

Sweet Love 1161

Chapter 1161: Hurricane's Core Figure

Hurricane Group was a family-based firearms organization. Its three chief commanders—Gong Jie, Li Yanxi, and Yi Lan—were legendary figures, especially Gong Jie.

Being a top brass and a tycoon of that international group, he controlled North American and European firearms markets and was fully in charge of the affairs of the European market. In short, he was pretty much a rigorous person.

While he was the rumored crown prince of the group, his father, Gong Shaoying, was said to have single-handedly founded it. The former smuggling giant was now the firearms king, who controlled half of the firearms market in the world.

He was only twelve years old when he first started out in this trade. His father, for the sake of training him, tasked him with the North American market. It took him only three years to become a formidable figure, who could undertake the task alone.

Now, in his twenties, he was already the group's leader with his cold-blooded and unique means.

He was also a core member of the organization's 'Deva Eye' project.

He had a highly skilled mercenary group under him; in fact, the group's Mercenary Paradise was originally created by him.

He was quite a legendary figure.

Yun Tianyou frowned slightly.

Isn't he the person in charge of the European market?

Why is he here?

The boy could not help feeling puzzled.

Agent Li smiled with a raised brow at his puzzlement. "Hurricane Group probably wants to find out more about sir, so they sent that big shot over to your side."

"Where are they now?"

His man answered, "Messer Private Airport."

"Let's go." The boy's lips arched nonchalantly. "I shall meet this rumored big shot."

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Messer Private Airport.

By the time the two arrived there, a military cargo aircraft had already landed steadily at the airport.

Over a dozen mercenaries alighted from the aircraft; each was scrawny and fully armed.

When the boy stepped out of the car, he heard the deafening sound of the helicopter's rotor from overhead.

Upon raising his head, he saw a military helicopter circling slowly in mid-air for several rounds before landing steadily on the tarmac.

Five mercenaries successively alighted from the opened hatch. A young man in a military-style coat then slowly made his way down the aircraft a moment later.

Yun Tianyou's gaze shifted to him.

The young man's snow-white military coat fluttered in the strong wind. His white military suit made him appear tall and slender.

White suited him very well; he looked very British in his white ensemble.

The boy registered his handsome appearance when he raised his face slowly.

Initially, he thought that Gong Jie was of European descent.

Never did he expect that he was from the East.

His clean-cut silver hair made his face look slim. The arc of his jaw, especially, was as beautiful as a brushstroke.

Akin to a refined knife carving, the man had a finely sculpted face with his exquisite and angular features.

The man had handsome brows, as well as cold, beautiful, and narrow star-like eyes, which had hints of evil madness and arrogance in them; his eyes were distinct sans any impurities like ink and wash painting.

When he smiled, his lips would arch perfectly, giving off an unruly feeling.

Chapter 1162: An Eye-opener to Him

The man was unexpectedly young. From his handsome, youthful, clean features alone, he appeared to be roughly in his early twenties.

Even a man would likely be deeply impressed by this person's androgynous, good looks.

Although his face was beyond gender with a little feminine touch, his beauty was lethal. His ethereal features, coupled with his elegant aura, especially when he smiled, all revealed his aristocratic temperament, which had hints of kingly arrogance.

This kingly aura, which his appearance embellished, seemed to belong naturally to the ruler of the world!

Coldness, arrogance, and evilness—his lips had a hint of frivolousness, yet his sharp eyes occasionally revealed hints of aggressiveness.

Yun Tianyou was startled when his gaze gradually landed on the man's face.

Surprise colored his face.

There was a striking similarity in looks between this man and his mother!

Those eyes were especially alike.

The only difference was that his mother's eyes were beautiful and charming, while this man's gaze had an unrestrained, evil charm.

The boy's brows furrowed; he could not help feeling suspicious about his identity.

At the side, Li Hanlin leaned over and whispered to him, "Sir, is this person the rumored Second Master Gong?"

Second Master Gong.

Gong Shaoying, Hurricane Group's leader, had four children.

As Gong Jie was that old man's second child, everyone respectfully attached the title 'second master' to his name.

With squinted eyes, the boy answered, "I've never seen him in person before."

As Hurricane Group's core figure, few people had naturally seen him in person before, but from this man's extraordinary presence, he was likely that second master!

The two groups of people met.

