

The Beauty 301

Chapter 301 Perilous Danger

"Ling... Brother Ling..."

Unconsciously, sparkling tears streamed down from her eyes. Only this time, it was not out of fear, but rather tears of overwhelming joy. Tang Shiyun felt like she was dreaming; the Brother Ling she had been longing for in her heart had actually appeared.

"It's you!" Zhou Lin immediately recognized Ling Chen. When Ling Chen had gone to deliver the money earlier, he had been secretly monitoring his actions.

Ling Chen said indifferently: "Zhou Lin, just surrender, there's no escape for you now." As he spoke, the wail of police sirens came from outside the cemetery, and the interwoven red and blue lights flickered endlessly in the night sky.

"Not a chance!" Zhou Lin roared: "Since you're here, you can join my son in death." As he spoke, he bent down to pick up a dagger from the ground and quickly lunged forward, attempting to take Tang Shiyun hostage.

Seeing his move, Ling Chen, who was prepared, lifted his wrist, and Wolf Kiss, clasped between his fingers, flew out, piercing into Zhou Lin's chest. Struck by pain, Zhou Lin's movement halted immediately. Seizing the opportunity, Ling Chen took three steps in two strides, leaping forward and pulling Tang Shiyun into his arms, then kicked Zhou Lin to the ground with a lift of his leg.

"Girl, let's go, let me take care of him."

Having said that, Ling Chen was about to move forward to subdue Zhou Lin, but at this moment, Zhou Lin's hand revealed a homemade device.

"Go to hell."

Seeing Zhou Lin trigger the detonation device, Ling Chen's expression shifted slightly, not daring to approach any closer, he quickly turned and threw himself towards Tang Shiyun, pressing her beneath him.

Boom!

A loud explosion.

Along with a bang, a ten-meter radius instantly turned into a fiery inferno. In the terrifying wave of the blast, Ling Chen and Tang Shiyun were blown away, tumbling down.

After rolling down the hillside for more than twenty meters, Ling Chen felt that he and Tang Shiyun were suddenly airborne. Then, out of control, they fell heavily. Without concerning himself with the pain in his body, Ling Chen quickly took a look and found they had fallen into a pit. This pit must have been a graveyard freshly dug – fortunately for them. Otherwise, if they had continued rolling down from the cemetery hill, they wouldn't have been severely injured if not dead.

Looking at Tang Shiyun in his arms, her face pale, he asked softly, "Are you alright?"

Tang Shiyun shook her head. Even though her body ached, with Ling Chen by her side, nothing else mattered.

At this moment, they held each other tightly, their bodies pressed close together. Snuggling in Ling Chen's embrace, a whiff of his masculine scent entered her nostrils, causing Tang Shiyun's heartbeat to quicken, her body gently struggling.

"Ling... Brother Ling..."

"What is it?"

Tang Shiyun's faint voice trembled like a mosquito: "I... I'm feeling a bit out of breath."

Her heart pounding with embarrassment, Tang Shiyun's cheeks flushed red. She was about to speak when she heard Ling Chen's voice near her ear: "Don't move, that man is coming."

Tang Shiyun's complexion paled in panic, daring not to make any sudden moves, obediently lying atop Ling Chen.

In the darkness, it was utterly quiet around them. Tang Shiyun peeked at Ling Chen with a crimson face. Ling Chen said Zhou Lin was coming, but she hadn't heard anything, instead, the close contact between their bodies was making her feel inexplicably shy.

This was her first intimate contact with a man in her entire life. Especially the masculine scent emanating from Ling Chen, which stirred confusion within her, causing her to wriggle her body unnaturally.

This movement, however, made Ling Chen feel uncomfortable. As a man as normal as could be, such close proximity inevitably gave rise to some uncontrollable thoughts.

This girl, she's indeed lethal. Ling Chen inwardly lamented; ever since cultivating the Prajnaparamita Sutra, his resistance in this respect had been weakening. Although the girl was unintentional, her actions were undeniably torturous to him.

At that moment, Tang Shiyun also sensed some changes in Ling Chen, her small face reddening instantly, her breathing becoming more labored.

Sensing that the external crisis was far from over, Ling Chen quickly dismissed his wandering thoughts and listened intently to the surroundings.

Soon, footsteps drew near from afar, resounding above the pit.

He's here!

His eyes slightly cold, he gently patted Tang Shiyun's back, and whispered, "Don't make a sound."

Then, he slightly arched his body, sticking to the side wall of the pit, carefully poking his head out to scan the area. Just three meters away, Zhou Lin's face twisted in ferocity as he searched for their whereabouts. In his hand, he held another homemade explosive device.

Having witnessed the power of that thing, he naturally dared not act rashly, even though he could have subdued Zhou Lin in close quarters. If Zhou Lin went mad, Ling Chen feared he wouldn't escape the blast radius in time. Moreover, he had no weapon handy; Wolf Kiss had already been thrown and was now embedded in Zhou Lin.

After thinking for a moment, he picked up a stone from the pit and threw it to the left.

Snap!

At the light noise, Zhou Lin's attention was immediately drawn.

Seeing Zhou Lin stepping toward the direction of the noise with his back to him, Ling Chen quickly climbed out of the pit and crept up behind him.

However, just as he was about to approach Zhou Lin and was preparing to take him down with lightning speed, something unexpected happened. Zhou Lin swiftly turned his head, his cold eyes locking onto him.

Not good!

Ling Chen inwardly cursed his luck, not expecting Zhou Lin's reaction to be so sharp.

"Die!"

Zhou Lin bellowed, hurling the explosive device in his hand straight at Ling Chen.

Chapter 302 Capturing the Kidnapper

Seeing that object thrown towards his face, it was almost in the blink of an eye that Ling Chen reacted swiftly, turning and leaping backwards, plunging directly into the pit.

Lying in the pit, Tang Shiyun only felt a darkness before her eyes, as Ling Chen's body was already pressing down upon her delicate form. As he jumped down, Ling Chen's hands supported himself against the ground to avoid his body pressing down on Tang Shiyun and hurting her. However, the moment he landed, his arms slightly bent and his body leaned downwards, hoping to dissipate the force of the impact.

What he didn't anticipate was that this downward motion caused his lips to meet Tang Shiyun's. Their lips pressed tightly together, and their minds went blank instantaneously. Tang Shiyun looked at Ling Chen in a daze, her smooth face like a freshly bloomed delicate flower, vivid and immensely flushed with shyness. Seemingly forgetting the danger they were in, only one thought occupied her mind.

Her first kiss was taken away!

This sudden turn of events also stunned Ling Chen; who could have imagined that the spot he leaped to would align perfectly with Tang Shiyun's lips.

Coincidence, this was an absolute coincidence.

As he pondered, the dangerous device above the pit exploded, the flames roaring instantly and spreading, covering a radius of more than ten meters. Fortunately, Ling Chen and Tang Shiyun were hiding in the pit, the flames swept over the surface without harming them.

Feeling the temperature above his head gradually decrease, Ling Chen, without time for second thoughts, immediately moved his lips away, and leapt towards the edge of the pit. Watching Ling Chen leave, Tang Shiyun gently touched her own thin lips, a glimmer of sweet tenderness passing through her radiant, captivating eyes, filled with reluctance and a trace of complex, indiscernible emotions.

At this moment, Ling Chen climbing out of the pit saw Zhou Lin holding the dangerous device, running in their direction, with less than five meters separating them. If he were to throw that thing into the pit, Tang Shiyun would undoubtedly be in peril.

With this thought, he swept his gaze around, and casually grabbed a clump of dried, cracked mud from the ground, flinging it at Zhou Lin.

Although the mud was light, empowered with Inner Strength, it flew quickly and smashed directly into Zhou Lin's face. Zhou Lin hurriedly raised his arms, holding them in front of his face, blocking the mud.

Opportunity!

Ling Chen's eyes brightened, he charged forward in swift strides. By the time Zhou Lin lowered his arms, Ling Chen had already appeared in front of him. This scare was significant for Zhou Lin, but as a retired soldier, his combat readiness remained. After a brief moment of shock, he immediately reacted, his eyes fierce, and he shouted loudly, "We'll die together!" As he said this, he attempted to trigger the explosive device.

