

“How dare you try to kill me?!”

Lan Zuo staggered, unable to believe that Lan Ling actually dared to attempt to murder him.

*Isn't she afraid her entire family will be destroyed?*

The bodyguards beside Lan Zuo bellowed in rage and sprinted toward Lan Ling.

In the next instant, however, they all collapsed, spewing dark, foul-smelling blood before they even reached her.

“Give me the antidote, and I'll spare your life, otherwise I'll massacre the entire Lan Family from the central plains!” Lan Zuo spat harshly.

“Save that nonsense for later, if you manage to get out alive, that is,” Lan Ling finally raised her head and sneered.

“Miss, what are you doing?! You're making a mistake!” Lan Jing had also fallen victim to the poison. Though he wasn't afraid of death, he did fear that the entire Lan Family of the central plains would be wiped out because of Lan Ling's actions.

*"Hmph!* Did you think that you could kill me with that puny bit of poison? You underestimated me big time," Lan Zuo snorted coldly and took a step forward, his aura bursting out of him like a wildfire, showing no signs of being weakened by the poison.

Truth be told, Lan Zuo had been poisoned, but his physique was in top shape and his Inner Energy was strong enough to temporarily suppress the poison's effects.

His guards' Inner Energy wasn't as powerful as his, and so the poison had gone straight to their hearts when they'd exerted themselves to attack Lan Ling.

Lan Ling's face blanched; she hadn't expected Lan Zuo to be able to suppress the poison.

She knew very well that Lan Zuo was much stronger than she was, and so she broke out of the window without hesitating.

"Of course I can't let you escape!" Lan Zuo harrumphed, then darted over to the window and leaped out after Lan Ling.

However, his path was blocked by another man the instant he hit the ground.

“Let me see how powerful the Hidden Lan Family really is, to even dare to try and rob me of my company!”

The man standing in Lan Zuo’s way was none other than Lu Chen; he’d waited outside the house, knowing that Lan Ling had laced the entire room with poison.

It had all been part of Lan Ling’s plan; she’d counted on Lan Zuo being temporarily unaffected by the poison and asked Lu Chen to hide outside the window that she would jump out of so that he would break her fall and intercept Lan Zuo.

“How dare someone like you try to stop me?!” Lan Zuo snorted contemptuously and blasted a punch at Lu Chen.

He could still suppress the poison, but only barely; he needed to capture Lan Ling and force her to give up the antidote as soon as possible.

Lu Chen smiled thinly and faced Lan Zuo’s punch head-on with another of his own.

*Smash!*

The two fists collided in midair. Lu Chen's figure only swayed backward while Lan Zuo stumbled three whole steps backward before regaining his balance.

Lan Zuo stared at Lu Chen, his eyes widening with disbelief.

He hadn't expected Lu Chen to be so powerful.

He hadn't given it his best earlier, but he could tell that Lu Chen hadn't given it his all either.

Lu Chen was evidently much stronger than he was.

He finally understood why Lan Ling had risked everything and tried to kill him instead.

That was because Lan Ling couldn't deal with Lu Chen, and she believed that the latter would be able to take care of him.

"That b\*tch! She betrayed her own family!" Lan Zuo grew more and more anxious; he could feel the poison beginning to take its

toll on him.

But Lu Chen was in his way, and he couldn't get to Lan Ling at all.

*I'll get out of here first!* Lan Zuo took in the terrain around him before turning around and running up to a fence.

"So that's what the Lan Family is like." Lu Chen smiled witheringly at Lan Zuo's scampering figure, then took out a silenced pistol and slowly pulled down on the trigger, all the while aiming at the back of Lan Zuo's head.

*Pew!*

The silenced gun made a dull, muffled sound, and a small spurt of blood from the back of Lan Zuo's head indicated his demise before his body slowly crumpled to the ground.

Lan Ling finally heaved a sigh of relief when she saw Lan Zuo fall.

Lan Zuo's death meant that her plan had been largely successful.

Lu Chen walked up to the side of Lan Zuo's

corpse, stooped down slowly, then reached out and pulled a necklace from Lan Zuo's neck.

It carried a pendant the size of a pigeon egg; there was a capsule around the pendant, and a strange light shone out of it.

"This is probably that magical pearl." Lu Chen pocketed the necklace to study it more closely when he returned.

Meanwhile, Lan Ling walked back to her mansion. The men inside hadn't died yet, but they'd all been put out of commission.

"Miss, why are you doing this?" Lan Jing demanded, aggrieved.

"Uncle Jing, I'm sorry, but if I don't do this, none of us will live. I can only sacrifice you for the sake of my family, the Lan Family of the central plains," Lan Ling lamented and apologized before taking out a pistol and shooting him in the forehead.

It was a tragic death for the bodyguard who had been with her since her childhood.