Sure enough, this man in white military ensemble was Gong Jie.

The adult and the lad stood facing each other for a long time.

The man could not help studying this little lad before him with keen interest. He elegantly squatted and scrutinized him with his beautiful deep-set eyes. Surprise flashed across his dark orbs eventually.

He smiled and slowly extended his hand.

"I didn't expect that the legendary firearms talent is truly just a boy six years of age." The man smiled. "Yun Tianyou?"

If he recalled correctly, that was the boy's name!

He was in the middle of a firearms deal in North America when he received news from headquarters that the legendary, child prodigy had finally officially decided to join Hurricane Group. Hence, he decided to join the rest of the troops here to meet this legendary six-year-old child, who was invited to participate in the 'Deva Eye' project.

It was an eye-opener to him when he saw with his eyes that the prodigy was just a boy six years of age!

Yun Tianyou's eyes drooped slightly as his gaze landed on the outstretched hand.

His five fingers were fair and slender and his fingertips were as beautiful as jade.

The boy slowly reached out to shake the man's hand.

He gave him an elegant smile in return. "I also didn't expect that Hurricane Group's legendary chief commander is so young, but there's one thing I want to remind you."

"Oh?" The man raised his brow.

Chapter 1163: Officially welcoming you to the group...

"I already had my birthday," Youyou corrected, "so technically, I am already seven years old."

Gong Jie was silent.

This kid...

He even knew cold humor.

The two exchanged a firm handshake as well as glances. They began sizing each other up at the same time.

There was a hint of judgment in the man's eyes.

The boy did not lack the same questioning look in his eyes.

Carefully examining his face closeup, the kid was even more alarmed.

Why did this man look so strikingly similar to mommy?

If he were not in a suit and had a different hairstyle, he would get a sense of déjà vu as it would seem as though the one standing in front of him were his mother.

Alike.

They looked really alike.

It was hard not to think that there was a connection between this man and his mommy.

The man was also surreptitiously sizing him up.

The child before him was elegant and had a noble poise. He was wearing a suit with a coat draped over his shoulders, and this only served to enhance his handsome and exquisite looks.

Especially that small face of his, it was fair and tender. His features were graceful. He had a look of maturity and steadiness that was hard to find in most adults.

What was even harder to come by was this seven-year-old kid not being overwhelmed in the slightest by his presence. He exuded an air of seemingly innate elegance and nobility.

Despite meeting his eyes, this child did not show a hint of timidity.

This was not easy.

It was hard to imagine that this child, who still had a tender voice, was actually capable of suggesting the universally shocking air rights theory.

Could kids nowadays be all so valiant?

He thought, *Could this kid be from a species that has genetic variations?*

For the past two years, Hurricane Group had been trying to convince Yun Tianyou into joining their organization officially.

His response had always been ambiguous, alas.

Thus, it came as a huge surprise that this boy had finally decided to join them.

“I heard that you had finally decided to join Hurricane Group officially?”

“Yes.” Youyou raised his gaze. “I did.”

He wanted to become stronger.

Strong enough for everyone to be unbridled by his existence.

Strong enough to possess incomparably formidable strength.

This way, he could guard those he wanted to protect better!

Thinking of this, the boy’s eyes were filled with resolution.

Gong Jie smiled, his handshake firmer than before. A distinct and low voice unhurriedly escaped his thin lips. “If that’s the case, representing Hurricane Group, I formally welcome you to our company!”

Li Hanlin, at the side, gazed at the firm handshake between the two.

At that moment, his instincts hit him.

He had a gut feeling that, with his young boss joining the international firearms group, a new era belonging to the latter would be established.

An era that belonged to Yun Tianyou!

Even though he was still a child, his body seemed to possess inexhaustible energy.

He believed that the future of Hurricane Group would be with this boy ruling it!

...

At Disheng Financial Group.

As Mu Yazhe walked into the CEO’s office, his body emanated a terrifying and gloomy aura. The employees at the side avoided him and gave way, utterly intimidated by the air around him.

Inside the office, Min Yu had been waiting respectfully for a long time. He was nervous and frantic.

The man threw his jacket on the couch. Glancing at his subordinate, he furrowed his brows. "What is that in your hands?"

The moment he entered the room, he sharply noticed the envelope his assistant was holding. Thus, his suspicions were raised.