However, Ling Chen was already prepared. Before Zhou Lin could trigger the device, his hand reached out, grabbing Zhou Lin's hand holding the device firmly, preventing his fingers from moving.

At the same time, his right hand clenched into a fist, and he fiercely launched it at Zhou Lin's chest.

Bang!

Hit by his powerful punch, Zhou Lin's face instantly turned pale, a trickle of blood flowing from the corner of his mouth.

"Get down!" Ling Chen shouted softly, his left leg sweeping across, striking Zhou Lin's calf. Losing his balance, Zhou Lin immediately toppled, falling to the ground.

After snatching the dangerous device from Zhou Lin's hands, Ling Chen breathed a sigh of relief, dismantled the explosive device, and threw it aside. Then he pulled out his belt and tied Zhou Lin's hands behind his back.

All set, Ling Chen dusted off his hands, jumped back into the pit, took hold of Tang Shiyun's soft wrist, and smiled, "Get up."

Sss!

Suddenly, a sound of fabric tearing echoed through the air. Ling Chen focused his gaze and noticed Tang Shiyun's skirt hem was caught by a piece of root on the ground. As she stood up, her skirt was inadvertently pulled and tore open from the side, the rip extending up to her waist, revealing a flash of white. Through the tear, the layers of her undergarments were faintly visible.

"Ah!"

Tang Shiyun cried out, her inadvertent exposure causing great embarrassment. Especially when she saw Ling Chen's eyes, squinted with suggestiveness, blatantly staring at her, she felt even more ashamed, her pretty face turning crimson in an instant.

Seeing that Ling Chen's gaze remained fixed on her, she stamped her little foot and couldn't help but pout, "Ling."

Startled by her call, Ling Chen immediately came back to his senses, grinned sheepishly and quickly turned his head away. As his heated gaze disappeared, Tang Shiyun's complexion slowly began to recover, as she bent down to fiddle with her skirt hem. At that moment, Ling Chen couldn't help but sneak another glance, his gaze immediately freezing, his mouth slightly agape, filled with a hint of awe.

As Tang Shiyun bent over, the cleavage of her bosom was unmistakably revealed. Through the wide-open neckline, two soft mounds were bared before him, mesmerizing him to the point his pulse raced and his blood boiled.

Amitabha Buddha! Sinful, sinful, one must not look upon things one should not, one must not see.

He silently recited a Buddhist chant to himself, yet his eyes were reluctant to move away, internally sighing in marvel at how much this girl had developed in just a few months.

At that moment, Tang Shiyun, who was tending to her skirt corner, felt the evening breeze pierce through, a chill settling on her chest. Beside her, Ling Chen's breathing gradually became heavier. Strangely aware, she looked up to catch Ling Chen's voyeuristic gaze. Startled, Tang Shiyun subconsciously followed the direction of Ling Chen's eyes and realized that her bust was unintentionally exposed. Instantly feeling extremely shy, she quickly covered her neckline and glared at Ling Chen with a blushing face.

How annoying! Ling has become more and more indecent.

Caught in the act, Ling Chen was too embarrassed to continue his gaze. He looked around and saw Xia Mutong with a police officer approaching from the base of the cemetery hill, feeling somewhat relieved.

"Girl."

Ling Chen turned his head, about to speak, but saw Tang Shiyun squatting on the ground, her arms crossed, pressing on her delicate shoulders, gently rubbing them, her face somewhat pale.

It was now midnight, and the night breeze was growing colder, especially in the cemetery, the psychological effect made it feel even colder.

Seeing Tang Shiyun's frail appearance, Ling Chen immediately felt a pang of pity in his heart. Swiftly, he took off his jacket and draped it over Tang Shiyun, gently embracing her into his arms, using his own body heat to warm her delicate frame.

The bashful Tang Shiyun resisted slightly at first, then compliantly leaned into Ling Chen's embrace, quietly enjoying the scent of his body.

Everything that happened tonight seemed like a dream to her. She had thought she was doomed, but out of nowhere, her Ling had suddenly appeared at the critical moment, rescuing her from the kidnappers.

"Ling, was that you I saw this afternoon at the company?" She remembered the momentary daze from the afternoon, mistakenly thinking Ling Chen was there and couldn't help but inquire.

"Mhm." Ling Chen let out a slight smile and nodded his head. At this point, there was no need for him to keep it hidden any longer.

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Upon hearing this, Tang Shiyun's cheeks immediately revealed a sweet smile. She knew that as long as she was in danger, Ling would certainly not ignore her.

She squeezed into Ling Chen's arms, took a deep breath, and wanted to remember his scent forever, murmuring softly, "Ling, it feels so good to have you by my side."

Just as the two were intimately nestled against each other, blinding flashes suddenly lit up outside the pit.

Ling Chen's heart skipped a beat, and he quickly looked up to see several photographers mixed in with the police, ceaselessly snapping photos. Before the police could rescue Tang Shiyun from the pit, two reporters had already jumped down with microphones in hand, anxiously asking, "Miss Tang, what do you have to say about being kidnapped this time?"

"Miss Tang, was this kidnapping targeting you personally or for money?"

"Miss Tang..."

Annoyed by the incessant questioning of the reporters, Ling Chen immediately lost patience, blocked their microphones with one hand, and embraced Tang Shiyun to avoid being photographed, while asking Xia Mutong, "Officer Xia, what is this all about?"

Xia Mutong explained with resignation, "It's the chief's order. He promised a few significant media outlets exclusive information, aiming to give more coverage to our police force's accomplishments."

Ling Chen was somewhat displeased internally, but after all, it was the chief's command and he had no choice. The successful rescue of Tang Shiyun by the city police would greatly enhance the fame of the police force if it was well-promoted. Correspondingly, the chief in charge of the police force would naturally receive significant credit.

He then escorted Tang Shiyun, avoiding the reporters' disturbances, and quickly made their way to the car surrounded by a crowd of police officers. Shortly after, Xia Mutong brought the kidnapper Zhou Lin down from the mountain and placed him in the car.

Back at Silver Star Entertainment Company, Yang Chengfeng, Yao Li, and Zhu Yansong, who had already received the news, were all waiting at the entrance, looking down the street with anticipation.

As the police car arrived, everyone's faces were filled with joyful smiles as they quickly stepped forward to greet them.

"My daughter!"

Yao Li, with tears in her eyes, hugged Tang Shiyun tightly and burst into tears, "My daughter, I was so worried about you, I thought I'd never see you again."

Tang Shiyun comforted her, "Mom, don't cry, look I'm fine." Saying this, she turned her head to look at Ling Chen, who had just gotten out of the car, and said with a glowing smile, "I owe it to Ling for being safe this time. Mom, you should really thank Ling."

"Thank him?" Recalling how she had been publicly slapped by Ling Chen, Yao Li's anger flared up as she coldly said, "Why should we thank him? He did nothing to deserve it. If we should thank anyone, it should be Officer Xia for the big help his police force provided."

"Mom, how can you say that," Tang Shiyun said, visibly displeased, "If it weren't for Ling acting in time to stop the kidnapper, I could have..."

"Alright, alright, let's not talk about that now." Yao Li, irritable, cut off her daughter's words. She felt annoyed hearing her continually mention Ling, "Daughter, you must be tired too, I'll accompany you back to rest first. Mr. Zhu, please arrange a car to take us to the hotel."

Tang Shiyun wanted to say goodbye to Ling Chen, but she was forcibly held back by Yao Li and couldn't get away. She could only turn back to look at Ling Chen with an apologetic expression.

Ling Chen smiled faintly, nonchalantly waving his hand, mouthing 'rest well.'

As the Lincoln Sedan drove away, a group of reporters immediately followed by car, while a few set their sights on Ling Chen, crowding in front of him with their microphones, bombarding him with various questions.

Ling Chen really hates scenes like this, so he immediately pushed through the crowd and quickly walked into the entrance hall of Silver Star Entertainment Company.

