

The Beauty 130

Chapter 130 Sniping

Storing the syringe, Ling Chen looked at the debris scattered on the ground and sighed helplessly. He had hoped to steal the opponent's cellphone and make contact with the outside world, but it had been destroyed by a grenade.

Nevertheless, no matter what, at least the future worries were solved; he wouldn't be harassed by those guys anymore.

Returning to the location where Wanqing was supposed to be, Ling Chen's expression changed abruptly. To his astonishment, there was no one under the tree trunk. He clearly remembered this was the place, there was no mistake, and there were even traces of Wanqing having sat there.

"Where is she, how could she just disappear?" he wondered secretly. Could it be that she was abducted by those people just now?

Impossible! The thought had just emerged when he immediately dismissed it. The cold-faced man's team had a total of ten members, all of whom had died at his hands. During the reply on the walkie-talkie just now, except for the three killed earlier, there were only seven people left, of that he was certain without a doubt.

Since those people were all dead, then who took Wanqing away? Wanqing definitely couldn't leave on her own, could there be another group of people?

Thinking this, he squatted down where Wanqing had been sitting and looked around. As he expected, there were numerous disordered footprints around; it looked like more than one person had come.

Damn it! He couldn't help but curse, it was trouble after trouble; he had barely dealt with one group when another appeared.

Collecting his thoughts, he followed the remaining footprints around to find the direction the others had left in, then quickly pursued them.

At this moment, in the forest, a group of more than ten people was moving swiftly. At the center, two people were carrying a stretcher, and on the stretcher lay Wanqing. The other members were positioned in front, behind, and to the sides, seemingly protecting Wanqing's safety.

At that time, the man at the front pulled out a cellphone and dialed a number.

"Sir, the person has been rescued, we are hurrying to the evacuation location."

"That fast?" the voice on the other end sounded pleasantly surprised.

"It's all thanks to the squad sent by Stephen. Ling Chen engaged them, and we tracked the sounds of gunfire to discover Miss Nanrong's whereabouts."

"Good. Where is Ling Chen?"

"When we were taking Miss Nanrong away, Ling Chen was still entangled with Stephen's men, he didn't show up. In my opinion, he probably won't survive, Stephen's man Lv Wei is tough, Ling Chen might not be his match."

"Never underestimate Ling Chen, he's not simple. By the way, how is Wanqing?"

"She's injured, but nothing serious. Sir, we had revealed our identities, but Miss Nanrong insisted on waiting for Ling Chen to return before she would leave. In the end, I had no choice but to administer an anesthetic and forcibly take her away."

"Nevermind, as long as she's safe. Handle the rest, and explain it to her later. Get her to the evacuation point quickly; I'll come to meet you. Remember, if you see Ling Chen..."

"Don't worry, sir, he will stay forever in this forest."

"That's good. Xu Ping, I'll generously reward you once this mission is successfully completed."

After hanging up, Zhu Hong put his cellphone down. A charming smile appeared on his handsome face. He gently swayed the red wine in his hand, drank it in one go, and then stood up and walked out of the villa.

"Prepare the car, I'm going to the Nanrong's house."

...

In the temporary command post in the suburbs.

Xia Mutong took off the headphones from the communication station and turned to say, "Mr. Tang, the helicopter just monitored some lights and loud noises in the woods."

"It must be Ling Chen and the others." Tang Yuan stood up abruptly, "Immediately notify everyone, have them stop searching other areas and assemble in the woods. Also, have the helicopter outline the area and tell Nanrong Hao and his team, they're the closest, to hurry over there."

"Yes."

Xia Mutong responded with a nod and quickly passed on the command.

In the woods.

Ling Chen ran wildly, tracking the footsteps of the opposing party.

Soon, he heard a buzzing noise not far away.

Helicopter!

He lit up, made a quick decision, and fired two shots into the sky with his pistol. Quickly, he heard the helicopter approaching from afar, flying towards him.

Meanwhile, the progressing team ahead heard the gunshots from behind and became immediately vigilant. Xu Ping turned his head and made a couple of hand signals. Instantly, the four men responsible for the rear quickly left the team and sprinted back the way they had come, preparing to intercept the people behind them.

At this moment, Ling Chen didn't slow down, keeping up his speed as he darted through the forest. He had drawn the helicopter's attention with the gunshots, marking his route, trusting the police would arrange for support. However, the police's support wouldn't arrive immediately, and Nanrong Wanqing still needed his rescue.

Pop!

Just then, he suddenly noticed a piece of bark being peeled off a tree trunk next to him, leaving a small round hole.

Sniper rifle?

His heart sank, certain that firing at the helicopter had also drawn the attention of the adversary.

Facing the danger of being sniped at any moment, Ling Chen didn't seek cover but instead increased his speed. However, if one observed closely, they would notice his speed control was incredibly precise.

Sometimes fast, sometimes slow, now veering left, now veering right, never staying on the same path for more than three seconds.

This variable-frequency movement was a technique he developed specifically against sniper rifles. The so-called variable-frequency involves continuously changing the movement's frequency, with each action differing from the next. The purpose is to avoid being locked onto by a sniper.

A sniper's advantage only applies to targets moving directly or in a straight line. For fast-moving targets, snipers need to anticipate the target's actions.

The variable frequency movement Ling Chen employed would disrupt the sniper's anticipation, making it difficult for the opponent to aim accurately.

Pop! Pop!

Successive shots were fired by the sniper, but all bullets missed, not even grazing Ling Chen's clothes.

Ten seconds later, the sniper's shooting pace quickened.

Ling Chen's mouth slightly raised, this action suggested he was nearing the sniper's location. Seizing the moment, he suddenly lunged forward, diving into a pile of branches and leaves. Accompanied by rustling sounds, Ling Chen's body vanished in an instant.

Through the sniper scope equipped with night vision, the sniper searched the surroundings, frowning, "Have any of you found the target?"

"No. Could he have been killed by your shots?"

"I didn't hit him."

"Are you guys looking for me?"

Suddenly, a teasing voice sounded beside them.

The sniper's face drastically changed, quickly moving his head away from the sniper rifle and glanced towards the direction of the voice. Instantly, he saw his three teammates already on the ground, their fate uncertain, as a dark muzzle pointed directly at his forehead.

In an instant, a bead of cold sweat slowly slid down his forehead.