

The Beauty 821

Chapter 821 He Is Your Father

As field operatives of the Lonely Wolf, they are all specially trained talent. Upon hearing Tang Yuan's orders, everyone immediately responded. Apart from leaving four field operatives to protect Hu Fei and Nanrong Hao, the others quickly followed Tang Yuan toward the direction of the gunfire.

When the group arrived, they only saw a field operative lying on the ground, with a pistol and an empty shell scattered next to him.

Tang Yuan glanced over and noticed a new wound on the operative's neck, with blood flowing endlessly. His eyes were wide open, clearly indicating that he had died.

"Search for me, the killer must still be nearby," Tang Yuan said in a deep voice.

"Yes."

Watching the team members disperse, Tang Yuan did not leave directly but instead checked the surroundings. Suddenly, he noticed a container not far away was half-open. Immediately, Tang Yuan walked to the container and cautiously pushed the door open. Instantly, a pungent smell of blood wafted out from inside.

When both doors of the container were fully opened, light from outside illuminated the dim container.

Glancing around, he saw the floor of the container was covered with bloodstains, and a rope hung from the top, stained red with blood. Nearby, there was a table with various torture instruments arranged.

Thinking of the scars on Nanrong Yuan's wrists, Tang Yuan immediately concluded that this was where Nanrong Yuan had been tortured. By just looking at the bloodstains on the ground, one could imagine the immense suffering Nanrong Yuan experienced at that time.

After examining the situation inside the container and finding no valuable clues, Tang Yuan turned and left. Just as he stepped out, he heard a distress call from his subordinates over the radio: "Enemy spotted to the east, I repeat, enemy spotted to the east, everyone... ah!"

Before the words were even finished, a scream replaced the voice.

Tang Yuan's face darkened, and he quickly took out the radio, saying, "Everyone, head to the east immediately." Saying this, he quickened his pace and rushed toward the east side of the dock.

Soon, a figure appeared in Tang Yuan's sight. The figure seemed to be carrying someone, leaping swiftly over the top of the containers, disappearing several meters away in the blink of an eye.

"Stop!" Tang Yuan yelled, agilely climbing to the top of the container and reaching for his waist, preparing to draw his gun and aim.

However, before Tang Yuan could draw his pistol, the man fleeing ahead suddenly turned his head, his wrist flicked, and a piercing sound of air instantly approached. Driven by years of experience and sensing extreme danger, Tang Yuan instinctively rolled to the ground.

Clang! Clang!

The sound of two sharp clinks was heard, and when Tang Yuan turned back to look, he saw two small daggers pinned to the spot where he had just stood. Had he not reacted quickly, those daggers might have pierced his body.

That was close! Tang Yuan wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, secretly feeling lucky.

At this moment, when he looked back at the man, the figure had already vanished, with no clue of where he had gone.

On the other side of the dock, Hu Fei and Nanrong Hao were lying on the ground under the protection of several field operatives, waiting for the crisis to be resolved.

At this moment, lying on the ground, Nanrong Hao glanced around, finally locking his eyes on the corpse less than two meters away. However, since the body was covered with a white cloth, he couldn't see the face clearly, only the general outline of the body.

Suddenly, a sea breeze carrying the smell of the ocean blew by, gently lifting a corner of the white cloth. From Nanrong Hao's perspective, he just happened to see half of the face of the corpse.

This person... seems familiar?

After a brief glance, doubts filled Nanrong Hao's mind. He was certain that, even with just half a face visible, the body gave him an inexplicably familiar feeling.

I definitely know the deceased!

For some reason, a strong sense of certainty filled Nanrong Hao's heart. The more he felt this way, the more he wanted to uncover the identity of the deceased. After hesitating for a moment, Nanrong Hao glanced at Hu Fei beside him, abruptly got up from the ground, and dashed towards the corpse.

"Haozi!"

Hu Fei was startled, but unfortunately, by the time he reacted, it was already too late. Nanrong Hao had already rushed close to the corpse and lifted the white cloth with his hand.

Staring at the corpse lying on the ground, Nanrong Hao's pupils contracted instantly, showing a completely dazed expression, with no light in his eyes, utterly stupefied.

"Haozi, Haozi!"

Hu Fei hastily arrived at Nanrong Hao's side, snatched the white cloth from his hands, covered the corpse again, and then pulled Nanrong Hao aside.

Throughout, Nanrong Hao did not show any resistance, staring blankly, as if he had lost his senses, with his face somewhat pale.

"Hu... Hu, I... have I... have I seen it wrong?" Nanrong Hao parted his lips, murmuring, "That person... why do they look like my... father?"

Hu Fei reassured, "You're overthinking it, that isn't your father at all. Many people in the world look alike; maybe they just look similar, don't worry about it."

"No, it's impossible, no one could look that much alike." As he spoke, Nanrong Hao seemed to go crazy, shaking off Hu Fei, and took big steps toward the corpse.

"Haozi, what are you doing, come back!"

Fearing that Nanrong Hao would be further agitated, Hu Fei quickly grabbed his arm, refusing to let go.

"Hu, let me go. Since you say he's not my father, then let me see clearly," Nanrong Hao shouted with red eyes.

With a body full of fat, Hu Fei was no match for the martial-trained Nanrong Hao. With a slight exertion, Nanrong Hao immediately shook off Hu Fei's hands. Seeing this, Hu Fei promptly yelled at the field operatives, "What are you standing there for, stop him now."

Upon hearing Hu Fei's shout, the field operatives dared not delay, quickly catching up with Nanrong Hao, holding his shoulders and pinning him to the ground. Despite struggling desperately, Nanrong Hao could not move under the combined effort of two people.

After struggling for a while, Nanrong Hao seemed to lose all strength, going limp on the ground, his eyes fixed on the corpse, eyes full of redness.

"Sigh!" Hu Fei sighed helplessly, walking to Nanrong Hao's side and said, "Haozi, stop looking, let me take you back."

Nanrong Hao shook his head, looking up at Hu Fei's eyes, and said word by word, "Hu, tell me the truth, who is that person, is he my father or not?"

"He's not..."

Hu Fei was about to deny it, but feeling the pain and hope in Nanrong Hao's gaze, Hu Fei relented, softly nodding, "At this point, I won't hide it from you anymore. Indeed, he is Nanrong Yuan, your father who has been missing for years."

Chapter 822 I Want Revenge

"Dad... he really is my dad..." After receiving confirmation from Hu Fei, Nanrong Hao's face turned pale in an instant, mumbling to himself with a look of deep sorrow.

"Haozi, death is irretrievable, don't be too sad." Hu Fei sighed, not knowing how to comfort Nanrong Hao.

"Let me go."

Upon hearing this, the two field personnel cast their eyes toward Hu Fei. Seeing the latter nod in approval, they immediately withdrew their hands from Nanrong Hao's shoulders. After they left, Nanrong Hao stood up on his own, his body weak, staggering toward Nanrong Yuan's corpse before falling to his knees with a thud.

"Dad!"

After a long time, Nanrong Hao let out a hoarse scream as if releasing all the pent-up emotions in his heart at that moment.

Watching Nanrong Hao weep uncontrollably over the body, Hu Fei sighed softly and stood quietly by the side without offering words of comfort. He had spent a fair amount of time with Nanrong Hao and knew a bit about his situation. Hu Fei was aware that when Nanrong Hao was born, his parents had left home and hadn't returned for over twenty years.

Nanrong Hao grew up never having called 'Mom and Dad' — something ordinary for others was a luxury for him.

Now, though he finally uttered 'Dad', satisfying a lifelong regret, the pity was that Nanrong Yuan had passed away, and he could never feel the presence of fatherly love.

At that moment, Tang Yuan returned with his men. Seeing the tearful Nanrong Hao, Tang Yuan was slightly taken aback, looking at Hu Fei with confusion, unsure of what had transpired.