His secretary hurriedly passed the envelope to him and said in a panic-stricken manner, "Boss, please have a look at this first!"

Chapter 1164: Covered in Wounds

Mu Yazhe took it from his hands. Opening the envelope, a few photographs fell out.

He picked up the pictures and skimmed through them. In a split moment, his eyes dimmed and his brows furrowed deeply.

In the pictures, a woman was hanging suspended in the air by the shackles binding her wrists.

The blood on her wrists due to how tight the shackles were constricting them stood out like a sore eye.

The pictures' background was a dark warehouse. With the flash from the camera, one could see the amount of dust floating in the air.

Yun Shishi's face was stained with blood. He could see that she was gritting her teeth stubbornly.

Based on the motley blood on her body, he could visualize the difficult situation she was under, yet he could not imagine what kind of things she had been through, or perhaps, he dared not imagine.

He took in a deep breath of cold air. Clutching the photographs viciously and tightly, a dark fog glazed over his eyes.

When his gaze fell on the pictures yet again, he registered the blood on the woman's white skirt, and his glare became filled with intense wrath.

"Who sent these photos?"

He raised his head and asked, trapping his cold gaze on Min Yu.

Even the secretary, who had always been by his side and was used to his intimidating aura, could not help being startled by his glare.

"Boss, this envelope was sent by an express delivery employee." The secretary hesitated for a moment before continuing. "We've already captured him, but by the looks of it, we won't be able to get any information out of him!"

"Apart from this envelope, is there nothing else?"

"Yes. We only received this envelope and the photos in it."

The subordinate stiffened. Looking at his superior's icy expression, he said in a low voice at once, "Boss, you must calm down! Just from a glance at this, this is clearly not a normal kidnapping situation!"

The man turned out to be more composed than he had thought, though.

He sat in front of his office desk and flung the photos onto his table. His eyebrows furrowed deeply as he said, "I know."

Min Yu was stunned, only to hear him continue slowly. "That person is targeting me."

"Boss, what do you mean? I don't really understand."

Mu Yazhe's brows twitched before he responded, "What he wants is something I have. Naturally, he has to have some bargaining chips in his hand before he can negotiate with me!"

The assistant was still confused. He thought about it carefully before he was hit by a sudden realization. "Boss, does that mean that you already have an idea of what the person wants?"

"He's finally made his move." The man bit his lip harshly, his eyes dark.

The secretary watched his boss carefully with knitted eyebrows.

His superior's voice was extremely deep and low when he spoke. From his stiff expression and his fingertips that had turned white from how tightly he was holding the photos, he could tell that the man was trying his best to control his rage. He did not want to lose his rationality.

The reason these photos were sent was to infuriate him! Provoke him! Enrage him!

The angrier he was, the more out of control he would be. That was exactly what his enemies hoped to achieve.

He closed his eyes, forcing himself to stay cool.

He must remain calm at a time like this to keep this situation under control.

However, when he received an anonymous email later that night, he could no longer keep his composure!

On the computer screen was a child's young and tender face.

However, his delicate and handsome face was covered in blood.

The man felt as if his heart had been smashed by a hammer and had been stabbed by a knife. It hurt so much that he could not breathe.

The endless amount of rage and pain could be felt all over him.

His gloomy and terrifying gaze stared fixedly at the picture on his screen. His tightly clenched fists let out a horrifyingly taut sound.

Chapter 1165: Potent Potential

His gloomy and terrifying gaze stared fixedly at the picture on his screen. His tightly clenched fists let out a horrifyingly taut sound.

The young handsome face was too pale and aghast to be real.

He easily recognized the boy, whose face was covered in blood, in the image to be none other than Mu Yichen!

“Continue the investigation with this IP address!”

He commanded coldly without further ado.

His assistant sprang into action at the immediate order.

The man looked at the monitor again. In the image, his son was hung suspended in mid-air by his hands. The photo only showed his upper body, but even then, he could see that the boy was covered in whip marks.

The white shirt he was wearing was in shambles and stained red with blood. The wound on his abdomen was especially deep, bloody, and badly maimed!

He could not imagine what kind of thrashing his son had endured for it to result in such an awful and frightening sight!

What brutal torture he has been subjected to end up looking like this?!

