

## Middle Age 641

### Chapter 641: Blood for Blood

Just after the reward was announced, Zhang Dayong received a very important clue. He didn't dare to delay and immediately called Qi Yun to inform him of the matter.

"Someone just reported that the person who rented his house a few days ago looks very much like the criminals. I checked, and the tenant's documents he provided are fake. The location is near the Kashi Road agricultural market."

Qi Yun gripped his phone, a cold glint flashing in his eyes: "Send me the address!"

After hanging up the phone, he quickly glanced at Brother Quan and the others: "Brother Quan, you take some people there."

Although his voice was not loud, everyone could hear the suppressed anger.

Brother Quan nodded and immediately set off with his team.

...

The address sent by Zhang Dayong was in an urban village next to the agricultural market. Here, all were self-built houses squeezed together tightly, mostly inhabited by small stall vendors and migrant workers.

Because of the high turnover, management is also very difficult. Renting and accommodation are quite informal, with many landlords not even checking tenant IDs, handing over keys as soon as payments are made.

The environment in the narrow alleys was very poor, with walls plastered with various ads for certificates and offers of large sums for a child, looking particularly chaotic.

The air was mixed with the fishy smell from the market and the stench of trash bins, making one wrinkle their nose.

Brother Quan and his group quickly navigated the alley, finally stopping at a junction and looking ahead at a simple two-story red brick building.

After quickly surveying the surroundings, Brother Quan made several tactical gestures, signaling Da Pao and Old Eagle to handle the block below while he himself took Chen Wei and Niu Da upstairs to apprehend.

Da Pao and Old Eagle immediately dispersed, one moving to the alley on the left side of the building against the wall, and one guarding the path to the back street on the right.

Brother Quan glanced at the second-floor window and directly led his team inside.

The roller shutter door below had already been opened by the landlord; they headed straight for the second floor via the stairs.

"Bang bang bang!"

Just halfway up, gunshots rang from above, bullets whizzing past Brother Quan's shoulder, hitting the wall and sending debris flying.

Brother Quan continued without stopping, crouching as he ascended.

Just as the person was about to continue shooting, Chen Wei behind him raised his hand and fired, accurately hitting the opponent's wrist. The person grunted, the handgun falling to the ground.

"Bang!"

"Bang bang bang!"

Another series of gunshots ensued, but lasted less than half a minute before complete silence fell.

In the room on the west side of the second floor, four Asians lay on the ground in agony, each with their arms and calves hit by bullets.

Brother Quan spat and, with a grim expression, pulled out his phone, taking photos of each to send to Qi Yun, then had Bingzi outside drive over.

At the hospital, upon receiving the photos, Qi Yun immediately forwarded them to Zhang Dayong to search for these people's identities in the system.

After about ten minutes, news came from Zhang Dayong: "I just had someone perform facial matching, there is no information on these people in the database, the same as last time with the truck driver we caught."

Upon hearing this, Qi Yun's face turned terrifyingly dark.

Indeed, they were sent from there.

Originally, he hadn't planned to retaliate. After all, he did take the Eight-footed Jade Hook himself, so them sending people was somewhat reasonable.

But harming his family already touched Qi Yun's reverse scale, he must make them pay a terrible price!

...

In the evening, Zhao Qing, lying in the hospital bed, finally woke up.

She weakly opened her eyes and turned to see Qi Yun who was by her side.

"Qi Yun..."

Upon hearing the call, Qi Yun, whose eyes were bloodshot, immediately looked up, tears instantly welling up in his tired eyes.

He excitedly gripped Zhao Qing's hand, trying to steady his voice: "You're awake, how do you feel? Is there anywhere uncomfortable?"

Zhao Qing gently shook her head, her lips moved but the voice was still weak: "No...no discomfort, just...a bit tired."

She looked at Qi Yun's unshaven face, gently rubbing the back of his hand, with a touch of distress in her eyes. "Nuan...Nuannuan, how is she?"

"Nuannuan is fine, you don't need to worry."

"You just lie down, I'll call the doctor to have a look at you." Qi Yun softly reassured her, saying and then prepared to get up.

However, Zhao Qing grasped his fingers tightly, refusing to let go.

"Don't...don't go..."

"Wait...wait a bit longer to call the doctor...I want...to stay with you a little longer..."

Seeing her dependency conveyed through her eyes, Qi Yun's motion to get up paused instantly, sitting back beside the bed, gently holding her hand in return: "Alright, I won't leave, I'll be here with you."

Zhao Qing's body was still very weak, after speaking only a few words, she fell into a deep sleep again.

After a check-up by several medical team experts confirmed there was no danger, Qi Yun finally felt completely relieved.

...

After temporarily leaving the hospital, Qi Yun came to the West Mountain base.

Inside, four criminals were tightly bound to chairs, having been interrogated for several hours.

Qi Yun, with a cigarette in his mouth, looked at them with no trace of pity in his gaze.

"Any accomplices?"

Old Eagle shook his head: "These guys are pretty tight-lipped, haven't said a word."

"I'm...I'm afraid of killing them."

Qi Yun looked at the few people, his eyes colder amidst the smoke.

"No time to waste with them, I need answers, dead or alive doesn't matter."

After hearing this, Old Eagle shed his previous hesitations, immediately responding: "Understood!"

Chapter 642: Blood for Blood (Part 2)

His interrogation method was extremely direct, with the dark barrel of the gun pressed right against the forehead, not a single unnecessary word.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

After two consecutive gunshots, the spirits of the two surviving criminals completely collapsed, unable to hold out any longer.

"We... we come from Japan..."

Having gotten the answers he wanted, Qi Yun uttered "Bury them," and walked out.

...

At eleven in the evening, after Brother Quan and his team dealt with the other group, they returned to the hospital.

In the office, Qi Yun's gaze swept across everyone's faces one by one, and he spoke gravely: "Everyone knows about the situation now. I must get revenge for this. Share your thoughts."

As soon as he finished speaking, Chen Wei was ready to speak but was interrupted by An Zai: "Boss, I'll go! I'll make sure to kill that bastard!"

Niu Da also responded in a deep voice: "I'll go too! They must pay with blood!"

Brother Quan furrowed his brows, not as impulsive as the others, and said sternly: "From what I know, there should be strong security forces around the emperor."

"Like the Hattori ninja we encountered before, he isn't the top ninja in Japan. The truly powerful ones are those kept by the Imperial Family."

"Everyone should not be complacent."

...

Having heard Brother Quan's warning, everyone calmed down, their faces growing more serious.

Chen Wei couldn't retreat completely last time, indicating those ninjas weren't weak.

Seeing that no one was speaking, Brother Quan turned to Qi Yun: "Boss, what kind of outcome do you want?"

Qi Yun squinted his eyes and coldly uttered a few words: "Blood for blood."

Brother Quan nodded, paused for two seconds, and asked seriously: "The consequences of this will be very serious, have you considered it thoroughly?"

Although the Japanese emperor today is only a symbolic figure with no real power, he still holds a very high status in the heart of Japanese citizens.

If he were killed, it would definitely be earth-shattering news.

If their identities were leaked, it would definitely cause a diplomatic uproar.

This move was indeed a bit crazy.

However, Qi Yun seemed to have made up his mind already, saying without hesitation: "Don't worry about the consequences, you just need to complete the mission and return safely."

Seeing the confidence in Qi Yun's demeanor, Brother Quan asked no more questions.

Chen Wei, who had been silent, declared directly: "I'll lead the team! Who's willing to go with me!"

"I'll go!" Niu Da immediately responded.

"I'll go!"

"I'll go too!"

Qi Yun's past generosity towards them was now rewarded directly.

Despite knowing the danger of this mission, they were still willing to risk their lives for him!

"Boss, let me go too." Xiao Wu, standing in the corner, was equally eager to go.

His strength was well-known, having almost killed the strongest Hattori ninja in Capital City before.

Without waiting for Qi Yun to speak, Brother Quan immediately denied the proposal: "You better stay and protect the boss. I'll lead the team."

Xiao Wu opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but ultimately nodded.

