

Beautiful 144

Chapter 144: How it happens

The convoy of police vehicles met its demise. Initially, suspicion grew among the team members, something was amiss with the town they passed.

It was too quiet and people were missing. Despite the timeline they were in meant most went to work, having seen not a single person sound an alarm.

Even the officer responsible for the intelligence for their teams back in the control room, couldn't spot a fault. Even if they understood the path ahead was terribly wrong, the convoy was forced to proceed.

From behind, multiple vehicles were pursuing or seemed like it. No one was certain but the aggressive behavior told bad news.

Left with no choice but to push onward, his group encountered a complex ambush. A complex ambush, like its description, meant complexities.

Out of nowhere, two modified pick-up trucks, pulled out of nowhere, blocked the front, and the convoy was put to a halt.

Their police sedans' capability was behind the trucks' stature and couldn't break through. On top of that, numerous figures sprung out of several hidden positions and opened fire at them.

In spite of the small firearms, they were deadly and accurate. Many officers in his team got injured in the first few seconds of the ambush.

When police drivers tried to reverse their vehicles from worsening the situation, a big construction truck loomed and parked behind, trapping the officers in the danger zone.

The maneuverability had been lost. The officers suffered a perfect ambush, locked in the enemies' L-shaped fields of fire.

Realizing the situation was doomed, the officers had no choice but to return fire, taking up cover, using the vehicles. Only then, their condition improved a little. Small firearms exchanged between the two groups.

Apart from the initial chaotic stage, where the bullets released by the gangs were accurate and hit some officers, the officers regained their morale after reacting to the ambush, especially when the opposition gunfire was no longer accurate.

Compared with the officers who were trained to a certain degree, gangs didn't undergo rigorous firearms training. No discipline, it was a miracle for them not to shoot at each other.

Before perhaps bullets didn't come back, they were able to aim carefully and laid down suppressive fire. Now, the police were suppressing these gangs with accurate shots, causing them only to duck back under cover and fire blindly, raising their hands.

When the bullets whizzed past these gang members, their courage dissipated and survival instincts kicked in. Not running away was the highest ability they were capable of at the moment.

The only advantage of having outnumbered and surrounded the police officers prevented them from fleeing the scenes.

The fierce exchanges became sparser as minutes passed by. After some gang members dropped to the ground, unconscious, unknown whether due to injury or because most were dead, only shouts cheering each other up remained.

Some barking orders to regroup and assault again. This time, the rate of gunfire was almost nonexistent. One or two shots and it became quiet.

The officers heaved a sigh of relief, understanding they had survived the initial crisis. Recollecting themselves, the team leader proceeded to check each officer's status.

One of them was shot in the head, his bleeding wound was pressed by the other officer, desperately trying to rescue him and hanging his life. The other four were also in a miserable condition but were conscious and breathing.

The situation was dire. Almost every officer was injured at the beginning of the ambush stage, when their reaction was slow. This dangerous stage was probably the main reason for their injuries.

The team leader found out that one shot in the head was the leader of the other team and quickly regrouped the team members and allocated tasks. Those who had difficulties moving, were helped by others, providing first aid.

Those who had the ability to move around rendered first-aid by themselves. Tightening tourniquets or anything similar like belts around their limbs and applying bandages for the severe ones.

Roars and cries of men disturbed the short calmness, prompting the officers to defend their position. Another exchange of gunfire resumed again and the police easily repelled their opponents, standing their ground.

Their ease should be attributed to lack of training on the opposition side. After a certain proportion of gang members fell, withdrawal was on their minds. The greedy nature of the gang appeared—self-preservation and survival were seen in their actions.

Back and forth, assault and withdrawal in a disorganized manner. Still, the police stood their ground, waiting for their reinforcements as told by the command.

As the rhythm of the assault increased, even the officers became tired and felt they might lose their lives today. The leader also realized the despair, after seeing the rising numbers on the other side.

There was no way they could continue to defend. Looking around, he saw a building, which could be utilized as a barricade. Ordering his fellow officers, the most severely injured were transported first and the rest followed providing covers to their retreating colleagues.

As for fleeing away from the gang, not one thought crossed their minds, because flight meant death. Everyone was injured and the agility had dropped. Where could they outrun numerous enemies?

In the beginning, they thought it was the gang's attempt to rescue Sierra One but they discovered the real goal was to mow everyone's life in the convoy.

Although not many possessed political brains, they understood, that their team's predicament was to add obstacles to their boss—Yang Qingyue. They must get out of the kill zones and be prepared to set up a defense against the encirclement.

The only hope was their reinforcement. Placing the severely wounded in a safe location, he ordered the officers to take care of the responsible sectors and also participated in the defense himself.

These events were recalled in his mind and his body shook, regaining consciousness.

A female worried voice came: "Sir, are you okay? You can rest. Don't worry! I'll alert you when something happens."

The young policewoman sympathized with the man's exhausted behavior. After all, his commands and resourcefulness had allowed them to survive till now. She didn't blame the leader for losing composure.

Hell, even her arms remained shaking, and she couldn't think more while her leader was the opposite. Consideration for the colleagues and suppressing one own panic.

The man smiled back in response and gazed out at the surroundings. A quiet yet deadly aura stood around the officers.

He didn't tell others, reinforcement might not make it in time. In fact, the others understood subconsciously but they threw away those dire ideas during the fight.

No one thought deep or no one considered what if. Their sole purpose was to survive for as long as they could.

He heard mobilizing cries from the gangs outside, forcing their subordinates to assault again. To be honest, he must admit even a trained group would crumple in front of the huge numbers.

The relentless assault had worn everyone down in his group. The radio cracked in: "Team One and Two, this is Command. Do you read me?"

He radioed back. "Command, go ahead."

"Please stand your ground. Do not give up. Help is on the way." The man closed his eyes for a moment and shook his head inwardly. This might be their last moment.

"Understood."

"Don't lose hope. The reinforcement is racing toward you. Codename Bravo One and Two." Perhaps sensing helplessness in the man's tone, the command radioed him to cheer up.

"We'll hold on as long as we can."

"Team One and Two, we've got an update. Bravo One and Two are 5 mikes away. Please hang on." A begging tone appeared from the control room female officer who relayed the messages.

"Wilco. We're exchanging fire at the moment. A little busy now."

The man chuckled beckoning his teammates' attention and showed a happy expression. "Guys and girls, I'll treat you to a sumptuous dinner after this. It's an honor to survive together with you all. Help is 5 minutes away. It's just 5 minutes. How long have we held on?"

Laughter erupted from his colleagues.

"Hell'yah. These scums couldn't even fire back properly when we return fire. Five minutes? Even another 20 minutes should be fine." Others murmured in agreement. Staring at everyone's eyes, he was relieved and proud of his subordinates.

Hopes and determination burned in their eyes. Let these short bursts of morale rage on the ones who were about to attack them.