Hu Fei perfectly understood Tang Yuan's intentions. At first, neither wanted Nanrong Hao to know about Nanrong Yuan's identity. But, just now, Hu Fei suddenly realized something important. Concealing Nanrong Yuan's death would undoubtedly be cruel to Nanrong Hao.

As a son, not being able to fulfill filial duties in life shouldn't mean depriving him of the right to do so after death. Throughout history, filial piety comes first. Since Nanrong Yuan hadn't been around his children in life, having his son send him off after death somewhat compensated for regrets.

Half an hour later, perhaps tired from crying or overwhelmed by emotions and shock, Nanrong Hao fell to the ground unconscious.

Hu Fei said helplessly, "First, find someone to take him back to the base, and also have Nanrong Yuan's body placed at the base."

Tang Yuan nodded and said, "That's the only thing we can do now." Pausing, Tang Yuan continued, "I just saw Little Hua being taken away by someone. This person is very skilled, and I couldn't catch up."

"Forget it! This matter won't be settled quickly anyway. I'll check when I return; as long as those guys are still in East Sea City, they'll have to show themselves sooner or later."

...

Waking up, Nanrong Hao sat up groggily, uncertain how much time had passed, looking at the surrounding environment.

"Awake?" A voice came through, and Nanrong Hao turned his head to find Hu Fei walking over with a cup of water, handing it to him.

Taking the cup, Nanrong Hao blankly stared at the tea inside, motionless, clearly exhibiting sorrow in his eyes. Seeing his grief-stricken appearance, Hu Fei patted his shoulder and comforted, "I know this incident has dealt a heavy blow to you, but remember, you're a man of the Nanrong Family. Your father is gone, but the future of the Nanrong Family relies on you to uphold it. A man can shed tears but cannot despair nor show weakness."

"Hu," Nanrong Hao raised his head and asked Hu Fei, "How did my father die?"

"Based on our investigation, he suffered abuse and torture before death, likely due to revenge from past enemies. Haozi, you might not know much about your father's matters; I don't want to say too much now. In short, I hope you'll do me a favor — don't tell your sister about your father's matter for now. Whatever the case, wait until Ling Chen comes back to deal with it."

Nanrong Hao understood Hu Fei's implication — if Sister found out, she'd likely be hit harder than himself.

"Hu, about my dad's body..."

"Don't worry, I've arranged everything. His body will stay in a crystal coffin without issues. Haozi, stay at the base for these two days; don't go back. If your sister sees you like this, she might overthink."

"I understand." With that, Nanrong Hao asked, "Hu, any progress on the killer?"

"Not at the moment. I've ordered my men to gather clues. If you have any ideas?"

Nanrong Hao clenched the teacup in his hand and said through gritted teeth, "An eye for an eye, blood for blood. They've killed my father, and as his son, I can't just do nothing."

"I understand your feelings; revenge is natural. However, you must heed my words and not act impulsively to avoid failure or risking your own life — do you get it?"

Nanrong Hao nodded firmly, saying, "Rest assured, Hu — as long as I can avenge him, I'll listen to whatever you say."

"That's best. Rest well; I have other matters to attend to, and I'll check on you later." Finishing, Hu Fei left the room.

Upon reaching the control center of the base, Tang Yuan was seen standing before over a dozen surveillance monitors, repeatedly watching the displayed footage, hoping to find useful clues.

"How's it going, any discoveries?"

Hearing Hu Fei's voice, Tang Yuan spoke to a staff member beside him. The latter immediately understood and quickly displayed an image on the screen.

Hu Fei looked carefully at the very blurry image, apparently taken from surveillance footage. Because it was night and the camera was distant, the clarity was less than ideal.

Nonetheless, upon careful inspection, the number of people in the image could be discerned — four males in total.

"I investigated the docks; recent surveillance footage was destroyed and deleted, and the data can't be recovered. This image was found from a surveillance camera several meters from the docks, and it's the only photo showing suspects."

"The photo is too blurry; nothing is clear." With that, Hu Fei moved to the computer, opened a photo restoration software, and imported the picture into the software.

After more than ten minutes of effort, the blurry image gradually grew clearer. Although still somewhat vague, the faces' outlines became distinguishable.

Upon seeing the silvery mask in the picture, Hu Fei's eyes immediately lit up.

"It's Zhu Hong!"

Chapter 823 Challenging the School

Tang Yuan leaned close to Hu Fei, looking at the processed images, and asked, "One of them is Zhu Hong, who are the other three?"

"Ling Chen mentioned these people to me before; the other ones should be Chu Huaiyang, Song Mingzhe, as for the last one..." Hu Fei thought for a moment, suddenly a flash of insight crossed his mind, "I know who it is, it's gotta be Chen Quan. Ling Chen said Zhu Hong has a master named Chen Quan, who's coming to East Sea City, and told me to watch out for him. Zhu Hong, Chen Quan, Chu Huaiyang, Song Mingzhe, I'm sure it's these four."

"So, it's them who kidnapped Nanrong Yuan and Little Hua?"

"They showed up at the dock in the middle of the night, could that be a coincidence?" Hu Fei said, "I'll add more men to search for them thoroughly. You're a government agent, it's best if you can use government resources to seal the airport, train station, and all entrance roads to East Sea City. By all means, we can't let them escape East Sea City."

"Alright, I'll contact the local government immediately for their cooperation." With that, Tang Yuan took out his phone, walked to the side, and dialed a number.

...

Yan City Prison.

Ling Chen sat in the cell, leaning against the wall, eyes slightly closed, quietly waiting for any news.

Not long after, Qin Genglong was escorted in by the prison guards. Hearing the footsteps, Ling Chen opened his eyes, looked at Qin Genglong, and asked, "Well? Any news?"

Qin Genglong shook his head, his face filled with frustration, "I've conveyed your intentions, but the Qingyang Society and Hongmen replied, saying no matter what you want to do, they're not interested in participating."

Upon hearing this, Ling Chen couldn't help but smile, "Is it because I rejected their invitation that day, so they find me unpleasant?"

"Probably so. Ling Chen, since they're unwilling to associate with you, what are you going to do?"

"Simple. We're all martial artists, so we'll do things according to the rules." With that, Ling Chen stretched lazily on the bed, "Old Qin, don't think too much. Just rest and build your strength, you'll need it soon."

Two days passed swiftly.

During these days, Ling Chen stayed obediently in prison, following orders and rules, causing no trouble and avoiding giving Yu Peng a chance to make a mess. After a few days of rest, his injuries were mostly healed. As for Qin Genglong, it's needless to say. Qin Genglong primarily practices Cross Training, which strengthens the body the higher the level, so his external injuries didn't bother him much and healed within a day or two.

Clang! Clang!

Early in the morning, guards knocked on the cell door with batons, indicating that it was time for yard time.

Leaving the cell, Ling Chen and Qin Genglong went to the yard for some free activities. After a moment, Ling Chen gave Qin Genglong a signal, and the latter understood, immediately leading Ling Chen to the other side of the yard. Reaching the fence edge, Qin Genglong pointed at a guarded iron gate not far away, "That's it."

Ling Chen nodded, without another word, and walked straight toward the iron gate.

At the entrance, a muscular man in a tight tank top blocked Ling Chen with his hand, speaking harshly, "This is private property, get lost!"

"I'm here to see your boss, relay for me that Ling Chen has business with him."

"You're Ling Chen?" The man looked Ling Chen up and down, impatiently waved his hand, "Our boss already said anyone can see him, except you. If you know what's good for you, leave before causing trouble." Saying this, the man extended his right hand, trying to shove Ling Chen away.

Seeing the right hand approaching, Ling Chen raised an eyebrow, swiftly grabbed the man's wrist, and with a sharp twist, the man, weighing over a hundred pounds, immediately fell to the ground, groaning in pain, his forehead scraped and bleeding.

"Ling Chen!" The man yelled angrily, "You dare provoke Hongmen, I see you must be tired of living." With that, he raised his arm, swinging his fist directly towards Ling Chen's face.

