

The Beauty 201

Chapter 201: Trap

"This question should be asked by me, tell me, your name and your identity."

"Zhang Xueli, head of the production department."

"Miss Zhang, I have another question, and I hope you can answer me truthfully. Where are you holding the hostages?"

"Hostages? What hostages?" Zhang Xueli replied coldly, "You must be mistaken, this is a legitimate factory, not a criminal organization."

Ling Chen slightly lifted his lips: "Miss Zhang, we're all sensible people, why pretend to be confused in front of me." Saying this, he slightly applied pressure with the dagger in his hand, leaving a crease on Zhang Xueli's delicate neck, "I keep my word; as long as you tell me where the hostages are, I will spare your life and not harm you."

Zhang Xueli hesitated for a moment, then spoke, "Third floor, count from the left, the second bedroom, the person you're looking for is there."

"Very good." Seeing her cooperate, Ling Chen smiled, casually taking out a mobile phone from her pocket, and said: "Miss Zhang, I need one more favor from you. Call your subordinates and have them bring the hostage here. As for the reason, with your wit, you should be able to think of one."

"I don't have that authority. I'm only in charge of the factory operations, others handle different matters, I can't overstep."

"In that case, you can take me to see the hostages, no problem right?"

"That's possible, but you'll need to change your attire, I don't want to be marked as a traitor."

After a short while, Ling Chen changed into a neat suit. Before stepping out, he glanced at Zhang Xueli and reminded her: "Miss Zhang, after we go out, it's best if you refrain from any suspicious actions. Within a meter, I can take your life at any moment. So, for your own safety, do not do anything out of line."

"I know." Zhang Xueli replied indifferently.

Ling Chen nodded and called through his earpiece, "We can move now."

"Received!"

Leaving the bedroom, Ling Chen closely followed behind Zhang Xueli, keeping a distance less than a meter. As he said, it was his effective attack range. Within a meter, no one could escape his dagger.

Approaching the elevator, Ling Chen kept his head down for fear of being recognized. Fortunately, with Zhang Xueli leading him, no one doubted his identity. Stepping into the elevator, Ling Chen slightly relaxed and smiled, "Miss Zhang, you've done well, I hope you can keep it up."

Ding!

With a crisp sound, the elevator finally reached the third floor.

Outside the elevator, the corridor was heavily guarded with surveillance cameras everywhere, and guards stationed every few steps. Ling Chen silently rejoiced that he didn't act recklessly to come to the third floor alone. The guards were everywhere, nowhere to hide. He would definitely have been spotted.

Arriving at the room where the hostage was held, Zhang Xueli nodded towards two men in suits by the door who immediately opened it and let them in.

Once inside, Ling Chen immediately saw, in the center of the room, a chair with Yang Tao tied to it, head hanging down, covered in blood, a horrifying sight.

Ling Chen frowned slightly, quickly walked up to Yang Tao, and gently patted his shoulder, trying to wake him from his stupor.

"Brother, wake up!"

After shaking him a few times, Yang Tao finally responded, slowly lifting his head. However, as Ling Chen clearly saw the other's face, his expression drastically changed and exclaimed, "You..."

Before he could finish speaking, the person in front of him suddenly pulled out a syringe and fiercely stabbed it into his leg.

Seeing this, Ling Chen had no time to think and hurriedly retreated. However, at that moment the room's door was kicked open, several men in suits rushed in, each holding a tranquilizer gun aimed at Ling Chen's back.

Even with Ling Chen's quick reaction, he could not defend himself in the confined space. After several dodges, his arm was unfortunately hit by a tranquilizer dart, causing him to collapse to the ground.

After an unknown amount of time, a bucket of cold water poured over his head suddenly woke Ling Chen.

He opened his eyes and looked around, seeing Zhang Xueli stood before him, staring coldly, with several men in suits beside her.

"You thought you could sneak in undetected, that no one would know?"

Hearing Zhang Xueli's words, Ling Chen frowned and said, "You knew I came?"

"Ha! You were hiding under my bed for so long, you really thought I didn't notice?" Zhang Xueli pointed to her left artificial ear, "This is fitted with an electronic eavesdropping device. When you communicated with others using your wireless earpiece under the bed, the transmitted signal would interfere with the device, causing electrical static noise. There's an old saying in Huaxia, 'Even the wise have one oversight,' you didn't expect your movements would be exposed because of it, did you?"

Ling Chen gave a wry smile, "Indeed, I did not." He thought he was being cautious, yet his presence was exposed by a small device, which was somewhat disheartening.

"What time is it now?"

Zhang Xueli looked at her watch, said: "You have fifteen minutes left until your operation." She took the wireless earpiece devices from one of the men, waved it in front of Ling Chen, "Earlier, your teammates contacted you three times, aren't you going to reply to them?"

"You think I will cooperate with you and betray my teammates?" Ling Chen smiled faintly. As long as he didn't respond, Pang Jiulin would surely know something was wrong.

Zhang Xueli spoke nonchalantly, "I know you won't cooperate voluntarily, but no worries, I have my ways."

During the conversation, one of the men walked to a desk in the corner, opened a laptop, and connected it to an external device.

Watching the man's actions, Ling Chen felt a bad premonition and asked, "What is he doing?"

"All that you told me just now, I recorded. Soon, after analyzing your voice with software, it will automatically match."

Zhang Xueli's words had just dropped when the man turned around and said, "It's ready."

"Contact them."

The man nodded, opened the wireless earpiece, and then, from the laptop, a voice emerged, "Where are you now?"

Ling Chen heard this, his face changed immediately; the computer-generated voice was almost indistinguishable from his own, even he could hardly tell the difference, let alone Pang Jiulin.

Indeed, Pang Jiulin's response came through the earpiece soon after, "You finally decided to speak up, I thought something had happened." After a pause, he continued, "We've reached the sewage pipe and can enter at any time. How are things on your side?"

"Safe." The laptop conveyed in two words.

"Good, we'll be over soon."

Once the communication ended, Zhang Xueli watched the ashen face of Ling Chen and smiled triumphantly, "It looks like I need to prepare a few more coffins."

Chapter 202 Death Live Stream

More than ten minutes passed, Ling Chen sat quietly in his chair, staring at Zhang Xueli in front of him, constantly pondering his options.

But to his dismay, he rejected every plan he could think of. In this room, no less than six men in suits were watching him, and his hands and feet were bound by iron chains. Even with extraordinary abilities, he was powerless. At this moment, he could only pray silently, hoping that Pang Jiulin would realize the danger in time and lead his team members to retreat.

Just then, the door of the room was opened and a young man covered in bruises, with a swollen nose and face, was brought in by two men in suits.

Seeing the newcomer, Ling Chen immediately recognized his identity: it was Yang Tao, the target of this rescue mission.

Feeling his gaze, Yang Tao weakly lifted his head, a bitter smile on his lips: "Why is it you?"

Ling Chen shrugged his shoulders, jokingly said: "I wish it weren't me. Alas, what can I do, I'm too sentimental, couldn't bear to see you suffer, so I joined in on the suffering with you. How about it, I'm a good brother, right?"

"Enough, shut up," Zhang Xueli ordered coldly.

Once she had spoken, a man in a suit came in carrying a television set and then placed it in front of Ling Chen and Yang Tao.

Ling Chen, perplexed, asked, "What's this for?"

Laughing, Yang Tao took over the conversation: "I guess they're worried we'd be bored to death, so they're giving us something to relieve the boredom."

"Laugh all you want now, I'm afraid you won't be able to later," said Zhang Xueli, and with a meaningful glance at her subordinate.

The latter understood and immediately turned on the television. Suddenly, the television screen showed more than a dozen different images. Ling Chen glanced at them and his brows immediately furrowed; the smile on his face slowly fading.

They were the live surveillance feeds from the factory. What are these people up to?

