

Powerful 131

Chapter 131: They've Found Her

Time flies quickly; it's almost ten minutes.

The Lion King's head and hand are soaked with sweat, his gaze growing heavier with each passing moment.

The massive gunblade in his hand is buzzing with a "whirring" sound.

He's making final preparations, awaiting Yang Yan's terrifying strike.

Ten minutes isn't very long, but if such a great effort yields no results, it means the target hasn't been on the road, likely got off somewhere along the way.

That means Su Ye is in danger.

"Millennia of words fall into the dust; three feet of green blades can't kill all desires!"

Yang Yan murmured softly, and the space around him began to distort with each syllable spoken.

Above, the azure sky suddenly seemed to undergo an eclipse, turning black in an instant.

"Battle fiercely, break the world!"

The Lion King roared, charging at Yang Yan.

The gunblade in his hand pierced the air with a harsh screech.

Boom!

Yang Yan swung his single fist, striking directly at the front of the Lion King's gunblade.

At this moment, he was entirely different from the previous times he took action.

His power fully erupted, almost battling the Lion King in a state akin to the Hidden World's warfare mode.

The rapidly approaching gunblade was forcibly blocked by his furious might, causing the Lion King's eyes to narrow as he hurriedly changed tactics.

He was well aware that if he clashed head-on with Yang Yan's fists, whether his gunblade could withstand it was questionable.

Just then, Yang Yan's phone suddenly rang.

He paused for a moment, took out his phone and saw Fatty calling.

Upon hearing Fatty say they found Su Ye and she's unharmed, Yang Yan's imposing aura immediately withdrew.

Instantly, the sky cleared, bright and blue again.

"She's found..."

The Lion King mumbled, the once tense expression on his face relaxing instantly.

But when he came back to his senses, Yang Yan was already gone.

The Lion King chuckled bitterly, snapped his fingers, and members of the Eight Divisions rushed out all around.

Among them, Lion Division had the most members, all top-tier fighters within the Eight Divisions.

Just now, everyone felt the terrifying aura from Yang Yan, they were tense, and now with no danger, they breathed a sigh of relief.

As Huaxia's long-standing external Hidden World combat unit, they had indeed encountered formidable figures, but before Yang Yan, there wasn't even a trace of courage to face him.

Truly worthy of standing at the top of the Hidden World's food chain, they were deeply impressed by Yang Yan's overwhelming force.

"Lion King, what should we do next? Should we follow?"

A subordinate came up behind the Lion King and asked in a low voice.

"No need, following won't do any good. Has Sword Immortal arrived?"

The Lion King sighed, shaking his head, and asked softly.

"Not yet. However, he should arrive tonight. He's attending to someone."

The subordinate quickly replied.

"Okay, understood! Have Tiger and Leopard Divisions act together. East Sea City has been unsettled lately; Kalfa Squad died at Moonlight's hands, but they're not the only ones who entered Huaxia."

"Regardless of whether their target is Moonlight, we must deal with them first. If we let Moonlight take action herself, where will our dignity stand! Huaxia absolutely will not allow malicious people to run wild."

The Lion King said angrily.

But there was one thing he didn't say, that thankfully, it was just a fright with no danger this time.

If Moonlight truly went on a rampage, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Others might only know that Yang Yan's recent eruption was terrifying, but as the one involved, he knew clearly that just now was only the tip of the iceberg.

Within that seemingly thin body lies energy capable of destroying worlds.

The Lion King glanced again at the buildings and ground affected by that blow earlier, and ordered in a deep voice:

"Immediately call the cleanup staff to handle the aftermath. The danger alert is lifted. But remember what I said just now, act immediately, absolutely not be complacent."

Yang Yan followed Fatty's intentional trail to a pork processing plant.

Fatty had been waiting there.

"She's inside, just arrived not long ago, she's unharmed."

Fatty walked over and said.

"Thank you for your hard work."

Yang Yan looked at the busy workers and walked straight inside.

For some reason, the workers seemed unable to see Yang Yan and Fatty.

Some even walked right past them without taking a glance.

"You head back! I'll handle the rest myself."

Yang Yan said.

"Don't move, raise your hands!"

The factory doors suddenly burst open, and a swarm of armed policemen poured in.

Leading them was a young and beautiful, spirited female officer.

Who else but Xia Bing, Captain Xia!

"Everyone crouch against the walls! Everyone! Quick."

A policeman shouted loudly through a megaphone.

Before long, everyone obediently crouched against the walls.

"Quickly, based on the last scene seen on camera, she should have been brought here. Find her immediately; hostage safety is the top priority."

Xia Bing said.

At this moment, she was full of commanding presence.

Before long, criminal police began to swiftly disperse and meticulously search each room.

Suddenly, someone shouted:

"Don't move! I'll shoot if you run!"

Xia Bing's eyes narrowed, immediately leading the team to surround a room that looked like an office.

"Listen, inside. Hands over your head, then come out slowly."

People outside shouted through a loudspeaker.

"Chief, what's going on?"

Fatty furrowed his brows and asked.

"No clue! They're not from the Eight Divisions, just look like regular cops. But this efficiency is pretty quick. Unfortunately, now it's a bit troublesome."

Yang Yan said calmly.

The once clenched fist gently relaxed.

"What should we do? Leave first?"

Fatty asked again.

"Wait and see!"

Yang Yan said softly, his gaze fixed on the direction of that office.

Not only the criminal police came, but even the anti-terrorist squad showed up.

In less than two minutes, a throng of armed policemen surrounded the unassuming office in layers.

Inside, a tattoo-covered man with a buzz cut stared outside, mouth agape, unable to utter a word.

"Da-Da-Da... Daniu, what do... what do we do? Why are there so many cops!"

Beside the tattooed man, a fellow wearing a vest trembled, stuttering as he asked.

"Damn it! What's happening? Is there a mistake? I just want some payback, why is the Flying Tiger Team here? This isn't a movie!"

The man known as Daniu said with a cry.

At this moment, his situation wasn't any better than the lackey beside him.