"Mr. Ling, I can't thank you enough this time. If it hadn't been for your help, Silver Star Entertainment might have gone through a huge crisis," Yang Chengfeng expressed his heartfelt gratitude.

Tang Shiyun was a major star fully cultivated by Silver Star Entertainment, in whom the company had invested countless efforts. Without Silver Star Entertainment's cost-ignorant comprehensive packaging and promotion, even with Tang Shiyun's talent, it wouldn't have been possible for her to reach this level in such a short time. Thus, any harm coming Tang Shiyun's way would undoubtedly be a severe blow to Silver Star Entertainment, with all the prior investments going down the drain.

"President Yang, Shiyun is my friend, and I've always treated her as a sister. Protecting her is my responsibility; you don't need to be so polite." Saying this, Ling Chen looked at the time, stood up and said, "President Yang, it's getting late, I'll head back now. You all should rest early too."

"Okay, take care, Mr. Ling."

After leaving Silver Star Entertainment Company, Ling Chen saw Xia Mutong leaning against the police car, taking a phone call.

As he approached, Xia Mutong put down her cell phone, her eyebrows slightly relaxed, and a faint smile on her lips, she said, "Just as you predicted, Zhuang Qian and Guan Long planned to smuggle out to sea overnight and head to Vietnam. They were caught all at once by the people we had lying in wait in advance. The twenty million ransom was recovered in full and is now being escorted to the police station."

"Congratulations, for successfully solving a kidnapping and murder case. After this, your chief is definitely going to promote and give you a raise."

"I'm not counting on that. Alright, I won't talk anymore; I still have to go back to interrogate and write reports, it looks like it will be an all-nighter."

"Don't work too hard; take care of your health."

After watching Xia Mutong drive away, Ling Chen also drove back to Wealthy Manor.

Two o'clock in the morning.

Having just finished an interrogation, Xia Mutong dragged her tired body out of the interrogation room and back to her office.

Feeling her stomach growl, she recalled that she had not had dinner yet, having been too busy with the case. Unable to withstand the hunger, she stood up to get some instant noodles from the station's pantry to quickly satiate her hunger.

At this moment, there was a gentle knock on the door of her office.

"Come in."

The door opened, and a delivery guy in work attire asked with a smile, "Are you Miss Xia?"

"That's me." Xia Mutong nodded, looking confusedly at the delivery guy, and asked, "And you are?"

"Miss Xia, hello, here's your takeout." As he spoke, the delivery guy took out several boxed meals from the insulated bag, placed them on the table, and turned to leave.

"Wait a minute!" Xia Mutong quickly called out to him, asking, "Who sent this?"

"Sorry, Mr. Ling asked us not to reveal his name." The moment the words left his mouth, the delivery guy immediately covered his own mouth, smiled apologetically, and quickly slipped out.

"Mr. Ling?" Xia Mutong's lips curled up with a playful smile. Unexpectedly, the guy could be quite caring. Thinking about it, she couldn't help but feel a tinge of sweetness in her heart.

Chapter 304 I Have a Fiancé

The next day.

Exhausted from the night before, Ling Chen slept straight through until eight in the morning, luckily it was Saturday, so he didn't have to go to work.

Yawning, Ling Chen stretched and walked out of the bedroom to see Nanrong Wanqing and Su Lin both in the living room. He was about to greet them when he realized they were fixed on the television, seemingly unaware of his presence.

What were they watching? He muttered to himself, walked behind the couch, and gazed at the TV.

At that moment, the news channel was broadcasting the incident involving Tang Shiyun's kidnapping, complete with commentary and photos from the rescue scene. Seeing the first photo displayed on the TV, Ling Chen's face immediately turned unnatural.

In the photo, he was holding Tang Shiyun tightly, with her nestled in his arms, their behavior tender and intimate, especially with the faint blush on Tang Shiyun's face, which added a hint of ambiguity. At first glance, they looked like a couple.

Su Lin turned her head with a grin, glanced at Ling Chen who appeared somewhat embarrassed, and teased, "Ling Chen, in front of your girlfriend, do you have anything to explain?"

Ling Chen stealthily peeked at Nanrong Wanqing, who was intently staring at the television, then cleared his throat and sheepishly smiled, "That... it was really cold at the time, I was worried she would catch a cold, so... Wanqing, I've always treated Shiyun like a sister, don't get the wrong idea."

Nanrong Wanqing gave a light smile and said, "I didn't say anything, why are you so nervous. By the way, is Miss Tang alright?"

"She's fine, just a bit shaken up."

Su Lin said cheerfully, "Now you've done it, you've become a celebrity. Last time you were on TV because of Tang Shiyun, and this time again because of her, with such intimate photos to boot, what do

you think... those reporters outside will speculate? Ling Chen, you'd find it hard not to become famous now."

Ling Chen touched his head, unable to suppress his worry, "Really?"

"You..."

"Chen, Chen!" Before Su Lin could finish, she saw Nanrong Hao rushing inside, his face aglow with excitement, "Chen, there are a lot of reporters outside, they say they want to interview you."

Su Lin smiled triumphantly, "See, I told you, it looks like our Nanrong Family is going to be home to a major celebrity."

"Chen, about those reporters outside..."

"Get rid of them all," Ling Chen waved his hand impatiently. Last time, an assassin had posed as a reporter to assassinate him, and he was still shaken by that. If it weren't for his skills, he would have lost his life then.

After breakfast, Ling Chen was preoccupied with the thought of He Ziyun's sparring with porridge girl and informed Nanrong Wanqing before driving to Qingyun Martial Arts Hall.

These past few days, he'd been thinking about it non-stop. Whether it was He Ziyun or porridge girl, both had substantial connections with him. Although he only met porridge girl once, for some reason, she left a very special impression on him, like an unfamiliar acquaintance.

Arriving at Qingyun Martial Arts Hall, Ling Chen knocked on the door, and Little Hua answered.

He patted Little Hua on the head and asked, "Where's your master?"

"He left," Little Hua pouted, clearly disgruntled.

"He left?" Ling Chen was startled and quickly asked, "Did he go to the appointment, do you know where?"

"Zong..." Little Hua was about to speak but suddenly recalled something, her eyes rolled cunningly, and a sly smile appeared, she immediately clung to Ling Chen's arm, "Big brother, I can tell you, but you have to take me with you."

"This... that's not a good idea, right?" Ling Chen was unsure. If He Ziyun was willing to bring Little Hua, he would have done so already, rather than leaving her at home.

Seeing his reluctance, Little Hua puffed up her cheeks and pouted, "Then you might as well not go, stay home and play with me."

Ling Chen had no choice but to agree, "Fine, fine, I'll take you there. Hurry up, let's not waste any more time."

Leaving Qingyun Martial Arts Hall, the two drove straight to Zongming Mountain on the outskirts of East Sea City.

Ling Chen was in a hurry because he hoped the two would show restraint and not harm each other by accident. Secondly, he wanted to see for himself the strength of an Earthly List master. He was a Tiger List master and although he didn't pursue rankings too much, that didn't stop his curiosity and pursuit of stronger opponents.

He was eager to know what level of strength an Earthly List master possessed.

Zongming Mountain.

This mountain was a wild and undeveloped area, with strange rocks and steep peaks, imposing and treacherous, covered with weeds. They had to proceed on foot to climb the mountain once they reached its base.

Upon Little Hua's insistence, Ling Chen had no choice but to carry her up the narrow mountain trail. The higher they climbed, the narrower and steeper the path became. Even though Ling Chen was agile, carrying Little Hua still proved to be somewhat challenging. It took about half an hour before they finally reached the mountaintop.

At that moment, on the mountaintop of Zongming Mountain, He Ziyun and the porridge girl were sitting cross-legged on either side, adjusting their breathing, gathering their energy. Hearing footsteps, both opened their eyes simultaneously and turned their gaze towards Ling Chen and Little Hua.

"Master."

With a giggly laugh, Little Hua sprinted towards him.

He Ziyun glanced at Ling Chen, his face slightly annoyed, and said, "You girl, did you threaten Ling Chen to bring you here?"

"Ah! Master, I was worried about you," pouted Little Hua, immediately resorting to her killer move as she sweetly acted coy upon seeing him upset.

