

The Beauty 117

Chapter 117 Rescue (Part 2)

The driver hadn't had the chance to look up when he heard a loud 'clang' from the chassis, as if something had scraped against it. Following that, the van jolted and shakily surged forward.

Panicked for a moment, the driver was busy dodging bullets and didn't watch the road, causing the Mercedes-Benz van to veer off the road and into the field on the right.

"What do we do?"

The man with thick lips glanced through the rearview mirror and saw that the road was separated from the field by a steep slope; this vehicle couldn't possibly get back up unless it was a high-performance off-road vehicle.

"Don't panic, keep driving forward. Since we can't go back to the city, let's find somewhere to hide first. The police helicopter is still in the sky; we can't let them spot us." While saying that, he took out his phone and dialed a number.

"Plans have changed, we can't go back for now. We'll hide first and contact you later."

After hanging up, the tattooed man looked out the back window and asked, "Who was that guy just now? He didn't seem like a cop."

"Forget about him," said the man with thick lips, turning his gaze to Nanrong Wanqing. She had a bruise on her forehead, which she must've gotten by accidentally hitting the car window when the front of the van was struck.

"Miss Nanrong, are you alright?"

Nanrong Wanqing replied indifferently, "Do you even care if I live or die?"

"Of course." The man with thick lips grinned, "If you were injured, that would be hard for me to explain. My superiors repeatedly instructed me to bring you back unharmed."

Hearing his words, Nanrong Wanqing looked out of the car window and ignored him. At this moment, a glimpse of worry flashed through her bright, starry eyes. During the crash, she had clearly seen the other vehicle. In all of East Sea City, only one person owned such a distinctive car.

She wondered if he was hurt.

Biting her lip corner, her hands tightly clutched the hem of her dress, and she silently prayed, both for Ling Chen and for herself.

At this moment, no one noticed that there was someone lying on top of the Mercedes-Benz van's roof – it was Ling Chen.

He had originally planned to shoot the driver dead and halt the van but missed by a bit. Seeing the vehicle plunge into the field, he made a split-second decision and stealthily climbed onto the roof while they were not looking.

The path through the field was bumpy and the van's ride was shaky, causing him quite a bit of discomfort. He tightly clutched the luggage rack to stabilize his body to avoid being thrown off.

There were three kidnappers inside the van, including the driver. To take care of all three in such a confined space while ensuring Nanrong Wanqing's safety was quite a challenge, even for someone as skilled as he was.

Moreover, a miniature bomb was planted on Nanrong Wanqing. The slightest mistake could lead to her demise.

Therefore, without a suitable rescue plan, he dared not act rashly.

Time ticked by, and the Mercedes-Benz van had already driven more than ten miles away into god knows where. The surroundings were all thick forests; not a single house was in sight, let alone people.

"Stop the car, turn off the headlights," the man with thick lips commanded after surveying the environment outside the window. Then, he pushed the door open and jumped off.

Seeing him exit, Ling Chen immediately pressed himself against the roof of the van, not daring to make a sound. Thankfully, it was pitch-black after the headlights were turned off, and as long as one didn't pay attention, no one would notice him.

The man with thick lips looked around and then took out his phone.

Taking advantage of him being distracted with the phone call, Ling Chen silently slid off the back of the van. Under the cover of night, he crouched low, carefully approaching the man with thick lips.

"Alright, I've got it. I'll send you the location on my phone in a moment."

Having said that, the thick-lipped man hung up the phone and prepared to head back to his car. But as he took a step, a large hand suddenly reached out from behind his right shoulder, tightly covering his mouth. Before he could struggle, a sharp dagger pierced through his heart.

After a few faint convulsions, the thick-lipped man's hands limply fell to his sides.

Ling Chen propped up the man's body and gently laid him on the ground, then searched his pockets. Unfortunately, he didn't find the bomb's remote control; it must be on someone else.

Returning to the van, he circled around to the driver's side door, pulled the handle with one hand while tightly clenching the Wolf Kiss in the other.

Taking a deep breath to prepare, he yanked the door open and lunged inside.

The tattooed man seated in the back only saw the door suddenly pulled open and felt a sudden shock. Before he could react, a figure emerged from the darkness, grabbed him by the collar, and forcibly dragged him out.

This series of actions took less than two seconds; the tattooed man didn't even have the chance to raise his gun before he was dragged out of the back seat and slammed to the ground.

Without any hesitation, Ling Chen's right hand, wielding the Wolf Kiss, lightly traced across the tattooed man's neck, ending his life.

However, at this moment, the adjacent Mercedes-Benz van suddenly started up and shot forward.

Having just witnessed the tattooed man dragged out of the car, the driver was well aware of the situation and hastily started the vehicle, attempting to flee the scene.

Ling Chen swept his gaze and forcefully sprang into action. Like an arrow released from a bow, he quickly caught up to the rear of the van. Next, he propelled himself up with a tip of his toes and clung to the open driver's side door with both hands, his legs still dragging on the ground.

"Ling Chen."

Hearing Miss Nanrong Wanqing's worried call from inside the car, Ling Chen gritted his teeth, drew his gun with his left hand, and fired two shots towards the windshield of the driver's seat.

Instantly, the terrified driver pushed open the door and leaped out, rolling several times on the ground before colliding with the thick trunk of a tree and falling unconscious.

Although the driver had bailed out, the van did not slow down but instead sped up more and more. Ling Chen felt as if his body, pressed against the side of the van, might soon take flight.

During this moment, a delicate white hand reached out from the car and gripped his wrist tightly, trying to pull him in.

"Don't worry about me, stop the car quickly."

Miss Nanrong Wanqing stuck out her head, her beautiful face tinged with a shade of pallor, "I... I don't know how to drive."

Uh...

Ling Chen then remembered that Nanrong Wanqing was disabled in her legs and had never learned to drive.

Just as he was processing this, Nanrong Wanqing had already pulled out the rear seat's safety belt. Seeing this, he grabbed the safety belt and, dragging his body, strained to crawl forward.

With Nanrong Wanqing's help, Ling Chen finally managed to get his upper body into the rear seat. Without a moment to catch his breath, he rushed into the driver's seat, slammed his foot on the brake, trying to stop the car.

However, just as he pressed down on the brake, the van's front suddenly took a steep dive. He fixed his gaze ahead, and his complexion instantly changed.

The van had already rushed to the edge of a steep slope. Although he had hit the brakes, the slope was covered in leaves, reducing the tires' friction dramatically. The van was still sliding downward at a terrifying speed.