lamp overhead, its light so glaring it was hard to keep one's eyes open.

Just as Qi Yun sat down, the door slammed shut with a "bang," leaving him alone.

This was already the third time this year he had been "invited" to a place like this, and compared to the previous two times, he felt much more at ease.

On the same floor, in another office, a colonel sat on the sofa, holding newly transmitted information about Qi Yun.

Qi Yun, male...

The initial content was fairly routine, but when he saw the background section, his expression immediately turned grave.

Special Security Advisor, Guo'an Hall, J Province, Huaxia?

Due to the sudden development, they received an impromptu order from the Prime Minister's Office, so before executing the capture, they did not have this detailed information and naturally did not know Qi Yun's identity.

Now understanding that the other side turns out to be an official of Huaxia's police-related personnel, and seemingly of high status, this makes the matter a bit complicated...

This is no longer a simple law enforcement event, a slight misstep could trigger diplomatic repercussions.

The colonel's palm was sweating as he gripped the document and hurriedly picked up the internal phone on the desk, intending to report it directly to the Prime Minister's Office, only to be informed that the Prime Minister was hosting a distinguished guest and had no time to see him today.

Hearing this answer, the colonel's already worried mind became even more panicked.

The Prime Minister's Office ordered the arrest verbally without issuing a written document, so if this incident ended up causing a major influence, he might very well be the one to be pushed out to quell the situation.

After pondering for a moment, the colonel immediately called for his subordinate and instructed, "Take that Huaxia person to room 302, an empty office, do not interrogate him, and besides communication, fulfill all his requests!"

"Yes!" The subordinate dared not ask more, promptly taking the order and heading towards the interrogation room with hurried footsteps.

The colonel's fingers remained tense around the document, his gaze fixed on the words "Special Security Advisor," as this was the best arrangement he could presently make.

Without receiving explicit instructions, it was best not to offend that guy, providing good food and drink...

When Qi Yun was taken from the interrogation room to the office, he was utterly bewildered.

Not only did the military police remove his handcuffs, but they also returned his cigarettes and even asked if he needed a meal...

This attitude almost made Qi Yun think he was lying in a bath center...

Compared to the rough attitude during his previous arrest at the airport, the change caught him off guard.

Could it be that Fu Wentao has that much influence in Japan? He had just been taken back, and over there they were already working hard for him?

...

On the other side, at Tokyo University Hospital.

After Hatoyama Yuchi's hands were cut off by Xiao Wu, he was immediately sent here for treatment.

This is Japan's top hospital, ranked in the top twenty globally, with indisputably excellent medical facilities.

Moreover, Hatoyama Yuchi's severed hands were relatively well-preserved, brought in an ice pack, theoretically making reattachment possible.

The only difficulty lay in how fast Xiao Wu's cut was, resulting in a very neat severance, with nerve and vessel surfaces nearly flat; such an injury is more challenging to repair than a laceration, with less than a fifty percent success rate.

Upon learning this news, Hatoyama Yuchi fainted again not long after regaining consciousness.

Outside the emergency room, his cousin Hatoyama Kiichi was equally furious, not out of concern for Hatoyama Yuchi's potential disability, but mostly due to the impact on the Hatoyama Clan's honor and the potential hindrances to his own endeavors in the future.

Leaving the hospital, Hatoyama Kiichi headed straight for the Kantou Self-Defense Force Headquarters, seeking revenge on the person who had disgraced him.

Over an hour later, a black car stopped outside the high walls of the Self-Defense Force Headquarters, and Hatoyama Kiichi swung the car door open, his eyes cold.

The sentries verified his identity and led him to the colonel's office.

Before the colonel could rise to greet him, Hatoyama Kiichi straightforwardly asked, "Where is that Huaxia person! Hand him over to me!"

The colonel frowned, standing up in front of the desk, "Councilor Hatoyama, please calm down first. That Huaxia individual's status is quite special, and we temporarily cannot..."

"Cannot what?" Hatoyama Kiichi abruptly stepped forward, his chest heaving, his eyes fixed on the colonel.

The colonel, somewhat resentful of his attitude, suppressed his anger and said gravely, "Qi Yun has an official Huaxia background, I have no authority to deal with him arbitrarily. If you want to take him, you

must get a direct written mandate from the Prime Minister's Office, and I will hand him over to you immediately."