Zhang Xueli glanced at the time and sneered, "Keep your eyes wide open, the main character is about to make their entrance."

"We're in already. Where are you?"

At that moment, Pang Jiulin's voice came through the wireless earpiece. Simultaneously, on the surveillance screens, a group of five people quietly infiltrated.

At this moment, the expressions on both Ling Chen and Yang Tao's faces changed drastically. Ling Chen finally understood why Zhang Xueli wanted them to watch the surveillance; the enemy wanted them to witness their teammates being killed with their own eyes.

Seeing the drastic change in the expressions of Ling Chen and his companion, Zhang Xueli nodded in satisfaction and instructed, "Notify them, they can move."

"Understood."

At this moment, on the factory's first floor.

Pang Jiulin, wearing night-vision goggles and tightly gripping a dagger, bent his waist and slowly advanced along the pitch-dark corridor, hugging the wall. Not far out, he called for Ling Chen again through the earpiece but still received no response.

Tang Yuan frowned and said, "Instructor, isn't it too quiet here, with not a soul around?"

"Could something have happened to Ling Chen? Why is there no word from him after so long?" Lao Bei was somewhat worried.

Pang Jiulin pondered for a moment and said, "Let's still be cautious; Lao Bei, Axe, you two split up and check the surroundings. Xiong, Old Tang, you two are responsible for covering the rear."

"Understood!"

As soon as the words were spoken, the five men were ready to move, when a blinding bright light suddenly shone down from above, casting its glow on them.

This sudden change took all five men by surprise. Pang Jiulin was the quickest to react, maintaining his composure amidst the panic, he swiftly removed his night vision goggles, and said in a deep voice, "Find cover!"

However, as the lights fully turned on, the factory illuminated bright and clear, leaving absolutely nowhere to hide. Following that, from the various rooms along the corridor, a tall and muscular man stepped out from each, totalling five men.

These men were exceptionally tall, each around one meter ninety in height, their bodies bulging with muscles and veins, making it likely that only someone with Xiong's towering build could match them.

"Spread out!" Pang Jiulin made a prompt decision, issuing the command, "Break through on your own."

Tang Yuan nodded, gripping the dagger in his hand firmly, his gaze fixed on the muscular man approaching him, and took a deep breath.

Ah!

With a loud shout, he raised the dagger high, darting forward quickly, and fiercely charged to eliminate the enemy before him.

As Tang Yuan rapidly closed the distance, the muscular man remained expressionless, neither dodging nor evading. When the sharp dagger fell, Tang Yuan's face changed drastically. He was stunned to find that the muscular man's body was as hard as iron, the dagger unable to penetrate after being clamped tightly by his muscles.

Startled, he hurriedly warned, "Be careful, these people have all taken enhancement drugs."

Just as he finished speaking, Lao Bei and the man with an axe were sent flying by the enemy's punches, crashing heavily onto the ground, clutching their chests, faces contorted in pain.

Among the five, Pang Jiulin's skill goes without saying; being able to join Lonely Wolf was proof enough of his prowess. In the Ghost Organization, Tang Yuan was second only to Ling Chen, and could barely protect himself against the muscular man's onslaught. Surprisingly, it was Xiong who unexpectedly evenly matched the enemy.

It was no wonder, as Xiong was a power-based combatant. His natural talents combined with training made his physical fitness perhaps even superior to Ling Chen's.

The only ones at a disadvantage were Lao Bei and the axe-wielding man, both elite soldiers selected from the military, skilled with firearms and marksmanship. However, their combat skills were not on par

with those of Tang Yuan and others. After all, not everyone was like Ling Chen, a master of both martial arts and marksmanship.

In the third-floor room of the factory, Ling Chen and Yang Tao watched the surveillance footage with furrowed brows, tightly knit into a line.

Seeing the muscular men's appearance, Ling Chen knew things were going to be bad. Zhang Xueli had clearly set a trap, luring them into the urn. It was likely that Pang Jiulin and his group had little chance of breaking out and escaping.

Zhang Xueli, standing next to them with arms crossed, watched the combat on the monitor with interest and smiled, "What do you think, how long can they last?"

Ling Chen's face was as still as water, he remained silent, continuously attempting to snap the chains on his wrists. But the chains were too thick, and his strength alone was not enough to break free.

"Not good!"

Just then, Yang Tao suddenly yelled out.

Ling Chen looked intently, his face stiffening sharply. In the surveillance footage, the man with the axe had his left leg grabbed by a muscular man who forcefully twisted it, instantly breaking the knee. Although there was no sound, the twisted expression on the axe man's face revealed the excruciating pain he must be enduring.

With his left leg disabled, the axe man's movements immediately slowed down.

"Axe, be careful!"

Seeing that the situation was dire, Tang Yuan wanted to aid him, but the muscular man before him pressed in step by step, leaving him no chance to look out for others.

The immobilized axe-wielder didn't have a chance to escape far before he was once again apprehended by the adversary. The man wrapped both hands around the axe-wielder's head, clamping down tightly, then with a sudden twist of his hands, a 'crack' sounded. The axe-wielder's head slumped down limply, and he fell to the ground, dead.

Chapter 203 Fierce Battle

"Ax!"

Seeing this, Ling Chen's eyes immediately turned blood-red, his anger uncontrollable, he roared out loud.

Yang Tao hung his head low, his gaze dull, his face the color of deathly ash, muttering to himself, "It's all my fault... all my fault..."

Zhang Xueli coldly said, "Don't panic, only one is dead so far, the highlight is still to come."

Ling Chen clenched his teeth and stared at her unblinkingly, his eyes like the cold wind of December, icy and piercing.

"As long as I'm alive, I will make you pay in blood for this debt." He paused after each word, squeezing the sentence through his teeth.

Hearing his threat, Zhang Xueli scoffed indifferently, "Do you really think you'll have a chance?"

During the conversation, a ringtone from a cellphone suddenly rang out. Zhang Xueli took out her phone, glanced at the caller ID, and her expression slightly changed. "Watch these two." Having said that, she turned and left the room to answer the call.

"Everything has been taken care of, thankfully you notified me in time so I could prepare and they didn't succeed... Apart from the person we caught beforehand, in total six people came, identity unknown, probably all members of the Ghosts, one is dead, five are left. I will take care of them."

"Why?"

At this moment, whoever was on the other end of the phone said something and Zhang Xueli frowned, "This is too risky, if this gets out, the higher-ups will definitely blame us, and then who will take the responsibility?"

"Alright, since you've said so, I'll do you this favor. But I want to make it clear that if the higher-ups start asking questions, I won't cover for you."

After the call ended, Zhang Xueli returned to the room, looking at the stern-faced Ling Chen, a strange light flickering in her eyes.

"You two, unlock his shackles and take him to the next room."

Hearing Zhang Xueli's voice, Ling Chen's heart sank. Being taken away at this moment, could it be they're going to... Thinking of this, his eyes narrowed slightly, a sharp glint surfacing.

As the two suited men prepared to take Ling Chen away, Yang Tao became desperate, bellowing loudly, "If you have the guts, kill me first!"

Zhang Xueli coldly replied, "Don't rush, your turn will come sooner or later. Take him away!"

The two suited men responded and immediately pushed Ling Chen out, escorting him to the next room.

"Sit down!"

One of the suited men pushed Ling Chen's shoulder impatiently and pointed to a chair in the center of the room.

Ling Chen glanced sideways at the two men and took a step. However, at that moment, his body suddenly leaned forward, his right leg kicking high, his left foot's toes firmly planted on the ground, twisting his body in motion, a sweeping leg kick lashed out, viciously striking the faces of the two suited men.

Ling Chen showed no mercy with his kick, exerting full force, and the two suited men didn't even have the chance to cry out before collapsing to the ground, unconscious, as blood streamed from the corners of their mouths.

Taking the keys from their bodies, Ling Chen quickly unlocked his handcuffs, then moved to the door, and pushed it open.