Lan Ling mourned a little, but she'd chosen this path. Today, everyone in the house had to die, otherwise they would give the game away.

If that happened, her entire branch of the Lan Family would be made to pay for Lan Zuo's death with their own lives.

She put a wall around her heart and finished her own men off with one shot after another.

Some of the men were assassins whom Lan Jing had trained while the others had guarded and cared for her since an early age, not unlike Lan Jing.

All the same, Lan Ling hardened her heart and dispatched them all.

There were more than twenty people—twenty human lives—in the mansion, but Lan Ling left not a single one of them alive.

She was spattered with blood by the time she walked out of the mansion, but she didn't seem to care.

Perhaps she had already grown numb by

now.

“Have you killed them all?” Lu Chen inquired when he saw Lan Ling emerge.

Lan Ling nodded and looked straight into Lu Chen’s eyes. “You’ve got the pearl; I hope you won’t let me down,” she expressed.

Lu Chen smiled thinly at her. “Don’t think too much about it. Whatever you did today can only make up for all the grief you’ve given me in the past, nothing more, nothing less. Though, I can tell you with absolute certainty, that we’re even now,” Lu Chen declared.

With that, he turned and stalked toward his car, which was parked by a large tree outside the confines of Lan Ling’s mansion.

Instead of getting angry, Lan Ling smiled faintly then briskly walked up to a car that was parked not far away from Lu Chen’s.

Lu Chen tossed a set of car keys to Lan Ling before getting into his own car.

He waited for Lan Ling to get into her car



before pulling out a tiny trigger device which he clicked on as he held it out in the direction of Lan Ling's mansion.

Having done so, he immediately started his car and sped away from the scene at breakneck speed.

When Lan Ling saw him speed off like that, she dared not dally a moment longer. She pressed down on the gas as hard as she could and rushed out after Lu Chen.

*Boom!*

Their cars hadn't even made it to a hundred meters away when a massive explosion blasted through Lan Ling's mansion.

In that instant, flames burst across the sky and the deafening noise rumbled into the distance.

## Chapter 310 The Magical Pearl



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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The news that Lan Ling's mansion had been razed to the ground made it to the next day's headlines. In the end, the police came to the conclusion that it had been a revenge killing, and that the twenty-odd members of the Lan Family—including Lan Ling—had all been reduced to ashes.

When the Lan Family of the Central Plains saw the news, they immediately dialed Lan Ling's number, but no matter how they tried, the caller ringtone on her side indicated that the phone was switched off.

The Lan Family immediately sent someone to Chongqing to check on the situation, only to find that even Lan Zuo and his men had been blasted up in the same explosion that had killed Lan Ling.

"We're done for! How do we tell the Master?!" Lan Yuheng cried out, his fear at the consequences of Lan Zuo's death greater than his sorrow at the death of his own daughter, Lan Ling .

It completely blotted out his grief at his daughter's death.

"Our daughter is dead! Can they still blame us? The most they'll do is make us find the

killer," Liu Chunxia assumed.

Liu Chunxia was Lan Ling's mother; she'd fainted when she heard the news of her daughter's death, testament to the grief she harbored.

"I hope so." Lan Yuheng nodded. His daughter had sacrificed herself while executing the main family's wishes. Considering that, he figured that the main family wouldn't lay the blame for Lan Zuo's death completely at their feet.

"Say, do you think Lu Chen did it?" Liu Chunxia suddenly suggested.

"He's probably the culprit, but we don't have any evidence yet. We'll need to wait for the main family to get back to us on the matter," Lan Yuheng replied, nodding.

The Lan Family members had been there to deal with Lu Chen. Who else would target the Lan Family members and kill them all off now if not him?

No one would doubt that he was the suspect if they were to reveal the Lan Family's motives in Chongqing.

"When are they expected to arrive?" Liu Chunxia inquired further.

"Any day now. Tell the men to get ready. We're going to find Lu Chen, whether for the main family, or to get revenge for Lan Ling." Lan Yuheng's eyes flashed with bloodthirst and his fists clenched inconspicuously.

On the third day, the representative from the main branch of the Lan Family finally arrived.

The representative this time was a middle-aged woman named Li Xinlian; she was none other than the mother of Lan Zuo, the matriarch of the Lan Family.

She may have been a woman, but she held a very high status in the Lan Family.

After her husband died, she had taken charge and helped her son to defeat the other branches of the Lan Family so that her son had been set to become the next patriarch of the Lan Family.

Besides that, Li Xinlian was also the fourth-strongest martial artist throughout the entire Lan Family.

The only ones more powerful than her, were the current patriarch and two others from Lan Zuo's grandfather's generation.

"Come on. Let' go to Chongqing," Li Xinlian declared the second she stepped into Lan Yuheng's house, not wanting to waste any more time there.