"Official Huaxia background?" Hatoyama Kiichi was taken aback for a moment.

The colonel loosened his collar, picked up the earlier document, and threw it on the table in front of Hatoyama Kiichi.

The Self-Defense Force only takes orders from the Prime Minister, so it doesn't need to cater to Hatoyama Kiichi. Explaining this much was already giving face to former Prime Minister Hatoyama Norio.

Glancing over the file on the table, Hatoyama Kiichi picked it up and skimmed through it, a hint of surprise flashing across his face.

He initially intended to take Qi Yun away directly and deal with him privately, but now it seemed that method wouldn't work well.

The other party was not an ordinary person who could just vanish without a trace...

After pondering for a moment, Hatoyama Kiichi threw down the document and said gravely, "I'll make a call." With that, he walked out the door.

A few minutes later, when he returned, he had completely calmed down.

"Later, the Public Security Investigation Agency will come with the Prime Minister's Office's order to take the person."

Upon hearing this, although the colonel maintained a stoic expression, inwardly he was overjoyed, more than happy to hand over this hot potato.

Looking at Hatoyama Yuchi's old face now didn't seem as odious as before.

Japan's Public Security Investigation Agency is a counter-espionage agency responsible mainly for domestic counter-espionage intelligence work, quite similar to the Guo'an that Qi Yun is part of, though with much smaller authority.

Coincidentally, Hatoyama Kiichi has strong control over this agency. Once Qi Yun is seized, imposing any charge would be simple enough, and even with the guy's official Huaxia background, it couldn't save him.

Chapter 558: Capital

Germany, Frankfurt, a certain five-star hotel.

This is the venue for the 27th European Financial Summit. Besides the political leaders from various countries, attendees also include the heads of global leading financial conglomerates, executives from international financial institutions, and investment magnates controlling trillions in capital.

The banquet hall on the hotel's top floor has been temporarily converted into the main venue. Outside the floor-to-ceiling windows is Frankfurt's city skyline, offering a captivating view.

The originally scheduled speaker for today, Fu Wentao, is not present in the venue. It's not just him; absent alongside him are the leaders of Mitsubishi, SoftBank, and Seven&I.

These three companies are absolute giants in Japan, especially Seven&I, which operates 711 convenience stores globally and generated nearly \$80 billion in revenue last year.

All of these absent leaders are currently gathered in a conference room on the 16th floor of the hotel, with Fu Wentao seated at the head.

"Everyone here is an old friend, so I won't bother with unnecessary pleasantries."

"I called everyone here early because I have a matter to ask for your help with."

As Fu Wentao's voice fell, Mitsubishi's leader spoke first: "Mr. Fu, just tell us what you need; if we can manage it, we certainly won't refuse."

SoftBank's representative nodded along: "Fu Group's operations in Europe have always been our guiding standard. We have no reason to refuse if President Fu encounters any issues."

"..."

Listening to their remarks, Fu Wentao nodded with satisfaction. Although he doesn't have direct investments in Japan, he collaborates with many major companies there.

Not only with the three companies present at the summit, but also with Bridgestone and Nippon Steel, among others.

Hence, when he heard that Qi Yun was taken away, he had enough leverage to get him out.

Fu Wentao lightly tapped his fingers on the meeting table, glancing over at them: "My people had a conflict with Hatoyama Kiichi from the Hatoyama Clan and were taken away at the Kansai Airport in Japan. Allegedly, even the Self-Defense Forces were deployed."

"This incident happened just a few hours ago. I'd like to hear your suggestions."

After these brief statements, he fell silent, waiting for their reactions.

The meeting room instantly fell into silence.

The major figures caught two keywords from Fu Wentao's words: Self-Defense Forces and Hatoyama Kiichi.

The Self-Defense Forces represent the Prime Minister, while Hatoyama Kiichi is backed by the Hatoyama Clan, a distinguished and influential family in Japan.

This matter sounds rather unusual...

After a long silence, the SoftBank representative asked thoughtfully: "What kind of outcome does President Fu desire?"

Fu Wentao leaned back in his chair, crossed his hands in front of him, and replied casually: "Just release the person."

Once he said this, the major figures visibly relaxed.

Japan is a capitalist country, and these people represent capital.