Qi Yun looked at each one of them, took a deep breath and humbly bowed.

"Thank you, everyone." Qi Yun said.

Everyone was taken aback. An Zai reacted first, quickly stepping forward to support Qi Yun: "Boss, what are you doing!"

"Everyone knows how you've treated us. Even if it costs our lives, we have to get revenge for you this time!"

Da Pao nodded in agreement: "Exactly, if it weren't for Boss taking us in, we'd still be risking our lives for meager earnings not enough to buy a burial plot. Even if I die this time, it's worth it."

Looking at his brothers before him, Qi Yun's throat couldn't help but tighten, swallowing the words that reached the tip of his tongue.

"Alright, I won't say more. Tomorrow, Zhong Rui will transfer twenty million to each of your accounts as the reward for this mission."

"If anyone is injured, I'll take care of them for the rest of their life!"

"If...if anyone doesn't come back, I'll take care of their parents and children!"

As soon as he said this, complex emotions appeared on everyone's faces.

In their line of work, they face all sorts of dangers every day, with their lives hanging on the line.

The reason they risk their lives is simply for some form of security in later life, for their wives and children to be free from worry.

Qi Yun's promise gave them complete reassurance, so even if they didn't come back, there was nothing to worry about.

"Alright, let's not say more. There, I'll contact others to cooperate with you."

"One request, I hope everyone returns safely!"

...

The next day, Duan Pingyu finally woke up.

To protect Nuannuan, he took two shots in the back, his injuries more severe than Zhao Qing's, and he almost couldn't make it off the operating table yesterday.

Luckily, the Hundred Treasure Pill Qi Yun brought stopped the internal bleeding successfully, or it would have been really dangerous.

"Boss, I'm sorry, I didn't protect them well..." Duan Pingyu's face was still pale, he struggled to sit up when he saw Qi Yun entering.

Qi Yun quickly stepped forward to hold him down on the bed: "Don't move, it's good that you're awake."

"It's not your fault, just rest and recover."

Duan Pingyu pursed his lips, still uneasy: "How are they...how are they..."

Qi Yun forced a smile, comforting him: "They're all fine, don't think too much."

With Qi Yun's assurance, Duan Pingyu finally relaxed a bit, a weak smile appearing on his pale face.

Leaving the ward, Qi Yun coincidentally saw Brother Peng and his wife arriving hurriedly, holding two thermos buckets.

"Qi Yun! How's the girl!?" As soon as they met, Song Xiaojing anxiously grabbed him, asking.

Hearing about Nuannuan's accident, she didn't sleep all night, but with three kids at home to care for, she couldn't leave until her family came over to help. She brewed chicken soup and came with Brother Peng to the hospital.

"Don't worry, sis-in-law, Nuannuan is out of danger now, there's no major issue."

Just as he finished speaking, the sound of footsteps echoed from the elevator.

Liu Meng and his wife, Wei Yong and his wife, and Old Feng all arrived.

Seeing these people, Qi Yun felt a warmth in his heart.

With his career climbing steadily, the gap between them unknowingly widened, and they communicated less.

But hearing about his situation, they still came immediately to provide all possible help.

With the ladies helping to care for things, Qi Yun could comfortably handle other matters.

...

Leaving the hospital, Qi Yun called Qin Minghui to ask him to calm the online public opinion.

Hearing this, Qin Minghui finally relaxed his tense nerves, silently grateful that Qi Yun didn't make a big mess.

Though the situation had caused significant impact, it was still controllable, and by handling it discreetly, public opinion would gradually calm down.

After arranging this, Qi Yun immediately contacted Harris to communicate the situation.

Hearing that Qi Yun's wife and child were attacked, Harris immediately reacted with immense anger: "Those damn bastards! They dare to touch my friends and family!"

"Qi! What do you need me to do!"

Qi Yun didn't answer the question directly, instead saying: "I'm now fairly certain that this incident, and the attack you experienced last time, are due to the Eight-footed Jade Hook incident being exposed."

"Have you found any clues on your end?"

After a few seconds of silence, Harris replied with a grave tone: "Besides you and me, only the intermediary who arranged the buyer for me knows about this."

"But at that time, I didn't tell him what I'm trading."

"What about the buyer? Why are you sure it's not from their side?" Qi Yun asked further.

"The buyer..." Harris pondered slightly, "Now that things have reached this stage, I will no longer hide it from you."

"The buyer is very influential in the United States; he is the owner of Amazon!"

#### Chapter 643: Going Big

Upon learning that the buyer of the Eight-footed Jade Hook was the Amazon boss, Qi Yun was still a bit surprised despite his caution. That man was a top business mogul who had been the world's richest person multiple times.

Logically, such a high-caliber individual had promised Harris to keep the transaction confidential, making the likelihood of him leaking information quite low. Moreover, he didn't know about Qi Yun's involvement.

So where did it go wrong?

Qi Yun shook his head, momentarily setting aside these thoughts, and then said to Harris, "I'm planning to pull off something big, and I need your support."

"No problem! Whatever you need me to do, just let me know!"

Harris agreed readily, but upon hearing Qi Yun's answer, he instantly wanted to take back his words.

"I'm going after the Emperor."

"Going after..."

"The Emperor!?" Harris nearly thought he had misheard and shouted incredulously, "You want to kill the Emperor!?"

Qi Yun exhaled a long puff of smoke: "My wife and daughter almost didn't make it. This debt, I must settle with him."

"Besides, it's already confirmed that the other party is out for revenge, and they won't give up easily. This is evident from the repeated attacks we've faced."

"Unless we return the Eight-footed Jade Hook to him, it's either him or us."

"I can't tolerate my family constantly being in danger."

Harris's breathing became heavy, clearly shocked by Qi Yun's audacious plan, taking a while to calm down.

After some time, he lowered his voice, "Qi! Are you crazy? That's the Emperor of Japan!"

"If you do kill him, the Japanese government will go mad trying to catch you, possibly causing trouble for your country!"

"Even your friend Mr. Fu wouldn't be able to protect you!"

Feeling somewhat out of line, he paused then spoke more calmly, "I can understand how you feel; if my family were attacked, I'd be enraged too, but don't make any impulsive decisions!"

"I can help you find the attackers and hand them over to you to deal with..."

He was genuinely scared. If Qi Yun actually did this, he could easily drag Harris down with him.

If the Emperor were assassinated, the Japanese government would surely go berserk, even if the politicians weigh the pros and cons, the public would push them to madness.

By then... it would become a relentless vendetta.

Harris would never see the daylight again...

"No need for you to act; those attackers have already been buried by me."

Qi Yun discarded his cigarette butt, his tone turning serious, "You don't need to worry about the Japanese government. Even if the matter gets exposed, I have my ways to make them cover up the truth voluntarily."

"Now my people have already set out for Japan. I need you to provide weapons and vehicles."

"Tell me your answer."

Harris was frantically rubbing his cheeks on the other end of the phone, his mind racing.

Once the bowstring is pulled, there's no turning back; if he gets involved, he'd truly be trapped in it. One wrong move, and his fate could end up like Arden's.

But thinking carefully, what Qi Yun said made sense.

Unless they return the Eight-footed Jade Hook, this matter won't end.

But the item has been sold; can they get it back?

Even at ten times the price, it might not be possible to buy it back.

He's the world's richest person; is he short of money?

"Whew~"

Harris took a deep breath, a fierce look in his eyes: "Alright! I'll rearrange it immediately!"

He didn't want to have a blade hanging over his neck indefinitely. Having dodged the last attack, what about next time?

It might be him or someone close...

Since Qi Yun was confident in resolving the subsequent troubles, he decided to bet this once.

Having received a positive answer, Qi Yun nodded in satisfaction, "Don't worry, I never let down my friends."

"Later, my person will contact you..."

...

With the matter settled, Qi Yun first went to Guo An to meet Director Duan, then took a trip to S Prefecture to visit Old Hou.

Yesterday, the news report showed that the other side didn't intervene, indirectly giving face to him.

