

The Beauty 119

Chapter 119 Sharing Hardships

Seeing the broken phone in Ling Chen's hand, Nanrong Wanqing immediately understood their situation, "What do we do now?"

Ling Chen turned his head and looked behind at the steep slope that was about forty to fifty meters long, his face filled with a bitter smile. If it had been before, he could have carried Nanrong Wanqing away, but he was seriously injured now, lacking the strength to even climb up, let alone carrying Nanrong Wanqing.

"Let's rest for a bit. I believe they will find us." As he spoke, he glanced at Nanrong Wanqing and noticed a patch of blood on the left side of her waist, which startled him, "Are you injured?"

"It's nothing, just a scratch." Nanrong Wanqing gently pressed on her wound, her delicate eyebrows furrowing slightly, clearly in pain.

"Let me see."

Ignoring his own injuries, Ling Chen endured the pain in his back and struggled to stand up. He crouched in front of Nanrong Wanqing and then lifted the corner of her clothes.

Instantly, he saw a long cut on her fair skin, apparently caused by a sharp stone. The blood around it had already coagulated, and a hint of blue was faintly encircling the wound.

His finger pressed on the wound, and Nanrong Wanqing's body trembled instantly. She bit her thin lips tightly, her face showing a painful expression.

Seeing this, Ling Chen quickly withdrew his hand and covered the wound with her clothes again.

"We need to treat our wounds right away, or they may get infected, and that would be troublesome."

"We don't have a first aid kit here, how can we treat them."

Ling Chen grinned and gave her a reassuring look, "Don't worry, we'll find a way. You lie down here for a while, I'll go find something."

With that, he stood up, looked around, and then walked into Lin Zi.

The forest was dense and lush with flowers and plants everywhere, surrounded by towering trees, filled with the scent of nature.

Ling Chen pushed through the bushes, carefully searching in the woods. After a while, his eyes lit up, his angular face filled with joy as he hurried over. His steps too big, he pulled at the wound on his back, causing a sharp pain and cold sweat to run down his body.

He took a breath, and once the pain slightly subsided, he pulled up a plant with its roots from the soil.

"Right."

He muttered to himself, the plant in his hand was the Purple Bellflower.

Purple Bellflower is a kind of herbal medicine that can be used for antiseptic and hemostatic purposes; it's a fairly common herb. It took a few minutes, but he picked four or five Purple Bellflowers and then returned to Nanrong Wanqing's side.

Seeing him returning with a few plants, Nanrong Wanqing couldn't help but ask curiously, "What is this?"

"Life-saving herbs." Saying that, Ling Chen plucked a few leaves and stuffed them into his mouth, continuously chewing them. At the same time, he lifted the corner of Nanrong Wanqing's clothes again, revealing her wound.

"Madam Chairman, we don't have anything now, we can only work with what we have. Please bear with it."

Before Nanrong Wanqing could react, Ling Chen spat out the chewed leaves into his hand, then applied it to her wound.

Feeling the warmth on her wound, Nanrong Wanqing turned her head away, feeling somewhat unable to look directly, it felt a bit... too much.

Ling Chen explained, "Madam Chairman, I know it's disgusting, but there's no help for it. This medicine can stop bleeding and disinfect to prevent infection, you surely don't want to get tetanus."

After applying the herbal medicine, Ling Chen tore off a piece of relatively clean cloth from his own clothes and pressed it against Nanrong Wanqing's wound to let the medicinal effect fully unfold.

After treating her wound, he started to apply medicine to his own.

However, his wounds were on his back, making it very inconvenient for both his hands.

Seeing him struggling, Nanrong Wanqing hesitated for a moment, then sat up and said softly, "Let me help you."

"Ah? Oh, here you go."

Ling Chen snapped out of his brief daze and handed over the leaves he had just chewed.

Nanrong Wanqing glanced at them, pursed her lips slightly, and shook her head. "No need, I'll do it myself." As she spoke, she picked a few leaves and put them in her mouth.

Watching Ling Chen's back covered in blood, she tore a piece of cloth from the hem of her skirt and gently wiped the blood off his back, careful not to hurt him.

"Does it hurt?"

Ling Chen cracked a slight smile and said indifferently, "These little wounds and pains are nothing."

When Nanrong Wanqing had cleaned all the blood from his back, her expression suddenly froze, and she stared blankly at his back.

Seeing her motionless, Ling Chen asked, "What's wrong?"

Hearing his voice, Nanrong Wanqing immediately snapped back to reality. "It's... it's nothing."

Although she said it was nothing, her heart was incredibly shocked. On Ling Chen's back, she saw seven or eight bullet wounds and several fierce scars.

She had never seen a person with so many injuries. These gunshot wounds and knife scars seemed to silently recount his past hardships.

"You... what did you do in the past?"

She rubbed the chewed leaves on his wounds while asking.

Ling Chen smiled faintly, fully understanding her implication, "Are you asking about where these scars came from?"

Nanrong Wanqing didn't respond, but her attitude seemed to confirm it.

"When you drift in the Martial Arts World, how can you not get wounded? I used to live the life of licking blood off the knife-edge; getting injured was common. Compared to me, those who left these scars on me ended up in far worse situations, so I've always felt fortunate."

"Were you a soldier before?"

"Sort of."

The organization was independent, but nominally affiliated with the military, yet not controlled by it, so claiming to be a soldier was not wrong.

After applying the herbal medicine, Nanrong Wanqing sat beside him and asked, "Where is your hometown?"

"I forgot."

Ling Chen looked up, watching the morning sun filter through the leaves and sprinkle dappled light spots on the ground, a trace of nostalgia flickering in his clear pupils.

Feeling Nanrong Wanqing's gaze on him, he gently turned his head to meet her bright eyes, and said with a smile, "I left home when I was very young and lived with my dad. In my teens, my dad was often away from home due to some matters, and rarely returned. Later, when I was idle, I simply joined the army."

"Have you been living alone all these years?"

"Pretty much, I just got used to it. Director, you're asking so thoroughly, are you planning to set me up with someone?" Ling Chen joked.

"With your capabilities, do you still need my help in this?"

"That can't be said; capability is one thing, women are another. Women nowadays are too pragmatic and their thoughts hard to grasp, it's too draining."

"If you're unwilling to even spend that much effort, it only suggests that you don't value that woman."

Hearing this, Ling Chen grinned, "Director, you are a woman, you must understand women well, why not teach me a few tricks?"