He Ziyun helplessly shook his head and swallowed the words at the tip of his tongue. He had no way to deal with this girl.

Ling Chen greeted He Ziyun and then walked towards the porridge girl opposite.

"Hey!"

The porridge girl, with her delicate and beautiful face showing no sign of emotion, gazed calmly with an unruffled look and asked indifferently, "What is it?"

This woman is really too detached, Ling Chen thought to himself, considering he had come out of concern for her.

"Be careful during the spar later. Don't hurt yourself or Mr. He. You are both my friends, and I don't want to see either of you get injured."

"Sorry! Not giving it your all in a martial arts challenge is disrespectful to your opponent."

"Well said," He Ziyun smiled slightly and said, "Ling Chen, you don't need to worry about us; we will take care of ourselves."

Ling Chen nodded but couldn't help but continue to admonish the porridge girl, "Just be careful. Winning or losing is not important; safety is what matters most."

The porridge girl gently lifted her head, her clear eyes fixating on Ling Chen's sharply sculpted handsome face, and asked, "Are you concerned about me?"

Ling Chen's mouth curled slightly, relieved that the woman finally got the hint.

However, before he could respond, the porridge girl said dismissively, "Thank you! But I don't need your concern."

Hearing this, Ling Chen was slightly stunned, puzzled, and asked, "Why?"

"I am engaged. Please, don't waste your time on me."

Chapter 305 The Battle of Zongming Mountain

Zongming Mountain Misfortune

"Unmarried fiancé?" Ling Chen was momentarily stunned.

He remembered that the porridge girl had been living in seclusion in the mountains and forests, rarely venturing out. How could she suddenly have an unmarried fiancé? But then again, he realized, this was, after all, someone else's private affair; why would she casually disclose it to an outsider? Still, the porridge girl's words left him somewhat helpless. He was only concerned for a friend; was she overthinking things?

In the midst of his thoughts, he couldn't resist stealing a glance at the porridge girl. Her face, delicate as a goose egg, with every contour seemingly sculpted with precision, was round and flawless. With a pert, aquiline nose and slender lips, her eyes were like pools of clear spring water, transparent and bright. Even without makeup, she was still stunning beyond compare.

Such a woman would make any man's heart flutter.

Ling Chen gathered his thoughts and patiently explained, "Porridge girl, I mean no harm; don't misunderstand, I consider you a friend..."

The porridge girl said coolly, "Master told me, when a man is obsequiously attentive to a woman for no reason, he's either a villain or a thief. Besides my unmarried fiancé, I cannot accept any man's concern."

Hearing these words, Ling Chen cursed inwardly, not knowing who the porridge girl's Master was. Her Master didn't teach her anything else, just this Anti-pervet Skill—how utterly amoral. A beauty like her, who wouldn't want to be friends with her? And that mysterious fiancé of hers, what sort of man was he, what merits and capabilities did he have, to actually marry such a top-tier woman.

He opened his mouth, hesitated a moment, but ultimately, the words he intended to say were left unsaid. Since she was so averse to men's care, he didn't want to waste his breath, and turned back to He Ziyun's side.

Little Hua said with a giggle, "Big brother, you got snubbed, didn't you?"

"Nonsense," Ling Chen covered up the embarrassment in his eyes and asked Mr. He, "How confident are you?"

"At best fifty-fifty."

Ling Chen was slightly surprised. He Ziyun's words clearly showed a lack of confidence. An old man in his seventies or eighties and a girl in her early twenties—such a great age difference, and an even greater disparity in their martial arts practice, yet He Ziyun was unsure. This indicated how formidable the porridge girl's strength was.

"Ling Chen, later you take Little Hua down the mountain to wait for us."

"This... Mr. He, may I stay and watch the fight?" Ling Chen asked.

He Ziyun shook his head without a moment's hesitation and flatly refused his request. Seeing the disappointment on Ling Chen's face, He Ziyun spoke in earnest, "It's not that I don't want you to stay, observing high-level combat can improve one's insight. However, if the skill disparity is too great, it would not only be of no benefit to you, but could also hinder you, preventing you from making progress."

Ling Chen touched his nose, feeling immensely frustrated inside. What He Ziyun meant was simple: you are too weak right now, not qualified to watch the fight. He thought to himself, is there really such a big gap between those on the Tiger List and the Earthly List?

Helplessly, Ling Chen had no choice but to take Little Hua, who had been forcibly driven away, down to the foot of the mountain.

Sitting on a smooth stone, Little Hua pouted her lips, looking unhappy. Her little legs swung back and forth, stirring the ground's weeds, passing the dull time.

Ling Chen leaned against a thick tree trunk, a piece of foxtail grass in his mouth, arms crossed in front of his chest, gaze diagonally upwards at about a 45-degree angle, looking toward the distant mountaintop, his mind filled with images of He Ziyun and the porridge girl sparring.

At this moment, a series of engine roars suddenly reached Ling Chen's ears.

He leaned forward, approaching the edge of the mountain path on Zongming Mountain, and looked down towards the entrance at the mountain base—three off-road vehicles were parked next to his car. The doors opened, and seven people got out from the vehicles one after another. Seeing them emerge, Ling Chen's expression subtly changed, and he felt a twinge of unease.

Though these people were not armed with guns and did not appear fully equipped for combat, for some reason, Ling Chen detected a whiff of danger emanating from them.

Among the group were men and women, old and young, dressed in an assortment of styles—the eldest appeared to be in their seventies or eighties, clad in rigid, old-fashioned Zhongshan suits, neat and solemn with grave expressions on their faces, while the youngest seemed to be about fifteen or sixteen, sporting a tank top and shorts, mismatched with an out-of-place pair of slippers. It was already autumn, but the youngster was dressed as if in the height of summer's sweltering heat. The attire of the others in the group was reasonably normal.

What caught Ling Chen's attention the most was a child, not even one meter tall, who looked to be about the same size as Little Hua and had an air of innocent naivety.

Such an oddly-styled group appearing on Zongming Mountain naturally aroused concern.

Observing the people coming up along the mountain path, Ling Chen made a snap decision, hastily returning to Little Hua's side. He hoisted her on his shoulder and rushed into the mountain, finding a more concealed spot to put her down.

"Big brother, what are you doing?" Little Hua asked, puzzled.

"Some people are coming. I'll go and take a look. Stay here and don't move an inch," Ling Chen instructed.

After his cautioning words, Ling Chen returned to the midsection of the mountain path. By this time, the group had already reached the hillside, moving swiftly. Ling Chen hid behind the half-human tall weeds, keenly observing their movements with Wolf Kiss gripped tightly in his hand.

He watched as the people made their way up towards the mountain top without stopping, and Ling Chen inwardly cursed.

Could these fellows be intending to harm He Ziyun and porridge girl?

Thinking this, he glanced at the path beside him; there was a rugged goat trail that could bypass the main route and lead to the mountain summit. Without hesitation, he rose to take that trail, hoping to get ahead of the group to warn He Ziyun and porridge girl.

However, just as he started moving, his clothes brushed against the nearby weeds unintentionally. The old man in the Zhongshan suit pricked up his ears; his murky eyes instantly sharpened. With a quick turn, he flicked his wrist and several darts whizzed through the air, shooting toward the thicket where Ling Chen was hiding.

Looking at the three darts fallen on the ground, Ling Chen widened his eyes in sudden shock.

Such precise skill!

Fortunately, he had moved promptly; had he been a moment slower, those darts would have surely hit him. This one move alone proved that the old man was an expert with skills concealed deep.

Now, as the old man reacted, a man and a woman quickly rushed toward the weeds. The man's left sleeve was empty, tied around his waist, with only the right arm intact. The woman had a striking appearance, her left cheek adorned with a red snow lotus tattoo, adding a touch of icy allure.

Within a few strides, the two reached the thicket. Their sharp gazes swept the surroundings, on the lookout for any suspicious targets.

Ling Chen lay still in the underbrush, holding his breath without daring to exhale, intently listening to the sounds a few meters away. The man and woman moved quickly. He couldn't escape in time and worried it would cause more noise and attract attention. Therefore, he stayed put, waiting for them to leave.