Now that Zhao Qing and Duan Pingyu were safe, and the attackers had been caught, this matter was temporarily concluded. He needed to personally visit and explain.

In truth, Qi Yun felt a bit uncomfortable with this person, naturally due to the last dispute with Old He where the latter had clearly sided with him.

But it was understandable; back then, Qi Yun wasn't someone worth noticing.

Meeting again this time, Old Hou's attitude was notably more enthusiastic, not only personally serving him tea but also maintaining a kind tone throughout.

This made Qi Yun feel inwardly grateful, realizing the "Fu Wentao" name's value was still rising.

The counterpart was quite busy, so Qi Yun didn't stay long, expressing his thanks indirectly, and then taking leave.

Exiting the compound, Qi Yun called Zhong Rui, instructing him to find Zhang Dayong and confirm that million-dollar bounty matter.

Just after hanging up the call, Brother Hui phoned him promptly.

"Brother Qi, that guy's luck has been really good these past two days. Not only didn't he lose the twenty million, but he even managed to win quite a bit back..."

On hearing this, Qi Yun slapped his forehead, almost forgetting about this matter.

Made Brother Hui waste two days for nothing...

"Sorry about that, Brother Hui, no need to bother with that gambler anymore; I have a method to deal with this."

"Try to find out the casino boss's number; I need a chat with him. Soon you'll be dealing transfer paperwork."

"Oh?" Brother Hui paused, not knowing what method Qi Yun had, but quickly agreed, "Alright, alright."

Within five minutes, Brother Hui texted over the Good Fortune Casino boss's number.

Qi Yun glanced at the number on his phone and dialed directly.

The phone rang three times before it got answered.

"Is this Mr. Fernan?"

"Yes, who's this?"

"Allow me to introduce myself; I'm Qi Yun. I'm calling because I want that piece of land in Alaska you own."

"Sorry, I don't plan to sell that land. Don't call me about this again." Upon hearing the topic, the counterpart impatiently sought to hang up.

"Ha ha, Mr. Fernan, no rush." Qi Yun chuckled lightly, calmly proceeding, "You should be familiar with the name Chen Xiaozhi, right?"

"If I'm not mistaken, he used to work at your Good Fortune Casino."

"Chen Xiaozhi!?" On hearing this name, Fernan's tone immediately turned wary, "I don't know any Chen Xiaozhi!"

"Is that so? No worries, I'll send you a picture. After seeing it, you might remember."

"But my time is limited; if I don't hear back in five minutes, I'll send it to the Times reporter."

Chapter 644: Not Looking to Make Enemies

Fernan's speed was quick; almost as soon as the images were sent, he called back immediately.

"Who exactly are you?! Why do you have these things?!"

Qi Yun chuckled, "Did you remember who Chen Xiaozhi is after seeing these, Mr. Fernan?"

The images he sent were part of the financial transactions of the Good Fortune Casino that he found on the USB drive just now.

Places like casinos are always hotbeds for money laundering, and the Good Fortune is no exception.

Countless dirty money flows into various casinos daily, then, through a series of operations, turns into clean funds and returns to the hands of customers.

Some tycoons lose billions in a night at a casino, yet they don't show any sorrow on their faces; instead, they smile contentedly.

For instance, a certain real estate mogul lost a billion USD in Australia in half a year, but his family's account in the Swiss Bank increased by 800 million USD.

This money is taxed under the guise of overseas investment returns, perfectly evading supervision.

However, these were the methods of the past.

With the enactment of anti-money laundering laws, casinos dared not directly engage in these illegal acts; instead, they secretly collude with fraud syndicates, playing a more covert money laundering game.

According to Chen Xiaozhi's account that day, his path began when he worked as a runner at the Good Fortune Casino.

Later, as he thrived, he entered into deep cooperation with his former boss Fernan.

For this reason, Fernan was so nervous upon hearing the name Chen Xiaozhi.

"How... how do you have these things?!" Though Fernan tried hard to conceal, his trembling voice betrayed his inner panic.

Anyone associated with this guy now will immediately be targeted by the United States and Great Britain.

Qi Yun didn't answer his question, his tone carrying a slight sense of casual pressure: "That's not the point; the point is there's no direct conflict between us. As long as we can cooperate, then these things will never come to light."

"What do you think?"

Fernan on the other end of the line fell silent, only heavy breathing intermittently heard.

After a while, as if drained of all strength, he rasped, "I... I agree with you! That plot of land is yours!"

"No, no, no. You might have misunderstood my intention. I'm not trying to get that plot of land for free."

"I heard you spent 20 million. I'm willing to add another ten million USD to buy it from you."

Fernan was stunned, not believing his ears.

He initially thought Qi Yun would take advantage and had even prepared himself mentally for future extortion.

Unexpectedly, Qi Yun not only didn't do so but also offered an extra ten million, which was beyond Fernan's expectations.

"You... what did you say?"

"You're willing to pay thirty million to buy that plot?" Fernan's tone was filled with bewilderment.

"You heard correctly," Qi Yun smiled. "I told you, there's no conflict between us. What I want is that piece of land. I don't want to become enemies."

"Twenty million is your capital; ten million is what you should earn. Very reasonable."

"Additionally, I will abide by what I promised you; no third person will know about your information."

These words released Fernan from extreme tension, a sense of post-crisis joy filling his heart.

Perhaps he himself didn't even notice; surprisingly, there was a hint of gratitude in his voice: "Mr. Qi, as you wish, you can come to find me and sign the contract anytime."

Upon seeing Fernan's attitude, Qi Yun revealed a satisfied smile: "Haha, I'm currently not in Australia, but my friend will contact you."

"If I have the chance to come to Australia, I'll pay you a visit."

...

In the ward, after the doctor's recheck, Nuannuan was almost all right, and with a little recovery, she could be discharged in two days.

With Song Xiaojing taking care, the little girl was busy chatting away on a video call with Peng Sixin; children always have a lot to talk about.

Returning from outside and seeing her playing happily, Qi Yun stood at the door watching for a while, then turned and went to the adjacent ward.

Zhao Qing lay on the hospital bed, looking better than yesterday; at least her complexion was less pale.

After several rounds of herbal medicine with Qi Yun, unconsciously, her physical condition was better than the average person.

Liu Meng's wife was accompanying her, chatting. Seeing Qi Yun come in, Li Cuixia got up awkwardly to vacate a chair: "Brother Qi Yun is back!"

She had seen a report about Qi Yun on TV and knew he was more impressive than before; the kind of person whose level she couldn't even touch by standing on tiptoe.

At home, she frequently reminded her husband to be diligent in working for Qi Yun and to watch their words, not being as casual as in the past...

But these concerns were misplaced; though contact had lessened, old friends still held their place in Qi Yun's heart.

Qi Yun managed a slight smile at her: "Sis, sorry to trouble you."

"Oh~ there's no trouble at all!" Li Cuixia quickly waved her hand, "You sit down, I'll go wash some fruit for you!"

Qi Yun didn't decline, and after she left, he sat down.

"How do you feel? Is there any discomfort?"

As he spoke, he gently caressed Zhao Qing's cheek.

"Don't worry, I'm fine." Zhao Qing slightly tilted her head, rubbing against his palm, "You should quickly go and rest; you have bloodshot eyes."

"Sis is here to help look after us, and Nuannuan has company; you don't need to stay here all the time."

Qi Yun shook his head, "No, I'm holding up fine."

"Oh, by the way, Zhao Weilin called me and asked about you, saying he wants to come and see you."

Upon hearing this, Zhao Qing's expression instantly turned somewhat unnatural: "Forget... forget it, let him not come."

Though some time had passed, she still hadn't fully accepted this father in her heart.

"Alright, as you wish," Qi Yun sighed inwardly, not insisting, gently scraping her nose before suddenly changing the topic, "Are you hiding something from me?"

Zhao Qing was momentarily flustered by his sudden words.

After two seconds, as if realizing something, her fingers quietly tightened around the blanket, her voice softening: "What... what thing?"

But these little movements couldn't escape Qi Yun's keen eyes, mockingly questioning: "Still not coming clean?"

