

THE REAL PROTEGE

Chapter 6: IMPATIENT PATIENT

"Madam, our men have retrieved the shark that attacked you," Mushu reported.

"Burn it." El Padre blurted out angrily.

"Get the shark's fin before you burn it. It's excellent food!" Chatty innocently exclaimed.

"How could you think of food when that monster attacked our Madam?" Pharsa angrily disputed.

"Why were you so reckless not to protect Madam and even keep yourself from being bitten by the shark?" Chatty retorted back with a snort. Chatty is Chatty; this is his personality. He speaks his mind regardless of who he is talking to without second thoughts.

"You!" Pharsa never expected Catty to rebuke her, and she couldn't even find the right words to answer back.

Seeing the two in a heated discussion, "We don't need to burn that shark. Why waste it anyway? The locals here would love to feast on that meat. Let them have it. They have a delicacy that mainly uses shark meat. Please give it to them. It would feed them for many days," Ling Li conveyed.

"And Chatty, I mean Ehem, Murphy is right." Ling Li said. 'Why did I slip my tongue and call him Chatty? Dang!'

"Take the shark's fin and send it to my father. He loves shark fin soup." Ling Li informed them of her perception.

Chatty was smug as he smiled broadly and delightedly at Pharsa even though Pharsa was furious with him. If looks could kill, Chatty would have died many times already.

The cheerful conversation carried on among them. Just before noon, Shi Min, with a concerned furrow on his brow, leaned in close to his mother and gently inquired, "Mom, are you absolutely certain you're feeling well? Please don't push yourself too hard."

"I'm doing great, son. Please don't worry too much. My body is in excellent shape so these wounds won't cause me much pain," Ling Li reassured her son with affection, gently ruffling his hair as if he were still a young boy.

"Mom, I can see right through you. Even when you're in pain, you put on a brave front. But those injuries are serious. I've seen them with my own eyes. Please let El Padre see them too. I know he'll be just as concerned as I am," Shi Min emphasized.

"Let me see! Let me see," El Padre started demanding Ling Li as if he were her father.

They have been inseparable companions and dependable confidants, enduring numerous challenges together. Revealing their battered bodies would be a routine display of their unbreakable bond.

Ling Li was dressed in her traditional black Kimono, her favorite daily attire both at home and outside. As she stood before them, she bravely displayed the evidence of her recent injuries. They observed a series of freshly stitched wounds: two large, five-inch-long gashes on her abdomen and another pair of stitches, about four inches long, on her back and side. Her entire body was also marked with numerous scratches.

Everyone "...."

El Padre "!!!!"

El Padre couldn't contain his frustration as he exclaimed, "Dammit! Why are you still awake? You should be in bed!" Even the three guests were shocked to see the extent of her wounds.

Shi Min exclaimed while rubbing the bridge of his nose, "Now you understand my point."

However, Ling Li was adamant, exclaiming, "I'm perfectly fine! I'll be so bored if I have to stay in bed." She had a hint of a whine in her voice as she spoke.

"Such a stubborn woman!" El Padre said.

"Mom, you're injured. Can you at least consider yourself a patient?" Shi Min is evidently trying to convince her mom to rest.

"Don't waste your time convincing her. It's a waste. Can't you see that your mom is not a patient patient? She's a terrible patient! In short, a very impatient patient!" El Padre advised Shi Min.

Ling Li almost choked on the tea she was drinking when she heard El Padre's words while the others chuckled.

"What? You're not convinced? You don't think what I said is true?"

El Padre looked at Ling Li and rolled his eyes. Ling Li could only purse her lips and remain silent.

"Don't worry, Shi Min. As long as Capitan and I are here, your mother won't be lifting a finger on anything." El Padre assured him.

"I shall be very grateful to you, El Padre. My heart will be calm." Shi Min said it politely.

"Why are you so polite? That is why we are here. We are family!?" El Capitan replied and gave Shi Min a tap on his shoulder.