But at that moment, the pair began to walk around, pressing down the weeds with their feet as they went, checking the underbrush to see if anyone was hiding.

Seeing their movements, Ling Chen inwardly frowned. These people were not only strong, but also experienced—it seemed they would not be easy to deal with.

Chapter 306 Strange People

One step, two steps, three steps...

A man and a woman were approaching Ling Chen's position step by step. Ling Chen, who was lying on the ground, could even faintly hear their breathing.

This way, they would eventually find him.

He thought to himself. Seeing a foot press down on the weeds in front of him, Ling Chen no longer hesitated. His body, pressed against the ground, suddenly burst up. His fists were like a thousand pounds, smashing towards the patterned woman in front of him.

Caught off guard, the patterned woman didn't even have time to react. Her chest had already been heavily struck by Ling Chen's punch, causing her to stagger backward, her face instantly turning pale.

Ling Chen glanced at her and saw the patterned woman's ample left breast had caved in and had not bounced back. Seeing this, he smirked and mockingly said, "So it was just a bra supporting fake breasts. You're really dishonest, Taiping Princess."

Hearing his sarcasm, 'Taiping Princess' face instantly frosted over, her eyes ice cold, wishing she could tear Ling Chen apart. She furiously said, "I'll kill you!"

As soon as she spoke, the one-armed man by her side immediately stopped her, shouting, "Don't forget what they said, we need him alive."

"Huh?" Ling Chen was slightly surprised. He had thought these people were after He Ziyun and porridge girl, but from the one-armed man's words, it seemed they were targeting him.

Damn it! Who had he angered that they sent so many people to capture just him? It was clearly a case of the many bullying the few, damn unfair.

With that thought, Ling Chen didn't hesitate and immediately ran. The disparity between his and the enemies' strength was too great; strategically, retreating was the wiser choice. He Ziyun and porridge girl were both on top of the mountain; as long as he could regroup with them, he wanted to see what those people could do to him.

The two masters from the Earthly List were not to be trifled with.

However, before he could get far, Ling Chen only saw a figure flickering in front of him. The child from the group descended from the sky, blocking his path and with a bright smile said, "Sorry, big brother, this way is blocked."

Ling Chen stood in place for a moment, then looked up at the sky, his gaze shifting back to the child in surprise.

This kid... can fly?

Otherwise, how could he have suddenly jumped over from above him? Was this the legendary Qinggong?

While his mind was filled with these thoughts, Ling Chen suddenly noticed the boy's shoes. The shoes were a bit strange, the soles of ordinary shoes wouldn't be so thick, but the boy's shoes were about ten centimeters high, quite unusual.

This kid could fly over his head, probably relying on those special shoes. Still, he couldn't let his guard down. Everyone in this team was incredibly strange; who knew what abilities they had.

In a flash of thought, his eyes narrowed, and without another word, he went straight at the boy. Right now, he needed to regroup with He Ziyun and the others; he couldn't afford to delay here. With a brisk step, he reached the boy and swung his hand, prepared to push the boy aside. After all, he was facing a child and didn't want to be too harsh.

However, the moment he acted, the boy leaped from the ground, easily jumping over two meters high, and firmly landed on his shoulders. Following that, the boy squatted down, his legs wrapping around Ling Chen's neck like two ropes. Simultaneously, the boy pressed down with his torso, his head downward against Ling Chen's back, his arms wrapped around his waist, and his legs forcefully squeezed.

Ling Chen instantly felt a tightening in his throat, struggling to breathe, gasping for air.

Freak!

This was the only thought in Ling Chen's mind, as the little boy seemed frail, but his strength was terrifyingly great. The weak and small body was like a shackle, tightly imprisoning him.

At this moment, the one-armed man and the patterned woman who were chasing from behind didn't wait for Ling Chen to struggle out, and kicked fiercely at his buttocks. Ling Chen immediately stumbled and fell to the ground.

Ling Chen wanted to resist again, but the patterned woman pulled out a short knife from somewhere and put it on his neck, saying viciously, "If you dare to move again, I will cripple you."

Feeling the chilly blade against his neck, Ling Chen immediately became obedient and reluctantly shouted, "You are ganging up against one, it's not fair. Let me call my friends and let's have a fair fight."

The patterned woman coldly said, "Stop talking nonsense. It's your bad luck to fall into our hands. Get up!"

Ling Chen sighed and cooperatively followed the patterned woman, not daring to make any rash moves. If he tried to fight with all his might, he barely had the confidence to break free. But with five other people standing there not moving, if everyone rushed forward, he knew he'd definitely be defeated without even trying.

"Hey, if you've captured me, at least let me know who sent you."

"Shut up."

Scolded by the patterned woman, Ling Chen turned his head and took a glance, his eyes unintentionally fell on her flat chest, and he secretly sighed in pity. The woman was about thirty years old, pretty in her own right, but lacking in certain assets, which detracted from her overall attractiveness. If only she had fuller breasts, she might have had the chance to become quite a stunner.

Lost in wild thoughts, Ling Chen was brought before an old man. Eyes met in midair as the two sized each other up.

"Yes, that's him." The old man nodded as if confirming Ling Chen's identity.

Boom!

Just then, a sudden loud noise came from the top of the mountain. Everyone looked up, the old man's expression changed slightly, and he said gravely, "Don't delay, let's hurry and leave. If they discover us, we won't be able to escape."

At that command, seven people immediately escorted Ling Chen down Zongming Mountain.

Shortly after they left, Little Hua who was hiding between two rocks peeked out. Her round eyes scanned around, and seeing no one nearby, she immediately flipped over the rocks and began to run towards the mountaintop.

Sitting in the car, Ling Chen was sandwiched in the back seat between the one-armed man and the patterned woman, while the old man in a Sun Yat-sen suit took a cellphone out of his coat pocket, dialed a number, and said, "We've got him, he'll be delivered in half an hour. Get your things ready."

Ling Chen, looking through the rearview mirror, watched the old man with a serious expression, deep in thought, and asked, "Are you guys from the God Organization?"

The old man stared straight ahead, as if he hadn't heard Ling Chen's question, and remained silent.

Suddenly, the old man's aura burst forth, he said in a deep voice, "They are coming after us."

Ling Chen quickly turned his head to look out the car window. He saw He Ziyun on the steep cliffs of Zongming Mountain, agile like a clever monkey, his legs continuously jumping, using the protruding rocks on the surface of the mountain to descend rapidly. In a blink of an eye, he was nearing the foot of the mountain.

Ling Chen's eyes widened, incredulous.

Holy crap, is this still human? Is this the strength of someone from the Earthly List?

Chapter 307 The Eight Eccentrics

At the foot of the mountain, He Ziyun tapped the ground with his legs, covering several meters in a single step, speeding like a gust of wind that left no trace behind.

Suddenly, Ling Chen saw that in the SUV following closely behind, the window rolled down, and a man stuck out half of his body, holding a bow and arrow. The bow was fully drawn, the man placed an arrow on the string, his upper body remaining motionless. No matter how much the car rocked, his upper body stayed still as he held his breath and concentrated, like an unyielding rock amidst the mountain, allowing the wind and rain to batter him without flinching.

Whoosh!

The arrow shot out, and the fast-moving He Ziyun paused slightly, looking at the man with the bow and arrow, a trace of shock flashing across his eyes.

The man shot each arrow rhythmically: draw the bow, place the arrow, inhale, concentrate, release the string, one arrow every ten seconds, no more, no less.

After a series of ten arrows, He Ziyun was getting farther and farther away from the SUV, with no possibility of catching up anymore.

Watching the three SUVs gradually disappearing from sight, He Ziyun stopped in his tracks and shook his head helplessly. Suddenly, his face turned pale, and he spat out a mouthful of fresh blood.

He had already sustained an internal injury while sparring with the porridge girl earlier. Upon learning that Ling Chen had been captured, he disregarded his injuries and forcefully used his Inner Strength, resulting in exacerbating his injuries. At this moment, as he spat out a mouthful of blood, his complexion immediately grew weak.