Each Prime Minister's election requires massive funding. Where does the funding come from? It's precisely from the sponsorship of these people.

Therefore, these financial magnates wield unimaginable influence in Japan. If you say they can easily determine national policy, that's an exaggeration; but if they were to ask the Prime Minister to release someone, that's relatively simple.

The only variable in this situation is the Hatoyama Clan. This clan holds substantial power in both the political and business sectors, or we may say the black-and-white realms, and their overall strength is no less than that of these capitalist moguls.

A clan with money, connections, and people.

Especially Hatoyama Norio, who has many protégés holding key positions in various departments, even wielding decisive influence in Parliament.

So even the Prime Minister must consider this clan's attitude.

Mitsubishi's leader took a sip of water, pulled out his phone from his briefcase, and said: "I am quite familiar with Mr. Hatoyama Norio, let me give him a call and communicate this."

Fu Wentao did not object, raising his chin slightly.

Mitsubishi's leader nodded, dialed Hatoyama Norio's number, and the two exchanged brief remarks in Japanese.

Two minutes later, he hung up the phone and turned to Fu Wentao: "Mr. Hatoyama Norio said this matter has nothing to do with the Hatoyama Clan. It's just Hatoyama Kiichi's personal actions."

"Then it should be easy," SoftBank's representative said with a relieved expression, "Just call the Prime Minister's Office and inform them to release the person."

...

Tokyo, Public Security Bureau headquarters, Qi Yun was brought into the interrogation room once more.

The familiar incandescent lights, the cold metal table; it all mirrors the interrogation rooms at the Self-Defense Forces Headquarters.

The only difference is that the incandescent lights here have higher wattage, the light piercing his face sharply, uncomfortable even with his eyes squinting.

Qi Yun sat on the chair, with a black-uniformed agent and a translator seated opposite him at the interrogation table.

The agent appeared to be around forty years old, sporting a crew cut and a small mustache, with triangular eyes, clearly a ruthless sort.

"Qi Yun, male..." After reading Qi Yun's profile, he suddenly changed the topic, "What's your purpose for coming to Japan?"

Qi Yun didn't even lift his head, one hand shielding his forehead from the glaring light, remained silent.

He knew that since Hatoyama Kiichi managed to intercept him, whatever he said would be futile. He only needed to wait quietly for rescue.

Seeing his demeanor, the agent sneered coldly: "It doesn't matter, whether you cooperate or not, we will 'find' spy evidence on you."

Upon hearing the word "spy," Qi Yun's pupils constricted momentarily, not expecting Hatoyama Kiichi to be this ruthless.

In any country, these two words are far from insignificant.

Especially in this passive situation, if the other party truly intends to frame him, he could easily spend his life never seeing daylight again.

However, this has a prerequisite, which is being unattended...

With a supportive elder brother exerting influence outside, Qi Yun remains unflustered.

The subsequent interrogation continued as a solo performance by the agent, disregarding anything he said, Qi Yun pretended not to hear.

Just as the agent finished the procedural interrogation and prepared to leave, the door to the interrogation room opened from the outside, and Hatoyama Kiichi walked in with a gloomy expression.

He glanced around inside the room, then instructed the agent and the translator to depart, and turned off the surveillance.

Once everyone left, he moved straight to Qi Yun, standing over him: "Isn't the taste of being a prisoner unpleasant?"

Qi Yun slowly lowered his hand that shielded his forehead, meeting Hatoyama Kiichi's gaze, a mocking smile hinting at his lips: "Do you think you've won?"

Hatoyama Kiichi seemingly heard a great joke, suddenly bent down and leaned in, his glasses frame nearly touching Qi Yun's face, his voice full of malice: "Won? Now, you don't even have the right to speak while standing!"

He raised his hand and patted the interrogation table, sneering, "I know you're from Huaxia's police system, but that identity can't save you. I've prepared the evidence for your espionage charges; you'll be locked in Japan's prison for life!"

"Once you face trial and enter prison, I'll make you understand the true meaning of living in torment!"

Qi Yun moved back a bit avoiding the spit, pouting disdainfully: "Really, I am starting to look forward to it."

Hatoyama Kiichi felt like he'd been thrown with a bucket of cold water, like punching a cotton wall, shouldn't he be begging for mercy under such circumstances?

