

The Beauty 271

Chapter 271 - Betrayal of a Loved One

The silver needle pierced into her skin, and Nanrong Wanqing felt only a slight sting at her neck as if bitten by a mosquito. Subconsciously, she reached to touch it, her beautiful eyes looking at Jiang Ying with confusion.

"Auntie, you..." Before she could finish speaking, she suddenly felt her head heavy, the brightness before her eyes rapidly dimming, her consciousness growing increasingly blurred, her body feeling as though it was filled with lead, extremely heavy, without even the strength to lift her hands.

Seeing Nanrong Wanqing's head drooping, her arms hanging down, Jiang Ying gently patted her shoulder, calling out close to her ear, "Wanqing, Wanqing."

Half a minute passed, and seeing that she was still unresponsive, Jiang Ying slightly relaxed, her eyes complex as she gazed at her, murmuring to herself, "Wanqing, don't blame me, this is for your own good." With that, she briskly walked over to her desk, picked up the phone, and dialed the secretary Wang Lan.

"Xiaolan, go to my office, there's a document in the right-hand drawer, help me fetch it, the chairman wants to see it now."

After giving the instructions, she pushed the wheelchair to the door, cracked it open slightly, waited for Wang Lan to leave, and then took Nanrong Wanqing into the chairman's private elevator. The elevator began to move slowly, and shortly afterward, the two arrived directly at the underground parking garage.

Jiang Ying stepped out of the elevator first, and a motor home immediately drove over from a nearby parking space, stopping in front of them.

Whoosh!

The car door slid open, and two burly men quickly jumped out, transferring the wheelchair into the vehicle. Once everyone was in, the motor home did not pause, immediately heading for the exit.

Merging into the traffic, Jiang Han in the vehicle glanced at the unconscious Nanrong Wanqing, his lips curling into a smug smile.

"Niece, well done, I knew you wouldn't disappoint me."

Jiang Ying's lips moved as if she wanted to say something, but upon catching a glimpse of Nanrong Wanqing out of the corner of her eye, her emotions became flickering and uncertain—guilt, relief, anticipation, an indescribable taste. In the end, she chose silence.

At this moment, Jiang Han reached out, lifted Nanrong Wanqing's chin, her beautiful face fully revealed before him without hindrance. He gently caressed her fair, buttery cheeks, his gaze unabashedly roving over her elegant figure, admiring, his mouth continually letting out 'tsk tsk' sounds of appreciation, his chilly eyes emitting a strange light, like a primal flame burning.

"Truly, a golden flower of East Sea City, no one could fault this beauty, such a pity..." His lips slightly curved upward, his words trailing off, but the implication was clear.

Jiang Ying's face stiffened, quickly saying, "What are you talking about? Don't forget, she's your cousin."

Jiang Han snorted inwardly, so what if she's a cousin? The Jiang Family of Yangcheng came to be the enormous entity it is today because they had been practicing intermarriage within the family for centuries to sustain their lineage, ensuring that the clan's blood ran through everyone, maintaining absolute unity. Although such things were scarce in modern times, they were not nonexistent. Of course, he did not show this before Jiang Ying, merely saying indifferently, "Niece, why so nervous, I was just speaking off the cuff. Don't worry, I won't do anything to her before she meets the Family Head." After speaking, he lifted the corner of his lips, thinking to himself that if she couldn't meet the Family Head's expectations, she would eventually be abandoned by the Jiang Family. By that time, he could play with her as he wished, and no one would care.

Thinking about this exciting prospect, his body involuntarily reacted.

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Hongyu Group headquarters.

Ding!

The elevator doors opened, and Ling Chen, expression stern, hurried out with Zhong Wei and Liang Zhao Hui, heading straight for the chairman's office.

"Mr. Ling." The secretary Wang Lan, who had been waiting at the door, hastened over to greet the three people as they approached, with an anxious expression.

Ling Chen glanced at the empty office and asked, "Lan, what's going on? Where is the chairman?"

"I... I don't know." Wang Lan's eyes were slightly red, and she was almost in tears with urgency. "Manager Jiang came by just now and asked me to fetch a document from her office, saying the chairman wanted to see it. But I searched for a long time and couldn't find it. When I returned to ask for clarification, both the chairman and Manager Jiang were gone. I thought they had gone to inspect the department's work, so I didn't think much of it. However, it has been half an hour now, and the chairman has not returned, and her phone is unreachable. Five minutes ago, the chairman was supposed to have a meeting. She has never missed a meeting without reason, let alone being late, so I'm worried that something might have happened."

"Manager Jiang... do you mean Jiang Ying?" Ling Chen's face changed slightly, and he had an uneasy premonition.

"Liang, take Wei Jun and the others to patrol the building to see if you can find the chairman. Captain Zhong, come with me to check the surveillance footage." With that, Ling Chen and Zhong Wei hurried to the security department's monitoring room.

The surveillance footage from half an hour ago was pulled up, and Ling Chen focused on the screen, filtering through it frame by frame. Soon, he noticed that Jiang Ying had used her work card to pass through the underground parking lot's access control. Through the parking lot's surveillance footage, a motorhome caught his eye.

The license plate of the motorhome was from East Sea City, and the model was a Toyota Alphard. Since the windows were tinted with a film, it was impossible to see clearly inside the vehicle through the

surveillance. Moreover, the other party was cunning, always deliberately avoiding the camera's range and parking in the blind spots.

In addition, the timing of the motorhome's entry and exit matched perfectly with Nanrong Wanqing's disappearance. It was clear to conclude that Nanrong Wanqing must be in that vehicle.

The Jiang Family!

Ling Chen's eyebrows were knotted, and a cold chill flashed in his dark pupils.

Nanrong Wanqing disappeared after meeting with Jiang Ying. This matter was definitely related to the Jiang Family. As for the person behind this, who else if not Jiang Han?

However, what infuriated him the most was Jiang Ying. Nanrong Wanqing treated her like family, yet she took advantage of this trust and secretly kidnapped Nanrong Wanqing. He could protect Nanrong Wanqing from harm by outsiders, but he could not prevent betrayal by a family member.

"Ling Chen, should we call the police?"

"It's no use," Ling Chen stated solemnly. "I know who took the chairman, but we don't have evidence to prove it, and the police won't investigate the Jiang Family based on just our word. Besides, the Jiang Family is located in Yangcheng, outside of East Sea City's jurisdiction. By the time they coordinate, it will be too late."

"Are you certain they will take the chairman to Yangcheng?"

Ling Chen nodded. Last time Jiang Han went to the Nanrong Family to cause trouble, he repeatedly stated that he wanted to take Nanrong Wanqing back to the Jiang Family. Now that he has kidnapped her, he will surely rush back to Yangcheng to report.

Looking at the time, over forty minutes have passed. By now, Jiang Han is probably already out of the city, and it is too late to pursue.

Yangcheng... it seems a trip to Yangcheng is imperative.

"Captain Zhong, you and Liang prepare to accompany me to Yangcheng. Let's keep this matter to ourselves for now, including to the elderly master; nobody is to breathe a word. If they ask, tell them that we're accompanying the chairman to a meeting and won't be back for a few days. Also, give Lana heads-up to keep it quiet."

"Alright, I understand."

The reason for not informing the Nanrong Family about this incident is, firstly, to avoid worrying everyone, and secondly, as Nanrong Wanqing is the chairman of the Hongyu Group, if the outside world learned she was in trouble, it could unnerve the employees and affect the company.

Chapter 272 - Jiang Family on the Move

Night falls.

Yangcheng.

As one of the top three economically ranked cities in the country, Yangcheng's prosperity is no less than that of East Sea City. If East Sea City is an international metropolis, then Yangcheng should be the confluence of the nation's elites. According to incomplete statistics, over half of Yangcheng's residents are migrants. Due to Yangcheng's number one industrial scale in the country, many people from within the nation flock to Yangcheng for work, seeking a livelihood.

Nanyang Coast is the name of a luxurious villa district.

Although there is no real coastline, there is an artificial sandy beach and a man-made lake at the center of the villa district. The azure lake water gently ripples with the evening breeze, creating waves that softly lap against the sandy beach, making murmuring water sounds.

At this time, a motorhome drove into the entrance of Nanyang Coast, following the flat road all the way into the depths of the villa complex. There, a mansion sprawling thousands of acres was brightly lit.