"Coming... coming clean about what?"

"Why didn't you tell me about the pregnancy?"

"I..." Zhao Qing was temporarily speechless.

In fact, she had quietly asked the doctor when Qi Yun wasn't around, knowing the baby inside her was fine.

After a slight pause, she secretly glanced at Qi Yun, seeing he wasn't truly angry, and murmured with flushed ears: "You... you haven't proposed to me yet..."

Qi Yun chuckled softly, realizing it was because of this...

Chapter 645: On the other side, Tokyo airport.

Six men dressed as tourists leisurely followed the crowd toward the exit.

Outside the terminal, Brother Quan, wearing a baseball cap, took out his phone and looked at a received message.

It was a series of letters and numbers corresponding to a parking spot.

Brother Quan put the phone back in his pocket and nudged Chen Wei beside him with his elbow, signaling toward the parking lot.

The group slowed their pace in unison, waiting for the surrounding tour group to disperse a bit, then pretended to discuss their itinerary, chatting and laughing as they walked towards the parking lot.

At the designated parking spot, a silver-gray Honda Odyssey was quietly parked there, its windows tinted dark, obscuring the view inside.

Brother Quan approached the driver's side, reached into the area around the front wheel, and soon retrieved a set of car keys.

The car door opened, and they quickly got inside.

More than an hour later, the car arrived at an ordinary two-story house; the gate was open, with two sedans parked in the first-floor garage.

As soon as Brother Quan drove the car into the garage, the electric door slowly lowered.

Immediately, Brother Hei appeared, leading the group inside the house.

"Everything you need is inside." Brother Hei pointed to three large travel bags on the floor.

Brother Quan stepped forward and opened one of the bags, revealing a pile of communication equipment, cameras, binoculars, and so on.

Then he unzipped the other two bags, and this was impressive, as they contained several Glock 19 semi-automatic pistols, along with HK416D carbines and disassembled sniper rifles.

There were even grenades and C4...

The fact that they were able to obtain these weapons without attracting the attention of any forces showed the considerable influence of the Harris brothers in Japan, worthy suppliers to the Yakuza.

Brother Quan picked up a carbine and expertly cycled the bolt, feeling the condition of the gun, and finally nodded in satisfaction.

"Check the equipment!"

At his command, the others stepped forward to pick up the weapons they needed.

Seeing that everyone was satisfied with the weapons, Brother Hei pulled out a phone from his pocket and handed it over: "My number is saved in here, contact me if you need an emergency evacuation."

Brother Quan accepted the phone and nodded toward him.

Brother Hei spoke no more and left through the door.

After he left, Brother Quan clapped his hands and began making arrangements.

"Eagle, An Zai, Da Pao, and Niu Da, divide into two groups, monitor near the palace right away, and report any updates immediately."

"Chen Wei, go to Guo An's base and bring back the intelligence information, the boss has already given prior notice."

"Yes!"

Upon receiving the orders, the group quickly sprang into action.

...

In Bird City, Qi Yun was still in the hospital room with Zhao Qing.

The two were in a tender moment when a phone call broke the warmth in the room.

Qi Yun glanced at the name on the screen and gently patted Zhao Qing's head apologetically: "You rest here, I'll step out to take this call."

With that, he got up and went to the corridor to answer the call.

"Hello, Mr. De Gaulle, anything you need from me?"

"Did you take out the two teams my clan sent out!" Came De Gaulle's low questioning on the other end of the line.

Qi Yun guessed he was calling because of this; those people had been out of contact for two days, so the other side must have noticed by now.

But he would never admit to something like this.

"Sorry, I don't know what you're talking about."

"Qi, we've known each other for some time now; I thought there was no need to beat around the bush." De Gaulle's tone was very cold, revealing his efforts to remain controlled.

"Besides you, I can't think of anyone else who would do this."

"Heh." Qi Yun snorted with a cold laugh, not yielding a bit, directly retorting, "Just because your people are missing, why question me? Do I have the duty to keep an eye on them for you?"

"Or do you have evidence to prove that I did it?"

De Gaulle was rendered speechless for a moment by Qi Yun's retort, unable to respond for a while.

In truth, he didn't want to become estranged from Qi Yun from the bottom of his heart.

But now, as the spokesperson for the Gwen Clan, he had to make his stance clear after such an event; otherwise, the elders would not support him anymore.

Before he could speak, Qi Yun continued: "Also, let me warn you one last time, that place is Huaxia's territory; your clan had better not have designs on it anymore."

Having said that, Qi Yun hung up the phone.

Listening to the busy tone in the phone, De Gaulle's face showed a complex expression.

Leaving the stairwell, Qi Yun bade farewell to Zhao Qing and left the hospital again.

Half an hour later, he arrived once more at the entrance of a heavily guarded compound.

The off-road vehicle from Da Chuan was already waiting here in advance.

Seeing Qi Yun, Da Chuan opened the car door and got into Qi Yun's Maybach.

"Brother Qi, how's sister-in-law?" As soon as they met, Da Chuan asked with concern.

He had naturally heard about the big incident.

Qi Yun forced a smile, shook his head: "Thanks for your concern, she's fine."

"That's good, that's good."

"By the way, what do you need me for, Brother Qi?"

"It's like this," Qi Yun took a tablet and pointed to the map on the screen, "I'd like you to help me find out which stationed unit is closest to this location."

Da Chuan leaned over to look at the map, frowning as he thought for a while: "Brother Qi, this area falls under Zang Yuan's jurisdiction; I'm not very familiar with it, but I can try to ask some friends over there to see if they know which unit it is."

"Can you tell me why you're inquiring about this?"

This was confidential information, and Da Chuan had to ask for the reason.

Qi Yun leaned back in his seat, his eyes slightly somber: "I want to coordinate with a stationed unit to be posted to this area."

Upon hearing this, Da Chuan showed an expression of surprise: "Brother Qi, this requires formal procedures; I'm afraid I can't handle it on my own, you'll need to talk to my dad."

"Haha, no rush; just help me find out the situation first."

"Hmm, alright."

...

As night fell, bustling Tokyo still hadn't lost its daytime hustle and bustle.

Inside the house, Brother Quan and Chen Wei were comparing the map on the table, planning their course of action.

"According to Guo An, tomorrow happens to be the Imperial Family's autumn garden party."

"This event is an annual social activity held by the Imperial Family every September to October, almost all members of the Imperial Family will attend, and that emperor will definitely be there."

"The location is at the Akasaka Imperial Gardens; the public is allowed to visit the periphery, so I think this is an opportunity."

Brother Quan nodded after hearing this: "Hmm, Eagle also sent back information indicating that their security measures are extremely strict; sneaking into the palace would be very difficult, but this indeed seems like an opportunity."

"Let's split up. You go find a suitable sniping point nearby, and I'll scout along the route."

...

Chapter 646:

The Akasaka Imperial Gardens in the afternoon were bathed in golden sunlight. Although the cherry blossom trees on the outskirts had long passed their blooming season, the branches and leaves remained lush, with clusters of tourists holding cameras queued up at the entrance.

There were still three hours left before the official start of the autumn garden party. Security personnel had already been deployed, with many plainclothes officers mingling among the crowd, their eyes occasionally scanning the backpacks of those in line.

Since the last time Xiao Anzi was attacked, the top levels in Japan have become particularly wary of their own security. The security at this Imperial Family garden party has become stricter with each passing year.

In addition to the routine identity verification at the entrance, there were two additional portable X-ray machines, requiring that visitors' belongings be screened, and even the bottled water in their hands had to be opened for a sip before being allowed in.

1.5 kilometers away, atop a high-rise office building.

Chen Wei and an eagle-eyed associate lay in a concealed corner on the rooftop, with a fully assembled CheyTac sniper rifle mounted before them, its muzzle fitted with a silencer and the scope aimed in the direction of the Akasaka Imperial Gardens.

This model of sniper rifle has a maximum range of up to 1800 meters, making it one of the longest-ranged sniper rifles in the world.