"Off you go."

The fist hadn't touched Ling Chen when Qin Genglong blocked it. Without giving the man a chance to counter, Qin Genglong swung his fist, knocking the man down directly.

Glancing at the unconscious man, Ling Chen smiled faintly, then pushed open the iron gate and walked in.

Similar to the Metropolitan's territory, Hongmen also has an independent activity area. However, unlike Metropolitan, Hongmen's area leans more towards a Martial Arts Academy style, with the floor covered in solid wood and surrounded by screens with weapons racks beside them, fully equipped with swords, guns, axes, everything.

Currently, over ten men in white martial arts uniforms stood in the middle of the wooden floor in pairs, practicing their skills, with two middle-aged men nearby offering guidance.

Seeing Ling Chen and Qin Genglong coming, the two middle-aged men immediately called the practitioners to stop, then led them to approach Ling Chen, coldly asking, "Who are you, don't you know Hongmen's rules?"

Ling Chen chuckled nonchalantly, "I know your rules, that's why I came uninvited." Pausing, Ling Chen continued, "I heard Hongmen values rules the most, and is quite strict, so I came to learn how skilled Hongmen experts truly are."

Hearing this, the faces of the two middle-aged men changed, sternly saying, "Do you want to challenge us?"

"Exactly. What, does Hongmen not have the courage?"

One middle-aged man sized up Ling Chen, then glanced at Qin Genglong beside him, "I know him. Heard Qin Genglong has been close to someone lately, if I'm not mistaken, you're the one who defeated Luo Haicheng."

"It's me!"

"Ling Chen, you have quite the nerve to come to our Hongmen's territory to challenge. Do you really think just the two of you can beat our Hongmen experts?"

Ling Chen shrugged, "You'll know if you try. I'm here to challenge, not to waste words with you. If you're not afraid, bring out your Hongmen experts."

"Hmph! Ling Chen, you're too audacious, do you really think Hongmen is lacking people? Fine, since you want to challenge us, we'll grant you, as long as you don't end up crying and begging for mercy."

With that, one middle-aged man quickly headed inside.

Not long after, an old man slowly walked out, surrounded by several middle-aged men. The old man, around sixty years old with grey hair, a goatee, a lean face, wearing loose traditional clothing, walked with vigor.

Seeing the old man, Ling Chen squinted his eyes, a sharp gleam flashed from his pupils.

Chapter 824 Hongmen Master (1)

Wu Zhaofeng.

Hongmen Master!

Looking at the spirited old man, Ling Chen immediately recognized the other's identity. Before coming, Ling Chen had already learned about the Hongmen Master from Qin Genglong.

Wu Zhaofeng walked to the front of the crowd, looking Ling Chen up and down, and said indifferently: "A few days ago, I heard that a young man defeated Luo Haicheng. I didn't really believe it. Although Luo Haicheng's strength isn't very formidable, he's still passable. For you to defeat him at such a young age shows that you have some skill. However, having skill is one thing, but you lack judgment. To dare to come onto my Hongmen's territory and cause trouble, do you really think no one in Hongmen can handle you? Young man, let me give you a piece of advice: Confidence is good, but too much confidence is arrogance and will eventually be your downfall."

Ling Chen slightly curled his lips in a smile, maintaining his expression, and said: "Mr. Wu is right. However, staying in this prison is too boring, so I wanted to find something to do. We're all martial artists here, and it would be best if we could spar in martial arts. Unfortunately, Mr. Wu's standards are too high to consider me worth noticing. I originally wanted to pay a visit, but you refused me. Since that's the case, I could only come in this way."

As he said this, Ling Chen paused, then continued: "Mr. Wu, I've heard of Hongmen's reputation. It's a long-established force in the Martial Arts world. This visit to Yan City Prison was unexpected, but to encounter Hongmen is a delightful surprise. It's just that..."

"Just what? Speak plainly and don't hem and haw." Wu Zhaofeng said coldly.

Ling Chen grinned: "I'm just not sure whether Mr. Wu truly has the credentials to uphold the name of 'Hongmen'."

Upon hearing this, Wu Zhaofeng's old face darkened, and he eyed Ling Chen gloomily, saying coldly: "You mean... I'm not worthy of the 'Hongmen' title?"

"I can't say just yet, but after we cross hands, we'll see if you're worthy or not. Mr. Wu, would you care to instruct me?" Ling Chen raised his hand with a 'please' gesture.

"Humph!" Wu Zhaofeng disdainfully averted his gaze, saying, "I am the Master of Hongmen. What right do you, a junior, have to challenge me? Hongmen is all about rules. According to the rules of the Martial Arts world, you come to challenge, and I am obliged to respond. Likewise, if you wish to challenge me, you must first defeat my disciples as per the rules, to qualify as my opponent. If you can't, then you'd better leave here quickly and stop disgracing yourself on my Hongmen's turf."

"Old Man Wu, aren't you being a bit overbearing, pitting one against dozens of yours, there's no fairness in that." Qin Genglong said discontentedly.

"He's the one challenging, I'm not forcing him. If he lacks the guts, he should stop playing the hero in front of me." Wu Zhaofeng said with arms behind his back, glancing sideways at the ceiling as if waiting for Ling Chen's decision.

Under everyone's gaze, Ling Chen smiled, fearless, and said: "Since I dared to challenge, I'm naturally brave enough to keep going. But Mr. Wu, don't blame me for not warning you in advance. You can go by your rules, but I won't hold back. If your subordinates get hurt later, don't blame me for being ruthless."

Wu Zhaofeng sneered: "Is that a threat?"

"Don't joke, how would I dare threaten you? Just a friendly reminder. If you're concerned about your men, you might as well accept my challenge."

"Dream on!" Wu Zhaofeng waved his hand, lightly commanding: "If you want to challenge me, let's see if you have the skill." With a pause, Wu Zhaofeng turned his words: "Ling Chen, don't say I didn't warn you. My men won't show any mercy, so you'd better take care of yourself and not end up leaving your life here."

"If that's the case, then it's simply my lack of skill." With that, Ling Chen gestured to Qin Genglong, signaling him to step back.

Subsequently, Ling Chen casually walked to the center of the arena. Looking at the row of standing Hongmen members, he clasped his hands with a smile and said: "Gentlemen, please grant me your guidance!"

"Go, kill him!"

At the command, more than a dozen men in the front row rushed up, surrounding Ling Chen. Immediately, one of the middle-aged men stepped forward, pressuring Ling Chen, both of his palms aiming straight for Ling Chen's chest.

Seeing the middle-aged man make a move, Ling Chen dared not to be careless. Earlier, when Wu Zhaofeng showed up, he had already taken notice. Two middle-aged men were with Wu Zhaofeng, their expressions stern, their presence steady, their eyes revealing a sharp glint—clearly not ordinary experts.

At this moment, Wu Zhaofeng had only dispatched one of them, likely to gauge Ling Chen's abilities.

With a quick turn of thought, Ling Chen's foot slid, instantly executing the Nine Yang Qiankun Step. In an instant, the middle-aged man felt only a blur as Ling Chen disappeared before his eyes.

Simultaneously, cries of pain echoed around him. The middle-aged man turned to see that of the more than ten men who had joined the fray, nearly half were down, faces pale, moaning incessantly. Judging by this, they were mostly incapacitated.

Seeing this scene, both Wu Zhaofeng and the other middle-aged man's expressions turned a bit grim. Especially Wu Zhaofeng, who was closely observing Ling Chen's movement technique, trying to follow his steps. However, believing himself capable by virtue of his strength and experience to accurately anticipate Ling Chen's movement technique, after several attempts, he found it was no simple task.

Ling Chen's footwork was unpredictable; suddenly left, then right, sometimes fast, then slow, without finding any pattern within it.

For a moment, Wu Zhaofeng's gaze grew increasingly serious.

Watching more and more subordinates fall to the ground, Wu Zhaofeng could no longer hold his patience, saying to the middle-aged man beside him: "Go help, be sure to watch out for his movement technique."