The motorhome arrived outside the mansion, and two suit-clad security staff quickly approached. On seeing Jiang Han's face in the vehicle window, their demeanor immediately became respectful, addressing him as 'Mr. Jiang', and then waving toward the security room.

Instantly, an iron gate three meters high and more than six meters wide was pulled open from the middle, slowly moving to both sides, revealing a quiet road.

Inside the mansion, lush trees hid several villas of different styles—European, Gothic, and even a historic Siheyuan. Winding cobblestone paths thread through them, crisscrossing in all directions, connecting each villa.

At the center of several villas, there was also a huge fountain, from which water columns sprouted from the ground to mid-air, forming countless water arcs that interweave, converging into a beautiful canvas.

Around the fountain, more than a dozen security personnel paced back and forth, surveying the safety outside the villas.

The motorhome passed through several checkpoints, driving straight to the heart of the mansion, stopping outside the Siheyuan. The two security staff at the door immediately approached, courteously opened the car door, stood beside it with a slight bow, and respectfully said, "Mr. Jiang."

Jiang Han looked at Nanrong Wanqing inside the car with an expressionless face and instructed, "Qiu Wu, Qiu Wen, take the guests to the living room. Young lady, come with me, let's first visit the Family Head in the study."

Descending from the vehicle, Jiang Ying looked around at the familiar yet unfamiliar surroundings with a somewhat excited expression. After twenty years away, she had finally returned home. Before she knew it, her eyes had reddened slightly, with tears shimmering.

"Young lady," Jiang Han saw her standing motionless and impatiently urged her.

"Coming, coming!" Jiang Ying snapped back to reality and hurriedly followed his footsteps. The thought of meeting the Family Head soon made her feel inexplicably apprehensive.

Entering the Siheyuan, Jiang Ying closely followed Jiang Han's steps and came to a lit study outside. At the door, an old man in his sixties, aged and hunched, stood against the wall. Dressed in a Sun Yat-sen suit, his face was gaunt, standing with hands dangling.

As Jiang Ying approached, the old man slightly lifted his head, his cloudy vision gradually brightening, his voice trembling slightly, "Is... is it the second young lady?"

"Uncle Liu?" Jiang Ying's face brightened with joy as she hurried over, her eyes brimming with hot tears, tightly gripping his withered hands, "Uncle Liu, it's been so many years, you haven't changed at all."

Jiang Han frowned slightly and spoke, "Uncle Liu, you can catch up later. We are here to see the Family Head, please announce our arrival."

"Yes," Uncle Liu responded, turned, and pushed the door to enter.

A few minutes later, Uncle Liu returned from inside the house, nodding towards them, "Go in, the master is waiting for you."

Watching Jiang Han enter the room first, Jiang Ying stood outside the threshold, struggling to calm her emotions.

"Second young lady, go ahead."

Encouraged by Uncle Liu's supportive gaze, Jiang Ying nodded and stepped into the study.

In the bright study, a bookcase was placed in front of each of the four walls, brimming with densely packed books. Next to a pearwood desk sat an elderly man, around seventy years old, with a full head of silver hair, dressed in a green Tang-style suit, his face square, his thick eyebrows slightly raised, exuding an aura of authority without anger. Despite his advanced age, time had not left many traces on his face; he had the youthful look of an old man, with bright and piercing eyes, bursting with vigor.

At the moment, he was holding a book, engrossed in reading, seemingly unaware of the two additional people in the study.

Looking at that familiar face, Jiang Ying couldn't help but lower her head, her body tense, not even daring to breathe.

"Family Head!" Jiang Han greeted with a smile, respectfully.

The old man did not look up, "Has the person been brought back?"

"I've only brought back Nanrong Wanqing. She was uncooperative, so I had to use a bit of force."

"What about Nanrong Hao?"

"Family Head, that useless waste isn't worth mentioning, bringing him back would be a waste of time."

"You may leave now."

Jiang Han glanced at Jiang Ying beside him and replied, "Yes." After speaking, he turned and left the study.

Once he had left, the old man put down the book in his hand, his gaze lifted slightly, staring straight at Jiang Ying, his eyes flickering with sharpness, yet he said nothing for a long time.

"Fa... Family Head..." Jiang Ying's lips quivered slightly as she struggled to utter these two words.

The old man snorted softly, his tone neither cold nor warm, "After more than twenty years, is it really that difficult for you to call me 'Dad'?"

Jiang Ying's face changed slightly, she hastily corrected, "No, it's not like that, I..."

"Enough." The old man waved his hand, cutting her off, "The past is in the past, I don't want to reopen old wounds. You've had a tough twenty years, from now on stay at home."

"Thank you, Dad, thank you," Jiang Ying said, her face filled with emotion.

"Let's go, accompany me to meet the misbegotten daughter of the Nanrong Family." The old man stood up and strode out of the study.

In the drawing room of the Siheyuan, the marble floor glistened, the pure white ceiling was adorned with a huge crystal chandelier, and the walls were decorated with tasteful oil paintings and landscape paintings. In addition to the luxurious decor, the various pieces of furniture also exuded opulence.

Surrounding the living room, several young and delicate female attendants stood against the wall, ready to serve the master at any moment.

Accompanied by Jiang Ying, the old man entered the living room, his gaze immediately captivated by Nanrong Wanqing seated in the wheelchair. Looking at her stunningly beautiful face, the old man was struck by a sense of déjà vu and stood frozen on the spot.

"Qing'e..."

Hearing the old man's murmurs, Jiang Ying gently reminded, "Dad, she is my sister's daughter, Wanqing, not my sister herself."

Upon hearing the word 'daughter,' a frosty expression spread across the old man's face, and a fierce gleam flashed in his eyes, as he walked directly towards the sofa in front of Nanrong Wanqing.

After taking a seat, he gave a knowing glance to Jiang Han, who had been waiting in the living room. Understanding the cue, Jiang Han took out a bottle from his pocket, unscrewed the cap, and held it under Nanrong Wanqing's nose.

The pungent smell wafted through the air, and Nanrong Wanqing, who had been unconscious, immediately awoke.

Chapter 273 - Jiang Family Patriarch

Looking at the unfamiliar surroundings, Nanrong Wanqing's brows furrowed slightly, and her beautiful eyes swept over Jiang Han and Jiang Ying before settling on the old man.

Their eyes met, her lips parted, and she spoke with an indifferent tone: "So, the Jiang Family also only knows to resort such low and shameful means."

"How dare you!" Jiang Han reprimanded, "This is the Jiang Family's territory; you better show some respect."

"Wanqing, we had no other choice, you..."

"That's enough." Nanrong Wanqing said coldly, "Aunt, to think I trusted you so much, regarded you as family, yet you treat me this way."

Jiang Ying quickly tried to explain: "Wanqing, I did it for your own good."

"That's from your perspective. Aunt, don't forget, my surname is Nanrong, not Jiang. The affairs of the Nanrong Family don't need the Jiang Family to make decisions for me."

"You're just as stubborn and willful as your mother, always wanting to have your own way, not listening to anyone's advice," the old man said. "Don't blame them; it was my command to bring you to the Jiang Family by any means necessary." He paused, then introduced himself, "My name is Jiang Kun, you should know who I am."

"The Jiang Family Patriarch."

"The Jiang Family Patriarch?" Jiang Kun smiled faintly, "Can't you address me differently?"

Nanrong Wanqing replied coldly, "If you want me to call you 'Grandfather', I'm sorry, I can't. If you really considered me your granddaughter, you wouldn't have 'invited' me to the Jiang Family in such a manner."

"It seems you harbor quite some resentment." Jiang Kun said unconcernedly, "I don't care whether you call me Grandfather or not; what I care about is you and the things I need from you. Jiang Han, bring the people in."

"Yes." Jiang Han nodded, walked aside, and dialed a number on his phone.

Shortly after, several doctors in white coats carrying medical cases came in from outside.

"Family Head."

Jiang Kun pointed at Nanrong Wanqing and said, "Don't waste time, hurry up and take her blood sample."

As a doctor in a white coat approached with a syringe, Nanrong Wanqing quickly raised her hand to push them away. However, her resistance was swiftly stopped by two other doctors in white coats, who held down her arms firmly, rolled up her sleeve, exposing her fair arm.