Moreover, the performance of this sniper rifle is extremely reliable. It's quite famous on Middle Eastern battlefields and is a favorite among American soldiers.

Chen Wei squinted and pressed against the scope, gently adjusting the magnification knob with his fingers.

The eagle was squatting aside, holding a binoculars, with a tablet computer placed next to him, displaying a 3D map of the Akasaka Imperial Gardens, marking the precise coordinates of various points.

"Wind speed 3 meters per second, southwest wind..."

"Bullet flight time is 1.8 seconds."

"Unobstructed view, beginning to scan for surrounding threats..."

The eagle kept surveying the high points around the Akasaka Imperial Gardens with the binoculars, reporting data in a low voice.

On the outskirts of the Akasaka Imperial Gardens, an Odyssey was parked by the roadside. Brother Quan, holding a map, was discussing with the others.

"After the shot, Da Pao, you immediately head to the office building's underground garage to pick them up, then evacuate via the freight passage on the west side, and rendezvous at the marked point."

"If the long-range sniping fails, initiate the ground assault plan and move in during their retreat."

"Based on intelligence, this should be their evacuation route..."

After explaining the action details, Brother Quan solemnly reminded, "Before we set off, the boss instructed us, no matter the outcome of the operation, if someone gets caught, remember not to resist."

"The boss will find a way to rescue you."

"However... After all these years of firing guns, I've never failed a mission."

"Yes!"

Everyone responded, feeling a bit more assured inside.

...

Three hours later, a convoy slowly made its way toward the Akasaka Imperial Gardens, protected by J-vehicles in the front and back. The two Mercedes-Benz vehicles in the middle were custom bulletproof models, with windows covered in deep black explosion-proof film, making it completely impossible to see inside from outside.

Brother Quan patted An Zai, who was seated in the driver's seat: "Drive!"

An Zai nodded, started the car, and headed toward the designated ambush point, with another vehicle, driven by Niu Da, following closely behind.

This was a small lane on the south side of the main road, approximately two kilometers from the Akasaka Imperial Gardens.

Should Chen Wei's operation fail, they would act here.

"The target is in sight."

"There are security personnel blocking the view, unable to lock on..."

The earpiece kept relaying reports from the eagle.

"Keep looking for opportunities," Brother Quan said, chewing gum, his expression showing no sign of tension.

According to the past procedure, there would be a segment where the Emperor makes a speech, which would be the perfect opportunity.

Time continued to slip by, moment by moment.

Before Chen Wei and his team could act, a situation developed on Niu Da's side first!

"Some patrol officers are coming toward me!"

Hearing this, Brother Quan immediately frowned and instructed through the earpiece: "Leave first, circle around nearby, then come back."

"Yes!"

Niu Da responded, shifted gears, and accelerated toward the main road at the alley's mouth.

They all had weapons hidden in the car; if the patrol officers discovered them, the operation would surely fail.

Brother Quan raised his watch to check the time; it had been over an hour since the activity began, so why hadn't the speech segment started yet?

On the rooftop, Chen Wei held his breath, focusing intensely, still searching for an opportunity.

The target was not only guarded by bodyguards but also almost constantly moving, making it difficult to find the right moment from such a distance.

After a few more minutes, the crowd finally began to gather toward the central lawn in the courtyard, where a podium had been set up.

The staff rushed forward, adjusting the microphone to the appropriate height and placing two bottles of mineral water by the stage. According to the procedure, the Emperor would next deliver a ten-minute garden party speech here.

"Attention, the target is about to take the stage," the eagle reminded in a low voice from the rooftop.

Beside him, Chen Wei adjusted the angle of the sniper rifle, fingers lightly resting on the trigger.

A man in his sixties slowly appeared within the crosshairs.

This man was thin, with slightly prominent cheekbones and sinister eyes, precisely the target of their operation this time.

As the man leaned closer to the microphone to begin speaking, Chen Wei also completed his final preparations before firing.

"Target within range, no obstruction, requesting permission to fire."

"Do it!" Brother Quan quickly responded through the earpiece.

"Bang!"

Just as the words fell, a crisp gunshot rang out, producing a pleasant hissing sound as it passed through the silencer.

The bullet tore through the air, speeding quickly toward the direction of the podium.

These 1.8 seconds felt interminably long, with Chen Wei staring intently through the scope, even holding his breath, as the Emperor in his sights maintained his position near the microphone, entirely unaware of death approaching.

The eagle clenched his binoculars, anticipating the appearance of that splash of blood-red.

Silence enveloped the earpiece.

The fired bullet tugged at everyone's nerves, all waiting for the final outcome.

Finally, the bullet drew ever closer.

Just as it was about to pierce into the target's forehead, a sudden change occurred!

Out of nowhere, a black shadow appeared, moving as swiftly as lightning, pulling the Emperor with a forceful tug.

The bullet brushed past the side of his head, raising a spray of bloody mist!

Chen Wei's eyes sharpened, just about to fire again, but the target had already disappeared from view, dragged away by that shadow.

"Ninja!"

Chen Wei spat out the words resentfully.

"Operation failed! The target is injured!" The eagle put away the binoculars, quickly shouting into the earpiece.

Inside the vehicle, Brother Quan showed no change in expression as he calmly issued the retreat order: "Head to the underground garage immediately; Da Pao is on his way to pick you up. Retreat to the planned location immediately."

"Roger that!" Chen Wei and his partner immediately began packing their gear and clearing their traces.

Within less than a minute, the two men had already vanished from the rooftop.

"Tsk!"

Brother Quan spat out the gum, taking out a carbine from under the rear seat, and chambered a round: "Get ready to work!"

"Got it!"

An Zai excitedly started the car, hanging a carbine around his neck as well: "Old Niu, are you back yet?!"

"On my way back! Estimated five minutes!" Niu Da's anxious voice echoed through the earpiece.

Chapter 647: My Boss Wants Your Life

On the main road of Central Street, a convoy was racing wildly with its sirens blaring.

Sitting in the Mercedes in the middle was Demar, who had just been attacked and lost an ear.

At this moment, his face was full of terror; one hand was tightly covering the wound, with blood continuously seeping through his fingers. He kept shouting in Japanese: "Faster! Faster! Get out of here!"

The accompanying security personnel were equally anxious, sweating profusely, and their voice trembling with tension: "The attack site is Akasaka Gardens! The target is seriously injured, retreating along Central Street, requesting immediate reinforcement to block the road ahead!"

"Requesting immediate reinforcement..."

"Bang!"

A Honda Odyssey suddenly rushed out from an alley by the roadside, crashing hard into the rear side of the lead security car!

"Boom"

With a loud noise, the security car lost balance and slid towards the roadside barrier, wheels skidding on the ground, creating bursts of smoke.

The Odyssey's car door flung open instantly, and Brother Quan, wearing a tactical hood, leapt out first.

He held a carbine with one hand and tossed two smoke grenades with the other, aiming the gun at the tires of the following security car.

"Bang bang," two shots, and the tires exploded on cue, causing the security car to turn sideways on the road, completely blocking the convoy's path.

At the same time, white smoke began to erupt, instantly enveloping the convoy, blocking all vision.

An Zai kicked open the car door, wielding his gun and unleashing a frenzied burst of gunfire!

The bullets hit the hood of the security car, sparking intensely, forcing the security personnel inside to not dare to show themselves.

He quickly pulled out a grenade with his left hand, pulled the safety pin, and hurled it fiercely towards the side of the security car.

"Boom," with a loud bang, the grenade exploded beside the security car, and the shockwave flipped the vehicle, instantly igniting a fireball.

All of this happened in a very short time, and even the frightened crowd on the roadside hadn't yet recovered their senses.

Demar's security team wasn't to be underestimated either and reacted swiftly.

Several bodyguards charged through the smoke, raising makeshift riot shields to form a defensive formation while firing towards the perimeter of the smoke in an attempt to suppress the attackers.

Two of the security personnel had already pulled out submachine guns.

In the face of their counterattack, Brother Quan was unfazed, his expression remaining stoically cold and terrifying.