Lan Zuo was the sun around which her life revolved; the faith that let her go on living. Right now, the only thing she wanted was to kill Lu Chen and avenge her son.

"Of course, Madam." Lan Yuheng nodded, then led Li Xinlian to the square where a private helicopter stood waiting. Lan Yuheng planned to take the helicopter to Chongqing.

They quickly arrived in Chongqing, where Lan Yuheng sent his people out to find Lu Chen immediately.

He received the news just a few hours later.

"Master Lan, multiple sources tell us that Lu Chen went to Myanmar. He took a flight to Naypyidaw International Airport this morning but no one knows his exact

destination," Lan Yuheng's men reported.

"He went to Myanmar?!" Lan Yuheng frowned. How would they find Lu Chen in Myanmar?

"Yes. These are his travel records." Lan Yuheng's staff presented the paper detailing Lu Chen's departure from Chongqing for Myanmar earlier in the day.

Lan Yuheng glanced at it, then turned to look at Li Xinlian.

"Let's go to Myanmar. Find him through any means necessary, and bring him to me," Li Xinlian uttered quietly.

"I understand, Madam." Lan Yuheng nodded and began making the arrangements to go abroad.

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Lu Chen had flown to Myanmar early in the morning because the military would be delivering his weapons on that very day.

And so multiple shipments of military equipment arrived at the Killer Shrine in Kokang later in the afternoon.

The barracks blew up in excitement when the men saw that Lu Chen had purchased so many powerful weapons all at once.

They'd never seen weapons as advanced as those which Lu Chen had just bought.

A lot of the men even wondered if Naypyidaw's men were equipped with weapons as good as theirs.

Not long ago, they had been worried that Naypyidaw would storm their barracks since Lu Chen wasn't Burmese. Moreover, they'd feared that Liu Changshan's junta would also make a move on them as the junta's men had been provoking them a lot recently.

However, the sight of the piles of incredible weapons that their general had just bought made them feel that they had nothing to fear even if Naypyidaw attacked their camp at that very moment.

However, the men couldn't help feeling deflated upon a closer look; as many of the weapons and equipment including the tanks and armored vehicles were the newest on the market, those were so advanced that they did not know how to



use them.

They'd only ever handled ancient, manual tanks and armored vehicles and had no clue as to how to use automated vehicles like that.

After the weapons transaction had been completed to his satisfaction, Lu Chen personally invited the hundred-odd technicians who'd stayed back to train his men to dinner before making arrangements for them to stay at the best hotel in Kokang. They would be picked up and sent to the barracks to oversee his men's training, which would commence only the next morning.

Back in the barracks, Du Fei and Xiao Zhan met up with Lu Chen.

"You actually bought so many incredible weapons! We'll be able to send even Naypyidaw's men running if they come at us!" Du Fei ranted and raved excitedly.

Xiao Zhan also looked at Lu Chen with amazement.

He'd been impressed when Du Fei had told him about Lu Chen's identity, but he'd also

thought that the future would be strewn with hardships as Lu Chen was still just a successful businessman and not well-equipped to maneuver the battlefield.

He hadn't expected Lu Chen to be back in just half a month with so many of the latest weapons that even Naypiydaw's equipment couldn't possibly compare.

"These weapons probably cost billions, am I right?" Xiao Zhan queried quizzically.

The warplanes which Lu Chen had bought had all been retired from China's military, but they still weren't allowed to be sold out of inner circles.

What Lu Chen had done was much more impressive than Myanmar's warlords' weapons deal with the Pakistanis.

Beside that, the bulk of his purchase was several times larger than Myanmar's.

Lu Chen had purchased a staggering number of tanks, armored vehicles, rockets and other weapons that were enough to equip tens upon thousands of troops.

Xiao Zhan estimated the weapons to have cost, at the very least, several billion.

"It only costs me 800 million," said Lu Chen with a faint smile.

"Only 800 million?!"

Du Fei and Xiao Zhan were awed and didn't know whether to believe their ears.

"I bought them after pulling some strings. They might not even sell you all these if you had 10 billion," said Lu Chen with a secretive smile.

*Alright, that makes sense.* Xiao Zhan and Du Fei both relaxed in understanding once they heard Lu Chen's explanation.

China was like that—connections were often more important than anything else.

"By the way, what's going on with Liu Changshan these days? Is he still trying to provoke us?" Lu Chen asked.

"Yup. That hound has been getting a little rabid lately. I sense that he's itching for a real fight with us," Du Fei fumed.

## Chapter 311 The Weaponry is in Place

He'd been patient enough, holding himself back over the last few weeks; they would have gotten into a skirmish with Liu Changshan's men already otherwise.

"If he wants a fight, then we'll give it to him. I'll give you five days to make the men learn how to use the new weapons I just bought. We'll attack Liu Changshan after those five days are up."

Lu Chen sneered and settled the matter.



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