The middle-aged man nodded, said nothing more, tapped lightly with his toes, and instantly sped up, joining the fray.

By this time, Ling Chen had already dealt with Hongmen's small fry that had been sent out, leaving only two middle-aged men in the arena.

Two Earthly List experts!

Ling Chen's lips curled slightly, his eyes sweeping over the opponent, Mo Che-like pupils revealing a sharp edge.

Although Ling Chen had often fought with experts before, facing off against two Earthly List experts at the same time was a first. As he pondered, the two middle-aged men exchanged glances, then stepped to the side of the weapon rack, drawing a steel saber and a long spear from it.

Having chosen their weapons, one middle-aged man pointed to the weapon rack and said: "You can choose the weapon you're best at, don't blame us for bullying you later."

"Can I use weapons?" Ling Chen's eyes brightened, and the smile on his face grew even more radiant.

Chapter 825 Hongmen Master (Part 2)

Seeing Ling Chen's meaningful smile, for some reason, the two middle-aged men felt choosing weapons for the duel might have been a mistake.

Walking to the weapon rack, Ling Chen glanced briefly, then took down a longbow, secured the quiver on his back, and moved to the center of the arena.

A bow and arrows?

Faced with Ling Chen's choice of weapon, not only were the two middle-aged men confused, but even Wu Zhaofeng was puzzled. In duels among masters, one would choose conventional weapons like swords, spears, and staffs; who would choose a bow and arrows? Across the current Martial Arts world, bows and arrows have almost been discarded.

After all, the existence of bows and arrows primarily served ancient warfare as ranged weapons; now with guns and cannons invented, few would use bows and arrows.

"Ling Chen, are you sure you've made your choice?" a middle-aged man asked.

Ling Chen nodded with a smile, saying, "This will do. Gentlemen, time is precious, let's not waste it and start quickly." With that said, Ling Chen's gaze passed over the two middle-aged men and looked at Wu Zhaofeng behind them, saying, "Mr. Wu, you're quite aged, you'd better warm up first, it will soon be your turn."

Wu Zhaofeng snorted coldly, "Defeat those two first, then we'll talk."

"Alright." As he spoke, Ling Chen pulled an arrow from the quiver, placed it on the longbow, the arrowhead pointed downwards, with sharp eyes fixed on the two middle-aged men.

"Go!"

With a low shout, the two middle-aged men rushed swiftly from left and right. In the blink of an eye, they closed in on Ling Chen, spear leading the way, steel knife following, both weapons exuding a fierce killing intent.

Ling Chen's smile disappeared, deploying the Nine Yang Qiankun Step again, his body like a ghost, instantly vanished before the two middle-aged men.

The spear stabbed into the air, and the two middle-aged men immediately shifted their gaze, searching for Ling Chen's figure.

However, at this moment, the sound of something piercing through the air suddenly attacked. Recognizing the sound, the two middle-aged men immediately turned their heads backward. Instantly, a sharp arrow came flying.

"Watch out!"

A middle-aged man's pupils constricted as he hurriedly raised the steel knife in his hand.

Clang!

A crisp sound was heard, the steel arrowhead directly hit the blade of the steel knife, then bounced to the ground. However, although the arrow was blocked, the middle-aged man's arm felt slightly sore and swollen.

Such strong power!

The middle-aged man looked at Ling Chen with a face full of surprise.

While he was in a daze, the other middle-aged man lightly shouted, "Surround him!"

Hearing the reminder from his companion, the middle-aged man immediately came back to his senses, quickly grabbing his steel knife and rushing towards Ling Chen. Ling Chen's archery was formidable, but as long as they closed the distance, no matter how precise his archery was, he wouldn't be able to wield it properly.

Their thinking was clever, but they overlooked one thing. Ling Chen's archery was personally taught by the Arrow God, Zhang Zhongfeng. Although Ling Chen hadn't been learning for long, Zhang Zhongfeng had earnestly taught and imparted all his skills and experience. Even the most foolish person would have a certain degree of mastery.

Moreover, there's a significant reason why Zhang Zhongfeng is called the Arrow God, which is his ability to shoot and kill Earthly List masters.

The world's masters are divided into four levels: Tiger List, Dragon List, Earthly List, and Heavenly List. Any martial artist not listed is considered third-rate, and there are a ton of such people. Among martial artists, Heavenly List masters are the most powerful, followed by Earthly List masters. Although the Earthly List is not as elite as the Heavenly List, within Huaxia's over one billion population, those qualified to make it into the Earthly List are extremely few, difficult to find even among ten thousand.

Therefore, being able to shoot and kill an Earthly List master with a longbow, Zhang Zhongfeng is revered as the Arrow God, which is the main reason for his fame.

Ling Chen's archery, taught by Zhang Zhongfeng, is impeccable in both skill and experience. Coupled with Ling Chen's talent and diligence, it is safe to say that apart from Zhang Zhongfeng, probably few can match Ling Chen's archery skills now.

Seeing the two middle-aged men quickly closing in, Ling Chen remained expressionless, calmly pulling out five arrows from his quiver.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Two consecutive arrows were shot, each flying towards the two middle-aged men.

With the arrows coming at them, the two middle-aged men dared not be careless. They quickly moved their feet to deviate from the arrows' trajectory, trying to escape the threat. However, at this moment, another whoosh sounded in the air.

On a closer look, before the first two arrows hit the ground, Ling Chen had already shot two more arrows. Moreover, what was puzzling was that Ling Chen's target was not the two middle-aged men, but the two arrows shot earlier.

Under Ling Chen's precise archery, the two arrows respectively struck the tails of the earlier arrows. Affected by the external force, the two earlier arrows immediately deviated from their trajectory, slightly shifting to streak towards the positions of the two middle-aged men.

This sudden change caught everyone off guard. The two middle-aged men had never expected such an extraordinary archery technique.

The two arrows moved so fast that the two middle-aged men had no time to react. They thought they had avoided the arrows' attack, not realizing Ling Chen had this other trick up his sleeve. Moreover, the arrows were too close to their positions. Even if they realized it, their bodies couldn't keep up with their brains' reactions.

In an instant, two arrows flew past the sides of the two middle-aged men, causing splashes of blood to erupt.

The arrows landed, and the two middle-aged men each covered their arms, yet blood seeped through their fingers, quickly staining their sleeves.

Seeing the opponents injured, Ling Chen put away the longbow, smiling and asking, "Want more?"

On hearing this, the two middle-aged men looked at each other, faces turning pale as iron.

"The outcome is still undecided, continue!" one of the middle-aged men gritted his teeth and said. With that, he raised his steel knife, poised to launch an attack.

Seeing his actions, Ling Chen gave a faint smile and said, "I thought you people were all about rules, turns out Hongmen people have no shame, losing but not admitting it."

"Who lost?" the knife-wielding middle-aged man coldly retorted, "You only injured us. As long as we have a breath left, there's no end to the fight."

"Tsk tsk!" Ling Chen clicked his tongue in resignation, saying, "If I hadn't held back just now, do you think that arrow would have merely injured you? If I were a bit harsher, you'd have lost your life already." With that said, Ling Chen turned to Wu Zhaofeng and asked, "Mr. Wu, do you think I'm right?"

Wu Zhaofeng furrowed his brow tightly, his gaze looking at Ling Chen uncertainly, not sure what to think. After a while, Wu Zhaofeng asked, "Who did you learn your archery from?"

"Why do you ask this, does it have anything to do with the outcome?"

Chapter 826 Hongmen Master (Part 3)

"I'm just curious and wanted to ask." Wu Zhaofeng said, "In my mind, the best archer in the world is none other than the god of archery, Zhang Zhongfeng. But considering your age, you can't possibly be him."

Ling Chen grinned, "I wouldn't have guessed you have some insight."

Upon hearing this, Wu Zhaofeng's eyes narrowed, and he said in a deep voice, "Does that mean I'm right, and Zhang Zhongfeng is your master?"