Glancing at the closed room next door, he strode forward, kicking the door open, forcefully breaking and entering the room.

However, as soon as he entered the room, he immediately realized Zhang Xueli was gone; only three suited men were left inside guarding Yang Tao.

The ten eyes met, and the suited men were momentarily dumbfounded in place, not expecting Ling Chen to appear.

Before they could come to their senses, Ling Chen had already reacted, his toes touching the ground, his body propelling forward like a cannonball. In less than a few seconds, the three suited men were taken down.

Watching Ling Chen in front of him, Yang Tao felt a sense of unreality and exclaimed in astonishment, "Aren't you...?"

"Stop talking so much. Can you still walk?"

"No problem."

Ling Chen glanced at the surveillance screen. Jiulin's group of four was in grave danger, at risk of being killed at any moment. They needed support urgently.

He walked over to the desk, inserted the previously confiscated dagger into his waist, and casually threw another dagger to Yang Tao.

"Find a place to hide later and take care of yourself. I'm going to rescue Old Tang and the others."

Yang Tao nodded, "Be careful yourself."

If possible, he would also like to help, but his physical condition wouldn't allow it. Going along would only be a burden to Ling Chen.

Leaving the room, they encountered many guards along the way, all of which were taken down by Ling Chen, leaving no survivors. At this moment, Ling Chen's heart was ablaze, like raging flames torching his body, consuming his sanity.

It had been a long time since he felt this fury engulf him. Ax's death was a fuse, igniting the flames in his heart. At this moment, he desperately needed an outlet to vent his anger.

By the time he reached the elevator, the dagger in Ling Chen's hand was dyed red with fresh blood. The crimson blood dripping down the blade onto the ground, coupled with the fierceness in his eyes, was indescribably ferocious.

First floor of the factory.

Pang Jiulin, Tang Yuan, Lao Bei, and Xiong huddled together, struggling to withstand the muscle men's assault. After a round of combat, all four were pale and gasping for air. The intense fighting rapidly depleted their stamina, while the five muscle men seemed tireless, their strength undiminished, growing fiercer as the battle progressed.

Furthermore, with the loss of one comrade, the odds were increasingly against the four, their situation looking bleak, constantly on the brink of life-threatening danger.

"Lao Bei, watch out!"

At that moment, Tang Yuan saw the exhausted Lao Bei kicked to the ground by a muscle man, who then aimed a stomp at his head. Without a second thought, he yelled and lunged forward, crashing hard into the muscle man.

Suddenly, the muscle man lost his balance and tumbled to the ground. Tang Yuan was about to get up to continue fighting, but suddenly, the muscle man's legs stretched out, clamping tightly around his neck, causing him breathing difficulties.

He tried desperately to pry the legs apart, but his strength was no match. Several attempts proved unsuccessful.

As his face grew increasingly pallid, Tang Yuan felt dizzy and almost suffocated, a painful groan occasionally escaping his throat.

At this critical moment, a gust of wind came through, a flash of cold light glinting, and a sharp dagger forcefully plunged into the muscle man's left eye. Even with their bodies enhanced by drugs, the eyes remained the weakest part of the human body.

Driving through the left eye, the dagger pierced straight through the muscle man's skull, and blood instantly splattered everywhere.

Tang Yuan turned back, gasping heavily, and his gaze fell on the owner of the dagger. Instantly irate, he cursed, "Why did you only just arrive, I was almost done for."

Ling Chen smirked, "With me here, you won't die."

After speaking, he turned to the other four muscle men, his gaze instantly turning cold, as he brandished the dagger and charged forward, blocking the attack aimed at Pang Jiulin.

"You take them to meet up with Yang Tao first. I'll cover the rear."

"Can you handle it?"

Ling Chen's mouth curled up slightly, his eyes shining with a sharp light.

"I'm very hard to kill; these four can't take me down."

Chapter 204 No Escape

Pang Jiulin gave Ling Chen's shoulder a solid slap. Sometimes, men don't need to say much to each other.

He removed his own headset and handed it to Ling Chen.

"Keep this, and stay in touch at all times. Lao Bei, bring along the Axeman's body."

Without a word, Lao Bei hoisted the Axeman's corpse onto his shoulders, following closely behind Pang Jiulin's footsteps. As a soldier, one does not abandon or give up on comrades—not even their bodies.

Seeing them trying to escape, four muscular men immediately gave chase. However, Ling Chen stepped forward to block their path, toying with a dagger in each hand, and said with a grin, "If you want to chase them, you'll have to get past me first."

"Fools who don't know whether they're alive or dead."

Watching the surveillance footage, Zhang Xueli spoke coldly. She had obliged that person's request, kindly giving him a chance to escape, but instead of fleeing for his life, he foolishly went to rescue his companions.

"I've helped as much as I could; if he wants to dig his own grave, that's not my fault," she thought to herself and picked up the walkie-talkie, saying coldly, "All units, engage. Kill them all without exception."

At that moment, facing the encirclement of the four muscular men, Ling Chen licked his lips, his knees slightly bent, with two daggers held tightly against his thighs.

As the four muscular men gradually closed in, he kicked off with his legs, fast as a darting rabbit, and took the initiative to attack.

One muscular man threw a punch as Ling Chen approached. Sensing the fierce power behind the punch, Ling Chen twisted his waist, agilely dodging the attack, and the dagger in his right hand scraped a shallow gash across the man's leg.

This was not his first time fighting Enhanced People, but this new batch of them was even more twisted, their bodies as hard as steel, impervious to his daggers.

However, these muscular men, despite their robust physiques and thick skin, were at a disadvantage in reaction speed. Moreover, having already killed one muscular man, Ling Chen had identified their weakness—their eyes.

Surrounded by the four muscular men, Ling Chen kept dodging and shifting his position, preventing them from laying a hand on him. Whenever he spotted an opening, he took the chance and aimed straight for their eyes.

Caught off guard by his nimble moves, one muscular man was stabbed in the eye by Ling Chen's dagger, crying out in agony. Initially intending to end the man's life, Ling Chen had to abandon the idea as the other three muscular men pounced, forcing him to retreat and keep his distance, waiting for the best moment to strike.

"Ling Chen, the original escape route is compromised. We're heading to the underground parking lot. Hurry over," came Tang Yuan's voice through the headset.

"Understood!" Ling Chen replied.

After terminating the call, he strode swiftly towards the safety exit. Several muscular men followed closely, relentless in pursuit.

Upon entering the stairwell, he heard hurried footsteps both above and below, indicating a sizable group.

Undaunted, Ling Chen cut a bloody path and quickly made it to the underground parking lot.

"Old Tang, where are you guys?"

"Southeast corner. What about you?"

"Wait for me, I'll be right there."

After orienting himself, Ling Chen stretched his legs and moved swiftly, using the parked cars for cover, heading towards Tang Yuan's location.

While running, Ling Chen suddenly caught sight of over thirty men in suits pouring out from a nearby staircase, all armed with crossbows, and they were all charging towards Tang Yuan's direction.

This is bad!

Frowning slightly, he realized that if these men caught up, with the weapons they carried, Tang Yuan and the others would likely have no chance of escape.

With that thought, Ling Chen stepped onto a car hood, leapt up powerfully, and with a loud shout, he threw his dagger, which pierced through the neck of a suited man, his blood flowing freely.

His loud shout immediately attracted the attention of those people. In a moment, the gazes of all the men in suits were focused on him.

Seeing those people charging towards him head-on, Ling Chen turned around, ready to take a detour, but at that moment, four muscular men came quickly from behind, less than twenty meters away.

With tigers ahead and wolves behind, trapped, Ling Chen saw the bad situation and simply dashed toward the left. Sacrificing the small to save the large, he was alone, while there were five people with Tang Yuan, and he had to ensure their safety no matter what.

"Ling Chen, where are you? We've already got in the car, just waiting for you." Tang Yuan's voice sounded in the earpiece, his tone anxious.