Shi Min, with concern and affection in his voice, pleaded with his mother, "Mom, take care of herself. I have a series of important meetings scheduled for the afternoon. I already planned to postpone them, but since El Padre will be here to look after you, I'll go back first. I promised to return in a day or two to check on You. Mom, please be good and listen to El Padre, okay?" Shi Min urged, emphasizing the importance of following El Padre's guidance.

"Of course, my dear son, you may take my helicopter and have several of my security personnel accompany you on your return. Also, make sure to change your route. Your helicopters can return as it is." Ling Li gave detailed instructions to his son.

"Mushu, arrange his flight back." Ling Li added.

"Yes, Madam." Mushu rolled out the order.

"Mom, you're being overly protective. I appreciate the offer to take your helicopter, but I really don't need to change the route. Taking that route would add another hour to my journey, but I'll be alright," Shi Min said firmly, determination in his voice.

"You have to be good. Bye, everyone. It was nice meeting you." Shi Min left with his bodyguards and boarded Ling Li's chopper.

The five helicopters steered everyone's attention as they glided effortlessly above the glistening water of the ocean. Though they swiftly moved away, they remained visible to Ling Li and her friends seated by the shore. Suddenly, one of the helicopters burst into a violent, fiery explosion, quickly followed by another.

Ling Li felt an overwhelming urge to leap to her feet, sprint towards the shore, and snatch her phone. She discovered that Shi Min's helicopters had been destroyed.

"Shi Min, are you alright?" Ling Li asked worriedly. "I saw what happened."

"Yes! We saw it, too. We are okay, but what on earth was that? Mom, I'm relieved to be in your chopper," exclaimed Shi Min, peering out of the chopper window. He could still see the remnants of his chopper slowly sinking into the ocean.

"Don't turn around. I'll send more securities to follow you, and we will retrieve your choppers and your men." Ling Li instructed Shi Min and ended the call.

"I have dispatched my men to follow Shi Min." El Padre announced, and as he said, choppers were flying out one after the other to follow Shi Min.

"Thank you, El Padre.

Chapter 7: ATTACK ON SHI MIN

Ling Li's voice sliced through the tense atmosphere on the shoreline as she called out to Pharsa, her reliable assistant. "Pharsa, please fetch my wetsuit. We're heading out for a dive. I want to recover the black box from Shi Min's helicopter," Ling Li commanded with unwavering resolve.

Pharsa, concerned for Ling Li's wellbeing, interjected, "But Madam, how can you dive with your injuries? Let me do it for you!"

Firmly, Ling Li reiterated her prior directive, "Pharsa, didn't you hear what I said? I want to retrieve it personally!"

With unwavering concern, Pharsa persisted, "But your wounds are fresh."

Ling Li raised her voice, invoking the authority of Otako, "Pharsa, Otako is now ordering you to bring my wetsuit. We are diving! Are you disobeying the order?"

The mention of Otako sent shivers down the spines of those present. Even El Padre, El Capitan, and Mushu couldn't help but react to the weight of the name.

Realizing the gravity of the situation, Pharsa and Mushu hurried to gather the necessary equipment.

Soon after receiving the urgent order, Ling Li, accompanied by her loyal companions Mushu and Pharsa, as well as a skilled group of security personnel, swiftly departed for the crash site. As the group made the necessary preparations for the daunting dive, the air was filled with the anxious murmurings of Ling Li's three guests.

Fatty leaned in toward his companions, lowering his voice. "Did you hear what Madam Li said earlier?"

Chatty's eyes widened in excitement. "Yes, I heard it clearly. Madam Li said it was Otako's order, right?"

Four Eyes, as always, remained aloof, offering only a noncommittal "Um."

Fatty pressed on. "Do you think she is related to Otako?"

Chatty's enthusiasm bubbled over. "Oh my! Isn't this awesome?! We are friends with someone acquainted with the wealthiest and most powerful person in the world."

As Fatty and Chatty shared a merry chuckle, Four Eyes maintained his usual poker-faced expression.

"Wealthiest or scariest?" Four Eyes arched an eyebrow, studying his friends.

An uneasy silence descended as the smiles on his friends' faces faltered.