"No. My archery skills were indeed taught by Zhang Zhongfeng, but he is not my master; he is my fourth brother."

"Fourth brother?" Wu Zhaofeng muttered to himself, and whether he thought of something, his face suddenly changed, and he said with surprise, "Could it be... you are one of the Eight Peculiar Men?"

"That's correct." Ling Chen nodded with a smile.

"I see." With that, Wu Zhaofeng took a step forward to stand in front of Ling Chen. Seeing him approach, Ling Chen unconsciously took two steps back, adopting a defensive posture, his gaze wary of the other.

"No need to be nervous." Wu Zhaofeng said, "I'm not here to fight you." As he finished speaking, before Ling Chen could respond, Wu Zhaofeng suddenly cupped his hands and bowed to Ling Chen.

Seeing Wu Zhaofeng's actions, Ling Chen was slightly taken aback and asked, puzzled, "Mr. Wu, what are you doing?"

"Mr. Ling, a moment ago, I didn't know your connection to the Eight Peculiar Men. I apologize if I was disrespectful, and please don't take it to heart."

Upon hearing this, Ling Chen became even more confused. From Wu Zhaofeng's tone, it seemed like he was acquainted with members of the Eight Peculiar Men. However, in all the time he'd been with them, Qiu Yong and the others had never mentioned Wu Zhaofeng's name to him.

Seeing Ling Chen's confused look, Wu Zhaofeng seemed to understand his thoughts and said, "Mr. Ling, my acquaintance with the Eight Peculiar Men is from many years ago, so you probably wouldn't have heard of it. Come, please, let's discuss it slowly." With that, Wu Zhaofeng turned to his subordinates and said, "Take them to get their wounds treated and brew a good pot of tea."

Following Wu Zhaofeng to the back hall, Ling Chen and Qin Genglong sat on the sofa and asked, "Mr. Wu, do you know my eldest brother and the others?"

Wu Zhaofeng nodded, "You could say I know them, but it's been so long they might not even remember me. Here's what happened..." Wu Zhaofeng then recounted the events from those years.

After listening, Ling Chen finally understood that Wu Zhaofeng and the Eight Peculiar Men shared such a past.

This matter dates back to more than a decade ago, when the Eight Peculiar Men were not the same eight people they are today. After all, Xia Yue, Ling Chen, Yang Chen, and Wei Jiahao were all still young, just children over ten years ago, unlikely to have any connection to the Eight Peculiar Men.

At that time, out of the Eight Peculiar Men, only Qiu Yong, Xu Ming, Zhang Zhongfeng, and another man who has since died were present. Besides them, there were four others, all collectively known as the Eight Peculiar Men.

In Wu Zhaofeng's words, he was a member of Hongmen back then. Later, due to causing trouble outside and attracting the retaliation of other factions, Hongmen didn't want to get involved in this mess, so they heartlessly expelled Wu Zhaofeng, leaving him to fend for himself.

Without Hongmen's protection, Wu Zhaofeng found himself in dire straits, frequently pursued and nearly killed by his enemies. Until one day, after being relentlessly hunted for a month, Wu Zhaofeng was utterly exhausted, with wounds all over his body. Just as he sought a safe haven to rest, he was discovered by his enemies, who set up an ambush and trapped him.

At the time, Wu Zhaofeng's strength had not yet reached the Earthly List level, and with injuries, he was no match for the numerous foes.

In such a situation, Wu Zhaofeng was filled with despair, deciding to give up resisting and quietly await his end. But just then, Qiu Yong and others, passing by, happened to stumble upon the scene.

As the saying goes, 'A sense of justice demanded action,' Qiu Yong and the others did not stand idly by as Wu Zhaofeng faced death but chose to intervene, rescuing him from his enemies. Wu Zhaofeng was incredibly grateful at the time, determined to repay the life-saving kindness. But Qiu Yong dismissed it, telling him not to worry about it.

Since then, Wu Zhaofeng had never seen Qiu Yong again, let alone had the chance to repay him.

Ling Chen understood that for someone like Wu Zhaofeng, who held onto tradition, the concept of gratitude was significant. Otherwise, he wouldn't have changed his attitude so dramatically, treating him as an honored guest.

"Mr. Ling, I owe my life to your eldest brother's intervention back then. Unfortunately, as so many years have passed, I've never really had the chance to repay him."

"Mr. Wu, I know my eldest brother's character well. He's not the type to help others for the sake of repayment, so you needn't worry too much about it."

"That's not right." Wu Zhaofeng waved his hand and said, "A grace must be repaid; that's the rule passed down by the elders. Mr. Ling, I wonder if you could help me find a way to meet your eldest brother?"

Ling Chen replied with a wry smile, "Mr. Wu, as you can see, we're currently imprisoned in Yan City Prison. It's not a matter of going out; we can't even meet anyone. Unless we can get out of here, otherwise, it's not just you, even I can't see my brother."

"That might be a bit troublesome." Wu Zhaofeng said with a frown, "Yu Peng is a cunning person and won't easily let us go. To get out of here, there's only one way."

"What way?" Ling Chen asked with interest.

Wu Zhaofeng lowered his voice and cautiously uttered two words, "Escape plan."

Hearing the words 'escape plan,' Ling Chen's eyes brightened immediately. However, he did not show his inner thoughts on his face, instead putting on a troubled expression and saying, "Mr. Wu, I've heard that Yan City Prison is heavily guarded with many checkpoints. How could we possibly escape?"

"If it were others, their chances would be slim, but if it's me, though I can't guarantee a hundred percent success, I'm more than fifty percent confident."

"Really?" Ling Chen asked, half in doubt, "Mr. Wu, why?"

"Well... Mr. Ling, since you're Qiu Yong's brother, I won't hide it from you. To be honest, if you want to survive in Yan City Prison, you have to do some things that aren't well-received. There's no other way; the prison is like this. If you don't find a way to stand your ground, someone will eventually cause you trouble. So, I made some secret dealings with Yu Peng."

"What kind of dealings?"

"I act as his ears, helping him gather intelligence about the prison. For instance, if someone is plotting a plan to break out, I must report it to Yu Peng. After the matter is settled, Yu Peng will give me some benefits as a reward."

Tsk, tsk!

Ling Chen suddenly understood. The other day, while casually chatting with Tang Guolun, Tang mentioned that Qingyang Society and Hongmen had Yu Peng's mole. Unexpectedly, that informant turned out to be Wu Zhaofeng.

Chapter 827 An Unexpected Gain

Seeing that Ling Chen had an expression of realization, Wu Zhaofeng sighed and said, "I know doing this goes against the martial artist's ethics, but I have no choice. Sometimes, to survive, many things have to be compromised. I'm not expecting anything else from you, just hoping you can understand. At my age, ending up trapped in prison is a miserable fate, all I can ask for is to make my life a bit easier and live a few more years."

Ling Chen curiously asked, "Mr. Wu, may I ask what led to you being captured and brought to prison?"

"Me?" When this matter was mentioned, Wu Zhaofeng seemed full of anger, gritting his teeth as he said, "I was not arrested for committing a crime, but was forcibly brought here."

"Forcibly brought here?" Ling Chen was slightly startled, feeling a bit surprised by Wu Zhaofeng's words. As far as he knew, it seemed that those imprisoned in Yan City Prison were all there because of severe legal violations that warranted the death penalty. However, because some prisoners had special skills, they were imprisoned for life in Yan City Prison. If needed, they could be called upon to serve the government at any time.

If they did well, there was a certain chance of a sentence reduction. Hence, Ling Chen didn't quite understand what Wu Zhaofeng meant.

"Do you think Yu Peng is a good person? He desires power and wealth, and to have all this, he would stop at nothing. To have more people at his disposal, he sends people to capture experts everywhere and use various means to control them. The two who fought with you earlier were captured by Yu Peng's men just like me. In fact, besides us, many innocent people were captured before and ended up sacrificing their lives for Yu Peng's ambitions." Speaking of this, Wu Zhaofeng was both indignant and helpless.