Then, the sharp needle pierced her skin, the plunger of the syringe slowly drew back, and her fresh blood was quickly drawn into it.

After taking the blood, the two doctors in white released her arm, restoring her freedom.

Nanrong Wanqing, covering the spot where the needle had pierced, her pale face showing a trace of frost, stared at Jiang Kun and said word by word, "What are you trying to do?"

"That's none of your concern. Jiang Han, take her to her room and have someone watch her closely."

"Yes, Family Head."

"And, inform your elder brother to strengthen the guard; the Nanrong Family will surely not let this go easily."

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Yangcheng, Baiyun Airport.

At the airport exit, Ling Chen, carrying his luggage on one shoulder, along with Zhong Wei and Liang Zhao Hui, arrived at the roadside and hailed a taxi to head straight for the city.

Half an hour later, the taxi stopped outside a three-star hotel.

Before arriving, Ling Chen had already booked a room. Entering his room, he received a text message. Then, he took out a laptop from his luggage bag, set it up on the coffee table next to the window sill, dialed a number on his cellphone, and turned on the speakerphone.

"Hello, Ling Chen, did you receive the file I sent?"

"Receiving it now." While speaking, the attachment in the email had finished downloading, he double-clicked with the mouse, and a complete architectural blueprint immediately stretched across the screen.

"Fatty, what's this?"

"That's a blueprint of the Jiang Family's buildings. After thorough investigation, two years ago, the Jiang Family had a major reconstruction and renovation, so I hacked into that contractor's computer and got some information."

"You're reliable." Ling Chen spared no praise for his friend. His knowledge of the Jiang Family was almost non-existent, so intelligence was crucial to rescuing Nanrong Wanqing, which is why he asked Hu Fei to help.

"With your skills, infiltrating the Jiang Family shouldn't be too difficult, but keep in mind that the Jiang Family's security system is very comprehensive, covering the entire area. Also, I found out that the Jiang Family owns a security company in Yangcheng which specially trains their personnel. My rough estimate is that the security staff of the Jiang Family is at least around a hundred people."

"That many?" Ling Chen was surprised. It was impressive for the security at an ordinary wealthy household to number more than ten, but the Jiang Family had ten times as many.

"You better be careful, the Jiang Family is not simple. Their influence in Yangcheng is massive. To my knowledge, the Jiang Family has a history of several hundred years in Yangcheng; a long time ago, the ancestors of the Jiang Family were high-ranking officials in Yangcheng and owned many properties. Back then, Yangcheng was practically ruled by the Jiang Family. Those assets were passed down through the generations, leading to the Jiang Family's prosperity today. Given the Jiang Family's position in Yangcheng, calling them a local emperor wouldn't be an exaggeration."

Ling Chen frowned slightly; this Jiang Family was even more difficult to deal with than he had thought. But considering that they could hire the sixth-ranked expert on the Tiger List for personal protection, such a family was inevitably not going to be simple.

"Fatty, continue gathering information for me, I'll observe for a day or two."

"OK, no problem! Hey, I'll keep a tab for these favors, you'd better not back out later."

"Get lost!"

Hanging up the call, Ling Chen studied the architectural blueprints of the Jiang Family's buildings, and then went to bed early to rest, gathering energy for the preparation of the next day.

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The next day.

At eight o'clock in the morning, Ling Chen took a car back to the hotel.

Early in the morning, when it was still dark, he had hurried to the Nanyang Coast, secretly surveying the Jiang Family's movements. But the security of the Jiang Family was impenetrable, and the surroundings

were blocked by walls over three meters high, making it impossible to perceive what was happening inside. It was not just a problem to infiltrate the Jiang Family but to even get close to their estate.

With no other choice after wasting two hours, he had to return without accomplishing his purpose.

Stepping off the car at the hotel entrance, Ling Chen walked up the steps, intending to meet with Zhong Wei and Liang Zhao Hui. However, at that moment, a voice calling "Mr. Ling" caught his attention.

Turning around, he saw a young man approaching head-on. After a once-over, with a hint of doubt, he asked, "Do I know you?"

The young man smiled and said, "Mr. Ling, you don't need to know me." He gestured invitingly with his hand, "Mr. Ling, please follow me, our boss wants to see you."

"Boss? Who?" The man didn't give his name, and Ling Chen was instinctively cautious, hesitant to agree hastily.

The young man seemed not to care about the wariness in his eyes, continuing, "Mr. Ling, you came to Yangcheng to rescue Miss Nanrong, am I right? If you want to successfully rescue Miss Nanrong, it's best that you meet our boss; he might be able to help you."

Chapter 274 - Mr. Yun

Upon hearing the young man's words, Ling Chen became more suspicious. This person not only knew his identity but also his purpose for this trip; he was no ordinary man. Nanrong Wanqing was kidnapped by the Jiang Family, and no more than five people knew about this. Where did this person get his information?

Thinking this, he felt it necessary to meet the young man's boss mentioned earlier, hoping that the mysterious boss could answer his questions.

"Lead the way."

"This way, please!"

Arriving at the roadside, the young man pointed to a Cadillac parked not far away, saying, "Mr. Ling, our boss is in the car; he would like to have a private chat with you."

Ling Chen nodded and briskly walked toward the Cadillac, gently knocking on the rear seat window.

Click!

The car door automatically popped open, and Ling Chen bent down to get in. A faint scent of a cigar immediately hit his nose.

Looking at the middle-aged man next to him, dressed in a crisp suit, approximately in his forties or fifties, with a refined and scholarly face and a stable demeanor. From his slightly plump facial contours, one could tell that he was quite a handsome man in his youth.

Additionally, Ling Chen noticed something peculiar. The man wore a leather glove on his left hand but not on his right hand, where instead he wore a wedding ring. It seemed odd, as in Huaxia tradition, men wore wedding rings on the left hand, the opposite of what this middle-aged man did.

While Ling Chen was sizing up the man, he, too, was observing Ling Chen, constantly wearing a gentle smile, his eyes seeming like those of an elder looking at a younger relative.

"Who are you? I don't remember ever meeting you." Ling Chen took the initiative to ask.

"You can call me Mr. Yun, and furthermore, it's our first meeting, so it's normal that you don't recognize me."

Ling Chen did not let his guard down; the middle-aged man before him was too mysterious, even unwilling to reveal his identity, making him difficult to trust.

"You seem to know a lot about me."

"That's not the question you should be asking now; don't forget your main purpose for coming to Yangcheng." Mr. Yun took a Cuban cigar from the armrest box, placed it in his mouth, and seemed unperturbed by Ling Chen's scrutinizing gaze.

"Do you have a way to help me rescue Nanrong Wanqing?"

"Of course, it all depends on what you are willing to give."

Without hesitation, Ling Chen said, "As long as she can be rescued safe and sound, I am willing to bear any cost."

"Good!" Mr. Yun seemed pleased with his attitude and nodded, "Wanqing has good judgment. Ling Chen, I am here to remind you, what you see of the Jiang Family is not the real Jiang Family. You are still far from understanding their power. Before they do that to Wanqing, you must rescue her."

"What do you mean?"

Mr. Yun opened his mouth but then shook his head, "You don't need to know too much. All I can tell you is two words: bloodline. The Jiang Family places great importance on nurturing their bloodline; it is their foundation. Hence, for the sake of bloodline inheritance, the Jiang Family is capable of anything."

Ling Chen was puzzled. Although Nanrong Wanqing was related to the Jiang Family, she was a collateral relative, whereas someone like Jiang Han was a direct relative of the Jiang Family. Normally, bloodline inheritance should fall to direct successors; why was it happening to Nanrong Wanqing?

Seeing his confusion, Mr. Yun explained, "The bloodline inheritance of the Jiang Family is different from other families; you won't understand it all at once. Just focus on what you need to do now." Having said this, he took a box-shaped metal object out of his jacket pocket, about the size of a cigarette pack, with a touch-control device installed on it.

"Take this."

Ling Chen took it in his hands, curiously examining it, and asked, "What is this?"

"This is the only thing I can help you with. With your ability, finding Wanqing shouldn't be hard, but the difficult part is getting her out. If you run into trouble, Wanqing's fingerprint can unlock this box, and inside you will find what you need. Alright, I've said what I needed to; you can go now. I'll wish you success in advance."

"One last question, what is your relationship with Wanqing?" Ling Chen looked directly into Mr. Yun's eyes, hoping to discern something from his gaze.