"Scariest?" Chatty repeated, a note of uncertainty edging her voice.

"Have you forgotten what people say? Otako can kill a person by just waving a hand," Four Eyes reminded them pointedly.

Fatty and Chatty's once jovial expressions soured. "Ooooh..."

In the midst of an oceanic expanse, Ling Li and her determined team have embarked on the meticulous examination of the scattered remains of the downed helicopters. Simultaneously, another devoted team has undertaken the solemn task of retrieving the bodies of Shi Min's associates, ensuring that they are accorded the utmost respect and brought back with honor.

With unwavering determination, Ling Li, Mushu, and Pharsa are focusing their efforts on locating the crucial black box from Shi Min's helicopter, fully aware of the significance of unraveling the truth behind the tragic crash.

After successfully retrieving and securing the black boxes, Ling Li, accompanied by Mushu and Pharsa, began their ascent from the depths. Despite entrusting the remaining tasks to their capable crew members, they were unexpectedly propelled into the air by a powerful, subaquatic, fiery explosion before reaching their awaiting speed boat.

El Padre stood anxiously by the shore, eagerly awaiting the return of his crew. As the explosion echoed across the water, his eyes widened in shock, and went berserk.

"Damn it! This situation is spiraling out of control!" El Padre bellowed in frustration, his voice laced with anger. "Captan!" he called out urgently.

"I know what to do," El Capitan responded confidently, already springing into action.

"Move it, everyone!" El Capitan commanded, directing his men to board several waiting speedboats swiftly.

As the speedboat roared across the water, El Capitan swiftly dialed his phone, his face etched with concern. "We're at Pink Castle. She's in bad shape. Inform the others," he said firmly before abruptly ending the call.

Mushu gradually regained consciousness, their senses slowly returning. Mushu frantically looked around for Ling Li. Fortunately, their high-tech watches were designed to lead them straight to Ling Li's location whenever they needed.

Ling Li had made sure to equip herself with several trackers, ensuring that she would always be traceable, no matter the circumstances. Mushu found Ling Li immediately. She was unconscious; he knew her wounds had ruptured due to the explosion's pressure and needed re-stitching. "Dammit!" Mushu uttered.

El Capitan arrived swiftly and promptly to rescue them, efficiently taking them back to safety. Meanwhile, Mushu instructed the others to search for Pharsa.

El Padre instantly followed Mushu, carefully carrying Ling Li to the safety of the castle.

El Padre, a skilled medic like Mushu and Pharsa, utilized his extensive medical expertise to assist Ling Li. Together with Mushu, they dedicated several hours to meticulously re-stitching all of her wounds, using a delicate laser to handle her sensitive skin. Re-stitching her fresh wounds proved to be significantly more challenging than the initial procedure.

Ling Li required multiple IV solutions not only for hydration but also for medication due to the severity of her wounds, which had reopened. There was a concern about potential infections and other complications. Additionally, she required a blood infusion as she had lost a significant amount of blood since the previous day.

El Padre's face was etched with concern as he spoke, his deep voice carrying a weight of urgency. "Mushu, please recount in detail what transpired out there."

"As I observed the scene, it was evident that a guided missile had struck Master Shi Min's chopper and the two accompanying choppers. We meticulously examined the wreckage and managed to retrieve their black boxes. As we prepared to leave, I strongly believe a torpedo was launched to eradicate any remaining evidence," Mushu conveyed, his words reflecting the gravity of the situation.

El Padre pressed on, "Where is the black box?"

In response, Mushu handed over two black boxes to El Padre. "The black box from Shi Min's chopper is currently with Pharsa. Madam entrusted it to her after its recovery," Mushu explained, his expression earnest.

El Padre acknowledged Mushu's words with a solemn nod.

After carefully considering the situation, El Padre asked, "Mushu, who manages Shi Min's complex flight routes and has detailed knowledge of his daily schedule and whereabouts besides Madam?"

"In addition to Madam, that would be me, the General and Shi Min's incredibly dedicated personal assistant," Mushu promptly replied.

