

The Beauty 118

Chapter 118 Rescue (Part 3)

Turning on the headlights, Ling Chen saw a steep decline about forty to fifty meters ahead, his expression extremely solemn.

Below the steep slope was a dense forest. At this speed, plunging down from the slope would undoubtedly be fatal.

Thinking this, he turned to glance at Nanrong Wanqing; the hesitation in his eyes instantly turning steadfast, clearly having made a resolution. He moved to the back seat and spoke in a deep voice, "Chairman, staying in the car leaves us only a dead end. If we jump now, there might still be a chance to survive."

"I'll listen to you."

Nanrong Wanqing didn't think twice. Faced with such danger, her mind was a blank slate, unable to grasp what to do, hence her only option was to trust Ling Chen.

"Let's go!"

Ling Chen embraced Nanrong Wanqing, his arms tightly wrapped around her waist. Looking at the pitch-black scenery outside the car, he squinted his eyes and jumped out while holding Nanrong Wanqing.

The moment they landed, he twisted his body, facing upwards, his back crashing heavily onto the ground, the pain from the friction almost making him cry out. Clenching his teeth, his arms tightly held Nanrong Wanqing, shielding her with his body.

Driven by inertia, their bodies continued to slide down. He freed one hand, pulled out Wolf Kiss, and fiercely stabbed it into the ground.

Suddenly, his body briefly halted, and the speed of their descent gradually slowed.

Bang!

At that moment, the Mercedes Benz van had already reached the bottom of the slope, colliding with a tree trunk, emitting a loud crash.

He didn't know how long it had been, perhaps just a few seconds, but to Ling Chen, it felt painfully long. Feeling his body come to a complete stop, he tried to sit up, but quickly discovered that any movement caused severe pain from his back, as if his spine were broken, and he couldn't move.

Damn, this is a huge loss, he thought, nearly losing his life over a salary of a couple of ten-thousands.

His mind wandering, he felt extremely dizzy. Having been tense all this time, now relaxing, sleepiness overwhelmed him, and coupled with the physical pain, soon he fell into a deep sleep.

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At this moment, at the headquarters of Boyang Branch in East Sea City.

Zhu Hong kicked open the door to an office room, striding in.

Inside the office, a blond, blue-eyed man was standing by the window, lowering his cellphone from his ear.

"Stephen."

Zhu Hong looked at him, coldly uttering a few words through clenched teeth.

"Mr. Zhu, looking for me this late? What's the matter?" Stephen replied with a smile.

With a livid face, Zhu Hong walked up to him, staring directly into his eyes, pausing between each word, "Was it you who kidnapped Nanrong Wanqing an hour ago?"

"Do you truly think so?"

"All operations in East Sea City are my responsibility. I did not issue any such orders today. Someone suddenly targeted Nanrong Wanqing; shouldn't that be suspicious? Don't think I'm unaware of your schemes, I'm telling you, don't even think about it!"

Stephen, still smiling, said, "Mr. Zhu, this is not for you to decide. I have already consulted the higher-ups, explaining the importance of Nanrong Wanqing; they have agreed to let me capture her and bring her back to the base for experimentation."

Zhu Hong coldly responded, "Then why didn't you inform me?"

"Mr. Zhu, not informing you was for your own good. You care too much for Nanrong Wanqing. If you were to act, it likely wouldn't succeed, so it's better that I handle it myself."

"Where is she now? Where have you taken her?"

"I also don't know their exact whereabouts now, but rest assured, she's in a very safe place. When the police reduce their search efforts, I'll find a way to move her abroad."

"Stephen, I don't care what you intend to do, but I need to see her before tomorrow morning, to personally verify her safety." Having said that, Zhu Hong turned and walked out of the office, slamming the door behind him.

After Zhu Hong left, Stephen picked up his phone again and dialed a number he had called several times.

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is temporarily unavailable, please try again later..."

Listening to the prompt from the phone, Stephen's brow furrowed, his eyes turning cold.

"Could something have happened?"

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It was unclear how much time had passed, but Ling Chen finally awoke from his unconscious state. He rubbed his eyes and looked up at the sky that was beginning to show the first light of dawn, slightly lifting his head.

Feeling the movement of his body, Nanrong Wanqing, who had been unconscious on his chest, was also startled awake. Last night, during the car jump, she fainted from the tension and knew nothing of what happened afterward.

Nanrong Wanqing raised her head and found herself looking directly into Ling Chen's clear pupils. Their eyes met, and being so close, they could even feel each other's breath.

Involuntarily, a faint blush rose on Nanrong Wanqing's pretty face, and she gently lowered her gaze.

"Um... could you please get off me first?" Ling Chen managed to utter the words with some difficulty.

Nanrong Wanqing was lying on top of him, her ample bosom pressing against his chest. Normally, he would have enjoyed such a moment, but now he had no such mindset; his back felt numb, completely devoid of sensation.

Realizing the ambiguous nature of their position, Nanrong Wanqing hurriedly shifted off him, lying down in a pile of leaves next to him.

Taking a deep breath, Ling Chen struggled to sit up from the ground, immediately wincing from the pain in his back.

"Are... are you alright?"

Nanrong Wanqing stared at his back, her face showing a mixture of shock and pity.

Ling Chen's shirt was torn, and blood stained much of it. His entire back was smeared with blood, looking quite frightful.

She knew that if it weren't for Ling Chen shielding her with his body last night, he wouldn't have sustained such severe injuries.

Feeling the concern in her gaze, Ling Chen grinned and said, "We are lucky to be alive; these injuries are nothing." Looking up at the sky, he added, "It's already daylight. With no news for so long, everyone must be worried to death."

"Let's call them and tell them to come pick us up."

Ling Chen nodded, then reached into his pocket. But then he remembered that he had left his phone in the car and forgotten to take it out.

"What's wrong?" Nanrong Wanqing asked, noticing him pausing.

"Oh... it's nothing."

Regaining his composure, Ling Chen reached into another pocket.

Last night, when he took care of the thick-lipped man, he had taken his phone, hoping it could serve as a clue to track down the mastermind behind the scenes.

However, when he pulled out the phone, his expression turned strange, almost comically resigned.

It seemed that during the jump, the phone had been crushed under him, shattering the screen and rendering it unusable.

Looking around at the dense woods, he couldn't help but let out a bitter laugh, realizing that he and Nanrong Wanqing were likely trapped in this desolate place.