"You guys go first, don't mind me, I'll find a way to leave on my own."

"No, if we're leaving, let's leave together. Where are you, I'm coming over..."

Ling Chen, impatient, interrupted him, urging: "That's enough, stop the nonsense, just scram, and we'll meet at the old place after getting out."

He paused for a moment, his voice low: "If I don't appear within two days, then don't wait for me, you guys head back to the country."

"Hey, you..."

Before Tang Yuan could say anything else, Ling Chen had already thrown his earpiece on the ground and crushed it with his foot.

"Hey, hey, Ling Chen, Ling Chen..."

Hearing the static from the earpiece, Tang Yuan punched the steering wheel, cursing: "This damn show-off."

Xiong anxiously said: "Instructor, what do we do now? Are we really going to abandon Ling Chen?"

Pang Jiulin looked stern, glancing at the body of the axe-wielding man, his fists clenched, eyes flickering, torn inside.

"Instructor!" Lao Bei couldn't help but urge, waiting for his command.

"Drive, let's retreat first." Finally, Pang Jiulin made a decision, glancing around at everyone, "I know what Ling Chen is thinking, he wants to sacrifice the small to protect the large. If we don't draw the enemies away, our chance of escape is zero. Since he has made his decision, we can't let his painstaking effort be in vain. Besides, you all know Ling Chen's capabilities; he definitely has a way to escape."

Tang Yuan clenched his teeth, reached out to turn the car key, and started the vehicle.

Brother, take good care of yourself!

At this moment, Ling Chen was frantically sprinting in the underground parking lot, dodging the enemies' pursuit and incoming arrows.

Suddenly, he stopped, standing in front of several large trucks, looking around, his brows immediately furrowed.

Walls on both sides, it was a dead end!

Turning his head back, seeing enemies converging from all sides, Ling Chen's mouth curved into a bitter smile.

With even the way out sealed, it looks like there's nowhere to run. Is today's calamity inevitable?

While he pondered, dozens of enemies had already surrounded him, trapping him between the large trucks.

Ling Chen chuckled, with an unconcerned shrug, he said: "What's everyone waiting for? Make it quick, just shoot me."

As the words fell, the crowd parted, and Zhang Xueli walked over surrounded by several men in suits, looking at him coldly.

"I gave you a way out, but you didn't cherish it."

"A way out?" Ling Chen was slightly startled, seemingly understanding something.

Zhang Xueli waved her hand, ordering lightly: "Kill him."

Chapter 205 Escape from Desperation

"Wait!"

Just as the crossbow was about to pull the trigger, Ling Chen suddenly shouted to stop.

Zhang Xueli slightly frowned, speaking with a mocking tone: "What, a moment ago you were all noble and selfless, ready to rescue your companion without regard to your own safety, and now you are afraid of dying?"

Ling Chen took a deep breath, touched his nose, his eyes gleaming subtly, and grinned: "In our line of work, we've long been prepared to make sacrifices. However, I don't want to die confusedly. You can kill me, but at least let me die understanding why."

"What do you want to know?"

"You just said you deliberately left me a way out, I'm not sure what you mean by that, could you clarify?" This was a concern of his. He hadn't thought much about it before, but when Zhang Xueli brought it up, he felt something was amiss.

If Zhang Xueli wanted to kill him, there was no need to change locations; it could have all been done in that room without any extra effort.

It's clear that Zhang Xueli didn't lie; she truly intended to give him a way out. Yet, as they were strangers and adversaries, it made no sense for her to spare him.

"I can't give you an answer to that question." After saying that, Zhang Xueli waved her hand, making a shooting gesture.

"Wait!"

Hearing Ling Chen shout again, Zhang Xueli impatiently said: "Are you done yet?"

"This is my last tiny request, and I hope you can fulfill it. Since I'm going to die anyway, might as well let me have a cigarette so I won't be lonely on the way to the underworld. Miss Zhang, since you kindly offered me a way out, I trust you won't refuse me."

Zhang Xueli hesitated for a moment, remembered the face of someone, and nodded to someone beside her. Soon, a man in a suit stepped forward with a cigarette and a lighter, ready to light it for him.

However, Ling Chen did not let him help, but took the lighter himself and took a satisfied puff, exhaling a plume of smoke.

"Now I can go on my last journey in peace," Zhang Xueli said coldly, watching his content expression.

Ling Chen flicked the ash from his cigarette and cheerfully replied: "Thank you, Miss Zhang, but...I've thought about it, and I still find it better to live. Look how young I am, it would be such a pity to die now, wouldn't it?"

"I think you talk too much, just kill him!"

However, at the moment everyone was about to pull the trigger, Ling Chen suddenly leaped up, grabbed the tailgate of the truck, and jumped into the cargo box.

Zhang Xueli's face was cold as she spat out through clenched teeth: "Still struggling even when death is imminent, drag him out."

Several men in suits, without a word, immediately rushed towards the truck's cargo box.

At that moment, within the spacious cargo box, Ling Chen looked around at the barrels and broke into a grin.

His nose was indeed sharp; when outside the truck, he had smelled something familiar inside the cargo box – the scent of gunpowder. All those barrels contained gunpowder.

This factory manufactured weapons illegally, and both bombs and bullets needed the finished gunpowder.

Hearing footsteps approaching the cargo box, Ling Chen didn't delay, quickly twisted open a barrel, and dragged it to the tail of the cargo box, pouring out the gunpowder.

Following that, he clamped the cigarette in his mouth, looking at the startled crowd, and smirked: "Gentlemen, you best not make any sudden moves. I get nervous easily, and if I get startled and throw the cigarette into the gunpowder, everyone here will suffer."

Hearing this, the crowd collectively took steps back.

Zhang Xueli stood her ground, motionless, and said coldly, "I'm afraid you don't have the guts."

"Is that so?" Ling Chen's eyes slightly narrowed, and a cruel smile curled the corners of his mouth, "Miss Zhang, you seem not to know me well. I am indeed very vengeful. I've said before, you killed my brother, I must make you pay with blood. Now, it's time."

As his words fell, he flicked his fingers, sending the cigarette butt in his hand directly onto the gunpowder on the ground.

Seeing his action, Zhang Xueli's pupils shrank, and her face turned pale instantly. Gone was her composure as she quickly turned and fled.

Without need for a reminder from Zhang Xueli, everyone else, wishing they had more legs given by their parents, had already scattered in all directions.

As the cigarette butt landed on the gunpowder, a fierce flame immediately burst forth. Following this, the flame quickly spread along the cargo bed of the truck, swallowing the entire truck in an instant.

At this moment, Ling Chen was running swiftly, already far from danger.

Boom!

With a thunderous explosion, the underground parking lot burst into flames, the ferocious fire voraciously sweeping around.

Feeling the heat wave behind him, Ling Chen felt a force hit his back harshly, sending him flying and crashing heavily against a sedan, shattering its windows.

Ignoring the pain in his body, he quickly stood up, glanced at the sedan beside him, opened the door, and sat in the driver's seat.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A series of explosions resounded, turning the underground parking lot almost into a sea of fire. Under the impact of the explosions, columns in the parking lot broke one after another. With the columns gone, the crossbeams above began to collapse, and the whole factory was on the brink of collapse.

In this critical moment, Ling Chen remained calm, seemingly oblivious to the approaching flames, and continued to try starting the car with two wires.

Wooh... Wooh wooh wooh...

As the engine roared to life, Ling Chen, without a second word, shifted gears and pressed hard on the accelerator. Instantly, the car shot forward like an arrow released from a bow.

At this moment, the top of the parking lot was covered in cracks, with huge stones constantly falling down.

Ling Chen was alert in all directions, watching the movements around him, dodging falling stones from above while driving towards the exit of the parking lot.

Then, at the exit of the parking lot, the crossbeam on top was half collapsed, threatening to fall at any moment and block the exit.