"Mushu, I don't mean to cast doubt on you, but in this delicate situation, I have to consider everyone as a potential suspect. I hope you understand. Shi Min's personal assistant is his childhood confidant; they share a deep history and bond, and he is tragically an orphan. This leaves me with only you and the General," El Padre said, with a hint of worry in his voice.

"I understand, El Padre," Mushu replied, feeling beads of sweat starting to form on his forehead. Being under suspicion within their group was deeply shameful. However, Mushu remained firm in the knowledge of his innocence. Nonetheless, he braced himself for the challenging process ahead, fully aware of the gravity of the situation.

Chapter 8: THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER

El Padre strode purposefully out of the imposing castle, his cloak billowing behind him as he barked orders to his men. He commanded them to bring the General to him, along with the General's family members.

Amidst the tension, Pharsa, the trusted second-in-command from Mushu, found herself faced with a daunting directive. She was given the challenging task of disarming her own superior.

"I'm sorry; you know the protocol. I'm just following orders," Pharsa said with an apologetic tone, striving to convey empathy.

"I understand. Do you need to cry?" Mushu replied, seeking to alleviate the weight of the situation as he handed over his possessions. Subsequently, Mushu proceeded to the designated location – a somber pole where he would be bound until proven innocent. This stringent protocol underscored the relentless nature of their organization.

When the General arrived later, El Padre's heavily armed men escorted him in a menacing formation. The General forced a smile while greeting El Padre, who was leisurely sitting by the seashore, puffing on his cigar with an air of authority.

Rather than reciprocating the greeting, El Padre issued a chilling command to his men, "Disarm him."

The General was dumbfounded and panic-stricken. "El Padre, what crime have I committed to warrant such treatment?" he nervously inquired.

"Look over there." El Padre gestured with his finger in the direction of Mushu.

As the General's gaze fell upon the figure bound to the pole, his complexion drained of all color. 'If they can discipline Mushu, Madam's esteemed first in command, to such punishment, then where do I stand?' The General fretted.

"But, El Padre, I didn't do anything. Did I?" The General insisted, his voice wavering with uncertainty as he faced the stern gaze of El Padre.

The atmosphere was shrouded in anticipation as El Padre took another puff of his cigar, the tendrils of smoke coiling around his impassive face. The General's heart pounded against his chest as El Capitan's command sliced through the tense atmosphere, sending a shiver down his spine. "Tie him up," the order rang out, propelling the place into chaos as the General's desperate pleas echoed against the sea breeze.

"What?!" The General cried out, his voice cracking under the weight of disbelief.

"Wait! Please!" Every word dripped with desperation, but it was too late as the menacing urgency in El Capitan's voice spurred his subordinates into action. "Hurry up!"

A woman's voice, filled with anger, resounded from a distance as she ran towards The General. The woman, visibly upset, began hitting and kicking the General repeatedly, expressing her frustration at his insubordination towards his boss.

"You stupid man! What stupid thing did you do this time?" It was evident that the woman was his wife, and her anger was palpable as she criticized him for his actions. "How foolish of you to disobey your boss! You're such a useless person!"

"Honey, how did you get here?" The General asked; he was visibly surprised to see his wife, daughter, and three-year-old son unexpectedly appear, as he had taken great care to send them away secretly and ensure their safety. It was clear that despite his efforts, his boss had easily discovered their whereabouts.

"How do you think I got here, you stupid man? Just the way you did! Why do you even ask? So why are we here? What did you do?" The wife scolded her husband.

"Stop it! I did not do anything?!" The General demanded.

The place was filled with tension as the husband and wife engaged in a heated argument. The wife's anger was palpable as she unleashed a torrent of accusations and began physically attacking her husband.

The husband, visibly distraught, vehemently denied any wrongdoing, his voice laced with desperation and confusion. However, his protests were brushed aside as his wife pressed on, questioning why he was tied up and stripped of his uniform if he was truly innocent.

"Why are you tied up if you haven't done anything? And why would they bring us here if you are innocent? They even stripped you of your uniform!" The General's wife yelled at him.