Qi Yun's disdainful attitude accumulated a fury that couldn't be satisfyingly unleashed...

He glared fiercely at Qi Yun, gritting his teeth: "Fine! Let's see how long you can keep up your stubbornness!"

"Not only you, but your subordinates too; not one will escape!"

"Not only will I seize those two treasure swords back, but I'll ensure all of you end up committing seppuku in prison!"

Chapter 559: The Mysterious Man

Tokyo, Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

The Prime Minister of Japan had just attended an important meeting and was smoking in the lounge when one of his aides hurriedly walked in.

"Prime Minister, the head of Soft Bank Company, Liu Zhengyi, called half an hour ago looking for you. He hopes you will order the release of the Huaxia person captured this morning."

"Soft Bank?" The Prime Minister frowned slightly when he heard these two words, remembering that it was one of his major backers during his election campaign.

He extinguished the cigarette in the ashtray and spoke with a hint of suspicion: "Does he know that Huaxia person? Why would he make such a request?"

The aide shook his head: "Mr. Liu Zhengyi didn't provide details, just hoped you could order the release as soon as possible."

The Prime Minister frowned even deeper. Leaning back on the sofa, he tapped his fingers rhythmically on the armrest, a hint of hesitation in his eyes.

Soft Bank was a crucial supporter during his campaign, and he couldn't easily ignore Liu Zhengyi's request. However, the capture order was a result of a deal with Hatoyama Kiichi.

This made Liu Zhengyi's request rather difficult for him.

"Prime Minister." The aide cautiously spoke again, "Mr. Liu Zhengyi also said that if this matter isn't handled well, it might impact our government's cooperation with Soft Bank."

The Prime Minister sensed the blatant threat, a flash of anger crossing his eyes, but he quickly calmed down, weighing the pros and cons.

"What do you think?"

The aide, being his trusted confidant and aware of the deal with Hatoyama Kiichi, replied without hesitation: "Although Councilor Hatoyama holds some resources of the Hatoyama Clan, he cannot represent the entire clan. I believe the Prime Minister should place more importance on the relationship with Soft Bank."

"Disagreeing with Liu Zhengyi over this minor issue might not be beneficial for your next election."

After hearing this, the Prime Minister didn't respond immediately. He remained silent for a while before sighing and saying, "Tell Liu Zhengyi not to worry. I will quickly learn the situation and get back to him."

"Also, have Hatoyama Kiichi come to see me immediately."

The aide knew a decision had been made in the Prime Minister's mind and no longer tried to persuade him, agreeing with a nod before leaving in haste.

More than half an hour later, Hatoyama Kiichi, who had been negotiating with the Yakuza, arrived at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to meet the Prime Minister.

They talked secretly in the lounge for over twenty minutes. Whatever promises Hatoyama Kiichi made remained unknown, but the Prime Minister ultimately did not order Qi Yun's release.

...

Meanwhile, in a luxury hotel near Ginza, a black man in his thirties was making a phone call in the presidential suite.

This old black man was none other than the famous broker and arms dealer—Harris.

Sato Yuichi of the Yakuza had been of great help to Qi Yun, thanks to Harris playing a significant role.

Standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, Harris wore a serious expression: "Boss, Qi Yun has deep connections in Huaxia, and he has recently been close with Salaman from the Oil Country and the Gwen Clan from France."

"He is worth our investment. I believe Qi Yun won't forget the help we provided him in the future."

"Also, I've heard that Fu Wentao from the Fu Group has already taken action. With him at the forefront, we won't need to directly face the Japanese government, minimizing our risk..."

After Harris finished speaking, there was a moment of silence on the other end of the line before a slow voice replied: "Alright, since you've made a judgment, go ahead with your plan. I'll coordinate enough shipments to Japan."

"Okay."

After hanging up the phone, Harris picked up the sunglasses on the table, put on a baseball cap, and left the hotel room.

When he reappeared, he was already at the Kansai branch of the Yakuza's base.

Sato Yuichi was extremely enthusiastic about Harris's arrival, clasping his hands in front and bending slightly in a polite manner, with a flattering smile on his face: "Mr. Harris, welcome."

"Mr. Sato, no need to be so formal." Harris raised his hand slightly, showing no arrogance.