He looked at the child’s face in the picture again. The boy’s eyes were half-open; his once clear and beautiful eyes were covered by the tousled fringe, though that did not manage to conceal his dark and blood-chilling expression.

Despite being badly tortured, his air of elegance and haughtiness remained undeterred. Although his face remained composed, from the look in his eyes, it was obvious that he was doing his best to endure the pain.

He was trying to endure the pain from his body full of injuries.

Even though he was covered in blood, he did not allow himself to reveal any vulnerability or a pained look.

No matter how much brutality he had gone through, he did not lose that proud and elegant expression of his. His lips hooked nonchalantly, with a trace of contempt on his beautiful face.

His pride could not be tamed; no one could desecrate his kingly presence!

Little Yichen has never suffered like this before.

Even when he was in the boot camp, he was never subjected to such inhumane torture.

Who could be so cruel?!

*D*mn it!*

He slammed his fist onto the tabletop. The solid, wooden table showed a few cracks from his sudden and fierce blow.

...

At Lezhi Holdings.

Gong Jie sat inside the president's office, unable to calm the wonders in his heart.

The present CEO's office looked so high-tech it was hard to imagine how this place was nearing bankruptcy and collapse a few years ago.

They held a frivolous attitude when they bought this company and put it under Yun Tianyou's name.

First, Hurricane Group wanted to see what this little genius could do with a company that was nearly bankrupt and without any prospect or room for development.

Second, they wanted to use this chance to train this audacious kid.

He was witness to how Lezhi Holdings had leaped from a failed toy company to a leading commercial enterprise—one that had crushed the biggest toy manufacturer in the world, MITEL.

This feat could not be attributed to plain ability anymore.

It must be magic!

If it had not been for him witnessing this feat personally, he would not have thought this kid to be in possession of such potent power.

How did he achieve that?!

It's really hard to imagine.

There's so much untapped potential in this boy to let him handle such a quest.

His admiration for the child skyrocketed and his initial skepticism diminished by a lot.

Chapter 1166: His Bodyguard

His thoughts wandered to that time when he was twelve. Back then, he had just taken over the reins from his father for North America, and it had taken him three years before he received his father's approval.

This kid, meanwhile, by relying on his capability, raised Lezhi from its initial decline to a leading toy supplier in the world!

This was no easy feat!

The man continued to study the high-tech environment around him with interest.

As for Youyou, he could not help squinting his eyes to size up the young chap sitting across from him.

So alike. They're just too alike.

This young man's features were so alike his mommy's.

In fact, he even started suspecting this man's actual identity and background.

It seemed that his mother had a biological younger brother who was separated from her.

Could he be...

The boy was taken aback by his thoughts.

That's impossible.

Gong Jie was Hurricane Group's crown prince, so how could he possibly be related to his mommy?

Isn't this just a coincidence, but can such an uncanny coincidence exist in the first place?

If this is really just that, then I really must marvel at the Maker's impeccable workmanship.

The boy looked down and drank his tea.

The young man turned his attention back to the boy. With his eyes back on him, he smiled, exchanged courtesies, and declared his intention. "We need you to review a few documents before you sign the agreement as a necessary formality."

Clapping his palms lightly, his accompanying attendant walked up and passed a document folio to him.

The man handed it to Yun Tianyou.

The boy reached for it. Giving it a glance, he could not help lamenting their extravagance.

Not only was this document folio made of real, calf leather, it was delicately rimmed with golden threads.

How high-handed.

Gawking slightly, he took out the documents and signed his name without a thorough look.

His handwriting was neat and beautiful, and Gong Jie could only stare in surprise.

He asked quietly, "Why didn't you go through the content inside the document. Aren't you afraid that you may be signing your soul away?"

"Isn't this a sell-out in the first place?" Youyou retorted, cocking his brow. "Since I've chosen to join Hurricane Group, I've already given due thoughts to this matter. This is only an administrative procedure; is there a need to read through these files carefully?"

The man was stunned at first and then gave a smile. "You are indeed someone my father highly valued."

The boy's maturity and intelligence had him in awe.

After settling the signed documents, he drawled, "From now onward, you are officially part of Hurricane Group! In addition to fulfilling our promises to you, my father has specially assigned someone to you."

“Who?”

The man snapped his fingers and the door was pushed open.

The boy looked up and saw a *lolita* walking in leisurely.