Hearing this, Ling Chen became even more perplexed. He asked, "Mr. Wu, since you all hate Yu Peng so much, why don't you unite? As far as I know, the president of the Metropolitan tried to collaborate with you all, combining your strength to escape together."

"I know about that, and I was the one who leaked the information to Yu Peng, revealing Tang Guolun's intentions to him, which led to Tang Guolun's plan failing." Wu Zhaofeng said, "Mr. Ling, you simplify things too much. Do you really think Yu Peng is that easy to deal with? I've mentioned earlier, we were all forcibly brought here. The people who could capture us are certainly not weaker than us in strength."

Ling Chen patted his forehead, almost forgetting about this matter.

"Mr. Wu, do you know how many powerful experts Yu Peng has under him?"

"If you want to meet those people, it's simple, just go to Qingyang Society. The president of Qingyang Society is Yu Peng's loyal lackey, and we were captured by people from Qingyang Society."

"Qingyang Society?" Ling Chen was taken aback.

"The people of Qingyang Society are real criminals. Outside, they bully the weak, and each has multiple lives on their hands. Because of their similar evil nature, they have gathered together, forming the Qingyang Society. Speaking of, Qingyang Society should be the oldest faction in Yan City Prison, while Hongmen and the Metropolitan are emerging forces established later. To win over Qingyang Society, Yu Peng offered them many benefits, essentially fulfilling any of their demands. Additionally, Yu Peng granted Qingyang Society a special privilege—once they capture someone, they can leave Yan City Prison and enjoy a few days outside."

"Is there such a thing?"

"Not many people know about this, only a few from Hongmen do. Initially, the president of Qingyang Society approached me, asking me to join him. Think about it, he was the one who captured me, in my eyes, he's my enemy, so how could he expect me to follow him? Because of this, I found out about the shady dealings."

After a pause, Wu Zhaofeng continued, "Mr. Ling, there are many people in Qingyang Society, with four experts on the Earthly List, and three each on the Dragon List and Tiger List. Together, these people pose a significant threat. If we can't deal with them, we can forget about escaping."

Ling Chen had heard Qin Genglong mention Qingyang Society's president, named Liu Kui, a man in his fifties. Ling Chen had seen him from a distance once or twice, but never interacted.

"Mr. Wu, how is Liu Kui's strength?"

"Stronger than me. He should be considered the most formidable person among us." Wu Zhaofeng asked, "Mr. Ling, do you have any thoughts?"

Ling Chen smiled slightly, "Mr. Wu, as you can see, I'm still young. I don't want to waste my whole life in prison. Mr. Wu, since you have a relationship with my big brother, I want to ask you to do me a favor, keep this secret for me, and don't let Yu Peng know."

"Rest assured, I won't speak out of turn. Moreover, if you truly have the ability to escape, I hope you can take me with you; I don't want to rot in here for life either." After speaking, Wu Zhaofeng suddenly asked, "Mr. Ling, may I ask, why did you come to my place to challenge, surely not without reason to cause me trouble, right?"

"Well..." Ling Chen rubbed his nose, smiling awkwardly, "Actually, it was nothing much, I just wanted to experience Mr. Wu's skills."

Wu Zhaofeng gave Ling Chen a deep look, knowing he was brushing him off. Since Ling Chen was unwilling to say, he tactfully didn't ask more. After chatting for a short while, Ling Chen left with Qin Genglong.

Returning to the cell, Qin Genglong curiously asked, "Ling Chen, what exactly did you go to Hongmen for? It couldn't really have been to witness Wu Zhaofeng's skill, right?"

Ling Chen smiled and said, "Of course not." The reason he went to Hongmen to challenge was quite simple: he wanted to see if there was an opportunity to cooperate with Hongmen. After talking with Pang Jiulin that day, Ling Chen lost his optimistic attitude. He was well aware that there was probably little chance of him being released. Therefore, to escape, he had to rely on himself.

After thinking it over, Ling Chen decided to follow Tang Guolun's advice, starting with Hongmen and Qingyang Society. As long as he could persuade them to help, the chances of escaping would undoubtedly increase.

After talking with Wu Zhaofeng this time, Ling Chen felt it was a nice, unexpected gain. Since Qingyang Society was Yu Peng's people, there was no need to look for them anymore.

Now, he just needed to notify Tang Guolun, formulate a plan, and then find the right time to act.

...

In the blink of an eye, two days passed.

After a few days of recuperation, the injury on Ling Chen's back had almost fully healed.

As night fell, a prison security officer slid a plate of dinner under the cell door.

Ling Chen glanced at it, got up, picked up the plate, and began eating voraciously.

Chapter 828 Prison Break (Part 1)

After going hungry for a few days, Yu Peng no longer used such lowly methods to torture Ling Chen; three meals a day were delivered on time. However, compared to others, the food in their cell was not just a level worse. As Qin Genglong put it, even pigs wouldn't eat this stuff, let alone people.

Although the food was terrible, Ling Chen wasn't picky; as long as he could fill his stomach, it was enough. He had eaten worse things than this during his time surviving in the wild. Besides, without food, where would he get the strength to do anything?

After finishing dinner, Ling Chen glanced at Qin Genglong, who was half-lying on the bed, and then looked at the sky outside.

Almost time!

In a flash of thought, Ling Chen got up, walked to the head of Qin Genglong's bed, and kicked hard at the foot of the bed. The beds in the prison were all wooden, unable to withstand Ling Chen's kicks. Instantly, with a 'bang,' the bed foot snapped, and Qin Genglong, lying on the bed, nearly rolled onto the ground.

"What are you doing?" Qin Genglong was slightly stunned by Ling Chen's sudden kick. Once he realized, he loudly questioned.

Ling Chen shrugged and said nothing, lifting his right leg and sweeping it across in a roundhouse kick aimed at Qin Genglong's neck.

Seeing Ling Chen's silent attack, Qin Genglong instantly became furious, swinging his steel fists and blocking Ling Chen's kick. Before Ling Chen could strike again, Qin Genglong advanced, his fist the size of a clay pot launching consecutive attacks at Ling Chen's body.

Bang!

With Ling Chen's agile footwork, Qin Genglong's attacks were easily neutralized. One punch hit the wall, causing the paint to fall off and revealing the steel structure inside.

Perhaps the noise in the cell was too loud, so two security personnel outside poked their heads in and called out, "What's going on? Behave yourselves."

But Ling Chen and Qin Genglong ignored the shouting, engaged in an intense back-and-forth combat.

Seeing this, one security guard immediately took out a radio to contact the prison's control center. In less than two minutes, a fully armed security team arrived outside the cell, each holding a riot shield and a specially made high-voltage stun baton.

"Open the door!"

At the order, the security personnel quickly opened the cell door. Then, four or five guards holding riot shields and stun batons rushed into the cell.

"Stop right now!"

However, as soon as the words fell, a loud bang was heard. Qin Genglong, who was originally attacking Ling Chen, suddenly turned and punched the riot shield. With Qin Genglong's immense power, the security guard holding the riot shield was sent flying, crashing into his companions behind.

In an instant, four or five people fell together. Without waiting for them to get up, Ling Chen swiftly rushed over, stomping hard on the riot shield, impacting the bodies of several security guards. Taking advantage of this moment, Ling Chen grabbed a stun baton. In just two or three moves, the fully armed security personnel were all foaming at the mouth and fell unconscious.

Having dealt with the security outside the cell, Ling Chen gave Qin Genglong a look. The latter understood immediately and followed Ling Chen, running out of the cell.

However, they had just left the cell for less than half a minute when a piercing alarm rang throughout the prison.

Ling Chen glanced at the surveillance camera not far away, a slight smile forming at the corner of his mouth. He had anticipated this; with so many cameras in the prison, his actions could not escape the eyes of the prison staff.

