

The Beauty 35

Chapter 35 Assassin (4)

"Brothers, attack, take them down!"

The leader of the gangsters shouted, standing in the back, directing his underlings.

Seeing fifty-odd gangsters wielding iron rods and charging quickly, Liang Zhao Hui hastily pulled Nanrong Wanqing and Nanrong Hao behind him.

At the same time, Zhong Wei led the other six team members to form a human wall, encircling Nanrong Wanqing and others in the middle.

As soldiers, especially special forces, the team members were naturally skilled.

But it was just at the clash that the front-most gangster pioneers were knocked to the ground.

Gangsters fight for momentum; the more people, the bolder they get. Luckily, Zhong Wei and his team were not pushovers, protecting the center like an iron barrel, preventing the gangsters from getting near Nanrong Wanqing.

Just then, Nanrong Hao suddenly heard the urgent sound of footsteps from behind and quickly turned his head. In an instant, he saw more than twenty gangsters rushing over from the alley behind.

"Liang... Liang... Liang Zhao Hui... behind... behind."

Under extreme tension, he stuttered as he spoke.

Liang Zhao Hui had already noticed the gangsters behind him without needing to be reminded.

He handed the wheelchair to Nanrong Hao, kicked down a charging gangster, and said gravely, "Captain Zhong, we better break out now, or it will be too late."

"Break out!"

Zhong Wei glanced at the situation behind him, made a snap decision, picked up two iron rods from the ground, and fiercely charged into the crowd.

Faced with gangsters ten times their number, even though the team members were skilled, it was difficult to fight against so many hands, especially in such chaotic circumstances. In a moment, each of them had been hit several times.

Several team members were struck in the head by iron rods, bleeding profusely, instantly staining their cheeks red. Fortunately, all of them were physically fit and still put up a brave fight despite their injuries.

Using their brave fighting spirit, the team members and the others forcefully charged out with Nanrong Wanqing and Nanrong Hao.

Just as they were about to break through the encirclement, Zhong Wei shouted loudly, "Run!"

Nanrong Hao didn't dare to delay, pushing the wheelchair and running hard toward the parking area.

However, just then, "ouch" was heard twice, and for some unknown reason, two team members responsible for covering the rear suddenly fell to the ground and did not get up.

Seeing this, Liang Zhao Hui immediately grabbed one of them by the arm, trying to lift him up. But then he realized that the person was very heavy, as if he had lost consciousness and passed out. On closer inspection, he saw that the team member's back was soaked in blood. Lifting the clothes, a conspicuous bullet hole was revealed.

He changed color and said, "Captain Zhong, there's a gunman!"

"What?"

Zhong Wei was shocked; could it be true as Ling Chen said, that there was an assassin trying to kill the chairman?

In a flash of thought, he immediately grabbed the wheelchair from Nanrong Hao, using his broad back to shield Nanrong Wanqing, and said with a serious expression, "Everyone, be careful, there's a sniper hidden in the crowd."

Nanrong Wanqing frowned and asked, "What about those two?"

"They've been shot; I'm afraid they won't last long."

Zhong Wei secretly felt relieved that he had luckily kept Nanrong Wanqing protected in the middle and hadn't exposed any vulnerabilities. Otherwise, the ones shot wouldn't have been those two team members.

The sniper was cunning, knowing to use the gangsters to cover their tracks. In the chaos, no one noticed who the sniper was.

Under Zhong Wei's leadership, everyone ran at full speed, trying to reach the parking area as quickly as possible, but the gangsters behind relentlessly pursued, closing the distance between them.

Because he was pushing the wheelchair, Zhong Wei couldn't move as fast as he could. The other team members, considering Nanrong Wanqing's safety, could only follow closely behind, forming a human wall to prevent giving the sniper an opportunity.

But at this moment, a team member walking side by side stumbled, his body crashing to the ground.

Liang Zhao Hui caught a glimpse out of the corner of his eye, only to see blood gradually spreading from the comrade's back, strikingly conspicuous.

"Captain Zhong, another brother has been shot."

"Keep running."

With a face ashen, Zhong Wei didn't hesitate at all. He was acutely aware that once those thugs got close, it would be very difficult to ensure Nanrong Wanqing's safety with just a few of them.

The crossroads were right ahead; as long as they crossed the intersection, they would quickly reach the parking spot.

Seeing their destination drawing closer, everyone hurriedly picked up the pace, ready to make the final sprint.

However, just at this critical moment, a team member following behind Zhong Wei suddenly lunged forward, his upper body tilting and crashing right into Zhong Wei's legs.

He was thrown off balance by the impact, plummeting to the ground as the tightly gripped wheelchair flew out of his hands.

Propelled by momentum, the wheelchair carrying Nanrong Wanqing slid forward at high speed, momentarily out of control.

"Chairman!"

"Sister!"

Nanrong Hao was shocked and rushed over in a panic, trying to catch up with the runaway wheelchair.

At this moment, Nanrong Wanqing, sitting in the wheelchair, bit her lip, her face tinged with paleness. Although the wheelchair had a built-in brake system, using it at such speed would undoubtedly send her flying out.

Yet, she soon noticed a bump not far ahead. Hitting it at this speed would also throw her out of the wheelchair.

Was she really unable to escape this disaster?

With this thought, she smiled bitterly and helplessly, her lips curving up, then she closed her eyes and moved her hands to the wheelchair's brake system.

Screech!

When the wheelchair brakes were activated, the forward motion halted abruptly. At the same time, Nanrong Wanqing felt herself losing control, flung out of the wheelchair, plunging towards the concrete floor ahead.

After a few seconds, Nanrong Wanqing felt as though nothing had happened to her. The concrete floor wasn't as hard as she had imagined; instead, it felt soft and springy.

Thinking this, her hand reached out to touch the ground.

"Chairman, if you keep touching around like that, don't blame me for accusing you of indecency."

A familiar yet annoying voice rang in her ears. Nanrong Wanqing immediately opened her eyes, only to see a face full of smug smiles looming before her.

"Ling Chen?"

After a while, she uttered two words from her fragrant lips, her tone somewhat surprised.

No wonder she was unharmed; it turned out he had caught her.

"Chairman, could you please move your hand away?"

Although Ling Chen was enjoying it, having Nanrong Wanqing's hand placed where it was was too much for him to handle.

Reminded by him, Nanrong Wanqing suddenly realized her hand was at the root of his thigh, merely centimeters away from his private parts.

Instantly, a flash of embarrassed annoyance flickered through her eyes, and she quickly withdrew her hand.

"Put me down."

Hearing her commanding tone, Ling Chen shrugged and casually placed her down on the ground.