However, Mr. Yun's eyes were as calm as water, showing no extra emotional fluctuations, always maintaining a faint smile.

"That question... I'll tell you next time we meet." After saying this, he turned his head to look out of the car window, no longer continuing the conversation.

Ling Chen knew he wouldn't get any more information, so he decided not to waste more time and pushed the door open to get out of the Cadillac. Soon after he left, the young man earlier got into the driver's seat, started the car, and while looking at Mr. Yun in the rearview mirror, asked, "Boss, do you think he can succeed?"

"Fifty-fifty." Mr. Yun spoke indifferently: "It would be best if he succeeds; I'm not ready to reveal my strength too soon, which could alert the Jiang Family." Saying this, his gaze turned slightly cold, his tone revealing a hint of chill, "The Jiang Family must be desperate, otherwise, they wouldn't pin their hopes on Wanqing. This time, it was my oversight for not expecting them to make a move on Wanqing."

"Notify them to be ready at all times. If Ling Chen fails, have them step in. No matter the cost, nothing must happen to Wanqing."

"Yes, boss."

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Jiang Family.

Jiang Kun sat in the study room, looking at a man in a white lab coat standing in front of the desk, and asked, "Are the test results out?"

"Yes, the results are ready. The compatibility is as high as ninety-four percent."

"Ninety-four?" Jiang Kun immediately stood up from his chair, excitement overflowing, laughing repeatedly, "Good, good, too good, even higher than her mother's compatibility. It seems the future of our Jiang Family is secure. Go on, call Jiang Han for me."

Before long, Jiang Han appeared in the study room.

"Family Head, you wanted to see me?"

Jiang Kun changed from his usual seriousness, walked to his side, kindly patted his shoulder, and said with a smile, "Jiang Han, grandpa has something good to entrust to you."

"What good thing?"

Jiang Kun whispered a few words into his ear; it was unclear what he said, but Jiang Han's eyes brightened, and his face immediately displayed a look of surprise, excitedly asking, "Grandpa... grandpa, is this really okay?"

"With grandpa making decisions for you, what could go wrong? We need to hurry with this matter, let's do it tonight. Get it done, and I can rest easy."

"Yes, I understand, thank you grandpa."

"Alright, go get ready, I'll await your good news tomorrow."

While they were talking, the butler Uncle Liu walked in from outside, whispering into Jiang Kun's ear.

"Hmph! I knew they wouldn't give up easily." Jiang Kun sneered coldly and instructed, "Let Jiang Yu handle this; he knows what to do."

Chapter 275 - Night Raid on Jiang Family (Part 1)

Hotel.

Ling Chen sat alone in the guest room, fiddling with the metal box Mr. Yun had given him, quietly guessing what could be inside.

At that moment, the ringing of the mobile phone on the table began, he glanced at it and casually pressed the answer button.

"Tang Yuan, where are you?"

"Yufeng Hotel, how much longer until you arrive?"

"Almost there, I'm already in a taxi. Wait for me, I'll be right over."

After hanging up, Ling Chen felt slightly relieved. The situation this time was quite special, so he had asked Tang Yuan to come help. Even though he had Zhong Wei and Liang Zhao Hui by his side, their abilities were limited and couldn't offer him the greatest help. Furthermore, Nanrong Wanqing's identity was particularly special, not just as the chairperson of Hongyu Group, but also an important collaborator with the military. Therefore, when he made a request to the old general, the latter immediately sent Tang Yuan over.

Knock knock knock!

The sound of knocking at the door arose. Ling Chen got up and went to the door, opened it, and saw a male waiter pushing a mobile dining table, greeting him with a smile: "Sir, good morning, here is the breakfast you ordered."

"You must be mistaken, I didn't order any breakfast." It was almost nine o'clock, and he had already eaten outside.

The male waiter held the order ticket, puzzled, "No mistake, aren't you Mr. Ling Chen?"

"It's me, but this breakfast..."

"If it's you then it's correct." As he said this, the waiter's mouth curled up slightly, his right hand pulling out a glittering dagger from beneath the tablecloth and thrusting it toward Ling Chen's chest with lightning speed.

This sudden crisis caused Ling Chen's pupils to shrink, and almost subconsciously, he slightly tilted his body. A flash of cold light, and the dagger passed through the clothing on his shoulder with a slight tearing sound, but did not harm his skin.

Seeing this, the waiter slightly startled, not expecting Ling Chen to dodge. Before he could swing the dagger again, Ling Chen had already shouted loudly, lunged forward, grabbed the waiter's wrist holding the dagger with one hand, and clenched his other fist, swinging it fiercely, smashing it into the waiter's cheek, knocking him down to the ground.

Ptui!

Ling Chen spat contemptuously. Damn it, they still want to assassinate me. I'm the originator in this business.

Swearing aside, this assassination incident still made him vigilant. He dragged the waiter into the room and searched him, but found nothing that could prove his identity. Clearly, the opponent was very cautious in his actions.

But there was no need to think too much to know, it must be someone sent by the Jiang Family. In this unfamiliar place, it was impossible to encounter his own enemies, and since his trip to Yangcheng was very secretive, those bounty assassins could not have tracked him here either, who else could it be other than the Jiang Family?

It seems Hu Fei was right, the Jiang Family has a substantial influence in Yangcheng. I had just arrived for a day, and they had already grasped my whereabouts and made such a swift move, it has to be said, they handle things very efficiently.

While pondering, Ling Chen came to the guest room where Zhong Wei and Liang Zhao Hui were staying and knocked on the door.

As the door just opened, a fist immediately shot out from inside, heading straight for his face. His quick eyes and hands immediately caught the wrist of the assailant, stopping the punch, and shouted, "It's me!"

"Ling Chen?" Zhong Wei, who threw the punch, saw it was him, quickly withdrew his fist, and let him in, explaining, "I thought someone was coming to assassinate us."

"Did you encounter it too?"

Liang Zhao Hui nodded and pointed to the closed bathroom, saying, "Fortunately, we discovered it in time and didn't let him succeed. The person has been knocked out and thrown into the bathroom."

"Our whereabouts have been discovered; we can't stay here any longer. Pack up and leave immediately." Saying this, Ling Chen walked to the window, pulled back the curtains, and glanced downstairs. He saw several buses parked by the road outside the hotel, and dozens of men in suits and sunglasses were getting off and rushing towards the hotel.

"Captain Zhong, Liang, seems like we'll have to stretch our muscles."

As he spoke, Ling Chen picked up a chair, smashed it on the ground, and removed all four wooden legs. The sticks were neither too thick nor too thin, just perfect to handle.

"Follow behind me."

Opening the room door, Ling Chen strode forward, heading straight for the emergency exit. The elevator must have been controlled; now they could only take the stairs. Turning a corner, they heard a crisp

'ding' as the elevator doors opened, and more than twenty suited men charged out from two elevators, wielding expandable batons and aggressively lunging forward.

"Scram!"

Ling Chen roared, swinging both hands, the wooden sticks whistling fiercely through the air, powerfully striking the leading man in a suit who fell to the ground unconscious before he could even scream.

As a top-ranked fighter on the Tiger List, these underlings were insignificant in Ling Chen's eyes. In just a few moments, many lay defeated on the ground; both Zhong Wei and Liang Zhao Hui, who were covering the rear, had no chance to even pick off any leftovers, merely following and watching the whole event.

"Ling Chen, be careful, they might have guns," Zhong Wei reminded.

Hearing this, Ling Chen smirked slightly, not taking it seriously. Except for assassinations, the Jiang Family wouldn't dare to openly use firearms. If things escalated and the government got involved, even with the Jiang Family's influence, they couldn't escape responsibility.

Stepping over a group of wailing suited men, Ling Chen led Zhong Wei and Liang Zhao Hui to the emergency exit and swiftly ran down the stairs.

Just as they exited the hotel, dozens of suited men outside immediately pursued them, attempting to encircle them.

At that moment, a taxi pulled up to the curb, the window rolled down, and Tang Yuan stuck his head out, waving his arms and shouting loudly, "Get in the car!"

Without hesitation, Ling Chen sped up and dove into the front passenger seat.

"Drive, quick!"

As the four urged, the taxi driver quickly pressed the accelerator and sped off in a cloud of dust.

