

The Beauty 53

Chapter 53 Bandit (1)

As he was secretly guessing, several police cars appeared in the rearview mirror of his car window, red and blue lights flashing, rapidly catching up from behind, quickly passing the Santana, and leaving him far behind.

"Quick, faster!"

In the leading police car, Xia Mutong was sitting in the passenger seat, continuously urging the driver while picking up the walkie-talkie connected to the external loudspeaker.

"Attention, suspect in the Mercedes-Benz, stop the vehicle and surrender immediately, or we will open fire."

However, the Mercedes-Benz van not only did not slow down but sped up even more, overtaking several cars in a row.

"Damn!"

Xia Mutong frowned tightly, pulled the handgun from its holster, and chambered a round.

Seeing her action, the driver couldn't resist reminding her: "Captain Xia, there are hostages in the car. We've been ordered from above to ensure the safety of the hostages."

"I don't need you to tell me what to do, just focus on driving."

With that said, she rolled down the window, leaned her upper body out, holding the gun in both hands, squinting one eye slightly, aiming to shoot off the Mercedes' rearview mirror to show them she wasn't playing around.

Bang!

She pulled the trigger and the bullet shot out immediately, accurately hitting the glass of the rearview mirror on the car ahead.

After that shot was fired, the Mercedes van's driver still did not show any intention to stop. Instead, the vehicle sped up and the body swayed from side to side, following an S-shaped path to avoid being shot again.

Suddenly, a hand holding something appeared out of the window of the Mercedes van ahead. Since the two cars were more than twenty meters apart and in the midst of a chase, Xia Mutong couldn't make out what it was.

At that moment, the person threw the object in their hand onto the ground and then closed the car window.

As they got closer, Xia Mutong finally saw clearly what had fallen to the ground.

A bomb!

Her expression changed drastically, and in a panic, she quickly pulled up the handbrake, trying to forcefully stop the car.

Screeching!

Along with a piercing noise, the speeding police car's front jerked and the speed decreased significantly. But, in the midst of an emergency stop at nearly a hundred yards, the inertia caused the vehicle to lose balance instantly and slam into the guardrail.

"Boom!"

At the same time, the bomb on the ground exploded violently into flames, with shockwaves rapidly spreading out. The following police cars couldn't avoid in time and crashed into each other, their bodies severely deformed.

Pushing open the caved-in door, Xia Mutong struggled to get out from the passenger seat, her body swaying, her face pale, with multiple abrasions on her arms and forehead, blood flowing freely.

When the car had hit the guardrail, she hadn't been wearing a seatbelt, so she was hit hard. The buttons on her clothes were popped open, her sexy white bra enveloping two large mounds of white flesh, about to spill out.

She rubbed her throbbing head, her vision blurry. She hadn't walked far before her strength gave out, and she collapsed to the ground.

At this moment, a Santana slowly drove up and stopped in front of her.

The car door opened, and Ling Chen ran up to Xia Mutong, asking, "Officer Xia, are you alright?" At the same time, his gaze naturally fell on the woman's deadly attractive bust, and he couldn't help swallowing his saliva audibly with a gulp.

Xia Mutong struggled to lift her head, and suddenly two Ling Chens appeared in her vision, making her even more dizzy. She didn't notice Ling Chen's gaze, and said intermittently, "The... hostages..."

Her delicate teeth slightly parted, she barely spat out three words before she could no longer support herself and collapsed to the ground, unconscious.

Seeing this, Ling Chen felt somewhat helpless and prepared to pick her up and put her in the car to take her to the hospital. But at this moment, his phone in his pocket suddenly rang.

He thought it was Zhong Wei calling to inquire about the situation, so with one hand supporting Xia Mutong, he took out his phone with the other, only to find that the call was from an unfamiliar number.

Once the call connected, before he could speak, a middle-aged man's voice came from the other end, "Mr. Ling?"

Hearing the voice, Ling Chen paused with a flicker of surprise. How did he have his mobile number?

"Mr. Ye, what do you want with me?"

The person on the other end was Ye Liangyong, whom he had met at the Qingyun Martial Arts Hall.

In a grave tone, Ye Liangyong said, "Mr. Ling, I have a favor to ask of you. Please rush to Qingyun Martial Arts Hall immediately."

"What happened?"

"I just got wind that Little Hua has been kidnapped. I'm currently in Beijing, and I can't get back right away. The police are already on the case, but I don't have much trust in them. I only trust capable people, and in East Sea City, I only know you. I hope you can help save Little Hua for me; she's very important to my Master."

Little Hua?

Instantly, Ling Chen's mind recalled the image of that adorable little girl, carved like a jade sculpture. She was the disciple of He Ziyun and the younger martial sister of Ye Liangyong.

He couldn't figure out why someone would kidnap a six or seven-year-old girl. Could it be that the girl's identity was not simple?

That's right!

Before Xia Mutong lost consciousness, she mentioned hostages, and piecing that together with Ye Liangyong's words, the people in the Mercedes-Benz van must be the kidnappers he was looking for.

"Mr. Ye, your call is very timely. The kidnappers' car just passed by me, I'll give chase right now."

"Great, I appreciate it. Zhu Xiaozhu and I are on our way to the airport and will arrive in two hours."

So Zhu Xiaozhu was with him; no wonder Ye Liangyong had his mobile number.

The last time they met in the hospital, Ling Chen had willingly exchanged numbers with Zhu Xiaozhu, under the pretext of seeking future medical advice.

After hanging up, Ling Chen saw Xia Mutong's colleagues rushing over, so he put Xia Mutong down on the ground. Then, blushing, he said, "Hey, I'm not trying to take advantage of you, but if you don't do up that button, it might be even more embarrassing for you when your colleagues see," and as he spoke, he crouched down to fasten her button for her. His fingers inadvertently touched that expanse of snow-white skin, and his heart trembled; oh my, the feel, the elasticity... He wondered which man would be "fortunate" enough to marry this girl in the future.

Suppressing the urge to take advantage of her unconscious state and give in to the temptation to cop a feel, Ling Chen stood up, then quickly headed towards the driver's seat. But after a moment of hesitation, he turned back, pulled out the handgun from Xia Mutong's waist, and quickly got into the Santana.

He owed Ye Liangyong a favor from the last time because of Qin Yang's affair, so this time he had no reason to refuse Ye's request for help. Moreover, those kidnappers didn't even spare a little girl, which was utterly unconscionable.

Although he never labeled himself a good person, he still had a conscience, and he couldn't just stand by and watch this happen.

"Is she alright?"

Ling Chen started the car and glanced at Nanrong Wanqing, who had asked the question, and nodded, "She's fine, hold on tight."

With that, he stepped on the gas, and the Santana shot out.