Then, the porridge girl arrived with Little Hua from behind, the little girl anxiously asked, "Master, where's big brother?"

"He's been taken." With that, He Ziyun turned around and walked back, picked up an arrow from the ground, weighed it in his hand, examined it, then turned to the porridge girl and said, "I know who took Ling Chen."

"Who?"

"The Eight Eccentrics, you should have heard of them."

The porridge girl nodded, "The martial arts world of Huaxia is full of hidden dragons and crouching tigers; the Eight Eccentrics are among them, each possessing their unique skills. But due to their eccentric personalities, they never mix with others in the martial arts circle. Their strength is formidable, but for some reason, the Heavenly Mechanism Pavilion hasn't included them in the Heaven and Earth Dragon and Tiger List."

"The Eight Eccentrics do have abilities, but each only excels in one aspect and is weak in others. Some say that if the abilities of all Eight Eccentrics were combined in one person, that person would be among the rare masters in the world. Unfortunately, the Heaven and Earth Dragon and Tiger List considers overall ability, not a single strength, which is the main reason they're not on the list," He Ziyun explained.

Little Hua asked curiously, "Master, since they're called the Eight Eccentrics, there should be eight people, right? But I counted just now; only seven appeared."

"Perhaps someone didn't come." He Ziyun frowned slightly, murmuring to himself, "The Eight Eccentrics are reclusive by nature, never dealing with others; why would they suddenly strike at Ling Chen this time?"

...

Half an hour later.

At a villa located on the outskirts of East Sea City, three SUVs slowly decelerated, parking at the outdoor lot.

The car doors opened, the patterned woman and a one-armed man escorted Ling Chen down from the vehicle, following an old man into the villa.

Entering the spacious and bright living room, before Ling Chen was settled, he heard a hearty laughter descending from the staircase. Looking up, his expression changed abruptly, and he exclaimed, "It's you!"

"Ling Chen, we meet again."

The middle-aged man in front of him was none other than Mr. Yun, whom he had met in Yangcheng, no wonder Ling Chen was so surprised. It seemed his guess was correct; the God Organization was manipulating this operation from behind.

"Mr. Yun, if you wanted to see me, a simple phone call would have sufficed. Why go to the trouble of sending so many people to capture me?"

Mr. Yun responded with an indifferent smile, "You must have already guessed my identity. If I had called you, would you have come alone? Please, have a seat. Let's sit down and talk."

In the meantime, an old man in a Zhongshan suit stepped forward and said, "Mr. Yun, we've completed the task you asked us to do. Isn't it time you kept your promise?"

"Elder Qiu, don't be impatient. I won't go back on my word. However, your third brother's situation is quite complicated, and he still needs some time for treatment. Rest for now, and later I will take you to see him."

Once the seven of them left, Ling Chen looked at Mr. Yun and asked the question that had long lurked in his heart, "You're from the God Organization, so why did you help me save Wanqing in Yangcheng?"

"With your wits, you should be able to guess the reason."

Hearing this, a thought struck Ling Chen, and he blurted out, "Could it be you're really..."

Mr. Yun waved his hand, cutting him off, "Some things are clear in our hearts; there's no need to say them out loud. I once tested your abilities, indeed not bad. Knowing you're there to protect Wanqing's safety gives me peace of mind."

"Tested my abilities? When was this?" Ling Chen was puzzled.

"One of the three who put a bounty on you was me. If I had known others were doing such things, I wouldn't have needed to intervene. But you didn't disappoint me, which saved me four million US Dollars."

"If Wanqing knew about your identity, how do you think she should face you?"

"That's not your concern. Besides, I only care about her safety, not how she sees me. Ling Chen, I brought you here today mainly for two matters. First, you can stay by Wanqing's side to protect her, but you must not harbor any improper thoughts toward her. Remember my words, no matter how your relationship with her develops, there's no outcome for you and her. I'm not threatening you, I'm warning you, reminding you, so you don't get too deeply entangled and unable to extricate yourselves, which will only lead to greater pain in the end."

"Why? Just because of your relationship with her, you think you can make decisions for her? Don't forget, even if you are related by blood, in Wanqing's eyes, you've always been a stranger. I believe, given her character, she wouldn't let you control her life."

Ling Chen was very unhappy; he disliked others meddling in his personal affairs, especially matters of the heart.

"I can't tell you the reason; it's a matter of the Nanrong Family, and you're an outsider; you don't need to know. Just keep my words in mind, don't cross my bottom line, otherwise..."

"Otherwise, what?" Ling Chen spoke mockingly. "Kill me?"

Mr. Yun shook his head, "I won't kill you, but I have a hundred ways to make living worse than death for you, so you'd better heed my advice and not act recklessly."

"Sorry, I don't accept your advice. I have my own principles in life and don't need someone else dictating them. If you're really capable, then go and tell Wanqing yourself," Ling Chen was unyielding.

Hearing this, Mr. Yun did not get angry; his expression remained calm.

"I've made myself clear; what you do is up to you. Now, let's talk about the second matter."

Chapter 308 Seeing Zhu Hong Again

Ling Chen's brows furrowed slightly as he asked, "Is there anything else you need?"

Mr. Yun smiled profoundly and stood up, saying, "You'll know soon enough. Come with me."

Ling Chen followed his steps closely, without resisting. By this point, he knew resistance was futile. With those seven bizarre individuals guarding outside, he had no chance of escape.

Since he was here, he might as well adapt. He was curious to see what Mr. Yun intended to do with him.

Leaving the villa, the one-armed man and the patterned woman once again approached under Elder Qiu's leadership, pushing Ling Chen into the car, one on either side of him. Two Mercedes-Benzes, along with three Chevrolet SUVs, maintained a speed of seventy miles, driving along the road.

After about an hour, the five vehicles took a big loop around the ring road of East Sea City, without arriving at the destination. Ling Chen knew that the other party was ruling out the possibility of being tracked. After circling a few more intersections, the five cars finally entered a chemical plant.

The cars stopped, and immediately over ten men in suits came out from the security booth, holding various precision instruments, checking the vehicles to prevent any tracking devices, listening devices, or dangerous items from being present. Ling Chen observed carefully onboard and nodded to himself. Very professional, and very principled. Mr. Yun was an important figure in the God Organization, holding high authority. Yet, even so, strict inspections were still necessary, with no exceptions.

After spending a few minutes to ensure safety, the security allowed them to proceed.

The five vehicles entered an underground parking garage, moving downward. When they reached the lowest level, two parked trucks inside slowly started moving, heading in opposite directions, revealing a smooth wall. Then, with a series of clicking sounds, the whole wall rose slowly, revealing a brightly lit passage immediately before everyone's eyes.

Ling Chen was secretly astonished. Previously, Tang Yuan, along with the members of the Ghost Organization through Zhang Xueli's confession, had almost destroyed all the secret bases in East Sea City. He didn't expect there to be another secret base hidden here. This made him admire the powerful force of the God Organization; their vitality was as tenacious as wild grass.

As the five cars arrived at their destination, the security personnel waiting outside immediately swarmed the vehicles. After getting out of the car, Ling Chen saw a researcher in a white lab coat holding a specially-made syringe, injecting each person, himself included. After wiping the fresh blood that remained on his arm from the injection, Mr. Yun's voice echoed in Ling Chen's ear, "Gentlemen, it's best to behave yourselves here and not wander around. You all have been injected with nano tracking devices that can precisely pinpoint your locations. If we find any signal anomalies, I'm sorry, you will have to stay here forever."

As he was speaking, several white-coated figures quickly approached from the elevator entrance, holding metal cases.

"Mr. Yun," they greeted respectfully in unison.

"The person you want is him," Mr. Yun pointed at Ling Chen, and the gaze of several in white coats immediately locked onto Ling Chen, their eyes burning with intensity.

Seeing how they pounced like hungry wolves, surrounding him, Ling Chen felt a bit uneasy. Their eyes seemed like those of frustrated wives, suddenly spotting a muscular prey, instantly excited.