Thirty meters...twenty meters...

As the exit was close at hand, the crossbeam above thunderously fell. Seeing this, Ling Chen did not look away, kept his focus straight ahead, and did not reduce his speed at all. Instead, he floored the accelerator.

As the vehicle sped up sharply, just as the crossbeam was descending, the top of the sedan barely brushed past it, bursting out of the parking lot.

"That was close!"

Ling Chen took a deep breath, wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, and silently felt fortunate.

Being able to escape from such a perilous situation, it seemed that his life was not meant to end yet. As he pondered, he turned to look behind, only to see the factory completely collapsed, engulfed by roaring flames.

The fire blazed up to the sky, with explosions occasionally sounding from the rubble, sparks flying, resembling splendid fireworks, adorning the ink-like night sky.

Chapter 206: Entering Danger Again

Driving out of the factory, fire trucks and police cars whizzed by the roadside, swiftly rushing to the scene of the explosion.

Ling Chen secretly breathed a sigh of relief, reaching towards his waist. Instantly, he furrowed his brows, feeling the warmth in his palms. Raising his hand, he saw it was covered with fresh blood.

He gently lifted the corner of his coat, where a rusty piece of rebar was lodged in his waist. During the explosion, this broken rebar from a beam, propelled by the blast wave, had impaled him.

Previously, he had been too focused on escaping to notice the pain. But now that he relaxed, excruciating pain surged through him, making him grit his teeth.

There was nothing in the car to stop the bleeding, and he dared not pull out the rebar. Enduring the pain, he barely managed to drive the car towards the rendezvous point. However, just as the car started moving, the rear end suddenly suffered a fierce collision, almost smashing his forehead against the steering wheel.

Through the rear-view mirror, he saw several Chevrolet SUVs closely following his car. With the streetlights illuminating the road, he clearly saw Zhang Xueli sitting in the passenger seat of one of the Chevrolets.

"Damn it, this woman really won't give up," he cursed under his breath, hastening his speed to distance himself from them.

"Catch up, don't let him escape."

In the Chevrolet, Zhang Xueli clenched her teeth, her eyes filled with raging fury and hatred, wishing she could capture Ling Chen immediately and take his life.

As the person in charge of this secret base, she had let it be destroyed, a dereliction of her duty. She knew the higher-ups would blame her. Thinking of the organization's punitive measures, she couldn't help but shudder. Her hatred for Ling Chen intensified even more.

All the way, Ling Chen dared not relax, pushing the car to its limits, speeding through red lights and causing several accidents. The three Chevrolet SUVs closely pursued, relentlessly tailing him.

Nicosia City wasn't very large, but also not too small. After about ten minutes, Ling Chen drove onto a seaside elevated bridge. Through the window, the turbulent sea was visible on the left.

Beneath the darkness, the ocean seemed to wear a mysterious veil, creating a sense of eeriness and unease.

After driving a few kilometers, Ling Chen saw the congested traffic ahead and his face changed instantly. It seemed his luck had run out; he encountered a dead end. Shifting into reverse, he attempted to back up, but the three Chevrolets had already caught up, blocking his way.

Seeing this, Ling Chen pushed open the car door, planning to make his way on foot through the traffic. However, before he could get out, the Chevrolets behind him surged forward, slamming hard into the rear of his car.

Propelled by the impact, Ling Chen's body shook violently, his head knocking against several spots painfully, especially worsening his waist injury, from which blood continuously poured out, quickly staining the driver's seat red.

Before Ling Chen could react, his car was hit violently again. Aside from the Chevy behind, the other two Chevrolets struck from both sides, severely deforming the car body, making it impossible to open the doors normally.

Seeing those men in suits rushing out of their cars, Ling Chen didn't waste any moment, kicked hard against the windshield, and then climbed out through the front window.

Taking the opportunity before the pursuers caught up, he clutched his wound, stepping on the vehicles in front to move quickly. His actions immediately drew the ire of many drivers who got out of their cars and began yelling at Ling Chen.

In this critical life-threatening moment, Ling Chen couldn't care less, running desperately to shake off the pursuers.

However, the suited men behind continued their relentless pursuit, not giving up at all. With the strenuous running, Ling Chen's waist wound worsened, bleeding profusely.

Feeling his body weaken, Ling Chen was well aware that if he didn't get medical treatment soon, he would eventually die from excessive blood loss.

"Stop!"

Hearing the sounds gradually closing in from behind, Ling Chen gasped for air and looked back; those men in suits were less than twenty meters away from him. With his current condition, his legs felt as heavy as if they were filled with lead, moving painfully, and it was only a matter of time before he would be caught.

At that moment, he clenched his teeth and quickly walked to the edge of the overpass, observing the ocean surface thirty meters below. Without any hesitation, he leaped straight down.

Splash!

Accompanied by a splash, Ling Chen dove into the water and quickly moved along with the waves.

A group of men in suits rushed to the railing of the overpass, peering out to try and locate Ling Chen. However, the ocean surface was pitch black and, without light, nothing could be seen clearly.

As time ticked by, Ling Chen was soaked in the ocean waters for over half an hour, letting the waves push his body along. Now, he truly had no strength left to move his arms.

Not long after, he saw a bright light not far away, surrounded by dozens of yachts.

It was the dock!

His eyes lit up, and he immediately gathered his spirits and swam with all his might towards it. Nonetheless, hampered by the resistance of the waves, he was pushed back every time he swam out more than ten meters, repetitively. The dock that seemed so close appeared impossibly distant.

Driven by a strong will to survive, Ling Chen did not give up and pushed himself to the limit.

Finally, fortune favored the determined; by sheer willpower, he successfully reached the shore.

Crawling onto the dock, he collapsed on the ground, breathing heavily and his face pale.

Lifting up his shirt, he looked at the wound on his waist and gave a wry smile. Soaked in the ocean for so long, along with the salt content in the sea, the wound had worsened significantly; even a gentle touch caused a piercing pain.

Laying on the ground for a while, Ling Chen felt his head heavy and his consciousness blurring, his body seemed to lose strength, and he didn't want to move but just wished to sleep.

No!

He gritted his teeth secretly; he absolutely couldn't sleep at this time. If he did, he might never wake up again.

Taking a deep breath, he propped himself up with his hands, struggling with all his might to stand up and started staggering forwards.

Not far out, he suddenly saw on a white yacht parked next to the dock, two tall women.

Was it them?

His heart leaped with joy, his strong desire to survive drove him, and he rushed towards them quickly.

"Hey..."

Waving his arms, he shouted with all his strength, hoping to catch their attention.

However, just as he almost reached the yacht, his body could no longer hold on, his legs gave out, and he collapsed on the ground, falling unconscious. (I'm injured, forgive the late update.)

Chapter 207 Life and Death Unknown

In the blink of an eye, two days passed.

In front of the ruins of the factory destroyed by the explosion, Pang Jiulin, Tang Yuan, Yang Tao, Lao Bei, and Xiong stood silently, watching as the firefighters conducted a search and transfer bodies buried under the rubble.

Due to the explosion, the bodies were all charred beyond recognition, making it impossible to identify them.

"Let's go. It's time to head back."

After a long while, Pang Jiulin sighed softly and spoke.

Lao Bei, Xiong, and Yang Tao simultaneously straightened up, saluted in a standard military fashion, then turned and left. Tang Yuan, however, remained rooted to the spot, motionless, staring blankly at the ruins.

"Lone dude, it seems like you won't get to taste the flavor of a woman. Don't worry, as your brother, I won't let you down. Every Qingming Festival, I will burn many more women for you to enjoy blissfully."

As he spoke, his eyes began to redden uncontrollably, his mind flooded with memories of the times he had shared with Ling Chen.

At that moment, a large hand was placed on his shoulder, giving it a gentle pat, consoling, "Don't be sad. We won't let his sacrifice be in vain. Sooner or later, we will find the mastermind behind this and avenge Ling Chen."