Amidst the chaos, the scene took a sudden turn as El Padre's staff arrived, accompanied by a young girl. The General's expression shifted, a steely glint entering his eyes, hinting at a deeper, more ominous revelation.

"El Padre, the young girl, is the General's daughter from another relationship. After her mother passed away when she was very young, she lived by herself in a small house," reported El Padre's staff.

"What?! You have another woman and a daughter?!" The General's wife became furious, kicking his private area hard and slapping him until his lips became bloody.

"Little girl, you are his daughter?" El Padre wanted to confirm.

The little girl nodded.

The gentle warmth of the afternoon sunlight danced through the serene ocean shore, creating a mesmerizing display of colorful patterns on the soft sand. El Padre, leaning in with an aura of curiosity reflected in his eyes, inquired, "May I ask, what is your age?"

A little girl, her long hair falling in waves around her small frame dancing with the ocean breeze, shifted nervously. "I just turned eight," she replied, her voice barely above a whisper. She looked even smaller than her age, standing timidly with her head bowed.

The General, a stern-looking man with a commanding presence, loomed over. "So, how could you live your daily life without your mother?" he demanded, his voice sharp and unforgiving.

The little girl's eyes filled with tears, and her breaths came in ragged gasps. She struggled to find her voice, but words failed her, caught in the grip of her overwhelming emotions.

"You brat!" The General's voice thundered through the solemn space. "Are you not even grateful that I gave you food?!"

The little girl looked at the General with hatred, her lips pursed together and her fist tightly closed. Then she looked at El Padre again with a different aura on her face.

"That man." The little girl pointed to the General as if he was not his father. "My mother died. Not only would he come to our house to use her and force her, but he would also have 25 others to use my mother and collect money from them.

When my mother died, he was furious and beat me repeatedly, leaving me hungry for many days. I walked around and begged for food."

Chapter 9: GOOD GIRL

"After several months, this man came to our house with a foreigner. They would often meet at my mother's house, and I would hide. I heard them talking and the foreigner offering money to my father to kill Shi Min and give information about Madam Ling." The girl explained.

"You stupid brat! Don't talk nonsense! How could you even understand what we were discussing? You can't even write! How could you understand our conversation?!" The General angrily scolded the girl.

The girl's face turned ferocious as she looked at the General. "Indeed, I never went to school, but have you forgotten that my mother was a teacher at the university before you turned her into your slave? My mother has been teaching me and has constantly reminded me to never reveal it to you." The eight-year-old girl spoke fluent English to prove her knowledge.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" El Padre laughed loudly and applauded the girl. "Good Girl! Your mother must be very proud of you! Now, tell El Padre what else your father and the foreigner did and talk about."

The girl nodded and paused, trying to recall events.

"One night, I was overcome by a severe flu, and my persistent coughing caught their attention. The stranger noticed my distress and approached to lend a helping hand; witnessing this, this man was filled with anger and disgust. However, the stranger, a man of Caucasian descent, intervened and sought out my father to inquire about my identity. In response, my father coldly labeled me as his bastard.

The foreigner told me to bathe, and this man yelled at me. After I did, that foreigner went to my room and raped me." The little girl narrates with a tight fist, controlling her tears.

"After that night, that man." She again pointed to the General. "He started to come to the house frequently, and only then did I get food supplies. They would always meet in that house. I also heard the name Otako, but I don't know anything about it. I am sure that they have planned everything.

This man is worse than the devil. He should be in hell. He also raped me many times!" The little girl narrated; this time, her cries were uncontrollable.

The atmosphere was tense as the conversation unfolded. The girl spoke quietly about another group of people who were locals and affiliated with a shipping company.

As she struggled to recall the name, Mushu interjected with "Chanto Shipping Company," bringing the discussion to a halt as the little girl confirmed the name.

The tension in the room escalated as El Padre, in a commanding tone, ordered his men, "Release Mushu."

It became clear to El Padre that there was a history of Chanto Shipping Company mentioned with previous accident involving their vessel while the Chanto daughters were on board.