His heart jumped. In his brief loss of concentration, the *lolita* reached him. She stopped short, stood, and stared at him with an ice-cold face.

He could not help lifting his chin to look at her.

Immediately, he could see the girl's razor-sharp chin.

From her tender features, he deduced that the girl was about eight or nine years old. Unlike oriental girls, this one had deep-set eyes and seemed to hold aloof sense of European nobility. Still, there was an exotic charm reminiscent of an oriental descent, she ultimately exuded a particular sense of beauty that a mixed-blood would have.

The girl had a brown bob and thick, neat eyebrows framing her crystal-clear eyes. Her high nose bridge had a rosy tip, which sat nicely with her cherry-like, soft lips.

Chapter 1167: This strong individual was the last one standing.

The little girl had a sharp edge to her. Standing in front of Yun Tianyou, she had a lackluster expression and dead eyes. It was as if she were an emotionless puppet.

Cold and lifeless!

She was wearing a simple vest and shorts, along with a pair of black combat boots. She was armed with a dagger and a gun at her waist.

She had a distinct waistline.

Even though she looked slim, after sizing her up carefully, he realized that she had a defined body.

Her powerful arms were especially shocking!

How much training had she undergone to achieve those terrifying muscles?

Youyou had no idea why, but he could somehow feel an extraordinary presence from this little girl.

Like a blooming, red spider lily by the Yellow Springs, she was stunning yet lethal.

He sized her up with a few more glances before letting his gaze fall back on her empty eyes.

They were soulless and filled with murderous aura. Apart from that, there was no other emotion in them.

It was as if she were a killing machine, born to only slaughter!

Gong Jie stood up slowly and walked to the little girl's side. He placed a hand gently on her shoulder before introducing her to him. "She's called Lisa. From today onward, she'll be your personal bodyguard!"

"This girl?" Doubt and query filled the boy's eyes. "Personal bodyguard?"

A girl that looked no older than eight or nine...

The man looked at him, smiling at the uncertainty in his eyes. "What? Don't underestimate her just because she is young! Her capability is above the rest! Technically, her skills have placed her fifth in terms of combat power at Mercenary Paradise."

"Fifth?"

The doubt in the boy's eyes was evident.

How was that possible?

This girl looked so young, yet she placed fifth in Mercenary Paradise?

"Don't look down on her! I also looked at you that way in the past!" The man smiled as he stroked the little girl's emotionless face gently with his long fingers. Pretending to be mysterious, he asked, "Do you know where she's born?"

She did not react to his touch in the slightest bit as she continued to stare fixedly at Youyou with a cold gaze.

"Where?"

"The number one assassin island, Atlanta."

The lad held his breath.

He had heard of that place before.

According to others, that island would house a couple of hundred orphans, regardless of genders, every year and would lock them up together. They were only given a bowl of rice and a glass of water.

There was only a bowl of rice when the children were hungry.

Only one glass of water.

In order to fill their stomachs and survive, the children would have to slaughter one another.

Of those hundreds of children, only ten would remain alive, although on the brink of death.

Those children would then undergo the next round of monstrous training.

The so-called monstrous training was not something Little Yichen's special training in a boot camp could even compare.

More accurately, it was training from hell. The strong would live, whereas the weak would die.

Perhaps, in the end, after going through so many tests, only one person would survive.

This girl happened to be the last remaining person after many intensive trials.

In reality, even though her fighting power was very high, there was still a difference when compared to the other mercenaries in the military units.

The reason she could place fifth in Mercenary Paradise was that the ranking board for combat was based on the success rate of the mercenaries in their missions.

Lisa had never once failed any of her missions.

Chapter 1168: You are my master.

Even though Lisa was not the strongest, as a fighter, she was definitely the best.

After all, who would raise their guard up around a little girl?

Therefore, she had never once failed any of her missions.

For someone who had fought to be the last one standing among five hundred children, she definitely had an unimaginable amount of willpower and combat power.

Gong Jie smiled as he lowered his head and spoke to the little girl. "Lisa, from now on, he will be your master. You must follow his every word and shall not betray or abandon him. Protect him with your life!"

"Yes!"

The girl turned her gaze onto Youyou and repeated the man's words in an emotionless voice, "From now on, you are Lisa's master. I will protect you with my life and be loyal to you. I shall not betray or abandon you!"

The boy was stunned yet still found it strange.