Tang Yuan nodded solemnly and said, "After I return, I want to apply to join Lonely Wolf."

Pang Jiulin understood his thoughts well; only by joining Lonely Wolf could he directly confront the people from God Organization.

"No problem, I will put in a request with the General."

...

Beijing, Ghost Base.

Inside a spacious and brightly lit office, Qiao Zhen sat in a chair, with stacks of thick documents piled in front of him awaiting his review. However, at the moment, he was in no mood for any other tasks.

He was waiting for a message.

He raised the teacup on the desk to his lips, intending to moisten his throat, but it took a while for him to realize that the teacup was already empty.

At that moment, the office door was pushed open, and Han Bing swiftly walked in.

Seeing him, Qiao Zhen quickly stood up, unable to mask the anxiety in his eyes, and asked eagerly, "How is it, any news?"

Han Bing said nothing, his head lowered, and his somber expression said it all.

Qiao Zhen dumbly sat back in his chair, speechless for a long time. In that moment, he seemed to have aged over a decade, his agedness fully displayed, looking utterly exhausted.

Han Bing sorrowfully said, "General..."

"No need to say anymore." Qiao Zhen waved his hand weakly, interrupting him, "Go out, let me be alone for a while."

"Yes. General, take good care of yourself." Han Bing sighed silently, knowing too well how many people were affected by Ling Chen's life and death, especially the General, who despite appearing strict, actually valued Ling Chen the most. If it weren't for Ling Chen's decision to retire, the General even had plans to groom him as the successor of Ghost Base, to take over the entire organization.

The next day.

At the military airfield on the outskirts of Beijing, a transport plane slowly landed on the runway.

As soon as the plane stabilized, two Hongqi sedans had already arrived. The car doors opened, and Qiao Zhen and Han Bing stepped out, standing by the cars, looking up at the aircraft door.

Today, both were dressed in crisp military uniforms, standing tall and statuesque.

The aircraft door opened, and Pang Jiulin was the first to come out, followed closely by Lao Bei, Tang Yuan, Yang Tao, and Xiong, the four of them carrying a coffin, their expressions somber, tinged with a trace of sadness, they marched down.

Qiao Zhen and Han Bing quickly moved forward, standing on either side, silent, expressions solemn.

"Salute!"

Qiao Zhen stood to attention and saluted, watching as the coffin was placed into the vehicle.

"General."

Seeing Tang Yuan approaching him, Qiao Zhen asked, "What is it?"

"I would like to request two days off to visit East Sea City."

"What for?"

"Ling Chen has some friends in East Sea City. I want to help take care of his affairs."

Qiao Zhen nodded, his cloudy old eyes unable to hide his own sorrow. The deceased was gone, with not even a bone left, not even a chance to see him one last time. Ridden with regrets, he felt even more self-reproach in his heart.

Ling Chen had already retired from the military, yet I insisted on holding onto him, wanting him to continue serving the country. Otherwise, how could he have ended up like this?

I sighed, organized my emotions, and said, "Go ahead, try not to tell them about Ling Chen's death, just leave it as a memory."

"I know."

...

East Sea City.

Hongyu Group.

In the chairman's office located at the top floor of the building, Nanrong Wanqing sat in a wheelchair, dealing with the task at hand. But for some reason, she felt restless, as if something was about to happen.

After hesitating for a moment, she picked up the internal phone and connected to the security department.

"Zhong Wei, has Ling Chen not returned yet?"

"No, I've tried contacting him, but his phone is unreachable. Chairman, do you have anything you need him for?"

"It's nothing, carry on."

After hanging up the phone, a hint of doubt flashed across Nanrong Wanqing's beautiful eyes.

What exactly did he go to do? That day in Beijing, he said he needed to take leave for some personal matters, then he spoke some strangely enigmatic words. I don't know why, but those words sounded vaguely like a farewell.

Thinking of this, she felt more uncomfortable inside, even unable to concentrate on her current work.

Just then, Secretary Wang Lan walked in and said, "Chairman, there is someone asking to see you."

"Who?"

"Tang Yuan."

"Is it him?" Nanrong Wanqing's heart stirred, and she hurriedly asked, "Is he alone?"

"Yes."

Hearing this, she felt disappointed for a moment, having hoped that Ling Chen was with Tang Yuan.

"Let him in."

Soon, Tang Yuan, dressed in a black suit and wearing sunglasses, appeared before her.

"Chairman."

"Mr. Tang, do you need something from me?"

"Chairman, I am here to handle Ling Chen's resignation procedures."

Nanrong Wanqing was shocked, a glint of surprise flickering in her eyes, confusedly asking, "He wants to resign? Why?"

"He has more important things to attend to now, and will not return to East Sea City anymore, so... Chairman, he asked me to convey his gratitude for the care provided by the Nanrong family during his time here."

"Not coming back?" Nanrong Wanqing blinked slightly, a subtle sourness spreading in her heart, an indescribable mix of feelings.

At this moment, she finally understood why Ling Chen said those strange words before he left.

"Chairman, I have delivered the message, goodbye!" After speaking, Tang Yuan turned to leave.

"Mr. Tang." Nanrong Wanqing quickly called him back.

"Do you have any other matters, Chairman?"

"I..." Nanrong Wanqing opened her mouth but didn't know what to say. At this moment, it seemed anything would be superfluous, "I just wanted to thank you."

Tang Yuan gave a slight smile, "You're welcome. Chairman, take good care of yourself."

After seeing Tang Yuan off, Nanrong Wanqing sat idly in front of the window, gazing at the distant towering buildings, her thoughts surging like tides.

Just like that, he left? Not even willing to say a final goodbye, instead asking someone else to relay it; is making a phone call really that difficult?

She bit her lip corner, a sudden trace of resentment in her beautiful eyes.

Never returning to East Sea City again... is there really nothing here worth your nostalgia?

Ling Chen, you are indeed a thorough jerk.

Chapter 208 Awakening

Boyang Company.

Zhu Hong sat in his spacious office, spinning a pen in his hand as he stared at the computer screen, lost in thought.

At this moment, a series of 'thump thump thump' sounds came from outside the door.

"Come in."

As the door was pushed open, a woman dressed in professional attire with an indifferent expression on her face walked in. Seeing the visitor, Zhou Hong's lips curved upwards slightly as he stood up to greet her, "Miss Zhang, hello, welcome to East Sea City."

The woman in front was pretty with a tall figure, but the imperfection was that her left ear was replaced by an artificial one. If Ling Chen were here, he surely would recognize her as Zhang Xueli, the woman he had encountered in Cyprus.

"Mr. Zhu, I presume you're already aware of my situation. Whatever you need me to do, just order away."

"Miss Zhang, you are a guest, how could we possibly trouble you?"

Zhang Xueli said coolly, "Mr. Zhu, there's no need for formalities between us. You are well aware of my situation. Due to my fault, the organization lost a secret base. This time, the organization sent me to assist you, hoping to redeem my mistake by helping you break into the Asian market. I hope you will give me a chance to make amends for my crime."

"Fair enough." Zhu Hong smiled and nodded, "Miss Zhang, before we cooperate, there's something I'd like to confirm with you. Is Ling Chen really dead?"

"I saw with my own eyes that he jumped into the sea from the overpass. Moreover, I found a lot of blood in his car. He must have been seriously injured before he jumped into the sea."

"As the saying goes, 'No body, no proof.' How can you be so sure of his death without finding his corpse?"

"He was severely injured, and the tide was very strong that night. With his condition, it was impossible for him to swim to shore. Besides, I sent additional people to search overnight. We checked all along the coast and found no trace of him, nor has anyone seen him. I can say with certainty that he's been lost to the sea."

"Good, very good!" Zhu Hong smiled and clapped his hands.

"Do you have a grudge against him?"