Besides dealing in flour, the arms business had always been a major source of revenue for these syndicates, especially when the film and real estate industries were struggling, so to the Yakuza, Harris was a godsend.

Moreover, for the syndicate to claim more territory, clashes with other groups were inevitable, and there was no fighting without weapons.

Although the Yakuza was the leading syndicate in Japan, the second-ranked Yankuko-kai and third-ranked Inagawa-kai were also formidable.

Therefore, arms were critically important to them.

The two sat down on the tatami in the living room. Harris removed his sunglasses and got straight to the point: "Mr. Sato, I'm here specifically to discuss our cooperation."

"I've decided to offer you an additional 20% on top of the previously promised 30% share, at the same price."

Upon hearing this, Sato Yuichi's eyes sparked, and the teacup in his hand almost spilled.

He almost thought he misheard, leaning forward slightly with barely suppressed excitement: "Mr. Harris, did you really say...an additional 20%?"

To know, the initial 30% share promised by Harris was already enough to give the Yakuza absolute advantage in the Kansai market. If they could get an extra 50%, it would mean virtual monopoly in the future.

"Of course, it's true." Harris had a sincere smile, his white teeth especially prominent under the light, "But I'll need a little favor from Mr. Sato..."

...

At the same time, in a solemn office in Beijing, an imposing old man was reviewing documents.

A knock at the door broke the silence inside.

"Enter."

With the door gently pushed open, a middle-aged man with glasses stepped up to the desk, bowing slightly: "Leader, Minister Lan has sent a message about Comrade Xiao Qi, whom you've been monitoring..."

The old man paused his writing upon hearing "Comrade Xiao Qi," slowly raising his head.

"Specific details." His voice was not loud but carried an inherent authoritative pressure.

"...Minister Lan inquires whether intervention is needed." The secretary briefly reported and then added, "Also, Mr. Fu Wentao is already aware of the situation and is dealing with it."

After thoughtful consideration, the old man chuckled lightly: "That youngster is really something, causing a ruckus in J Province before heading abroad."

The secretary chuckled as well: "So how should we respond to Minister Lan?"

"With Wentao on it, there's no need to intervene for now. Keep observing."

Chapter 560: All Eyes on President Fu

At six in the evening, the sky gradually darkened.

In the ward of Tokyo University Hospital, Hatoyama Yuchi, who had just undergone a limb reattachment surgery, had woken up. The little moustache on his face was filled with sorrow, absent was his usual arrogant demeanor.

He lay on the hospital bed, with thick bandages wrapped around the wrists of both hands, and was hooked up to various devices. Every slight breath tugged at his nerves.

The ward door was pushed open, and Hatoyama Kiichi walked in with a somber expression.

Upon hearing the commotion, Hatoyama Yuchi struggled to turn his head and, seeing who it was, his eyes instantly ignited with anger: "That... that Huaxia person..."

Hatoyama Kiichi waved his hand, interrupting his unfinished sentence.

"Rest assured, the person has already been captured."

Hearing this, Hatoyama Yuchi managed a sinister smile: "I want him... to taste the feeling of losing a hand too! No, it must be ten times worse than me!"

Hatoyama Kiichi glanced at him, tugged at his collar, and said with feigned helplessness, "But the situation is a bit complicated, that Qi Yun has an official Huaxia background, and even SoftBank's Liu Zhengyi called the Prime Minister, asking him to release him."

"No release!" Hatoyama Yuchi, like a wild dog whose tail had been stepped on, struggled violently to sit up, fresh blood seeping instantly from his bandaged wrists.

Despite the pain making the veins on his forehead bulge, he still stubbornly roared: "Absolutely not! I must make him pay the price!"

The heart rate curve on the monitor screen abruptly spiked, emitting an ear-piercing "beep-beep" alarm sound. A nurse hurried in to check and was about to speak when Hatoyama Kiichi waved her away.

He wiped his face and said earnestly, "In the entire family, I value you the most, and you are also the person I trust the most. That Qi Yun has inflicted such harm on you, of course, I want him to pay the price!"

"But... you know Father has never approved of what we're doing, even though I'm already a member of Congress, the family's political resources are still in his hands."

At this point, Hatoyama Kiichi let out a long sigh, "I don't have any more chips to negotiate with the Prime Minister..."

Hatoyama Yuchi was taken aback, his roar stuck in his throat.