As they kept touching and feeling, pinching his pectoral muscles, rubbing his thighs, Ling Chen suddenly cried out, "Hey! What are you doing?" As he spoke, he flung his arms, trying to push away those in white coats. But at that moment, he felt a tickle at the back of his neck, as if a mosquito had bitten him. Then,

his head began to feel heavy, his consciousness blurred, his body softened, and he collapsed to the ground.

"Take him down," Mr. Yun said, then looked at the one-armed man and others, adding, "Elder Qiu, you come with me."

I don't know how long it had been, but Ling Chen hazily awakened, feeling an unbearable throbbing in his head and a sour ache throughout his muscles. He instinctively wanted to raise his hand to touch his forehead, only to discover that both his hands couldn't move at all.

Opening his eyes, he looked at his body and his face slightly changed. At this moment, he was bound to a vertical iron bed, his limbs tied down by specially made metal constraints. Beside him, several individuals in white lab coats and masks were holding tablet computers, whispering to each other, discussing something unknown.

Then, one of the white coats approached him, holding a thick syringe, and directly jabbed it into his arm, slowly drawing blood. Fresh blood immediately started flowing into the syringe through the needle.

"Damn it, what are you doing, stop!" Ling Chen glared fiercely and shouted. Shit, with the capacity of this syringe, at least a tenth of his blood must have been taken.

But the white coat completely ignored his anger, busily focusing on his task at hand. Once the blood was drawn full, Ling Chen's body immediately reacted with a strong sense of weakness. After removing the needle, the white coat hung a saline drip for him, then took the fresh blood away for testing.

Before long, those white coats seemed to treat him as an automatic blood donor machine, drawing blood every hour or two.

Unconsciously, Ling Chen had lost track of time, feeling groggy and incoherent, pale-faced, unable to muster any strength. If he were set free now, he estimated he wouldn't have the strength to escape.

"Ling Chen, Ling Chen... wake up!"

In his daze, Ling Chen thought he heard a familiar voice calling him. Struggling to open his eyes, he looked up ahead, his dilating pupils gradually focusing, and a handsome face suddenly appeared before him.

"It's you... Zhu Hong..." Ling Chen weakly said.

"Long time no see." Zhu Hong smirked coldly. "Never thought you'd end up like this. I've always told you, opposing me won't end well, but you just wouldn't believe and had to show off."

Ling Chen summoned his energy, Zhu Hong's chilling smile growing clearer in his eyes. With a slight upward curve of his lips and in a mocking tone, he said, "What's there to be proud of? I didn't lose to you, and I'm not sure who was it that ran away like a bereaved dog."

Hearing this, Zhu Hong's expression shifted, his face turning pale as he stared at Ling Chen with a cold voice, "Still stubborn under these circumstances, huh? Let's see how long you can hold out."

As he finished speaking, he swung a heavy punch, landing it firmly on Ling Chen's body.

Puh!

Ling Chen spit out all the saliva he had been holding back, spraying Zhu Hong's face. He squeezed out a smile, tauntingly said, "You hit with such little force, are you even a man? If the God Organization falls apart, with your looks you could get a sex change and become a woman, then go to a place like Thailand; you might even make more than you do now."

"Shut up!" Zhu Hong, who was wiping the saliva from his face, shouted angrily with another fist raised.

Chapter 309 Perfect Gene

"Stop!"

At that moment, a stern voice rang out. Zhu Hong's movements slowed, and he reluctantly retracted his fist, stepped back to one side, bowed slightly, and said, "Mr. Yun."

Mr. Yun looked at him displeasedly and scolded, "I asked you here to assess the situation, not to take the opportunity for revenge. If you are truly a man, defeat him one-on-one with your own abilities, not by using such despicable methods."

"Yes, I was wrong." Zhu Hong bowed his head, not daring to utter a word and honestly accepted the criticism.

"Mr. Yun." A person in a white lab coat, holding a freshly printed report still smelling of ink, excitedly ran in from outside, speaking with an exhilarated expression, "It worked, it worked! Mr. Yun, you were right, his genes have fused with the drug at a 99% compatibility rate, almost perfect."

"Can it solve our problem now?"

"No problem," the person in the white lab coat said confidently, "As long as we extract his genes and proceed with gene cloning, we'll be able to mass-produce the drug, and the incidence of side effects will be greatly reduced."

"Very good." Mr. Yun smiled slightly, satisfied, "From now on, I will grant you full access to whatever you need, just ask and I will have people fully cooperate with you."

"Yes."

After the person in the white lab coat left, Mr. Yun walked up to Ling Chen, looked at his pale face, and said with a smile, "Ling Chen, when the God Organization rises globally, you will be our greatest hero."

Ling Chen frowned slightly, speaking in a deep voice, "Have you considered your daughter in all this?"

"That's my business, not yours to worry about. Just stay here quietly for a while, and once they have succeeded, I will let you go. Wanqing's safety still needs your protection, I won't keep you for too long."

Hearing this, Zhu Hong behind him couldn't help saying, "Mr. Yun, let me handle Wanqing's safety..."

"You can't." Mr. Yun cut him off, shaking his head, "Zhu Hong, it's not that I don't trust you, but you have more important things to do. Go now, let Ling Chen cool down a bit, I have things to discuss with you." With those words, he turned and walked out.

Zhu Hong glanced at Ling Chen, his eyes cold and resentful.

"Ling Chen, our business isn't finished yet." After saying that, he scoffed, flung his sleeve, and left.

At this moment, in a hospital room at the secret base, seven of the infamous eight were gathered in a spacious room, looking at the middle-aged man lying unconscious on the hospital bed, their expressions filled with concern.

Soon, the door of the hospital room was pushed open, and Mr. Yun walked in, escorted by Zhu Hong, nodding to the Elder Qiu leading the group.

"Mr. Yun, exactly how is my younger brother?"

"Elder Qiu, don't worry, he is out of danger for his life, but... although his life is saved, it may take some time before he can wake up, he must continue to take our drug. However, that drug is very precious, and we have a shortage here, if he cannot continue taking it, his life may be in danger..."

"Mr. Yun, I, Qiu Yong, am not a fool, speak frankly, what will it take for you to help my brother?"

Mr. Yun's lips curled into a slight smile, speaking casually, "Elder Qiu really understands well, then I'll speak frankly. There are a few other tricky matters I need your help with. If you can assist me in those, not only will I save your brother, but there will also be extra compensation."

"You break your promises." The patterned woman behind Qiu Yong, furious, couldn't help but intervene, "You promised us, as long as we helped you capture Ling Chen, you would treat my brother. I warn you, don't think we're easy to bully, and don't blame us for not being polite if you enrage us."

"Presumptuous!" Zhu Hong barked coldly, "If you want to live and leave this place, better watch your tone."

Mr. Yun waved it off nonchalantly, "Elder Qiu, times change, the conditions I've laid out are there, whether you agree or not is your decision. I have other matters to attend to, think it over and let me know."

Watching Mr. Yun and Zhu Hong leave, the patterned woman angrily said, "Big brother, this man clearly wants to use us, we must not agree."

"That's right, how dare he threaten us."

Qiu Yong looked at the middle-aged man lying on the hospital bed, hesitated, and said, "Don't you want to save our younger brother? We eight siblings have always been united, advancing and retreating together. Now that our brother is in trouble, we can't just stand by."

Hearing this, everyone fell into silence.

...

I do not know how long I had been unconscious, but when Ling Chen regained consciousness, he felt his body being pushed, with the sound of wheels nearby. Immediately after, a pungent smell of medicinal fluid entered his nostrils, as if he were in a hospital.

"Connect the equipment properly, monitor the patient's vital signs, we cannot let him die."

Ling Chen squinted his eyes, barely discerning two blurred figures in front of him. He exhaled a breath, his clenched fist slowly relaxing, and his chest's rising and falling gradually slowing down.

Beep beep!

An ear-piercing alarm sounded, and the nearby display lit up with a red light.

"The heartbeat and body temperature are dropping, the patient's vital signs are unstable, he needs urgent resuscitation."

The white-coated individual immediately panicked, hurriedly saying, "Notify all doctors, no matter what, we must save his life." After speaking, he quickly took out his phone to contact Mr. Yun, updating him on Ling Chen's condition.