"Indeed, I've wanted him dead, but I never found the opportunity. It's no wonder I couldn't find any information about him before, turns out he was a member of the Ghosts." Speaking, Zhu Hong returned to his desk, took out a document from the drawer, and handed it to Zhang Xueli, "Miss Zhang, this is my next step plan. Take a look and see if there's anything that needs to be improved."

Zhang Xueli glanced over the document, "I just arrived in East Sea City and am not very familiar with the situation here, so I can't offer much advice. However, there's a message for you from above – they've invested so much in you, it's time to make a profit for the organization."

"I'm aware of that, which is why I've drawn up this plan. All going well, starting next month, Boyang Company will earn its first pot of gold. I appreciate your ability, Miss Zhang, and since the higher-ups have sent you to assist me, I hope we can work well together. From now on, I will handle the overt matters, and for those that cannot see the light of day... I'll have to trouble Miss Zhang."

...

It was unclear how much time had passed, but finally, Ling Chen awoke from his coma in a daze.

Opening his eyes, he turned his head, and immediately, a stunningly beautiful face entered his vision.

"Yao..." He opened his mouth and struggled to sit up, but pain shot through his waist the instant he moved, causing him to grimace.

"Stay down, lie down," Liu Xiyao pressed his shoulders with a gentle voice, "Your injuries are severe; you need to rest more."

Ling Chen mustered a faint smile, "Yao, thank you."

He still remembered that night when he climbed onto the dock, he saw two tall women on a yacht. Those two women he had seen in the bar, both were Liu Xiyao's bodyguards, which is why he called them for help.

Luckily, they found him and provided timely treatment; otherwise, it was hard to say whether he could have survived.

"What happened to you?" Liu Xiyao asked with a slight frown and a bit of confusion, "Didn't you tell me you were on a trip with friends? Where are those friends?"

"That... just an accident, purely accidental," Ling Chen said with a forced smile.

As soon as Liu Xiyao wanted to ask more, he quickly changed the subject, "By the way, Yao, how long have I been unconscious?"

"Almost four days now."

"Oh, four days... what? Four days?" Ling Chen's expression changed, and he shot up abruptly, the sharp movement causing unbearable pain to his wound, nearly making him cry out.

"Don't move, I told you," Liu Xiyao said urgently, "Lie back down!"

Under the commanding tone of her voice, Ling Chen gave an embarrassed smile and quickly lay back down.

He had been unconscious for four days, and that spelled big trouble. When evacuating that day, he had told Tang Yuan that if he didn't reach the rendezvous point within two days, it meant he couldn't make it back. Now, four days had passed and Tang Yuan would surely think he had perished after being out of touch.

With this in mind, he hurriedly said, "Yao, could I borrow your phone to contact a friend of mine?"

Liu Xiyao took out her phone from her pocket, handed it to him, then lifted the hem of her dress and stood up, "I'll get you some water."

"Thanks."

Saying that, Ling Chen unlocked the phone, switched to the dial screen, ready to dial Tang Yuan's number to inform him he was still alive. However, before he began to dial, his eyes were drawn to the call log in the phone.

Could this really be a coincidence?

While his mind raced, Liu Xiyao came back carrying a cup of tea. Seeing him lying on the bed in a daze, she asked, "What's wrong?"

"Oh... nothing. Yao, could I trouble you to get me something to eat? I haven't eaten in days and am pretty hungry."

"No problem, I'll have someone prepare something for you."

As Liu Xiyao left the room, the smile on Ling Chen's face instantly vanished, and he quickly dialed a number.

More than ten minutes passed, and Liu Xiyao walked back in through the door, carrying a steaming bowl of corn porridge and several slices of pineapple bread. However, when she entered, she discovered that the bed was empty except for a messy quilt. Ling Chen was nowhere to be seen.

"Ling Chen?"

She called out, but receiving no response, she hurriedly put down the corn porridge and pineapple bread, and turned to leave the room to call for help in finding Ling Chen.

But just as she turned around, she suddenly saw the room door being shut by a hand. The hand's owner was none other than Ling Chen, and to her surprise, not only had he closed the door, but he had also locked it from inside.

Witnessing Ling Chen staring intently at her with a piercing gaze, Liu Xiyao's brows furrowed slightly, unable to help but ask, "What are you going to do?"

Chapter 209: The Unbearable to Look Back At Past Events

"Yao, I trusted you so much, yet you deceived me."

"What are you talking about? I don't understand what you mean."

Ling Chen said with a smile that was not quite a smile, "Would you really not know?" As he spoke, he lifted the cell phone and waved it in front of Liu Xiyao, "Others might find it hard to notice, but it's a pity you encountered me. The call log shows that four days ago, you made a phone call at seven in the evening."

Liu Xiyao replied indifferently, "Is it strange to make a phone call? Even if I'm a businessperson, it's normal for anyone to make calls."

"True! However, the number you called was not saved with a name, and furthermore, I checked the call log: you have dialed that number twice, once was five days ago, after we met in the bar, and the other

time I just mentioned, four days ago, with a call duration of one minute. Just now, I had a friend check that number for me, it's registered under the surname Zhang, and you know her given name without me needing to say it."

At this point, Ling Chen's expression turned cold as he gave a self-mocking smile, "I always treated you as a friend, but you sold me out in secret. After we met at the bar that day, it was you who called Zhang Xueli, right?"

Liu Xiyao looked straight into his eyes, her expression still calm, "How did you come to suspect me?"

"Maybe I never told you that I'm a very suspicious person, perhaps due to my line of work, so I approach many things with skepticism. When I saw that call log, I wondered if it was just a coincidence."

Ling Chen explained. That day at the factory, his whereabouts were exposed and he was captured by Zhang Xueli, and confined in a room. According to their plan, the action was to start at seven in the evening. At that time, he was with Zhang Xueli in the room. He distinctly remembered that she had received a phone call, right around seven o'clock. Moreover, the length of the phone call Zhang Xueli received was about a minute, which matched the one from Liu Xiyao's cell phone precisely.

Of course, before he investigated the number, he thought all of this could be a coincidence. But after recalling his conversation with Zhang Xueli that day, he immediately became more suspicious of Liu Xiyao.

Zhang Xueli had said that she originally wanted to let him off the hook, so she deliberately created an opportunity for him to escape. When she spoke, she mentioned someone, and it was because of that person that she decided to spare him.

Based on his suspicions, if that person was Liu Xiyao, then everything made sense. It was on account of these elements that he called Tang Yuan to have him check the owner of that phone number, confirming his suspicions.

When Tang Yuan told him that the number was registered to Zhang Xueli, he couldn't believe it, even subconsciously rejected the result.

He couldn't fathom why Liu Xiyao would have any connection with the God Organization.

"I thought I had concealed it deeply enough not to be noticed by you, but you still found out. Those who come from the shadows are indeed extraordinary." Liu Xiyao smiled helplessly, and took a seat by the couch, on her own accord.

"Why?" Ling Chen was gazing at her delicate face, his fists unconsciously clenched.

"Because everything I have now was given to me by them."

Ling Chen frowned and asked, "Were you poisoned by someone as a premeditated plan to lure me into a trap?"

"You're overthinking it. That day at the club was my first time meeting you. I had no idea who you were, so how could I make a move against you. As for being poisoned, that was because of my personal vendetta, it has nothing to do with my background."

Pausing for a moment, Liu Xiyao continued, "Decades ago, there was a prominent family in the south with three brothers. The eldest and the second brother were in charge of managing the family's businesses, only the youngest brother was irresponsible, enjoying flirting around. Subsequently, he cheated during his marriage, fell in love with another woman, and fathered a daughter. However, within the big family, the identity of a illegitimate daughter would never be accepted, and since the youngest brother's wife came from a powerful background, he dared not offend her, much less bring the illegitimate daughter home."