At this time, Yu Peng, who was watching the computer in the office, changed his expression upon hearing the alarm, and quickly walked out of the office.

"Prison Director." Just then, a prison staff member hurried over.

"What happened?"

"There's a jailbreak; it's Ling Chen and Qin Genglong. They've injured several security personnel."

"Ling Chen?" Yu Peng snorted coldly and said, "He really can't stay still, wanting to get out so soon. Notify everyone to raise the prison's alert level, fully arm all personnel. If Ling Chen resists, kill him directly."

"Yes."

After issuing the order, Yu Peng immediately moved to the control center.

At this moment, Ling Chen and Qin Genglong had reached the prison's sports field. Only by crossing the field could they reach the prison's exit. However, the route through the field, although short, was the most dangerous. There were four watchtowers around the field, each equipped with guards carrying sniper rifles. A moment of carelessness could result in being shot dead.

Qin Genglong hid beside a pillar, looking at the brightly lit field, and asked, "Ling Chen, what do we do now?"

"Don't rush." Ling Chen calmly surveyed the surroundings and said, "Wait a little longer. I believe he won't break his promise."

Just as he finished speaking, Ling Chen saw the iron gate at one end of the field suddenly open. A middle-aged man, leading over a dozen people, quickly ran out, spreading around the field.

Seeing this, Ling Chen's eyes lit up, and he smiled slightly, "Here they come! Old Qin, wait here, I'll be right back." With that, Ling Chen lightly tapped his toes and shot out like an arrow, heading straight for the middle-aged man's position.

As the two approached, the middle-aged man tossed an object wrapped in cloth over to Ling Chen.

Bang!

At the same time, a gunshot rang out. Ling Chen turned to see the bullet landing just less than two centimeters from his heel. So close! Ling Chen thought with relief; a moment slower, and that shot might have taken his life.

With the package in hand, Ling Chen quickly unwrapped the cloth. Inside was a longbow and over a dozen arrows.

Before the gunshots could resume, Ling Chen promptly drew the bow and nocked an arrow, aiming at the guard on top of a watchtower.

Whoosh!

The arrow whizzed through the air, instantly piercing a guard's body.

After successfully hitting one target, Ling Chen didn't hesitate, immediately targeting the other watchtower guards, shooting while running. In no time, all the guards on the watchtowers were dealt with.

Sigh!

Ling Chen exhaled deeply, finally having completed the first step of the prison break.

"Mr. Ling." At this time, Wu Zhaofeng arrived with two of his subordinates.

"Mr. Wu."

Seeing the newcomers, Ling Chen grinned and pointed at the four watchtowers around, saying, "The guards are all taken care of."

"No time to lose, let's hurry, or it'll be a problem if the Qingyang Society catches up."

Ling Chen nodded, fully aware of Wu Zhaofeng's concern, as the Qingyang Society was indeed the most troublesome adversary.

"Old Qin, you lead the way, I'll cover the rear."

"Got it."

Qin Genglong responded and immediately led everyone across the sports field, heading towards the prison's exit.

Chapter 829 Prison Break (2)

Shortly after Qin Genglong and the others left, Ling Chen quickly walked to another iron gate on the playground and knocked on it.

As the iron gate opened, Tang Guolun poked his head out and asked, "How about it, is it safe now?"

"With me here, you can rest assured. Hurry up and let's go, there's no time to waste."

"Alright."

Tang Guolun nodded and called out to the people behind him. Immediately, more than twenty men and women followed him out from the iron gate.

Seeing so many people, Ling Chen couldn't help but be stunned and hurriedly pulled Tang Guolun aside, whispering, "Didn't I tell you to bring as few people as possible, preferably none? With so many people, how can we escape?"

Tang Guolun replied helplessly, "I didn't have a choice. Initially, I only planned to take four or five people, but then I thought, this one is talented, so is that one, and I couldn't bear to leave anyone behind. In the end, it added up to this number. You know I'm a person who values talent, and watching them waste their lives here, I really can't stand it."

Ling Chen was speechless at such words. These people brought by Tang Guolun were all criminals; are they really going to rescue them?

As Ling Chen hesitated, urgent footsteps sounded from not far away. Needless to say, it must be the prison security guards.

Never mind! If we keep stalling like this, no one will get out.

"Boss Tang, have your people behave and don't cause trouble for me," Ling Chen warned.

"Don't worry, with me here, they'll be sure to behave."

"Alright, let's go then."

Passing through the playground, Ling Chen and his group entered the corridors inside the prison. They hadn't gone far before they saw Qin Genglong and Wu Zhaofeng hiding in a corner.

"Old Qin, Mr. Wu, what's going on?" Ling Chen quickly caught up and asked.

Qin Genglong pointed to the corner and said, "See for yourself."

Upon hearing this, Ling Chen immediately looked out from the corner. Instantly, about twenty meters away, he saw a checkpoint with security guards holding riot shields, forming a solid defense line. Behind the line, several guards held assault rifles, aiming at the corner. If anyone appeared, bullets would mercilessly pierce their body.

"Ling Chen."

Just then, Yu Peng's voice echoed throughout the prison: "I advise you to surrender quickly and stop resisting pointlessly. I have sealed the whole prison, and you can't escape."

"Really?" Ling Chen smiled faintly, looking at the surveillance camera at the corner, said, "Yu Peng, things depend on people. At the last moment, you'd better not jump to conclusions."

Yu Peng coldly shouted, "Ling Chen, I've already shown you lots of respect. If you dare to take one more step, I'll immediately order to fire. By then, not only you but everyone won't leave alive."

"You want to kill me? Let's see if you have the ability."

As soon as he finished speaking, Ling Chen lunged forward, lightly drawing his longbow. With a 'whoosh,' an arrow shot out, directly hitting the wrist of a gun-holding man.

Seeing this scene on the surveillance camera, Yu Peng said coldly, "Ling Chen, I admit your archery is great, but how many arrows do you have left? Do you think you can kill all the people in my prison with those few arrows?"

"You haven't tried, so how do you know I can't do it? Yu Peng, don't underestimate people."

After finishing speaking, Ling Chen lunged forward again, firing another arrow, accurately causing another security guard to lose the ability to hold his gun.

After consecutively bringing down two security guards, the remaining ones dared not show their heads, hiding behind the riot shields. Seeing this, Ling Chen smiled to himself, his body suddenly darting out from the corner, fast as lightning.

By the time the guards behind the shields reacted, Ling Chen had already charged in front of them.

In the blink of an eye, several security guards were all put down, groaning constantly on the ground.

"Old Qin, take these riot shields; they might come in handy later." With that, Ling Chen picked up an assault rifle from the ground, looked at the surveillance camera on the wall, and grinned, "Yu Peng, thanks for the weapon."

"Bastard!"

In the control center, Yu Peng angrily threw the walkie-talkie on the ground, shouting at the staff beside him, "Notify everyone not to use guns. Also, send Liu Kui and his people immediately to support; we must stop Ling Chen."

With the help of riot shields, they advanced all the way, encountering almost no resistance and easily breaking through four checkpoints. However, Ling Chen knew that successfully escaping Yan City Prison would still take time. Moreover, the further they went, the more difficult it would be. Yu Peng had been operating Yan City Prison for quite some time, and he surely had backup plans.

Bam! Bam!

Accompanied by the clanging of metal, Qin Genglong said dejectedly, "No way, this door is too sturdy; it can't be smashed open."

Hearing this, Ling Chen couldn't help casting his gaze towards Wu Zhaofeng. Without Ling Chen speaking, Wu Zhaofeng understood his intention. Immediately, Wu Zhaofeng walked to the armored door, took a deep breath, and raised his palms to his chest.

Suddenly, Wu Zhaofeng let out a light shout, his palms fiercely struck the armored door.

But despite Wu Zhaofeng's full exertion, the armored door didn't budge, not even leaving a trace.

It didn't break?