Not long after, over a dozen doctors had arrived in the hospital room, performing resuscitation on Ling Chen.

"The patient must have lost too much blood, causing his constitution to weaken, go immediately to the blood bank for plasma."

"Doctor, the patient's heartbeat is about to stop."

"Prepare adrenaline immediately."

The team of doctors, sweating profusely, hurriedly busied themselves. Soon, a dose of adrenaline was injected into Ling Chen's body. Almost instantly, Ling Chen's body reacted strongly, his eyes suddenly opening wide, his pupils dilating, and his breathing growing more and more rapid as the monitor displayed waveforms like high peaks, unceasing.

"How is the patient's condition?"

"I'm very well."

A sudden voice erupted among them, startling the attending medical staff who promptly focused their gaze on Ling Chen, their faces filled with astonishment, "You... how could you..."

Ling Chen's lips curled up slightly, his face flushed with a healthy glow, no signs of weakness visible. Before the doctors and nurses could even react, Ling Chen performed a swift move and swiftly got off the hospital bed, leaped over the heads of everyone, and rushed to the door of the hospital room, breaking it with his foot and swiftly taking down the two security personnel guarding the door.

"Quick, ring the alarm, don't let him escape!" shouted the first doctor to come to his senses.

Chapter 310 Skillfully Laying Plans

Wearing a patient's gown, Ling Chen quickly pulled out the remaining needles and ran relentlessly.

Luckily, those doctors and nurses were easy to deceive, otherwise, he wouldn't have found the chance to escape. With his physical condition, even with excessive blood loss, his life wouldn't be in danger. Just now, he deliberately used his Breathing Control Skills to slow down his breathing, creating the illusion that his vital signs were weakening. He knew that once there was a life-threatening situation, following normal procedures, the doctor would inject a certain amount of adrenaline to enhance the patient's bodily functions.

He needed the adrenaline because the excessive blood loss had left his body too weak to even muster any strength, and adrenaline could exactly trigger his potential.

However, the only drawback of adrenaline was that it couldn't last for too long, he must find a way out quickly and escape from this damned place.

Just as he was thinking, several security personnel suddenly rushed out in the corridor ahead.

"Stop, don't run!"

Ling Chen glanced sideways and immediately turned towards another corridor. Yet, he hadn't gotten far when more than ten security personnel intercepted him, blocking his path.

"Damn!"

Trapped from both front and back, Ling Chen muttered to himself that something was wrong, and then remembered that when he first entered the secret base, someone had injected a nano tracker into his body. As long as he was within the base, the enemy could lock onto his location at any time.

Glancing left and right, Ling Chen gritted his teeth, turned around, and kicked open the door behind him, planning to slip out through the window. However, the moment the door was kicked open, more than a dozen gazes immediately focused on him.

Uh...

Ling Chen was slightly startled and froze on the spot, looking somewhat embarrassed.

"Uh...sorry, wrong room." Ling Chen gave an awkward smile and hurriedly retreated out the door. But by then, the ten-plus security personnel had already arrived, blocking the entrance to the room. With no other choice, Ling Chen kicked a few people away and then slammed the door shut with a 'bang', using his back to barricade the door and prevent the people outside from breaking in.

The patterned woman inside the room looked at Ling Chen, a cold glint flashing in her eyes as she stepped forward. However, she had barely taken a step when she was stopped by Qiu Yong.

"This has nothing to do with us, no need to interfere."

Hearing this, the patterned woman nodded and stepped back.

Seeing this, Ling Chen secretly heaved a sigh of relief. He had not expected such luck to run into these people's room. He also heard what Qiu Yong just said and felt secretly fortunate. If it came to a fight, they both might not be a match for these people.

"Open the door! Open it now!"

The voices outside grew louder, accompanied by the 'bang bang' sounds of the door being hit, almost pushing Ling Chen's body away several times.

Facing such a dangerous situation, Ling Chen was momentarily at a loss, unsure of what to do. At that moment, he saw a cabinet placed next to the room's door, immediately toppled it over, and used it to barricade the door, freeing himself.

Taking a breath, Ling Chen's eyes shifted, and his gaze soon landed on a hospital bed. A middle-aged man, in his thirties, lay on the bed with a waxen complexion and purple lips, showing signs of poisoning. Thinking of this, he couldn't help but walk over to the bedside and placed his hand on the man's pulse.

Seeing his actions, everyone's expression changed dramatically, and they hastily shouted, "Stop!"

Hearing the shouts of the crowd, Ling Chen was startled. Seeing Qiu Yong and the others glaring at him, he immediately explained, "Everyone, don't misunderstand, I mean no harm, I just wanted to check his condition."

Qiu Yong looked at Ling Chen skeptically and asked, "Do you know medical techniques?"

"A little bit." After saying that, Ling Chen saw no resistance from him and again placed his hand on the middle-aged man's pulse.

After a while, he nodded slightly and said, "He has been poisoned, and it's a severe poison."

The patterned woman coldly said, "Nonsense, we all know that. The question is whether you can save him or not."

"I can't. The toxins in his body have spread to all his organs, and his bodily functions are essentially necrotic. Even if Hua Tuo were alive, he couldn't save him. He is currently only being kept alive by drugs and devices that stimulate potential, lingering on in a desperate state." Ling Chen said sternly, "If I were you, I would end his life and not let him suffer any longer."

"Nonsense!" The one-armed man yelled angrily: "My third brother will never die, and if you keep spouting nonsense, do you believe I'll kill you?"

Ling Chen shrugged his shoulders, looking helpless, "I'm telling the truth. If you don't believe it, there's nothing I can do. But don't blame me for not reminding you, dragging this out will only make him suffer more, a fate worse than death. If you really consider him a brother, you shouldn't let him endure this torment."

"Shut your mouth." The one-armed man roared, a cold light flashing in his hand, and a steel knife appeared somehow, striking straight at Ling Chen's head.

"Stop!"

Hearing the familiar voice, the one-armed man paused slightly and immediately stopped, turning his head to look at Qiu Yong, puzzled, "Big brother, let me kill this jerk."

Qiu Yong shook his head, looking directly at Ling Chen in front of the sickbed, eyes filled with sharp light.

"I know he has been deeply poisoned. The doctors outside have the same diagnosis as you. But Mr. Yun told me he has a way to cure my third brother."

"He has deceived you. The God Organization mainly researches enhancement drugs which can stimulate a person's potential for a short period, but they do not remove the toxins in his body. Once his potential is exhausted, no amount of enhancement drugs will be useful. My guess is, in three or four days, he won't last. Elder Qiu, I know you're worried about your brother's safety, but some things can't be forced."

While he was speaking, the door of the sickroom was jolted open a crack.

Ling Chen's face changed slightly, he quickly grabbed a surgical knife, gritted his teeth, and cut a slit in the skin of his own arm, then used tweezers to probe into the wound. After fiddling for a while, he extracted a rice grain-sized nano tracker.

Having dealt with the tracker, he did not hesitate, immediately ran to the window of the sickroom, opened the glass window, then grabbed the guard rail outside the window, and pushed outward with both hands forcefully.

This is bad!

Suddenly, he inwardly cursed. At this moment, his strength was fading faster and faster, and the effect of adrenaline was rapidly decreasing. After a few movements, he was already sweating profusely and gasping for breath.

Just then, the internal line phone in the sick room suddenly rang, and at the same time, the sound of pounding on the door from outside disappeared.

Under everyone's watchful eyes, Qiu Yong walked to the phone, picked up the receiver, and greeted, "Hello."

"Elder Qiu, do me a favor, catch Ling Chen, don't let him run. Once it's done, I'll immediately save your brother."

Qiu Yong glanced at Ling Chen and replied, "He's right here, I can capture him at any moment. But I have a condition, you must save my third brother first."

"Elder Qiu, now is not the time to negotiate terms. As long as you capture Ling Chen and hand him over to the security personnel outside, we can talk slowly about the rest."

"I refuse. You better make a decision quickly; he's about to escape. Also, he has already removed the nano tracker from his body. Once he escapes the sickroom, don't think of finding him again."