

The Beauty 123

Chapter 123 The Chase

"The positioning signal sent by the mercenaries is nearby. Everyone spread out in pairs and act separately."

"Yes."

In less than a few minutes, they discovered two corpses nearby.

The leader with a stern face slightly furrowed his brow and said, "It's the Black Riders Mercenary Group's men. It was them who kidnapped Nanrong Wanqing last night."

"Captain, since they are dead, could Nanrong Wanqing have been rescued?"

"We cannot dismiss that possibility, but since the police are still searching, it means she hasn't returned. We've been ordered to never give up as long as there's a sliver of chance. Look for that Mercedes-Benz van; they might have driven away in it."

"Number three calling, number three calling."

At that moment, a team member's voice came through the portable two-way radio.

"Received."

"Captain, we found a body 200 meters to the south. It's the driver who was responsible for driving."

"I'm on my way." The conversation ended, and the stern man immediately led his team members southward.

Reaching the site where the body was found, a subordinate said, "Captain, this person must have hit a tree trunk when he jumped out of the vehicle. His injuries were too severe, and he didn't make it."

The stern man nodded, "With the driver jumping out here, it seems the van we are looking for has gone in this direction. Notify the other team members immediately and have them converge here."

Over ten minutes passed, and everyone followed the direction in which the van had gone and found a steep slope. The stern man stood at the top, looking down for a few moments before his gaze sharpened. He pointed towards the bottom of the slope and ordered, "The van's down there, go down now!"

Upon the command, the well-trained team members didn't say another word and swiftly slid down the slope.

In no time, the team led by the stern man reached the van and surrounded it.

With a hand gesture, one of the team members picked up an MP5 submachine gun and cautiously approached the rear door of the van.

Signaled by the captain, he violently yanked open the door.

Bang!

All of a sudden, there was a loud blast, and the team member was flung out, landing heavily on the ground with a bloodied and mangled chest, lifeless.

Seeing this, the stern man's expression shifted. He yelled 'Get down!' and quickly lay on the ground, scanning the surroundings as the dark muzzles swept through the grass around them.

Once he was sure the crisis had passed, the stern man stood up and, looking at the dead team member, said coldly, "They're definitely still nearby. Find them. Remember, do not injure the target, but show no mercy to anyone else."

"Yes!"

...

At this moment, in the dense woods, Ling Chen carried Nanrong Wanqing on his back, quickly weaving through the intertwined branches and leaves.

Running not too far off, Ling Chen's forehead was already covered with sweat. He clenched his teeth and gasped for breath, not slowing his pace.

Normally, such physical exertion would not be difficult for him, but now, with his body full of wounds, especially with Nanrong Wanqing on his back, each step he took rubbed against the wound on his back, causing unbearable pain. The wounds that had scabbed over began to crack open again, with fresh blood pouring out.

If it weren't for his strong will, he would have collapsed already.

Nanrong Wanqing looked down and saw that her clothes were already stained with blood, and a sense of compassion surged in her heart.

"Are you okay? Maybe we should find a place to rest."

Rest?

Is this woman joking? There's no time to rest at a moment like this, they're barely managing to escape.

He shook his head and continued to sprint forward. After a short while, he stopped, took a long breath, and then placed Nanrong Wanqing in a patch of weeds about waist-high.

"Stay here and don't make a sound. I'll come back for you later."

With those words, he didn't wait for Nanrong Wanqing to reply and darted off, vanishing from her sight in an instant.

Ling Chen was very clear about his situation. With his current condition, his physical strength and pain were not enough to support him escaping with Nanrong Wanqing. So, the only solution was to take the initiative to strike and deal with that group of men.

He retraced his steps along the route they came from. Soon after, he saw nine fully armed men approaching from not far away, four in front and three in the back, with one on each side, in a standard search formation.

Hiding behind a thick tree trunk, he drew his handgun, ejected the magazine, and saw two bullets remaining.

Limited bullets, he had to be economical.

He put the gun away and crouched low, circling around through the grass beside him.

"Captain."

One of the team members at the front looked at the branches on both sides, and called the stern-faced man over, pointing at a broken tree branch saying, "The break is still fresh; they must have escaped this way."

"Chase!" The stern-faced man decisively commanded, immediately quickening their pace.

But at that moment, a rustling sound suddenly came from the woods on the left. The stern-faced man's steps halted, and his eyes became sharp. He raised his submachine gun, aimed in the direction of the noise, and then made a gesture to the two teammates beside him.

The teammates understood and carefully pushed aside the dense branches on both sides, slowly making their way through.

After advancing more than ten meters, the two of them looked around and found no signs of the enemy. Their tight nerves immediately relaxed.

The two exchanged glances, nodded to each other, and then turned to head back.

However, just as they turned, a person suddenly sprung out from the accumulated leaves underfoot, each hand holding a branch as thick as a wrist. Both branches were broken in the middle, the breakpoints sharp like spearheads, and fiercely stabbed towards the back of the necks of the two team members.

Ah! Ah!

Immediately, two screams were heard, and the two team members fell face forward to the ground, blood flowing, bodies convulsing non-stop.

Having struck successfully, Ling Chen was getting ready to pick up the submachine guns that had fallen to the ground, but gunshot sounds from the opposite direction had already erupted. Bullets pierced through the leaves and whistled past his body, narrowly missing him.

Without a moment's hesitation, he immediately pulled back and leapt to the side, crawling with hands and feet. Only after moving out of the enemy's firing range did he get up and continue to move.

Taking down two enemies was a good harvest and was worth the time he spent under the leaves. However, this would certainly raise the vigilance of others, and it would be difficult to strike so easily again.

Looking at the two dead team members, the stern-faced man's complexion turned ashen, veins throbbing on his forehead, he gritted his teeth and said, "Find him for me. I'm going to flay his skin alive."

"Captain, that person..."

Bang!

Before the words left his mouth, the team member's head burst into blood, and he fell straight down.

"Over there."

"Chase him!"

The enraged stern-faced man took big strides, quickly charging in the direction of the gunfire.

Hearing the hurried footsteps behind him, Ling Chen's mouth slightly curved up. No matter what, he couldn't let those men find Nanrong Wanqing. He had to lead them away first, then find a way to deal with them one by one.