After driving past three intersections and seeing no one catching up, Ling Chen finally relaxed, threw his wooden stick out the window, and grinned, "Old Tang, you really have great timing."

Tang Yuan laughed proudly, "Hehe! It's not about being early, but about being timely. Hey, Tang Yuan, who were those people just now?"

"Jiang Family's enforcers."

"You've been exposed?"

"Yep." Ling Chen nodded, pointing to the side of the road, "Driver, please stop over there."

After getting out of the taxi, the group didn't return to the hotel but found an unregistered roadside inn in an obscure alley.

Upon entering the room, Tang Yuan tossed his backpack onto the bed, and Ling Chen immediately noticed the mattress sag down significantly, feeling curious about what could be so heavy inside.

Seeing Ling Chen's gaze fixed on his backpack, Tang Yuan lifted his lips, a mysterious expression on his face, saying, "This is a good item, but it's not for you to use."

Chapter 276 - Night Raid on Jiang Family (Part 2)

"What's the good stuff?" Urged by Tang Yuan, Ling Chen grew even more curious and reached out to touch it.

Tang Yuan slapped his hand away with a 'snap', guarding the backpack with both hands, looking like a brat who deserved a beating for not sharing.

Ling Chen cursed displeasedly, "Fine, if you won't let me see it, then I don't want to see it." As he said this, he saw Liang Zhao Hui light up a cigarette. He snatched it from his mouth and took two deep drags.

"You don't smoke, do you?"

"Mind your own business, I'm annoyed."

"Alright, alright, enough of that, let's talk business. What's your plan next?"

Ling Chen leaned against the windowsill, smoke swirling from the cigarette in his hand, obscuring his sight. He tried to mimic Liang Zhao Hui and blew a smoke ring, watching it slowly dissolve into the air. Suddenly, he threw the cigarette butt onto the floor and said grimly, "Now that our whereabouts have been exposed, we must act tonight no matter what. We can't give them time to prepare."

"Okay, I'll follow your lead. What do you want to do?"

"Old Tang, you work with Captain Zhong and Liang on the outside to support me, and arrange the escape route. I'll go in to rescue."

"No way!" Tang Yuan shook his head decisively and refused, "That's just rash nonsense. Where's your plan? Just blindly rushing into the Jiang Family like this is looking for death, not a rescue!" As he spoke, he pulled out a file from the backpack and threw it on the bed, "When I came here, I used our organization's resources to check. The Jiang Family bought an advanced security system from abroad two years ago, worth eighty million US dollars. This system can monitor the entire Jiang Family area, including the perimeter wall fitted with induction and acoustic devices. Anyone approaching within five meters of the wall will trigger the alarm. Even if you're lucky enough to avoid the surveillance equipment, you won't escape the eyes of the security staff. There are patrols inside and outside the walls throughout the day, changing shifts every five minutes, rotating regularly."

Ling Chen stared for a moment, his face filled with surprise, "That awesome? The fatty didn't mention this."

"The Jiang Family introduced that system through their connections with the military brass, how would the fatty know about it."

"So, does that mean we can only watch from the outside?"

"That's why I'm telling you to think of a foolproof plan, don't be so impulsive. I know you're worried about Miss Nanrong's safety, but you can't ignore your own safety."

Ling Chen turned away, looking out the window, his brows slightly furrowed as he stared at the soaring high-rises in the distance, pondering his next move. The Jiang Family defense was rigorous, sneaking in was much harder than he had imagined. And now, with limited equipment, they could only rely on individual ability.

"How to get in..."

After pondering for a while, his eyes suddenly lit up as he looked out the window, a bright idea flashing through his mind.

"I've got an idea." Saying so, he immediately took out his notebook and marked the location of the Jiang Family on the map, then scanned the surrounding environment with the Jiang Family at its center.

Tang Yuan and Zhong Wei leaned over the laptop screen, looking at Ling Chen as if deep in thought, "What's your plan?"

Ling Chen grinned, "I'll keep it a secret for now. But before that, I need your help with something. Old Tang, if I remember correctly, there's a military base about a hundred kilometers away from Yangcheng. Contact the General and ask them to send some equipment over. Captain Zhong, Liang, please take a trip to the animal shelter."

"Animal shelter?"

Zhong Wei and Liang Zhao Hui looked at each other, surprised, wondering if they had misheard.

Tang Yuan gestured, "Do as he says. This kid always has tricks up his sleeve."

...

Night fell.

The autumn breeze was mildly cool, brushing lightly.

Inside the Siheyuan of Jiang Family's compound, Jiang Ying hesitated as she stood outside a bedroom, retracting her hand from the doorknob several times. After a moment's hesitation, she finally pushed the door open and went inside.

The spacious bedroom was lit with a lamp, as bright as day.

In the luxuriously decorated room, there was a bed against the wall. On the bed lay a young and beautiful girl, with her hands spread out and feet together, her wrists each wrapped in a rope, affixed to both sides of the headboard, constraining her freedom.

Hearing footsteps from the doorway, the girl did not react, her eyes as brilliant as stars gazing blankly at the ceiling, as if lost in endless contemplation.

Jiang Ying walked gently to the bedside, looking at the dim glow in her eyes, sighed softly, and asked with concern, "Wanqing, are you okay?"

"Apart from not being dead, everything is fine," Nanrong Wanqing replied icily, her voice devoid of emotion.

"Wanqing, don't be like this, I... I didn't mean to hurt you, my initial intention was for your own good, I hope you can understand."

Nanrong Wanqing responded indifferently, "Auntie, I'm not three years old, why bother lying to me with such words, you might as well deceive yourself. Ask yourself, do you really have my best interests at heart without any selfish motives? I know you've wanted to return to the Jiang Family for a long time, after all, you carry the Jiang family blood. I don't blame you, and I have no right to. You were exiled by the Jiang Family for my mother, living outside for more than twenty years. For you, that was a painful thing, I understand your feelings. So, I won't resent you, nor will I hate you. However, starting from today, the Nanrong Family no longer owes you anything."

"Wanqing..." Jiang Ying's lips moved, wanting to say something, but not knowing where to start. She was clearly aware her niece no longer had any affection for her.

Just then, the door was pushed open and several delicate-looking girls carried in a large wooden tub, placing it beside the bed. Then, one after another, they poured hot water into it and sprinkled flower petals on the surface. The room quickly filled with steam and a faint scent of flowers.

Nanrong Wanqing turned her head and saw what the girls were doing, frowning slightly, "What are you doing?"

One of the delicate girls smiled sweetly, "Miss Nanrong, we are here to help you bathe and change."

"I don't need it, thank you!"

The girl said apologetically, "Miss Nanrong, sorry, this is the Master's order, we must carry it out. Please understand." Saying this, she went to the head of the bed and untied the ropes from Nanrong Wanqing's wrists. Then, with the help of the other girls, they lifted Nanrong Wanqing into the tub.

Nanrong Wanqing didn't struggle or resist, letting them strip her. She knew that any defiance was futile here at the Jiang Family, where she was essentially a prisoner under house arrest, with no freedom of her own.

Chapter 277 - Night Raid on Jiang Family (Part 2)

Clothes shed, Nanrong Wanqing sat in the wooden tub with her fragrant shoulders slightly exposed and her fair neck accentuated by the misty steam, adding a touch of hazy beauty.

There was no need for her to move a finger, as several graceful girls gently wiped her body. Jiang Ying watched silently from the side, not uttering a word. However, there seemed to be a hint of inexplicable envy in her eyes.

After the bath, a girl holding a sheer and smooth nightgown draped it over Nanrong Wanqing, covering her graceful figure and wrapping up all the beauty.

Back on the bed, this time, no one tied her up with ropes. Everyone knew that Nanrong Wanqing, with her legs disabled, couldn't possibly run away.

As those girls left the room, Jiang Han entered from outside. It seemed that he had also just taken a bath, his body feeling refreshed, his hair still slightly damp. Walking into the room and seeing Nanrong Wanqing sitting on the bed, Jiang Han's eyes brightened, and his face was unable to hide his excitement and thrill.

Today, when Jiang Kun sought him out, he never expected such a good thing would fall into his lap.

If it weren't for the presence of Jiang Ying, he would have already rushed over in his eagerness.

"Little Aunt, it's time to get down to business, please step aside."

Jiang Ying nodded, glanced at the slightly pale-faced Nanrong Wanqing, sighed silently in her heart, and walked out of the room.