He took large strides forward, rapidly approaching the Mercedes in the center, emptying the carbine while throwing over two more grenades.

"Boom boom!" Two successive loud explosions shook the ground.

The grenades exploded in front of the riot shield formation, and the shockwave sent the improvised shields flying askew. Several bodyguards screamed as they fell, and the defensive formation instantly collapsed.

"Bang bang bang!"

The firepower of the carbine pinned the security personnel down, and within these few seconds, Brother Quan had already reached the rear door of the Mercedes.

Through the hazy smoke, he could even see the face on the back seat, terrified to the extreme.

Inside the car, Demar shrank back in fear; the pain from his wound mixed with dread, nearly causing him to faint.

At this moment, a black shadow suddenly darted out from nowhere, wielding a katana aimed at Brother Quan's throat!

The blade cut through the smoke with a chilling edge!

Brother Quan's pupils contracted sharply, and he instinctively sidestepped with a quick evasive move, the katana slicing past the top of his head, leaving a deep notch in the car door frame.

Using the momentum of his sidestep, he swung his carbine, the butt fiercely striking towards the shadow's waist.

"Clang!"

The shadow's wrist flipped, the katana skillfully blocking the gunstock, then his footwork shifted, instantly circling to Brother Quan's side, the blade thrusting towards Brother Quan's heart!

After just one exchange of blows, Brother Quan deeply sensed that this opponent was not simple!

It could likely be the ninja who previously saved Demar's life.

Under such circumstances, if delayed by the opponent, reinforcements would likely arrive in less than two minutes.

By then, not only would the mission fail, but the two of them would probably become trapped.

Brother Quan's heart sank, facing the stabbing long sword, he neither dodged nor avoided, swinging the carbine back fiercely to smash at the ninja's head.

If this brutal strike hit, the opponent's head would surely burst like a watermelon.

The ninja didn't expect Brother Quan to choose a life-for-a-life tactic; naturally not wanting to sacrifice senselessly when in advantage, hurriedly pulled back the sword for defense, the katana horizontally blocking over his head to meet the blow.

"Clang!" The metallic collision sounded sharply, the ninja staggered back two steps under the tremendous force.

Taking advantage of this, Brother Quan directly discarded the carbine, hurling it at the opponent.

Then his left hand swiftly pulled a military knife from his belt, using the rotational momentum of his body, slashed fiercely at the ninja's wrist holding the sword!

The two instantly engaged in close combat.

Meanwhile, An Zai finished dealing with the security inside the car and quickly made his way over.

But he hardly took two steps before a dense burst of bullets whizzed past his head.

One bullet even pierced his thigh, causing a spray of blood mist.

"Damn!"

An Zai staggered and cursed angrily, refusing to dodge, grabbing another carbine slung over his shoulder, firing with both guns!

"Bang bang bang!"

The deafening gunshots echoed, bullets pouring down like a torrential rain towards the vehicles ahead.

The two security personnel lying behind the security car wreck didn't have time to react and were turned into Swiss cheese, collapsing to the ground.

The remaining personnel were so suppressed by the fierce firepower that they didn't dare to show their heads.

Two people faced off against twenty, but managed to exert absolute suppression!

Besides absolute skill, the reliance was on their fearless courage!

In contrast, although the security personnel had the advantage in numbers, none dared to recklessly charge like them, each hiding cautiously behind cover.

But you couldn't really blame them; their salary wasn't worth risking their lives.

Others were getting two million settlement fees.

In this moment of tension, Brother Quan collided with the ninja multiple times; the opponent was extremely troublesome, hard to subdue in a short time.

"An Zai! C4!"

Taking advantage of a momentary retreat, Brother Quan turned his head and shouted.

"Coming!"

An Zai, appearing almost maniacal, charged forward through the hail of bullets.

After emptying the magazines of his two guns, he discarded them, tore out the C4 from his backpack, quickly sticking it onto the rear door of the Mercedes, and rolled aside.

After a brief "beep beep" sound, the rear door of the Mercedes was instantly engulfed in flames!

"Boom," a loud explosion, the shockwave sent the door flying.

Inside, Demar was rattled senseless, slumped on the seat, unable to move, his face smeared with blood.

The driver and bodyguard, realizing they couldn't hold out, had no choice but to brace themselves and counterattack.

"Bang bang!"

The moment they showed themselves, An Zai's raised handgun sent them to the other side.

Then, he walked step by step towards Demar in the back seat.

At this moment, Demar's eyes were filled with extreme fear, shrinking back into the depths of the seat like a frightened prey.

An Zai approached, grinning, but the smile mixed with blood looked cruel.

"My boss said he wants your life."

...

Chapter 648: I'm Fucking Here!

"Bang!"

The dull sound of gunfire echoed near the Mercedes-Benz, a bullet precisely piercing through Demar's brow.

The fear in his eyes instantly solidified, his body stiffened sharply, then collapsed helplessly onto the seat.

Blood flowed down his forehead, silencing him completely.

At the moment the gunshot fell, a piercing siren echoed from the other end of the street.

Helicopter rumblings grew louder as they came closer from the sky.

This was, after all, the city center, where support arrived much too quickly.

An Zai glanced at the helicopter overhead, a carefree smile appearing on his face.

He knew he couldn't leave...

But that's not important.

What's important is that the boss's revenge has been exacted, and his parents will have the millions he sent back, ensuring their future comfort.

No more worries.

He pulled a cigarette pack from his pocket; the blood flowing from his hand had soaked the cigarette. He took one and placed it in his mouth, the "click" of the lighter igniting a flame that illuminated his resolute face.

"Hoo~"

After exhaling a long puff of smoke, An Zai picked up the carbine from the ground, reloaded it, and launched his life's final charge!

"Bang bang bang!"

"Brother Quan! Go!"

He hobbled over, shouting at the top of his lungs.

Fire spewed from the gun's barrel, bullets swept toward the approaching police cars, causing two to instantly lose control and flip.

Given the situation, the best option was for one person to hold back, allowing the other to attempt breaking through.

With a bullet wound in his leg, his chances of breaking through were clearly slim, so he chose to sacrifice himself, leaving this chance for Brother Quan.

Brother Quan kicked away a ninja and looked back at An Zai and the already blasted open Mercedes, a smile curved at his lips.

"No way! I don't ditch my brothers and run away!"

As he spoke, a streak of ferocity flashed in his eyes, swearing to take down this pesky ninja today.

He bent down to pick up the carbine, sharply jerked the gun, a "click" marked the magazine's return, the muzzle aimed at the just risen ninja.

"Bang bang bang!"

A burst of bullets swept over.

An Zai froze, then laughed, his face full of blood: "Alright! Let's take these bastards on!"

Even though the boss said it was permissible to be captured, there would be ways to rescue.

But causing such a commotion, even if eventually resolved, those directly involved would never escape the consequences.

Rather than a humiliating death, it's better to fight to the bitter end!

An Zai dragged his wounded leg, firing while moving closer to Brother Quan.

He still had one grenade left, which would be their final end.

"Buzz buzz buzz!"

Two helicopters had already arrived overhead, their machine guns turned and aimed at the two solitary figures in the street's center.

At this critical moment, a sedan sped the wrong way from the street's north, engines roaring like an arrow as it charged fiercely at the encirclement!

"Boom!"

The paralyzed police cars on the street were struck aside, and Niu Da shouted fiercely, "Here I come!"

The two turned to look, their expressions complex.

An Zai swore into his earpiece: "What the hell are you doing coming here now! Do you want to die?!"

Facing machine gun fire from the air, not even an armored vehicle could withstand it, let alone a regular civilian sedan, so Niu Da's actions at this moment equated nearly to suicide.

But Niu Da remained deaf to everything, welding the pedal to the floor as he sped towards them.

At the height of An Zai's anxiety, 800 meters away, a sniper rifle was already poised at the rooftop of a building.

"Bang!"

As Chen Wei pulled the trigger, the 10.36-millimeter bullet burst from the muzzle, cutting through the air as it accurately penetrated the helicopter cockpit's glass, hitting the pilot right in the head!