El Padre's concern for the well-being of the little girl was evident in his intense gaze as he inquired if the Chanto group had harmed her.

"Did they hurt you? Those bastards?" El Padre looked at the girl.

The little girl silently nodded with her head down.

Upon learning that the Chanto daughters were currently at the main hospital in the capital, the plot thickened, raising more questions about the events unfolding in this mysterious and dangerous world.

El Padre dialed his phone.

"I heard that the Chanto ladies are in your hands." El Padre inquired.

"Yes, I'm instructed to give the 'thorough examination, '" the hospital president said and laughed.

"Hahaha, good. Remember to give these two women several enemas, endoscopes, and colonoscopies while they're awake. If they want trouble, let them know what it is." El Padre ended the call cheerfully.

Even the General's wife was shocked. "You have raped your daughter!? You are worse than an animal!" She furiously shouted at her husband; if not for her daughter holding her back, she would have been punching her husband again

Out of nowhere, a bone-chilling gust of wind tore through the walls of the castle, sending shivers down the spines of the onlookers. Their eyes widened in horror as they bore witness to the General's harrowing and agonized cries echoing.

For those in the know, it was clear that Ling Li had heard every word uttered by the girl. Without hesitation, Ling Li unleashed a barrage of terrifying needles aimed at the General, seeking to end his life.

These silver needles possess a deadly poison, capable of swiftly striking down Ling Li's enemies with lightning speed. This signature move was honed to perfection by Ling Li

under the guidance of her master. These needles have the power to swiftly end the lives of her adversaries or subject them to a prolonged and excruciating demise. This time, the General should prepare himself for a prolonged and agonizing death.

"Send them back and keep the girl safe." El Padre instructed his men.

As El Padre observed the little girl, he couldn't help but notice that her way of speaking and carrying herself seemed to exceed her young age. It brought to mind the old saying, "The more challenges one faces, the more rapid their personal growth becomes." However, it was apparent that this girl felt the weight of maturity on her shoulders, far beyond what one her age should bear.

El Padre couldn't help but mumble in dismay, "Poor girl."

The three guests, completely taken aback, found themselves in a state of speechlessness and wonder. It felt as though they were part of a scene unfolding in a movie, with dramatic events rapidly playing out before their eyes. Chatty, brimming with excitement, craned his neck to ensure he didn't miss anything, occasionally clutching Fatty's hand when nerves got the best of him.

The General's family departed with great reluctance as El padre's men forcibly guided them back to the location from which they came. They were acutely aware that they would never see the General again alive. They fully understood the grave consequences that awaited anyone who dared to betray Ling Li.

Furthermore, the General tried to kill her only son.

The little girl was sent to a room with security assigned to her.

Chapter 10: ADMISSION OF GUILT

El Padre leaned back in his chair, the rich aroma of tobacco filling the air as he carefully lit another cigar, the soft glow of the match briefly illuminating his weathered features. "So tell me, who is paying you?" El Padre questioned the General.

The General didn't answer but remained groaning in pain, his face pale as white as paper and sweating a lot.

"I can make it more painful or end your life immediately. You can choose which you prefer." El Padre declared. But the General remains deaf ear.

El Padre stood up with Mushu, him, and El Capitan. He went beside the General, put his cigar around his neck, and burned it.

The general screamed in pain. The poison in his body was more than enough. It is slowly bursting his nerves little by little through the poisonous needles, and his body feels very hot. His whole body is already in severe pain.

"Now, are you talking or not?" El Padre went back to his chair. "How about more needles?"

"No!" The General whispered weakly.

"So, let's talk, shall we?"

"He would not tell me exactly who sent him. He said he was from Europe," the General spoke, his voice tinged with mystery and intrigue. "He always pays me in cash and pounds."

"How much has he paid you?" El Padre inquired.

"He provides me with all the equipment and has given me ten million pounds and more if I could accomplish the task," the General explained weakly.

"Hahaha, such a generous man. No wonder you couldn't say no! So you exchange your honor for ten million pounds," El Padre remarked, his tone carrying a mix of amusement and cynicism.