The door closed, and Jiang Han, unable to contain his urge, quickly walked to the bedside. Looking at Nanrong Wanqing, with her charming and aloof demeanor, his mouth curved higher and his eyes grew brighter.

After her bath, Nanrong Wanqing, exuding a faint fragrance that was intoxicating, her fair skin peeking out from beneath the thin nightgown, her silhouette slender, radiated an irresistible charm. Especially that exquisite face, stunningly beautiful, and her skin soft as cream, was even more tempting.

Feeling his invasive gaze, Nanrong Wanqing bit her thin lips, a hint of disgust flashed in her beautiful eyes, and her small hand gripped the sheet tightly; her lips had long since lost their color. She swore that if this man before her dared to touch her, she would rather die than let him succeed and ruin her pure and chaste body.

Perhaps sensing Nanrong Wanqing's thoughts, Jiang Han curled his lips, chuckling, "Cousin, don't be scared, I won't harm you. Though, I'll need you to cooperate with me in a bit."

"Over my dead body!" Nanrong Wanqing parted her lips and coldly spat out the words.

Jiang Han replied indifferently, "Cousin, don't blame me for not reminding you, I can choose not to touch you, but if you don't cooperate, then don't blame me for doing something extreme."

Hearing this, Nanrong Wanqing's brows furrowed slightly, somewhat puzzled, not understanding the meaning behind Jiang Han's words. She had always presumed Jiang Han harbored ill intentions towards her, but it seemed that might not be the case. She didn't know what kind of 'cooperation' Jiang Han was referring to.

As she pondered, Jiang Han took off his shoes and was ready to get into bed. Seeing his actions, Nanrong Wanqing's expression turned icy, as cold as the frost of the winter month.

However, just at that moment, a 'beep beep' alarm suddenly rang from outside the room.

Jiang Han turned to look outside the window, his face instantly darkening, and he coldly said, "A bunch of overconfident fools."

At this time, listening to the hurried footsteps outside, Nanrong Wanqing's heartstrings tightened instantly. Could it be Ling Chen coming to save her? Thinking this, a glint of anticipation faintly shone in her eyes.

Jiang Han turned his gaze back to Nanrong Wanqing's flickering eyes and immediately guessed her thoughts, sneering, "Don't expect anyone to come to your rescue, this is the Jiang Family, no one can get in. Even if Ling Chen is very capable, he still won't be able to escape from the palm of the Jiang Family."

As he spoke, he took out his phone, dialed a number, and instructed, "Turn off the alarm, don't disturb me." As soon as his words fell, the piercing alarm outside immediately stopped.

"Alright, cousin, we can start now." Jiang Han's mouth quirked upward in an excited smile as he slowly extended his hands.

Beep beep beep!

But just then, the abrupt alarm bell sounded again, reverberating throughout the entire Jiang Family estate.

Jiang Han's smile froze, a hint of anger flashing across his eyes. He picked up his cell phone and bellowed, "What the hell is going on?... What? A dog? Where did the dog come from?"

...

Outside the Jiang Family's perimeter wall.

Zhong Wei and Liang Zhao Hui were hiding in the nearby greenery, surrounded by more than a dozen pet cages filled with pets like cats and dogs, counting up to twenty or thirty.

Zhong Wei gently patted the pet dog in his hands, casually throwing a bone out near the Jiang Family's perimeter wall, then released the dog. It immediately darted out, speeding so fast that in a flash, it was next to the wall, gnawing on the bone on the ground.

Soon after the pet dog approached the wall, the Jiang Family's alarm went off. In less than half a minute, a team of five security personnel rushed over and reported the situation via walkie-talkie.

In the security room, several staff members were busy in front of computers. By a large LCD screen, stood a young man in a suit, hands behind his back, intently watching the flashing red dots on the screen. His brows were slightly furrowed, his handsome face emotionless, and his eyes held an indescribable shadow.

"It's Mr. Jiang, confirmation received, no trace of the enemy found, it's a pet dog."

The youth was none other than the eldest grandson of the Jiang family, Jiang Yu, in charge of the family's security—Jiang Han's older brother.

Hearing the staff's report, without turning around, Jiang Yu spoke in a cold voice, "Using such methods to disrupt our alarm system, they sure are imaginative. Notify the team to send more people outside the wall. I want to see how they plan to break into the Jiang Family estate."

"Yes."

Outside the perimeter wall.

Dozens of security personnel arrived one after another, forming a human wall around the perimeter, one guard every ten steps, monitoring every movement.

"These bastards really fell for it." Liang Zhao Hui chuckled. Before, Ling Chen asked them to go to the pet store, and they had been utterly confused about his intentions. Now, they couldn't help but admire Ling Chen's ingenuity for coming up with such a tactic.

Zhong Wei pressed on his wireless earpiece and called out, "Ling Chen, your plan worked, we can start the operation now."

"OK! You guys withdraw first and wait for us at the rendezvous point."

"Be careful on your own."

"Old Tang, how's your preparation going?"

At this moment, Tang Yuan was lying in a patch of grass, using the dark night to conceal his movements. Not far in front of him was the Jiang Family's perimeter wall. Hearing Ling Chen's voice coming through the earpiece, he spoke with a piece of grass in his mouth, unclearly saying, "Don't worry about my work."

"Good, then I'm starting."

Chapter 278 - Major Disturbance at the Jiang Family 1

Several kilometers away from the Jiang Family, Ling Chen made his final checks atop a high-rise building. Communication devices, weapons, smoke grenades—all were ready.

Walking to the edge of the rooftop, he looked down at the flowing cars below and those pedestrians who seemed as insignificant as ants, Ling Chen took a deep breath. After checking the wind direction, he no longer hesitated and leaped down from the building.

Plummeting from over two hundred meters in the air, Ling Chen quickly descended in free fall, his speed increasing. Suddenly, he spread his arms and legs wide, and his body, which had been falling, soared upwards and swiftly glided through the air.

Upon closer inspection, there was a piece of thin fabric like cicada wings stretched between his arms and body, as well as between his legs.

Wingsuit!

He had asked Tang Yuan to call the military district to borrow this equipment. The wingsuit, also known as a flying squirrel suit, is a special garment made from metal frameworks and high-tech nylon fibers. By simply wearing it and spreading one's arms and legs, one can glide through the air like a bat.

After gliding for several kilometers in the air, Ling Chen began to descend. The brightly-lit Jiang Family residence soon appeared in his goggles.

"Old Tang, I'll reach the destination in one minute."

"Roger that!"

Upon receiving the signal, Tang Yuan immediately spit out the chewed grass in his mouth, stood up from his crouch, and from the backpack beside him took out a modified crossbow rifle, holding it level on his forearm. Aiming at the target, he gently pulled the trigger, and the Crossbow Arrow 'swooshed' through the air, soaring over the three-meter-tall fence, and fell to the ground.

Then, the smoke grenades attached to the Crossbow Arrows automatically popped open, and thick smoke rapidly spread outwards, filling the air.

Five consecutive Crossbow Arrows were shot, and the northeastern corner of the Jiang Family was nearly engulfed in smoke.

"Tang Yuan, it's done!" After ending the call, Tang Yuan threw down the crossbow and lifted the black cloth that had been covering the grass. Instantly, a quadcopter appeared before him. To avoid detection, he had coated the surface of the drone in black.

Controlling the remote controller, the drone ascended slowly. Meanwhile, a real-time image appeared on the screen of the controller—it was the view from the drone, which, under the cover of smoke, moved swiftly toward the target.

At that moment, Ling Chen, gliding in the sky, suddenly pulled the ripcord, and his parachute behind him sprang open. Passing through the smoke, he skillfully controlled the parachute and landed silently on the roof of a three-story villa.

"Old Tang, I'm here."

As soon as his words fell, a buzzing sound approached, and the drone flew over his head, landing beside him. Hanging from the bottom of the drone was a black backpack. Since the wingsuit couldn't support too much weight, he could only smuggle in equipment he needed through this method.

Removing the backpack, he slung it over his shoulder and whispered through his earpiece, "Package received, you can pull out now."

"Take care of yourself," Tang Yuan warned.

Standing on the villa's rooftop, Ling Chen surveyed his surroundings, the corners of his mouth slightly lifting. His plan had worked. The Jiang Family assumed that he would try to sneak in from outside the fence, so they assigned most of the security personnel to the perimeter, leaving the interior understaffed.