As someone 'male', it was weird to be protected by someone female, and a young one to boot.

"Well? Are you pleased with my father's gift?" asked the man smilingly.

The little lad stood up slowly, facing the little girl.

She looked at him straight on.

Probably due to him growing at a slower rate, this girl was actually half a head taller than him.

He looked at her deeply in the eyes before he smiled and stretched out his hand elegantly. "Please give me a lot of guidance in the future."

The little girl looked at his outstretched hand expressionlessly before reaching out rigidly and shaking it firmly.

His complexion changed to a frown as he felt pain from his hand.

This little girl's strength was d*mn powerful!

Gong Jie was amused by his expression. "My baby, this little girl's strong, so please don't hurt your hand! Lisa, why aren't you letting go yet?"

The girl hurriedly released her grip.

Youyou's hand was freed, yet he was shocked to see it extremely pale, as though there were no blood circulating through it.

Lisa was an assassin who had undergone hellish training. Having grown up in a killing field, all she had seen was never-ending flow of fresh blood and slaughter every time she opened her eyes. Instead of calling her an assassin, perhaps describing her as a killing machine would be more accurate!

It seemed as though she did not have many emotions or desires.

She did not know that she should smile if she was happy.

She did not know that she should cry if she was sad.

No smiles, no tears... She knew nothing about human emotions. She only knew how to kill someone in the most accurate way possible.

Thus, there was never a smile or tear on her face. She was expressionless.

Just like a machine.

It was because of her cold personality that made her more than suitable to be among the suicide fighters.

The so-called 'suicide fighters' referred to bodyguards in the past who would sacrifice their lives for the rich in exchange for wealth and rank or to pay a debt of gratitude.

The boy had never seen a child like this—someone who did not have a spark of life in her.

"How old is she?"

The man raised a brow and nibbled on his lower lip. "I am unsure. When she was sent over, she didn't have a name; in fact, no one knows how old she is. She only had a code name. 'Lisa' is the name I gave her."

He hesitated for a moment before saying, "She should be about eight or nine years old."

Youyou's brows furrowed.

Li Hanlin suddenly walked to his side. In a low voice, he said, "Sir, the technical team has just retrieved an email. Would you like to see it?"

"Okay. Send it to my email!"

He walked to the front of his office desk and opened his email account. The email was sent over in an instant.

There were two photos.

In them was a boy hanging suspended by his bound hands.

His body was covered in wounds and stained with blood.

With fresh blood still dripping, the scene was terrifying.

Youyou held his breath. With one glance, he could recognize that the child in the photos was Mu Yichen!

What happened?

Why was he...

Could it be...

Chapter 1169: Heartache

The knowledge that his brother had met with trouble prompted the anxious boy to stand up. Forcing himself to calm down, he slowly sat back down.

Gong Jie walked to his back and saw the image as well. Stunned, he quickly realized that the child inside the picture looked exactly like Yun Tianyou.

“Who is this child?”

“My older brother!” The boy sucked in a deep breath and closed his eyes.

“You have a brother, huh?” The man was somewhat surprised to hear that.

He looked toward the monitor once more. In the image, the boy wore an irreverent look as he held his lofty chin high. His haughty demeanor suggested of a kingly birth.

That pair of deep, chilling eyes displayed no trace of trepidation and despondency a child his age should show. Instead, there was a sense of inherent stubbornness inherent!

The other image showed him hooking his lips into an elegant yet contemptuous smile.

It was hardly imaginable how such a young child could endure that much extreme pain, yet the boy's face did not reveal any fear.

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The man scratched his nose.

Can the young kids nowadays please not be so strong?

Youyou intercepted the IP address of the sender. Logging into the system interface, his ten fingers expertly keyed in a string of complex coding commands and soon pulled out a black screen.

He entered the sender's IP address, only to find out that it led to a false, nonexistent address.

“D*mn... That was cunning!”

Vexed, the boy raucously pushed the keyboard away, stood up violently. and walked to the window; his heart could not be consoled for a long time.

Li Hanlin suddenly walked in after knocking at the door. "Sir, I believe we just found a suspicious address; do you want to send some people over to investigate?"

The boy swirled around suddenly. "Right this instant!"

"Little Youyou, do you want to send my men over as well?" Gong Jie leaned over and whispered into his ear in a low drawl.

