

## **The Beauty 127**

### Chapter 127 Searching (Part 3)

Where did all these people come from?

Just as Tang Yuan and Xia Mutong were puzzled, three people got off a large bus in front of them. The leader was none other than Nanrong Hao, and the other two were Jiang Hao and Zhao Zhengxiong.

"Tang, Officer Xia," Nanrong Hao stepped forward to greet them.

"Mr. Nanrong?" Tang Yuan was slightly stunned and pointed at the buses, "What is this about?"

"I knew you were short-staffed, so I brought over four hundred people to help with your search and rescue operation."

Xia Mutong glanced at Jiang Hao and Zhao Zhengxiong, frowning, "I know you, you are all hoodlums from the Old City."

Zhao Zhengxiong corrected, "Officer Xia, we are not hoodlums, we are legitimate businessmen, and these are all citizens who came to help voluntarily. Don't the police always advocate for cooperation with the public? Are you going to turn away these enthusiastic citizens?"

"You..."

"Alright." Tang Yuan cut off Xia Mutong, "We're indeed short on manpower, and Mr. Nanrong's arrival with so many people is a big help." Turning to Nanrong Hao and the others, he said, "You all are friends of Ling Chen. If Ling Chen trusts you, I trust you too. I hope we can all work together to find them as soon as possible."

"This doesn't seem right," Xia Mutong still objected.

"It's fine," Tang Yuan spoke indifferently, "Officer Xia, unless you can find me this many people right now, let's follow my plan."

Xia Mutong was at a loss for words.

Where could she find hundreds of people, unless she summoned every policeman in East Sea City? But that was clearly not realistic. East Sea City was so big; without police on duty, it would be in chaos.

"Mr. Nanrong, please come inside with me."

Back at the temporary command post, Tang Yuan spread out the map again on the table and marked a green area with a red circle.

"Mr. Nanrong, I suspect Ling Chen and Miss Nanrong are hiding here, but we didn't have enough manpower to commence a search before. Now that you've come, it's solved a big problem for me."

Nanrong Hao nodded, "Tang, just instruct us, we'll cooperate fully."

"We don't know their exact location yet, so we can only start searching from the surrounding areas and then move inward step by step. You've brought over four hundred people, perfect for simultaneous actions from four directions." At this point, Tang Yuan looked up at Xia Mutong, "Officer Xia, please deploy forty SWAT officers fully armed."

"SWAT?" Xia Mutong asked, puzzled, "What for?"

"I said earlier, Ling Chen and the others are likely facing pursuit from enemies. Mr. Nanrong's people are unarmed; if they encounter those guys, there could be danger, so I need SWAT support. Mr. Nanrong, divide your people into groups and begin the search from all directions... By the way, do you all have flashlights?"

"Tang, don't worry, we're fully prepared."

"That's good. Try to create some noise to attract Ling Chen's attention. I'll have the SWAT team assist you in case of an attack. Alright, let's get moving; time is pressing. Everyone, take action. Officer Xia, distribute some walkie-talkies for easy communication."

After leaving the tent, Nanrong Hao, Jiang Hao, and Zhao Zhengxiong headed back to their vehicle and toward the spot marked on the map.

In the woods.

Ling Chen was shirtless, leaning against a tree trunk with his head drooping onto his left shoulder, eyes closed, taking the time to replenish his sleep and strength. His clothes had been worn out, forcing him to be bare-chested.

After today's heavy rain, the weather had bid farewell to the hot summer days and welcomed autumn. At night, the cool autumn breeze passed through the trees, bringing a slight chill.

Fortunately, Ling Chen had a strong constitution and was not affected by the cold.

But while he could adapt to such an environment, Nanrong Wanqing couldn't. As a daughter from a wealthy family, who had never suffered like this, her body was weak to begin with. The ground was damp and the cool breeze made her sneeze uncontrollably, her hands tightly clutching her chest as she rubbed her arms constantly.

Hearing her sneeze, Ling Chen immediately opened his eyes. Seeing her frail appearance, a feeling of pity arose in him, and he got up and walked over to her.

Noticing Ling Chen sitting down beside her, Nanrong Wanqing asked curiously, "What are you doing?"

Ling Chen flashed a grin, "If you don't mind, I can lend you my chest for warmth."

Nanrong Wanqing's face turned red, thankfully the dim surroundings hid her blushing cheeks. She turned her head and whispered softly, "No need, I'm not cold."

"Really no need?"

"No need!" Nanrong Wanqing was very decisive.

"That... CEO, you don't have to be shy. Didn't you this morning..."

"Don't mention it!" Nanrong Wanqing quickly interrupted him. She couldn't help but blush furiously whenever she remembered the scene of their naked bodies huddled together in the car, overwhelmed with bashfulness, "You're not allowed to bring up that matter again, you hear?"

"Alright, alright, I won't talk about it." Ling Chen chuckled secretly to himself. It seemed this woman was quite thin-skinned.

In the darkness.

"Hey, why... why is your hand holding me like this..."

"CEO, I'm cold; give me some warmth."

"Don't... you... Ling Chen, if you dare go any further, I..."

"Don't, don't hit me... Ouch... I'm injured right now, if I get hurt, who will rescue you?"

"Then... keep still."

"Don't worry, I'm just holding you, nothing more."

"..."

As the moon's reflection shifted westward, its soft, gentle light pierced through the branches, casting directly upon the male and female in the woods.

Ling Chen was quietly resting against the tree trunk, the clarity of his pupils still shining brightly in the dark, his gaze sharp, constantly surveying the surroundings.

In his arms, Nanrong Wanqing, with eyes closed and eyelashes trembling slightly, had her arms wrapped around his waist, her head resting on his robust chest, and she had already fallen into a deep sleep.

Looking up at the bright moonlight above, Ling Chen reflected quietly on their situation. It was already past midnight; he wondered where the pursuers were and how far away they might be from him.

As he pondered, suddenly a faint noise came from the woods to his left, as if something was stepping on the fallen branches and leaves, moving in their direction.

His brow furrowed slightly as he drew his pistol from his waistband, aiming in the direction of the sound.

Twenty meters... thirteen meters...

As the noise grew closer, Ling Chen's eyes narrowed and his hand holding the gun was rock steady in front of him.

If it was an enemy, he would not hesitate to open fire.