At a glance, there were only about ten security guards patrolling the roads.

After observing for a while, Ling Chen leaped from the rooftop, directly onto a tree beside the villa, grabbing onto a sturdy branch. He swung his body back and forth, using the inertia to leap again, reaching another tree. Using this subtle approach, he moved quickly over the heads of the security personnel.

At this moment, the night sky was dim, a swath of dark cloud obscuring the bright moonlight. However, the Jiang Family had installed street lamps along the roads which did not hinder his movements.

After a while, Ling Chen suddenly noticed that there was a wall surrounding the entire southwestern corner of the Jiang Family. Furthermore, the wall was covered with Iron Thorns, with a surveillance device every meter on top of the wall, and an electric net laid over the wall.

Although no security personnel were present around the wall, Ling Chen, relying on his years of intuition and experience, felt that this place was heavily guarded, perhaps even more so than the other defenses of the Jiang Family.

Standing on a tree branch, his body was level with the top of the wall. His gaze passed over the wall into the inside, seeing nothing but dense branches and darkness beyond.

"What kind of place is this?"

He muttered to himself and immediately cast aside the doubts in his mind. His main mission was to rescue someone; he had no time to think about other things.

The Jiang Family estate was vast, with luxurious villas seen everywhere.

Ling Chen unfolded a blueprint of the Jiang Family's buildings, his brow furrowing slightly. He knew that Nanrong Wanqing was within the Jiang Family, but he didn't know the exact location. Searching blindly like this, he would not know how much time he would waste.

With that thought, he immediately had an idea.

Peering through the foliage, Ling Chen watched a security guard holding a walkie-talkie passing by underneath. Seeing this, he hung upside down from the branch, his body slowly descending. As the security personnel walked below him, he struck like lightning, quickly grasping the man's neck. Before the guard could react, Ling Chen powerfully twisted, forcibly dragging the security guard up into the tree.

"You..."

The security guard's pupils dilated with a mixture of shock and fury as he looked at Ling Chen, about to call for help, but before he could speak, a glint of cold steel flashed in front of his eyes, pressing against his neck.

"Keep your mouth shut if you don't want to die!" Ling Chen commanded coldly.

"What... what do you want?" The guard felt the cold blade on his throat, swallowed hard, and asked tremulously.

"Where is Nanrong Wanqing being held?" Ling Chen cut straight to the point, dispensing with any superfluous conversation.

"She's in the master's house."

"Where is that?"

The security guard quickly pointed in one direction, frankly responding, "That Siheyuan over there."

Ling Chen nodded, a slight smile on his face as he patted the guard's shoulder, "Congratulations, you've just saved your own life." With those words, he put away his dagger and, with a swift chop of his hand, knocked the man unconscious.

Now that he knew Nanrong Wanqing's whereabouts, Ling Chen immediately identified the exact location of the Siheyuan on the architectural blueprint.

Without delay, he picked up the pace, circumventing the patrolling security personnel, and rapidly approached the Siheyuan.

Security room.

Jiang Yu listened to the reports of the staff, his eyes narrowing, muttering to himself, "Not a single shadow spotted, what are they up to?"

"Mr. Jiang, shall we pull the men back?"

Chapter 279 - Great Disturbance at Jiang Family 2

"Not necessary for now." Jiang Yu waved his hand and said, "Tell my younger brother that the danger is over, he can do what he wants now."

"Understood."

After putting down the phone, Jiang Han looked at Nanrong Wanqing on the bed, smiling proudly, "Here's some good news, Ling Chen is coming to rescue you."

Upon hearing this, a hint of joy immediately appeared on Nanrong Wanqing's brows. However, noticing the smile on Jiang Han's face, her heart immediately sank to the bottom, vaguely feeling uneasy.

"But the bad news is, he has already been captured by our Jiang Family."

Exactly!

Nanrong Wanqing's heart tensed, worry clearly visible in her beautiful eyes.

Noticing the change in her expression, Jiang Han smirked to himself, propped his hands on the bed, leaned closer to her, and unabashedly savored the attractive fragrance emanating from her.

"Cousin, do you know what happens to those who oppose our Jiang Family? First, chop off his left hand and feed it to the dogs, then lock him in a dark room. After two days, he'd bleed out and die without us laying a finger on him. Of course, some tough guys survive. But, if the wound is left untreated, do you know what happens next? It starts festering, then turns into rotting flesh, and then..."

"Enough!" Nanrong Wanqing, her pretty face pale, exclaimed, "Let him go."

"What?" Jiang Han pretended not to hear clearly, leaning his ear closer to her, "Cousin, say that again."

Nanrong Wanqing bit her lip, looked straight at Jiang Han, and said word by word: "Let him go."

Jiang Han feigned difficulty and shook his head, saying, "Cousin, I'm afraid I can't satisfy this request. Our Jiang Family never goes easy on enemies, especially since..." Seeing something, a hint of malice flashed in Jiang Han's eyes, he scoffed, "Especially since he openly humiliated me that day at the Nanrong Family home. If I don't seek revenge, where would I put my face?"

"Let him go!" Nanrong Wanqing spoke again, her expression firm, without a hint of hesitation, "As long as you agree to let him go, I will accept any condition."

Jiang Han's eyes brightened, he chuckled, "Cousin, those are your words, don't go back on them later." He then took out his phone, turned his back, and made a show of speaking into the phone, "Release that man, no one is allowed to harm him."

After speaking, he snickered, secretly admiring his own cunning. He didn't expect Nanrong Wanqing to be so easy to deceive, she hadn't even suspected him.

Little did he know, it's the concern that confused her, because she was too worried about Ling Chen's safety, she didn't think much about it.

Turning around, facing the frosty Nanrong Wanqing, Jiang Han lifted his lips, took something out of his pocket, and said, "Cousin, now that the man has been released, shall we begin?"

...

At this moment, outside the Siheyuan, over ten security personnel were pacing back and forth, inspecting the surroundings.

Not far away, Ling Chen was crouching at the base of a large tree, his gaze piercing through the messy bushes and intently watching the entrance of the Siheyuan, his eyes flashing coldly.

The tight security around the Siheyuan indicated that Nanrong Wanqing was definitely inside. But without dealing with those security personnel outside, he had no hope of getting in.

"I have no choice but to force my way in!" he thought to himself.

Picking up a stone from the ground, he flicked his wrist, and the stone curved towards the nearby concrete pathway, making a sharp 'snap' noise.

The two nearest security personnel were immediately attracted by the noise, walking briskly over with their flashlights raised.

Seeing the adversaries approaching, Ling Chen reached for his waist, drew two silver needles, and kept his gaze on the two security officers. Suddenly, his wrist flicked, sending two silver needles charged with Inner Strength shooting through the air like bullets, striking their targets with great velocity.

"One, two, three..."

After counting silently to three, the two security officers immediately fell to the ground, unconscious.

Relieved, he took a moment to breathe; it seemed the anesthesia on the silver needles was effective. At that moment, the security personnel patrolling outside the Siheyuan noticed their fallen comrades and their expressions changed instantly. They hurried over and simultaneously called for backup on their radios.

Taking advantage of the distraction, Ling Chen moved swiftly like a freed rabbit, darting out from under the bushes as fast as an arrow released from a bow, instantly reaching the outer wall of the Siheyuan.

Without slowing down, he powerfully kicked with his right leg, leaping more than two meters high, grabbed the top of the wall with both hands, and with a beautiful somersault aided by his legs against the wall, he entered the Siheyuan.

In the spacious courtyard, maids occasionally passed by. Ling Chen stayed close to a stone pillar, regulating his breath, and stealthily scanning the surroundings from the corner of his eyes.

Suddenly, his gaze sharpened, locking onto two burly men.

Qiu Wen! Qiu Wu!

The two stood with their hands behind their backs outside a bedroom, eyes fixed straight ahead.

"Found them." He was elated internally, thinking that the presence of the Qiu brothers guarding personally indicated an important person inside the room.

However, the troublesome part was that Qiu Wen and Qiu Wu were highly skilled; although he defeated them at the Nanrong Family home last time, it left him bedridden for two days. With time pressing, he had no time to waste fighting them again, and he was not sure he could defeat them as before.