The child sipped his lips. "Of course, that is most welcome if you are willing!"

"Don't worry; I'll save your people." The man gave a charmingly wicked smile.

...

Inside the underground warehouse.

Mu Yichen was hanging suspended in the air by his hands, which had turned numb at this point.

His eyes were shut and he seemed to have fainted.

A few men surrounded him. The first in line took the lead by splashing the boy with a pail of cold, salt water.

A sizzling sound was heard.

The boy frowned and slowly opened his eyes.

The salt water dripped from his head to his cheeks and seeped into his wounds, as well as his eyes.

His burned, hot and painful.

He could not use his hand to dislodge the salt water so he could only desperately shake his head.

SMACK!

The man gave him a slap.

"Stop shaking. You got your blood on me now! How dirty!"

The boy's face was slammed to one side.

Right now, he had almost lost all his pain sensations. After the arduous torture he had undergone, his whole body seemed to have gone numb without any bodily sensation.

Slowly, he opened his eyes and shot daggers at the man standing in front of him.

No matter how much they tortured him, he never once gave in to them or shed a drop of tear.

Instead, he gave off a cool and eerie aura that was spine-chilling!

The man grabbed his face fiercely. "Little rascal, what are you looking at?!"

Chapter 1170: His Tough Pride

Mu Yichen sniggered defiantly and sarcastically. "Is this all you have? How pathetic."

While there was irreverence in his smile, it was proud dignity more than anything else.

He looked at them as if they were a few slimy worms struggling inside a drain.

The man was antagonized and sent another slap across his face. "Rascal, you like to act tough, right?! It seems that you haven't suffered enough; does that mean that you won't give in till you face the grim reality?!"

He sent another slap. This time around, his face had become swollen.

Blood could be seen seeping down the corner of his lips.

The boy merely stretched out the tip of his tongue to wipe away the bloodstain slowly, his defiant look never departing from his face.

Suddenly, bracing himself with the strength of both arms, he held his leg high and gave the man's face a ferocious kick.

The man fell to the ground without warning.

Unfortunately, the boy, after all the beating, was too tired by now to give it his all. If not, that kick would have broken the man's jaw.

Everyone exchanges glances in disbelief.

This little rascal, how does he remain so tough?

Does he still want to resist at this stage?

He is headstrong, indeed.

Despite being covered in injuries, he doesn't give up any chance to win!

At first, all they wanted to do was to take a few pictures of him crying and sobbing, which would make anyone wince in pain!

However, no matter what they did, he would not shed a tear or beg for mercy, let alone show a trace of fear.

There was none of that.

He is so tough!

The man crawled to a standing position. After spitting out a few broken teeth, he ordered, "This chap is still untamed; tie his legs and whip him a few more rounds!"

"Big bro, can we stop whipping him? This chap will definitely die if we continue further!"

The man did not take that to heart. "What are you afraid of?! Haven't you seen what happened earlier? This rascal still has the strength to kick me so how is he going to die soon? Since he's so tough, how can he die so easily? Whip him a few more times to teach him a lesson!"

"No matter how tough he is, this is just a kid. He looks bad now so let's stop torturing him! We must give him a way out. Haven't we received orders from the top not to go overboard? If not, we'll die alongside him. Keep this fellow alive to be used later!"

The man, known as Xiao, was unmoved.

Looking at the boy, he sniggered gleefully.

"How about this, rascal? You beg for mercy nicely and we'll let you off!"

The child swept his eyes at them before coldly snorting. "Hmph."

He ignored them totally.

They want me to beg for mercy?

Dream on!

To me, begging for mercy at this motley crew is worse than death.

He was unafraid of dying; even when he was down and out, he would not smear his dignity.

"You little rascal, I didn't expect you to be so tough with your fair and tender look. Ha ha!" The man reached out and touched his face where he subconsciously gave a pinch.

Mu Yichen twisted his head abruptly and opened his mouth quickly to bite his hand.

"AHHH!"

The man gave out a painful wail. The boy's biting strength was so strong that he started jumping in pain.

"Let go! Let go!"

His few lackeys started to hit and kick the boy. Unfortunately, he refused to let go.

The man was screeching in pain by then; his bawling was enough to shatter anyone's eardrums. "AHHH! My hand! My hand! Get him off me quickly! My hand—"