The pilot's head jerked forcibly, hands weakening their grip on the controls.

The helicopter, losing control, plunged instantly into chaos, its rotor speed plummeting, the body swaying shakily as it descended toward the ground, ultimately crashing with a thunderous explosion by the roadside.

Flames shot skyward, waves hurled nearby vehicles into the air.

The explosion had barely ceased before the other helicopter in the air began to falter.

Simultaneously, Niu Da's driven vehicle had reached close, screeching to a halt, tires scraping the ground in a sharp arc, settling steadily beside Brother Quan and An Zai.

He swiftly tossed out two smoke grenades, then popped out from the car window, opening fire!

"Bang bang bang!"

The carbine fired wildly at the arriving police reinforcements!

"Get in the car!"

Brother Quan shouted, pulling open the car door and shoving An Zai inside, then jumped in the passenger seat, raising his gun for suppressive fire.

After firing another volley, Niu Da, without hesitation, chucked the gun aside and floored the gas!

The car sprinted forward, raising dust and smoke mingling with the grenades' white haze, momentarily blinding the pursuer's view.

An Zai gripped the car's roof handle, his shoulder and leg wounds bleeding profusely, yet he continued to laugh wildly: "Old Niu, you damn hero wannabe, always waiting till the last minute to show up."

Niu Da's cheek twitched in irritation as he cursed: "I was chased for two damn blocks by those patrol cars!"

Behind them, the police responded quickly; as they spoke, they were already in pursuit.

The crisis was not yet over.

"Barricades ready! Turn right at the intersection 500 meters ahead!" Da Pao's voice crackled through the earpiece.

He, Chen Wei, and Eagle hadn't retreated as planned; upon the unexpected change here, they immediately rushed to support.

Chen Wei and Eagle went off to find sniper spots, while Da Pao had "borrowed" a truck to set up barriers at the intersection, aiding their rear!

"Got it!"

Niu Da screamed as he steered sharply, the sedan skidding around the intersection corner, swiftly veering onto the right road.

As they passed through, Da Pao, prepped since earlier, drove the truck into the street, dropped a grenade, and swiftly jumped from the vehicle.

"Boom!"

The grenade detonated at the truck's head, flames erupting skyward as the fierce blaze engulfed the vehicle, along with the dumped pile of steel pipes, forming a barricade at the intersection.

Having temporarily shaken off the pursuers, Brother Quan immediately took out his phone and contacted Brother Hei, asking him to prepare the getaway vehicle.

Next, he phoned Qi Yun to update him on the situation.

Though they've temporarily evaded the chase, causing such havoc meant the intersections would soon be locked down tightly.

Plans were quickly overshadowed by events; the firefight delayed them too long, providing the opposition with ample response time.

Safely reaching the escape point was no easy task now.

"I got it! Head towards the Triad's territory! I'll arrange for someone to meet you!"

After hanging up, Qi Yun immediately dialed Harris's number.

"My people are being chased by the police. Contact the Triad folks and find a way to help them!"

"At any cost!"

Chapter 649: Pushed to the Edge

Light rain began to fall over Tokyo, drizzling softly, shrouding the entire city in fog.

Inside the Prime Minister's residence, Jian Yiwei looked as if he had lost his mind, the floor was littered with documents he had overturned.

"A bunch of useless fools! All of them!"

The group of officials and advisors trembled beside him, not daring to breathe heavily.

"Lock down immediately! Tell those fools at the Metropolitan Police! They must catch those damned thugs within an hour!"

"Order the self-defense forces! And the intelligence department—mobilize everyone!"

This time, he was truly panicking.

The previous upheaval had only just subsided a few days ago, yet now something even bigger had happened.

Tianhuang was killed in broad daylight; this incident is no less impactful than the assassination attempt on Xiao Anzi, perhaps even more serious!

That incident with Xiao Anzi was merely an assassination; this is outright terror!

For something like this to happen in Tokyo, ranked as the safest city in the world, someone absolutely had to take responsibility.

And that person was first and foremost himself—if he handled this poorly, he might be forced to resign in disgrace.

So couldn't he panic?

As the orders sent out from the Prime Minister's residence, television and the internet began emergency broadcasts.

The content described a severe terror incident on the main road of Central Avenue, showing footage of burning vehicles, scattered shell casings, and roads under lockdown.

"Demar's convoy was attacked; the specific situation has yet to be disclosed. The suspects are still at large. The police have completely shut down Tokyo's main thoroughfares; airports, docks, and stations have all ceased operations!"

Though the news of Demar's life or death hadn't been revealed, with helicopters flying overhead and soldiers armed to the teeth on the streets, the public could easily infer that something big had happened...

Inside the base of the Three Mouth Group, Sato Yuichi received a call for help from Harris.

Upon hearing the request to send people to assist the raiders who eliminated the emperor, he uncharacteristically didn't immediately agree to Harris's request.

This matter was too significant; a slight mishap could drag the organization into the abyss. He dared not make a decision alone and needed the president's approval.

But Harris didn't give him time to consider.

"Sato, fifty million USD, I'll wire it to your Swiss Bank account immediately!"

"Your people just need to obstruct those chasing cops, let them pass through your territory—I trust this isn't too difficult for you."

Fifty million USD!

That number was indeed very tempting.

Out in the underworld, wasn't it all about money? Sato Yuichi swallowed hard.

Yet, after hesitating for two seconds, he still couldn't make up his mind and hesitated. "Mr. Harris, this isn't just a simple obstruction!"

"You've assassinated Demar, and now Tokyo is under full lockdown. Even the self-defense forces are mobilized; a slight mistake and the entire Three Mouth Group could be uprooted!"

"So what! No one knows it's you..." Harris's voice was filled with persuasion, "And... even if there's a reckoning, it'll be the Three Mouth Group that's unlucky, not you, Sato."

"At worst, you can leave. You know the power of Mr. Qi Yun and me, whether in Africa, Europe, or Hua Country, you can live like a king!"

Harris's words were like a barbed hook, fiercely snagging Sato Yuichi's greed.

He licked his dry lips, vivid images of the massive deposits in Swiss Bank and private estates in the African savannah flashed through his mind...

Seeing the other's attitude soften, Harris added pressure, "Mr. Sato, I have always regarded you as my most important partner. If you aren't even willing to help me with this small favor, I will be deeply disappointed."

"I believe the Daichuan Association people would be very willing to collaborate with me."

At the mention of the Daichuan Association, Sato Yuichi's eyelids twitched.

If Harris truly decided to abandon supplying to them and instead teamed up with the Daichuan Association, it would bring him great trouble.

Greed and crisis entangled, completely breaking down his hesitation.

A fierce determination flashed in Sato Yuichi's eyes, "Fine! I'll arrange reliable people to carry out this task immediately!"

Hearing the satisfactory response, Harris on the other end let out a deep breath, promptly sending a message to inform Qi Yun.

...

The oppressive streets were filled with the wail of police sirens, nearly all of Tokyo's police force gathered around the Central Avenue, sealing off a twenty-kilometer radius completely airtight.

Simultaneously, dozens of police cars cooperated with aerial helicopters to search for Brother Quan and his group.

The perimeter was guarded by self-defense force soldiers; with this level of intensity, not even a fly could hope to escape.

Inside the car, Brother Quan glanced at the text on his phone, then asked, "Where are you guys now!"

"Just got rid of the pursuers; up ahead is Azabu Street!" Da Pao quickly replied over the earpiece.

Brother Quan swiftly scanned the map, calmly making the call, "The main road is surely intercepted, abandon the car! Dash into the alleyway to the west side!"

"Got it!"

"Old Niu, we're ditching the car too! Go over and meet up with them."

Receiving the order, Old Niu glanced at the right-side mirror and sharply turned the car horizontally in the middle of the road.

Then the three swiftly got out, with Brother Quan drawing a handgun and firing three shots into the sky.

"Bang bang bang!"

The gunshots exploded amidst the rain and fog, sharp and piercing, prompting the crowd on either side of the road to scatter in a frenzy.