In a split-second decision, he drew two smoke grenades from his waist and threw them into the room next door through a window.

Clang!

As the sound of shattering glass rang out, Qiu Wen and Qiu Wu's attention immediately shifted. However, to Ling Chen's disappointment, they did not move to investigate the noise and stayed steadfast by the door. Instead, the security personnel outside the Siheyuan rushed in after receiving the alert.

As more security personnel arrived, Ling Chen's presence was quickly exposed.

"There he is, catch him."

Seeing the security personnel closing in from all sides, Ling Chen frowned slightly, quickly pulled out several silver needles, and threw them to slow their advancement.

"Damn it!"

He cursed silently. It was a miscalculation; he expected the Qiu brothers to be drawn away, but they were completely unaffected.

With a swift thought, he gritted his teeth, quickly removed his backpack, and threw it towards the door where Qiu Wen and Qiu Wu were standing, shouting, "I'll blow you bastards up." Saying that, he took out his phone, pretending to press it.

Seeing his actions, the Qiu brothers and the security personnel were taken aback and hurriedly retreated to avoid the explosion. Seeing Qiu Wen and Qiu Wu sprinting to the sides, Ling Chen's lips curled up slightly; without another word, he quickly moved his legs, rushed to the door, and picked up the backpack from the ground.

"Damn it! Fell for it!"

The faces of the Qiu brothers changed slightly, their eyes filled with furious humiliation, and they charged at him.

Chapter 280 - Major Disturbance at the Jiang Family 3

Just at that moment, Ling Chen's door was flung open, and Jiang Han appeared with an irritated expression, shouting, "What the...?" However, before he could finish, his eyes locked onto Ling Chen's, his complexion changed dramatically, and, shocked and terrified, he exclaimed, "It's you!"

Ling Chen flashed a grin, "Mr. Jiang, we meet again." As soon as he finished speaking, without waiting for Jiang Han to react, Ling Chen's fist had already swung out, smashing viciously into Jiang Han's nose.

"Ah!" A miserable howl erupted as blood spurted from Jiang Han's nostrils like a breached flood barrier, quickly staining his shirt red. Clutching his broken nose, Jiang Han was in so much pain that tears and snot mixed on his face, and he bellowed with his facial muscles contorted, "Ling Chen, you..."

"Shut your mouth!" Ling Chen snapped coldly. He delivered a savage kick to Jiang Han's abdomen. Struck by the power, Jiang Han immediately lost his balance, leaning back from the waist and retreating uncontrollably, ending up seated on the floor inside of the room.

"Ling Chen, do not harm our young master." Concerned for Jiang Han's safety, Qiu Wen and Qiu Wu yelled out, ready to charge forward.

Ling Chen suddenly turned his head, sweeping a cold, penetrating gaze over the pair, and said icily, "Whoever dares to come in, I'll kill them on the spot."

At those words, Qiu Wen and his brother felt a sinking feeling in their hearts and immediately halted their advance, not daring to act recklessly. If anything happened to Mr. Jiang, neither could escape responsibility. After thinking it through, it seemed wiser to wait and see how things would unfold.

Seeing they no longer pressed forward, Ling Chen's expression relaxed slightly, and he stepped back into the room, casually shutting the door behind him. But hearing the continuous wails and screams from behind, Ling Chen grew annoyed and, without a second thought, delivered another kick to ensure Jiang Han would stay quiet.

"Ling Chen?"

At this moment, Nanrong Wanqing, who was sitting on the bed, looked at the man approaching with disbelief, feeling as though she was dreaming, an unreal sensation.

"You... you were captured, weren't you?"

"Who told you I was captured, and you actually believe their lies?" Ling Chen said with a slight smile, moving to her side and gently caressing her cheek, asking with concern, "Are you okay?"

Feeling the warmth of his palm, along with his familiar breath and voice, Nanrong Wanqing unconsciously raised her hand to rest it on the back of his, her eyes glistening with tears.

She wasn't dreaming; it was truly him.

She had always believed that Ling Chen would come to her rescue, but upon hearing he had been captured, it felt as though the sky had collapsed, all hope turning to dust, her heart was dead and ashen. Until this moment, seeing Ling Chen truly standing before her, she felt a lump in her throat, and even though she was normally strong, she couldn't suppress the urge to cry.

"It's okay, you're safe now."

Seeing the tears welling in her eyes, Ling Chen was fully aware of her emotions, gently pulling her into his embrace, patting her back to comfort her, "With me here, no one can hurt you. That's my promise to you."

"Mhm." Nanrong Wanqing wrapped her arms around him, her pretty face against his chest, murmuring in agreement, with both joy and a hint of shyness in her beautiful eyes. She had known Ling Chen for so long and even though they were close, he had never said such things to her. To her, it was not just a confession, but a promise for a lifetime.

"Tang Yuan, how are things on your end?"

At that moment, Old Tang's voice came through the earpiece, breaking up the tender moment between them. However, Old Tang's words also snapped Ling Chen back to reality. They were in danger, and it wasn't the time for intimacy.

"Wanqing has been found, she's with me."

"Can you make it to the rendezvous point?"

Ling Chen glanced at the unconscious Jiang Han and replied, "Should be no problem, wait for us there."

After ending the call, Ling Chen turned to look at Nanrong Wanqing, collected his emotions, and said seriously, "We need to leave."

"They took away my wheelchair."

"That's not a problem." Ling Chen's mouth curled slightly, lifting the black backpack beside him onto the bed, then unzipped it and took out a set of equipment.

Nanrong Wanqing's expression showed slight astonishment, and she said curiously, "This is...?"

"Exoskeleton armor." Ling Chen nodded and said with a smile, "Didn't you tell me last time that those people had custom-made a set of exoskeleton armor for you? This is it. It just got finished recently, and Old Tang brought it over when he came. Here, let me help you put it on."

With Ling Chen's help, it didn't take long for Nanrong Wanqing to put on the exoskeleton armor, and once she draped a coat over it, nothing seemed amiss from the outside.

Leaning on Ling Chen's arm for support, Nanrong Wanqing cautiously tried a few steps. With her intelligence, she quickly mastered the knack of the exoskeleton armor. Although she was not yet proficient, walking normally was not a problem.

Being able to stand up and walk again without the wheelchair was something Nanrong Wanqing had longed for.

Seeing the excited glow on her pretty face, Ling Chen smiled slightly and reminded her, "Alright, don't just be happy, we can celebrate after we escape from the Jiang family." With that, he walked over to Jiang Han, reached out to grab Jiang Han's collar, and lifted him up from the ground.

Seeing Jiang Han still unconscious, Ling Chen slapped him hard across the cheek, producing a loud smack.

The pain woke Jiang Han slightly dazed, and when he saw Ling Chen in front of him, his face changed, fear in his eyes as he hurriedly said, "Li... Ling Chen, this is the Jiang family. If you dare touch a hair on me, neither of you will leave alive."

"Don't be afraid, I won't hurt you. I'm counting on you to lead us out." After speaking, Ling Chen ignored Jiang Han's struggle, dragging his body and striding towards the door.

The door opened, and outside, dozens of security personnel had already gathered, filling the Siheyuan courtyard to the brim.

Facing such a grand scene, Ling Chen smiled lightly, his clear eyes showing no trace of fear.

"Get up!" he commanded lightly. He pulled Jiang Han to stand in front of him, grabbed his neck with one hand, and with the other hand drew a dagger, pressing it against his vital spot, and began to step outside.

At this moment, Jiang Yu, dressed in a suit and flanked by Qiu Wen and Qiu Wu, emerged from the crowd, his gaze cold and steadfast as he fixed it on Ling Chen.

Seeing the newcomer, Jiang Han seemed to see a savior, and immediately started yelling, "Big brother, save me, hurry!"

"Ling Chen, let my brother go right now."

"It's possible. Just ensure our safe departure, and I'll release him immediately."

Hearing this, Jiang Yu glanced at Nanrong Wanqing behind Ling Chen, his eyebrows knotted and his eyes hesitant, without responding for a long moment.

Seeing this, Ling Chen's expression turned cold, and he pressed the dagger lightly against Jiang Han's neck, creating a fine cut from which bright red blood slowly started to ooze out, striking and alarming.

"Stop!" Jiang Yu quickly shouted, his tone anxious, "Fine, I'll let you go, but you must promise not to hurt my brother."