"An inquisitive voice broke the silence, "How long have you worked with Madam, General?" It was El Capitan speaking. Unlike El Padre, El Capitan had a reserved and silent personality.

"Forty years, more than forty years," came the General's solemn response, betraying a lifetime of allegiance and loyalty.

"Have you not earned more than enough money? Do you need to compare that with ten million pounds?" a sense of disbelief colored the questioning voice of El Capitan.

"I got blinded. I'm sorry," the General confessed, his tone heavy with regret and remorse.

"You got so greedy that you even agreed to hurt Shi Min! How dare you!" El Padre angrily yelled at the General.

The General's silence weighed heavily in the air, permeated with the despair of realizing the gravity of his fatal mistake. The shadow of death loomed ominously over him, extinguishing the last glimmers of hope. Unbeknownst to him, the reckoning he feared was swiftly drawing near despite his steadfast belief in the flawless nature of his plan.

"Where have you hidden the money?" El Capitan demanded, his voice cutting through the tense air.

"It's at my residence. There is a secret underground chamber in the basement," the General confessed between labored breaths.

"Did you hear that? Go! Retrieve the money and trace its origins," El Capitan instructed his men.

At that moment, a stir among the men caught their attention as they observed a cruise ship anchored in the distant ocean, with a speed boat making its way toward the island.

The security forces, headed by Mushu, were on high alert.

The sound of chopper blades cut through the air as, one after the other, they landed on the open field. El Padre, El Capitan, and Mushu stood at attention, guarding the area.

Moments later, the distinct sound of laughter reached their ears, signaling the arrival of familiar company. "You bastards, why didn't you warn me about your arrival?" El Padre yelled out as the gentlemen approached.

"Where's the fun in that? It's all about the surprise!" one of the men winked at El Capitan.

"We even had a bet on who would touch down first!" the two gentlemen who arrived by helicopter laughed together.

"I never considered myself late!" the man who emerged from the speedboat exclaimed; he was the Cuban President.

"You all raced here to visit the Madam! She'll be delighted! But how did you all manage to arrive simultaneously?" El Padre inquired.

The two leaders who arrived in the helicopters were the Presidents of Russia and China.

"Who wants to be last? This man was the closest, so I raced to our base, took a military aircraft, and then hopped onto the chopper to get here," the Russian President said, nodding towards the Chinese President with a smug look, proud of his expedited journey.

"When I received the call, I was cruising nearby, but who wants to lose? We hit our top speed to make it here!" the Cuban President expressed while lighting his cigar.

Ling Li's arrival at the shore was greeted with excitement as she joined her group of friends. "It looks like we are having a party here," she exclaimed, adding to the lively atmosphere.

However, her joy was short-lived when El Padre, visibly shocked, confronted her for being out of bed. "What the hell are you doing out of bed?!"

Ling Li, determined to defend her actions, explained, Ling Li even pouted to act pitiful, "But it makes my body more painful if I stay in bed all the time."

Despite El Padre's disapproval, Ling chose to defy his orders, reasoning, "Besides, you are all here. Why should I stay inside?" Ling Li continued to walk and defiantly took a seat among her three guests, determined to enjoy the gathering.

"And who are they?" The Chinese President, recognizing the three gentlemen as Chinese, inquired about their identities.

El Capitan responded that "they were friends of Madam."

The three guests respectfully introduced themselves, bowing to the President.

"Since you are Madam's friends, you are also our friends." Acknowledging their connection to Madam, the Chinese President warmly welcomed them.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you." The guests expressed their gratitude and excitement.

Ling Li then instructed the servants to "serve the dinner," expressing her preference to dine by the sea, enjoying the fresh air and ocean breeze.

"Hahaha, we are right in time for food, aren't we?" The Russian President humorously remarked about their good fortune.

Ling Li jovially invited everyone to take a seat, "Come and sit, all of you. What are you waiting for? Are you expecting a formal invitation in a red envelope? Hahaha!" Ling Li playfully questioned them.