Taking advantage of this, Brother Quan and the others rushed into the nearby alleyway.

Except An Zai's leg was already injured; after such a shuffle, the wound tore with unbearable pain, his face pale as paper.

"Quan... Brother Quan, Old Niu, you guys go; I'll stay and distract them..."

He knew at this point, he was just a burden, not wanting to drag his brothers down.

Brother Quan supported his arm, teeth gritted, growling, "Hold on! The boss arranged for people to meet us; as long as we cross that street ahead, we can get out!"

Niu Da angrily chimed in, "What nonsense are you spouting! Together we go, or together we die!"

Speaking this, he squatted down and hoisted An Zai onto his back, "Hold on tight! I can run with you on my back!"

An Zai said no more, with tears of water sliding down the corner of his eye, indistinguishable whether they were rain or tears.

Tokyo's port district is Tokyo's affluent area, and Azabu Street is filled with high-end residences and private clubs.

Brother Quan's plan was to hide in one of these upscale communities first, waiting for an opportune moment to act.

Those police officers wouldn't dare search here recklessly, after all; the residents are either political moguls or family plutocrats, risking unnecessary trouble.

Meanwhile, a few kilometers away, a large number of gang personnel took to the streets.

They were dissatisfied with the police department's restriction of their freedom, clashing with patrol officers on the streets.

The shouting, glass bottles shattering mixed with police sirens, instantly disturbing the peace of this region.

The higher-ups at the Metropolitan Police quickly realized this anomaly, judging that the thieves might be trying to escape amidst the chaos, thus immediately deploying a large force to this side.

Moreover, some sections of the road saw mysterious appearances of racing teams speeding as if fleeing, drawing attention all the same.

## Chapter 650: Escape

In the alley across from Mabu Street, seeing a large police force being dispatched, Brother Quan and the other two immediately crossed the street.

After subduing two security guards, they successfully entered an unoccupied villa.

Brother Quan leaned by the window, his eyes fixed on the movements outside, the gun in his hand always loaded.

Niu Da found a first aid kit in the house and was treating An Zai's wound.

Over ten minutes later, Chen Wei and the other two also successfully sneaked in and joined them.

Gathering around the map, Brother Quan pointed to a marked spot a few kilometers away and said, "Da Pao, Eagle, go get two vehicles. Now that a lot of the J force has been drawn away, we'll break out using this road."

"As long as we get past this place, there are people waiting to receive us up ahead."

Da Pao and the other nodded, got up, and headed outside.

Before long, two Mercedes-Benz G-Wagens parked at the villa entrance. Everyone quickly checked their gear and swiftly drove away.

The two Mercedes sped along the small road behind the villa and quickly merged into the main road, with Brother Quan in the lead car constantly watching the situation ahead.

Five hundred meters away, at an intersection, four or five J vehicles and multi-functional combat cars were parked, roadblocks were set up, and more than a dozen police officers and soldiers were conducting strict inspections of passing vehicles, firearms in hand.

In this situation, there's almost no chance of sneaking through, the only hope is to force their way past.

meters...

meters...

meters...

The police officer at the intersection raised his hand, signaling them to stop.

"Drive through them!"

Niu Da, with a vicious expression, stomped the gas pedal to the floor!

The V8 engine roared like a wild beast, like a runaway horse, charging straight at the roadblock!

Simultaneously, the windows of the two vehicles rolled down, and four carbine rifles were extended out, unleashing a frenzy of gunfire toward the front!

"Bang bang bang!"

The intense gunfire exploded in the street, a hail of bullets sweeping across the intersection.

Caught off guard, the police officers and soldiers scrambled for cover, rolling and crawling to hide.

With a loud "bang," the heavy roadblock was lifted several meters by the brute force of the V8 engine!

The two Mercedes, like arrows released from a bow, broke through the crumbling defense line and sped forward.

The responding police officers and soldiers quickly opened fire in return, the bullets pinging off the body of the trailing vehicle, shattering the rear windshield.

"They broke through! They broke through!"

With loud shouts, several J vehicles started up in pursuit!

"Throw the grenades!"

Chen Wei shouted, pulling the last three hand grenades' pins and tossing them out through the shattered rear windshield.

The grenades landed in front of the pursuing convoy.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

Three consecutive blasts erupted, fire bursting into the sky, rubble and shrapnel scattering.

The two leading police cars flipped immediately, setting their bodies ablaze, temporarily blocking the path of the chasing troops.

However, the crisis was not yet over; two helicopters were already rushing this way from the distant skies.

Niu Da floored the accelerator, the engine's roar nearly bursting eardrums, pushing the car's speed to the limit.

Brother Quan took out a phone and dialed a number: "We're out."

A low, deep voice came through the receiver: "I see, drive forward two kilometers, there's a vehicle waiting under the bridge to pick you up."

"Understood."

After hanging up, Brother Quan shouted into the earpiece: "Switch vehicles under the bridge two kilometers ahead!"

"Copy that!"

Two kilometers for the speeding G-Wagen was less than a minute's journey.

In a blur, they saw a black commercial vehicle under the bridge, two men in black signaling them.

Niu Da slammed the brakes, bringing the G-Wagen to a quick stop. The group swiftly disembarked and transferred to the nearby commercial vehicle.

The two men in black boarded the G-Wagens and drove off again.

Before the helicopters arrived, the commercial vehicle turned into the right-side alley, slipping away silently.

The vehicle weaved through the alleys and finally drove into a residential garage. The driver turned around and spoke in broken Chinese, "No guns, follow me, continue on foot."

Brother Quan gestured to everyone, and they all discarded their carbines and followed him out of the vehicle.

The driver led them to a corner of the garage, lifted a floorboard, revealing a passageway beneath.

"Follow me!"

With that, the driver climbed down first, and the group followed quickly.

The passageway was no more than two meters high, dark, damp, and filled with an extremely foul odor.

The driver illuminated the path with a flashlight as he walked in front: "Ahead is the underground drainage channel, very safe."

Indeed, as he said, after walking over two hundred meters and passing through an iron gate, the view opened up before them.

A three-meter-wide underground drainage channel lay in front, with murky water slowly flowing, concrete steps half a meter wide on either side of the wall, just enough for one person to walk.

The humid air mixed with the stench of mud and rotting debris was more pungent than the previous passage, a smell headier than Sister Rain's feet.

However, compared to staying alive, this stench was negligible.

Brother Quan surveyed the surroundings, already having a rough idea of what purpose this passage served for the Sangkou Group.

The group moved quickly, and before long, they could hear the faint sound of traffic above, and weak light filtered down, clearly indicating that this drainage channel ran beneath the main urban road.

After over an hour, the driver halted his steps under a vertical shaft, pointing to the rusted iron cover above: "Climb up here, it's an abandoned warehouse, no one will find it."

With that, he grabbed the iron ladder and climbed up first.

As the manhole cover was pushed open, it finally diluted the persistent stench of the drainage channel.

Without delay, the group followed him out.

The driver shook the mud off his hand and pointed north, saying, "The exit is over there; tell your boss our mission is complete."

Brother Quan nodded at him, gesturing for the group to quickly depart.

...

The sky gradually darkened, and the day's rain finally started to cease.

At the edge of the dock, several figures were swiftly approaching the shore.

"We're here."

Walking at the forefront, Brother Quan was on the phone, and on a nearby speedboat, Brother Heizi was waving at them: "Here! Hurry!"

Brother Quan hung up the phone, signaling for the group to pick up the pace.

Although the blockade here was weaker than in the city center, they still encountered several patrol vehicles on the way.

Just as the group boarded the speedboat, Brother Heizi wasted no time, immediately starting the engine, and the speedboat tore across the surface of the sea.

As the coastline quickly receded, everyone breathed a silent sigh of relief. Once they sailed beyond this dozen or so kilometers of sea, they would be completely safe.

However, the relief was short-lived.

Just as the speedboat reached the center of the sea area, two red police lights suddenly appeared in the distance on the sea, quickly approaching in their direction!

Everyone's hearts sank to rock bottom...