

The Beauty 129

Chapter 129: Mysterious Liquid

The cold-faced man glared furiously and gritted his teeth, saying: "You will regret this."

"I don't need you to worry about whether I'll regret it or not, you should take care of yourself." With that said, Ling Chen reached out and began searching the cold-faced man, who was the leader of the team and was surely carrying a cellphone.

However, just then, the cold-faced man suddenly raised his right hand. Ling Chen misjudged it as a threat and immediately leaned back. But then, he realized that the cold-faced man was not aiming at him.

Not only that, he noticed that the man was holding a syringe in his hand. The syringe was only as thick as a finger, very short, filled with 2 milligrams of purple liquid. He didn't know where the guy had hidden the syringe, as he had failed to notice it.

By the time he realized it, the cold-faced man had already jabbed the syringe into his own neck, not giving Ling Chen any chance to stop him.

Seeing the purple liquid being injected into the cold-faced man's body, Ling Chen immediately stood up, took two steps back, slightly frowned, and stared intently at him.

Even though he didn't know what the purple liquid in the syringe was, with years of experience, he had a bad feeling.

At this moment, the cold-faced man, having injected the purple liquid, started convulsing, his veins bulged, and his face turned extremely red as if burned by fire, looking terrifying.

Suddenly, the severely injured cold-faced man sprang up from the ground like a carp leaping up, his gaze coldly fixed on Ling Chen, and started walking towards him step by step.

Ling Chen was slightly surprised and unconsciously glanced at the man's legs, which moved freely, not at all like someone who had been shot.

"Could it be that he injected adrenaline just now?"

He guessed secretly. However, as far as he knew, adrenaline needed to be diluted before injection, and the dose was very small, only a few tenths of a milligram each time.

The syringe just now contained a full two milligrams, and it was undiluted. If it was adrenaline, using it directly like this could easily lead to sudden death.

As he pondered, the cold-faced man was already closing in, rushing towards him.

Bang!

Without thinking, Ling Chen fired a shot, the bullet piercing through the cold-faced man's shoulder, splattering blood.

However, the cold-faced man was not affected at all, and his speed increased even more. Before Ling Chen could gather his senses, the man was already in front of him, slapping the gun out of his hand.

Ling Chen's eyes turned cold, not backing down, he clenched his fist tightly and swung fiercely.

Facing his punch, the cold-faced man, expressionless, suddenly raised his hand, spread his fingers wide, and actually caught his fist.

Seeing this, Ling Chen's punch surged with force, trying to break through the defense. But he quickly found that the strength displayed by the opponent was no less than his own, tightly gripping his fist, unable to move.

"Die!"

The cold-faced man shouted angrily. His left hand swung a punch sweeping towards his head.

In the face of danger, Ling Chen's gaze remained calm and sharp. Seeing that his fist couldn't break free, his legs immediately sprung up, his feet harshly kicking the opponent's chest, then pushing back. Instantly, his right fist loosened, and his body drew an arc in the air, landing back first.

Ignoring the pain in his back, he quickly rolled over, stood up again, and fixed his gaze once more on the cold-faced man.

"Ah!"

Failed to strike, the cold-faced man, his skin flushed red, let out a loud roar. With slightly bent knees, he leaped up abruptly and threw a punch downward.

Watching the cold-faced man jump up to a height of two meters, Ling Chen couldn't help but be shocked. He had seen people with strong jumping abilities, but such an extreme case was a first for him; it had surpassed the realm of ordinary people.

Even if the cold-faced man had just injected adrenaline, it wouldn't make him this powerful; it was unscientific.

Without time to think, as his opponent's fist closed in, Ling Chen twisted his waist and raised his right leg high, launching a whip kick that struck the man squarely in the body.

An inch longer, an inch stronger; legs are longer than arms, thus giving an advantage in fights. Moreover, his legs were his strongest asset. The power of one of his legs was greater than both his arms combined.

Usually, he rarely used his legs, fearing he couldn't control his strength and might accidentally take someone's life.

In that moment, after taking his kick, the cold-faced man's body, hanging in the air, immediately fell down, collapsing onto the ground. Not giving him a chance to rise, Ling Chen quickly pounced forward, pinning the cold-faced man down, then wrapped his arms tightly around his neck and forcefully pushed backward, trying to break his neck.

The cold-faced man screamed, spitting saliva everywhere, tightly grabbing Ling Chen's arms, desperately struggling to pry his arms open.

After a deadlock lasting over ten seconds, neither was able to overpower the other.

Ling Chen frowned secretly; this guy's strength was not inferior to his own, and taking the chance to finish him off seemed a bit difficult.

As thoughts raced through his mind, he glanced with the corner of his eye and instantly came up with a plan.

Suddenly, he loosened his hands and rolled off the cold-faced man, then swiftly retreated until he was over ten meters away. He stopped, turned back, and watched the cold-faced man stand up.

"Is that all you've got?" the cold-faced man stepped forward, his tone icy, his eyes filled with fierce bloodshot veins.

"Come on!" he roared loudly.

"Don't, don't come any closer." Ling Chen quickly waved his hand at him and backed up a few steps, "You've already lost, there's no need to keep fighting."

"Lost?"

Hearing his words, the cold-faced man hesitated slightly; when had he lost? In confusion, he noticed Ling Chen's gaze fixed on his waist, and he couldn't help but lower his head.

Immediately, he saw a grenade hanging from his belt, its pin already pulled.

Seeing this, his expression dramatically changed, and he hastily reached to remove the grenade.

Boom!

Regrettably, his movement was a step too slow.

Accompanied by a dazzling flash of light, the cold-faced man's body burst apart, turning into countless pieces of flesh, scattering through the woods.

Ling Chen raised his arm to shield his face. When the blast wave subsided, he lowered his hand and walked to the edge of the lingering flames.

Looking at the surrounding devastation, his eyes suddenly brightened, then he hurried forward, bending down to pick up the syringe.

Although the purple liquid inside the syringe had been entirely injected, the residue still had its uses; it could be taken back for research. After witnessing the transformation of the cold-faced man, he was very curious about the mysterious liquid inside the syringe.

This substance was several times more potent than adrenaline and was definitely not a regular drug. The Ghost Organization had a specialized research team; perhaps they could uncover the secrets of this enhancing substance.