

The Beauty 128

Chapter 128 Night Counterattack

Several seconds passed, and a pitch-black gun barrel poked through the dense branches and leaves, followed by a fully armed man wearing night vision goggles who stepped out lightly.

Beneath the green glow of the lenses, a woman immediately caught the man's eye. Dressed in thin clothing and leaning against the trunk of a tree with her delicate head bowed, she was fast asleep. There was no one else around except the woman.

The man's eyes, hidden behind the night vision goggles, gleamed for a moment. He swiftly reached for the walkie-talkie button attached to his collar, ready to make contact with his teammates.

However, before he could speak, a hand and a sharp conical dagger silently reached around from behind his neck. In an instant, the hand clamped tightly over his mouth, while the dagger gently slid across his throat.

"Mmmph..."

The man tried to scream, but the hand stifled his mouth so tightly that he couldn't utter a single word. Quickly, as hot blood gushed out, the life faded from his eyes, and his hands dropped weakly.

At the same time, a figure faintly emerged from the darkness—it was Ling Chen.

When the opponent approached, he had silently circled to the rear. As a member of the Ghosts, no one could match his stealth skills.

Taking advantage of the fact that Nanrong Wanqing hadn't woken up yet, Ling Chen dragged the body into the woods, then stripped off all of the man's equipment, not even sparing his clothes.

He gently laid the clothes over Nanrong Wanqing's body, stood up, and faced the forest ahead. With one stride, his figure vanished into the darkness.

"Everyone, report in."

Before long, a voice came through the earpiece.

"Number Two received, target not found."

"Number Three received, still searching."

"Number Five..."

"..."

"Number Seven? Has Number Seven received?"

Listening to the voice in his earpiece, Ling Chen immediately realized that Number Seven, the man he had just taken down, was being called.

With this realization, he quickly pressed the talk button, his voice anxious and heavy with panting, "Target spotted, fleeing southeast, request immediate backup."

"Number Three, Number Five, Number Nine, you are closest to Number Seven's position, move to support immediately, we're on our way."

Two minutes later, Ling Chen heard footsteps coming from several different directions.

Surveying the surroundings, he went to a large tree trunk, hugged it tightly with his hands, and agilely climbed up, hiding behind a clump of leaves.

It wasn't long before he spotted an enemy within his field of view.

As the enemy walked beneath his tree, Ling Chen didn't hesitate. He leaped from the tree branches and plunged Wolf Kiss fiercely into the nape of the enemy's neck.

They were all wearing bulletproof vests which Wolf Kiss couldn't penetrate, but the vital neck area was exploitable.

He easily disposed of the enemy, leaving the corpse where it fell, and climbed back up the tree.

As expected, when the other two enemies who arrived saw their comrade lying on the ground, they rushed over. As they bent over to check the body, Ling Chen replicated his technique, striking unexpectedly from above, killing them instantly.

In just three seconds, two enemies had fallen, blood pouring from their throats.

At this time, the cold-faced team leader, along with two teammates, was rushing over, intermittently using the walkie-talkie to request the latest updates from the team members.

But in the earpiece, there was no voice other than his own.

"Captain, over there."

Suddenly, a team member noticed three bodies lying not far ahead, with someone crouched next to them, seemingly checking the bodies.

The man with the cold face's expression changed slightly, and he quickly walked over, frowning deeply at the three bodies on the ground. Then, he turned his head and fixed his gaze on the crouching team member, his voice grave: "Have you spotted the target?"

The team member just shook his head, silent.

"Why didn't you respond when I called you over the radio? Didn't you hear me?" the man with the cold face demanded coldly.

"Because... I'm not one of your people."

As those words fell, the team member slowly lifted his head, revealing a handsome and heroic face with a bright smile.

Upon seeing his face clearly, the man with the cold face was taken aback and hurriedly raised his submachine gun. But Ling Chen was faster.

Bang! Bang!

Ratatatat!!!

With two streaks of muzzle flash, Ling Chen's right hand holding the pistol instantly blew the heads off the two team members beside him, while his left hand's submachine gun bullets rained down on the man with the cold face.

Since the man with the cold face was too close, and Ling Chen was crouching, the spray of bullets was concentrated on his legs and abdomen.

Although there was a bulletproof vest protecting his abdomen, the man with the cold face's legs were pierced by bullets, riddled with bullet holes, from which blood gushed out.

Under the intense pain, the man with the cold face's legs gave way, and he fell back rigidly, crashing heavily to the ground. Before he could move, Ling Chen violently pounced on him, snatching the firearms off his body and tossing them aside.

"Alright, you've been chasing us for almost a day now; it's time to wrap this up. My friend, tell me, who sent you after us? I might grant you a quick death."

Ling Chen said. He spared the man a life simply to ask who was behind the orders. Otherwise, with his skills, this man would have had no chance at survival.

The man with the cold face clenched his teeth, enduring the agony, and remained silent, glaring at Ling Chen as if wishing to kill him with his gaze.

"Don't play tough in front of me; I don't fall for that. If you refuse to talk, I have dozens of ways to make you talk. But, they won't be pleasant, so I suggest you smarten up."

"You'll never get any valuable words out of me," the man with the cold face said fearlessly.

Ling Chen nodded, "Since that's the case, there's nothing more to say." He disliked idle chatter; instead of wasting time, he preferred something more practical.

He promptly took a grenade from his waist, opened the cap. In no time, he had dismantled it.

Following the man with the cold face's injured legs, Ling Chen methodically poured the grenade's gunpowder into the bullet holes.

Seeing his actions, the man with the cold face's brow furrowed, and his complexion turned slightly pale: "What are you trying to do?"

"Nothing much, just stopping the bleeding. I don't want you to die too quickly."

Saying that, he took out a lighter he had just searched off a body and gently ignited it.

Hiss!

Accompanied by smoke, the man with the cold face's mouth gaped open, letting out a wail of agony, his face almost distorted from the unbearable pain, hideously contorted.

Watching the man's scorched legs, Ling Chen put away the lighter and said, "I now have plenty of time to wear you down; I want to see how long you can last. Don't blame me for being ruthless; I've always lived by an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