Ling Chen was taken aback—Wu Zhaofeng had the highest martial arts among them, and even he couldn't break the armored door, so he definitely couldn't do it.

This truly was troublesome.

"Ling Chen, why don't you let us handle this." At this moment, Tang Guolun walked over with a man.

"Can you do it?" Ling Chen asked, half-believingly.

"Are you kidding? This isn't difficult at all." Tang Guolun replied confidently, "These armored doors are controlled by the control center's computer system. As long as you find the wiring, you can easily crack it." Saying this, Tang Guolun gave the man beside him a look, who immediately walked to the armored door and used a homemade dagger to pry open the box beside the door.

Watching the man's actions, Ling Chen whispered, "Boss Tang, are you really sure?"

"Rest assured," Tang Guolun patted his chest, promising, "Don't forget, Yu Peng lured me into the prison under the guise of hiring me, hoping I could find vulnerabilities in the prison. Before coming, naturally, I did some homework, like understanding Yan City Prison's security systems and facilities. If I wasn't prepared, did you really think I'd agree to Yu Peng so easily?"

Hearing this, Ling Chen was much relieved.

Click!

In less than two minutes, there was a soft sound, and the armored door slowly opened from the middle.

It's done!

Ling Chen's eyes lit up, and he stepped forward. However, as soon as he passed through the armored door, Ling Chen's expression turned serious, looking ahead.

Chapter 830 Prison Break (3)

Seeing Ling Chen stop, Qin Genglong, who was catching up from behind, asked, "What's wrong?" As soon as he spoke, Qin Genglong realized the reason.

At this moment, there were ten people standing in front of them. Leading them was a burly middle-aged man, about as tall as Qin Genglong. His muscular arms were particularly noticeable, giving an impression of immense strength. Surrounding the middle-aged man were nine men, each with sharp eyes and an extraordinary presence.

Master fighters!

And they're all master fighters!

Ling Chen frowned tightly, his sharp gaze scanning each of the men before finally locking onto the burly man. There was no need to ask; this must be Liu Kui, the president of the Qingyang Society. Next to Liu Kui, Ling Chen also noticed Luo Haicheng.

Four Earthly List fighters, three Dragon List fighters, and three Tiger List fighters. These were all the strengths of the Qingyang Society. Wu Zhaofeng had mentioned this before, so Ling Chen remembered clearly.

To prevent their prison escape, the Qingyang Society had mobilized all their forces.

Trouble, it's not just trouble, it's huge trouble. Ling Chen understood very well that with just their strength, it would be challenging to defeat Liu Kui and the others. Although Wu Zhaofeng's subordinates included two Earthly List fighters, making four in total, enough to deal with the four Earthly List fighters of Qingyang Society. But the key issue was that Qingyang Society still had six more master fighters, while Ling Chen only had Qin Genglong by his side.

Qin Genglong's martial arts were not weak, but facing six at once was completely impossible.

For a moment, Ling Chen fell into deep thought, the light in his eyes flickering uncertainly.

"Old Man Wu, you really have the nerve to help these scoundrels escape prison. Have you forgotten how well the Prison Director has treated you all these years? He has never done you any wrong. Do you think you're being fair to him?" It was Liu Kui who spoke. He stared coldly at Wu Zhaofeng in the crowd, his gaze revealing a touch of chilliness.

"Liu Kui, stop spewing nonsense. If it weren't for you capturing me back then, I wouldn't have suffered like this," Wu Zhaofeng replied coldly. "You conspire together, commit countless crimes, and one day you'll pay for it all."

"Pay for it?" Liu Kui laughed heartily. "Old Man Wu, I've killed so many people—men, women, the elderly, even children. Their blood is on my hands. So what? Haven't I lived well, enjoying food and fun, lacking nothing? Compared to you, Old Man Wu, I'm living quite the carefree life."

Upon hearing Liu Kui's words, Ling Chen raised his eyebrows slightly, a sharp light flashing in his Mo Che-like pupils.

For martial artists, martial arts ethics are paramount, but this person before them slaughtered innocents, sparing not even children. This was not a man, but something worse than a beast.

Ling Chen felt very angry; he'd never seen such shamelessness before. To kill and then brag about it as if it were an achievement.

"Enough!" Ling Chen shouted coldly. "Liu Kui, shut up. As a martial artist, it's inconceivable that scum like you could emerge within the Martial Arts world."

Hearing Ling Chen's rebuke, Liu Kui turned his gaze to Ling Chen, sizing him up with a mocking smile. "So, you're the Ling Chen Luo Haicheng mentioned? Just skin and bones, I can't see what's so impressive about you. Whatever, I'm too lazy to waste words with you. One word—surrender now, or... heh heh!"

Liu Kui's mouth curled into a sinister grin. "Or I'll kill you all, your choice."

"Alright, let's see if you have what it takes," said Ling Chen as he took a step forward, staring directly at Liu Kui, tightening the longbow in his hands.

Seeing Ling Chen face Liu Kui directly, Wu Zhaofeng couldn't help but remind from behind, "Ling Chen, be careful, this guy's skin is thick, not easy to deal with."

Wu Zhaofeng's words reached his ears, although he didn't explain, Ling Chen understood the meaning behind them. Just judging from Liu Kui's build, it's likely that the martial arts he practiced were similar to those of Qin Genglong, belonging to the type of external martial arts.

Ling Chen initially trained in external martial arts, so he knew very well how difficult this skill is to master. Back then, Ling Chen's external martial arts reached their peak, but the peak did not imply his external skills were extraordinarily powerful; rather, it meant his body could only develop to such an extent.

Typically, those who train in external martial arts must possess innate factors, like Qin Genglong and Liu Kui, who are naturally strong and are very suited for the external martial arts path. Someone like Ling Chen, on the other hand, is more suited to inner strength.

Having experience, Ling Chen knew how difficult it was to practice external martial arts, especially to an extraordinary level; it was even more challenging. For Liu Kui to cultivate external martial arts to the Earthly List realm showed he indeed had extraordinary talents.

"You?" Liu Kui looked at the eager Ling Chen, his eyes slanting, a hint of disdain on his lips as he waved his fingers, saying, "Just because you defeated Luo Haicheng doesn't mean you're qualified to fight me." As he finished, Liu Kui's gaze passed over Ling Chen, fixing on Wu Zhaofeng behind him, challenging him, "Old Man Wu, I was the one who got you locked up in the first place. I know you're indignant, practicing hard in prison all the time. What? Don't you want revenge, to regain face from me?"

Wu Zhaofeng moved his lips, intending to say something. But at this moment, Ling Chen looked back at him. From Ling Chen's eyes, Wu Zhaofeng understood the message he wanted to convey. Thereupon, Wu Zhaofeng closed his mouth, silently watching Liu Kui, ignoring his provocation completely.

Seeing this, Liu Kui nodded. "Fine, since you want this kid to die, I'll fulfill that wish." Saying this, Liu Kui beckoned at Ling Chen, "Come on, let me see what you're capable of."

"You'll find out," said Ling Chen as he raised the longbow in his hand, drew an arrow, and aimed it at Liu Kui's brow.

Seeing Ling Chen's gesture, Liu Kui sneered, "Trying to use a bow and arrow against me? You must be..."

Whoosh!

Before Liu Kui could finish his sentence, Ling Chen had already released the bowstring. Instantly, the sharp arrow sliced through the air, turning into a phantom shadow, directly targeting Liu Kui's vital point.

Feeling the fierce wind, Liu Kui's expression changed slightly. Without any hesitation, he quickly tilted his head to the side. However, at such a close range, the power of Ling Chen's arrow was tremendous, not something easily dodged.

Immediately, Liu Kui felt a pang in his ear as the arrow whizzed by above his right ear, leaving a scarlet wound.

Luckily, Liu Kui's reactions were quick enough. Any slower, the arrow might have pierced his skull, killing him instantly.

"Ah!"

Just as everyone thought the arrow had missed, a sudden scream came from behind Liu Kui.