"Although they were not recognized, the mother and daughter didn't care and lived their own quiet lives. But their existence deeply angered someone. You know who that is without me saying. The youngest brother's wife was born into a distinguished family, a person of status, but she had health problems and was infertile. If the affair of the mother and daughter were to be known publicly, it would undoubtedly tarnish her reputation and make her a laughingstock in high society. For someone of status, face is everything. So, she forced her husband to make the mother and daughter disappear forever."

"The man was hesitant and reluctant to act. So, his wife decided to deal with it herself. One night, while the mother and daughter were strolling on the street, they were suddenly blocked by several men,

dragged forcefully to a small grove. There, the little girl was muffled by hands and watched with her own eyes as her mother was brutally violated by a gang, struggling on the brink of death. Not only that, those beasts even thought to lay hands on the little girl. But at the critical moment, someone stepped forward and saved the little girl. Unfortunately, her mother's injuries were too severe and she bled to death despite efforts to save her."

"Since then, the little girl who lost her mother lived with the man who saved her, leaving Huaxia. However, the events of that night always lingered in her mind, haunting her with nightmares every night. One day, her rescuer asked her if she wanted revenge, and she nodded her head. From that moment, the little girl began learning the ways of the nobility, dealing with high society individuals. It wasn't until a decade later, now a grown woman, that she was allowed by the man to return to Huaxia."

Listening to Liu Xiyao recounting the story, Ling Chen felt deep sympathy for the little girl. He was well aware that the little girl mentioned by Liu Xiyao was none other than herself.

Looking at Liu Xiyao's calm face, he didn't know what to say. One could imagine how much pain Liu Xiyao held inside. Yet, during the recounting, there was no fluctuation in her eyes, as if she was narrating something unrelated.

Perhaps Liu Xiyao had grown accustomed to living with hatred, which allowed her to remain so composed.

"The man you mentioned, is he a member of the God Organization?"

Liu Xiyao nodded lightly, "Correct. I could survive, including everything I have today, all because of him."

"So you're willing to be an accomplice, helping him harm others?"

Chapter 210 Cooperation

"That was not my intention, I never thought of harming anyone, but when faced with kindness, how could I refuse to help without being ungrateful?"

"But do you know that because of you, my dear brother was killed." Ling Chen sternly said, clenching his fists, struggling to control his emotions. Thinking of the gruesome death of his friend, the rage within him burst forth uncontrollably, wishing he could immediately avenge his brother.

However, looking at Liu Xiyao in front of him, he couldn't bring himself to do it, torn incredibly inside.

Even without considering their past friendship, his life was saved by Liu Xiyao, he couldn't possibly kill his lifesaver. He couldn't do something like repaying kindness with ingratitude.

Liu Xiyao raised her head, her eyes calm like still water, not a ripple in sight, "I know what you are hesitating about. Since you already know my identity, then I might as well be clear, it was me who informed Zhang Xueli and leaked your whereabouts."

Ling Chen frowned slightly and asked, "How did you know I was with the Ghosts?"

"I guessed. From the first day I met you, I knew you were no ordinary person. Just by showing up in Cyprus at this time, anyone with a brain would suspect. I have a great responsibility for your friend's death, and if you want to seek revenge, you can do so anytime."

"I don't want to repay kindness with enmity, at least not now." Ling Chen said coldly, "What is your role in the God Organization?"

"I don't have a role."

"How could you get Zhang Xueli to spare me if you have no role?"

"Now that things have come to this point, I have no reason to lie to you anymore. Zhang Xueli listens to me not because of my role, but because of the person behind me."

Hearing this, Ling Chen immediately understood and said solemnly, "That man who saved you?"

Liu Xiyao nodded, "He is a high-ranking official in the organization, everyone knows I was raised by him personally, so they all give me some face."

"Where is he, what's his name?"

"Sorry, I can't say that. If it were you, I believe you wouldn't betray your benefactor either."

"You..." Ling Chen was at a loss for words. After thinking for a moment, he said, "Alright, I won't ask about him. Since you've been in the God Organization for so many years, then you must be quite familiar with it."

"Do you want me to help you deal with the God Organization?"

"Exactly, this is what you owe me."

Liu Xiyao hesitated for a moment and said, "I indeed know some things, but they won't be of much help to you. Ling Chen, the power of the God Organization is far beyond your imagination, you will never know how deep this pond really is. I once heard that man mention the Ghosts; he said that the original God Organization was destroyed by the Ghosts. But they have learned their lesson. For decades, the God Organization has never disappeared, always operating in the shadows, secretly expanding their forces. You can't imagine how vast the network of the God Organization is. Over the years, the God Organization has infiltrated every country, reaching across military, government, and business sectors. If they want, they could overthrow a country's government overnight."

Hearing this, Ling Chen was somewhat surprised. He knew the God Organization was strong, but he hadn't expected it to be this powerful.

"If you know about the original God Organization, then I can tell you that the current organization is several times, even tens of times, more powerful than before. Over the years, I've followed that man, and what I've seen is just the tip of the iceberg of the God Organization. Not to mention you, even the entire Ghosts wouldn't stand a chance against the God Organization."

"The Ghosts have state backing, will they be afraid of them? Besides, the enemies of the God Organization should not be just us. As long as we unite, we will sooner or later destroy it."

"That's just what you think, only if you really understand the God Organization will you know how terrifying it is."

Ling Chen was somewhat unconvinced, in his view, no organization could compete with a nation.

"What is the God Organization's plan?"

"I don't know, they are involved in a wide range of industries, almost every field. However, their biggest industry is drug production, that's their main source of income."

"Is Boyang Pharmaceutical Company a property of the God Organization?"

"Yes." Liu Xiyao nodded slightly, "In addition to Boyang Company, many other pharmaceutical companies are secretly controlled by the God Organization, they almost control forty percent of the world's drug production, making huge profits. With such substantial financial support, the development of the God Organization has been very rapid."

"What is your task within the organization?"

"To make as many connections with high society as possible, enter their circles and then provide information about these people to the higher-ups."

"What about Zhu Hong?" Ling Chen asked, "If I'm not mistaken, Zhu Hong should be from the same organization as you."

"Zhu Hong... you better not provoke him, otherwise you will only get burned."

"Why?" Ling Chen was surprised, he had clashed with Zhu Hong more than once and to be honest, he didn't consider Zhu Hong a significant threat.

"Zhu Hong is not simple, don't be fooled by his appearance. As for his special skills, I'm not very sure, I never interacted with him, just heard about him occasionally. Zhu Hong, being so young, has stood out from many competitors and was entrusted with important tasks by the organization, do you think such a person could be simple?"

Ling Chen nodded privately, the point indeed had some truth.

After pondering for a while, he looked at Liu Xiyao and said, "I won't kill you for now, but that doesn't mean I forgive you. I hope you can cooperate with me, and help me deal with the God Organization."

"Okay!" Liu Xiyao agreed without hesitation, "The man is the one I am indebted to, not the God Organization, but I have a condition. I help you deal with the God Organization, and you help me deal with my enemies."

Ling Chen said puzzledly, "With such a powerful backing behind you, do you still need my help?"

"It's a personal grudge, they won't waste energy on such matters. Over the years, I have been looking for an opportunity for revenge. Before coming back to the country, I thought I had enough capability to retaliate against them, but these years, not only have I made progress, but they have also developed and become even stronger than before; I must seek help."

"Alright, it's a deal!"

Saying this, Ling Chen picked up his phone, walked aside, dialed a number, and put it to his ear.

"What are you doing?"

"Of course, calling back home."

Liu Xiyao indifferently advised, "I suggest you don't let too many people know you're still alive."

"Why?"

"Zhang Xueli thought you were dead and has already reported it to the higher-ups. Moreover, according to the information I received, Zhang Xueli has already headed to East Sea City. If you want to deal with the God Organization, it's better to operate in the shadows, turning passive into active."

Ling Chen thought about it and nodded, "I understand."