He knew his cousin was speaking the truth. Currently, the Hatoyama Clan was divided into two factions. The younger and middle-aged faction led by Hatoyama Kiichi controlled most of the family's assets and some disreputable businesses.

They acted aggressively, belonging to the hawkish political force.

The remaining people resolutely supported the ideals of the old Prime Minister, Hatoyama Norio. Although they didn't control much of the family assets, their connections in politics were terrifyingly immense.

This was also the most valuable resource of the entire Hatoyama Clan.

"That Qi Yun not only cost me my hands but also brought disgrace to the Hatoyama Clan. Are we just going to let him leave?" Hatoyama Yuchi's voice, though weak, was filled with unwillingness.

Hatoyama Kiichi watched his cousin's reaction closely, his eyes rotating slightly, and let out another sigh, "Of course, I want to help you get revenge..."

"But as for Father... I'm also powerless..."

After these words, the ward fell into silence.

After a good while, Hatoyama Yuchi suddenly asked with a sinister expression, "What if he's no longer around?"

Hatoyama Kiichi's pupils suddenly contracted, shocked, he looked at his cousin, with a face full of disbelief: "What do you mean!?"

"Just what you think I mean!" Hatoyama Yuchi's face contorted, "Uncle is old, the Hatoyama Clan should entirely be in your hands for us to make the clan great again under your leadership!"

"You're insane!" Hatoyama Kiichi feigned anger, "Do you realize what you're saying!?"

Hatoyama Yuchi glanced at him, continuing to sneer, "I'm not crazy, it's those old folks who are too stubborn!"

"Cousin, to become Prime Minister, you need the entire Hatoyama Clan's support, right?"

"With Uncle around, you'll never achieve your goal."

"Rest assured, leave this matter to me. No one will know..."

This time, Hatoyama Kiichi said nothing, got up silently, and left the ward.

Feigning any longer would be overdoing it; the last thing he needed was for his cousin to truly think he disagreed...

After reaching the parking lot, he pulled out his phone to turn off the recording, then lit a cigarette, taking a deep drag.

This incident thoroughly cemented one thing in his mind: as long as his father was alive, the resources of the Hatoyama Clan would never truly belong to him.

If there was ever a disagreement, those people would only listen to his father.

However, this situation was soon to be over... he was about to become the true helmsman of the Hatoyama Clan!

In truth, this notion had been in his mind for a long time, but he could never get over that psychological hurdle, and this incident finally helped him make up his mind.

Still, such disgraceful acts were not something he could do, which is why he visited the hospital tonight to see his most valued cousin...

And not long after Hatoyama Kiichi left, Hatoyama Yuchi, lying on the bed, let out an eerie laugh, muttering to himself: "My dear cousin..."

True, he was a brute, but managing so many businesses in the Capital City region meant he wasn't some brainless guy...

...

In a hotel in Frankfurt.

Fu Wentao stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, smoking a cigar. Behind him, SoftBank's Liu Zhengyi approached, saying: "News has come from the Prime Minister's office, the Prime Minister is in a meeting with a U.S. Secretary today, but he's already aware of the situation and asks for some time to understand it."

"Heh." Fu Wentao chuckled, naturally discerning the perfunctory tone in those words.

He lifted his arm to glance at his watch, nonchalantly saying, "Alright, then give him some time to consider, but by tomorrow morning, if my person isn't released, I need you folks to show some stance."

Liu Zhengyi's expression stiffened, exchanging glances with the others, they all heard the implication in Fu Wentao's words.

Noticing this, Fu Wentao patted Liu Zhengyi's shoulder, speaking lightly: "Don't be nervous, we've all been old friends cooperating for years, if it's inconvenient for you to come forward, I understand."

He paused, then his tone shifted, "However, I'm a person who only likes making money with friends, not wasting time with 'outsiders' who can't tell primary from secondary issues."

"How you choose, is up for you to decide."

Liu Zhengyi's Adam's apple bobbed once, then he answered without hesitation: "Mr. Fu, you are SoftBank's most central partner in Europe, no matter what decision you make, I will certainly support you wholeheartedly!"

Hearing his declaration, the other two quickly expressed their stance: "Exactly, as a Huaxia idiom goes, we will surely follow Mr. Fu's lead!"