

The Beauty 55

Chapter 55 Bandits (Part 3)

"Keep your head down, and don't you dare lift it without my permission." Having said that, he flicked out the pistol he had snatched from Xia Mutong, casually ejected the magazine—eight bullets remaining, more than enough.

"What are you trying to do?"

Nanrong Wanqing was not someone unfamiliar with the world, but Ling Chen's actions still took her by surprise. Recalling the questions he had asked earlier for no apparent reason, she felt somewhat uneasy. Furthermore, she was quite unhappy about this situation. As her employee, wasn't his duty supposed to be protecting her? Why was he meddling in things like rescuing someone—a job meant for the police? Hmph, she would make him pay for this once they were back.

However, although this was what the young miss was thinking, deep down inside, her opinion of Ling Chen began to shift slightly. The fact that Ling Chen was willing to take such risks to save someone with no relation to him was extraordinary, a trait not found in ordinary people.

Ling Chen cracked a smile and gave her a reassuring look: "Don't worry, there won't be any danger."

As soon as his words fell, his left hand, which was resting on the steering wheel, quickly turned it, causing the car, which had been moving forward, to swerve to the left. Then, he pulled the handbrake, shifted into reverse, and hit the gas pedal hard.

Screech, screech, screech!

Accompanied by the grating sound of the tires, the Santana executed a perfect drift, spinning around so that the rear faced forward, its front end now perfectly aligned with the oncoming Mercedes-Benz van.

Seizing the moment, he switched hands: his right hand took control of the steering wheel, and his left hand holding the gun extended out of the window.

Bang!

A shot rang out, and instantly a bullet hole appeared in the front window of the Mercedes-Benz van.

Caught off guard by the sudden gunfire, the driver of the van was startled and hit the brakes hard, bringing the vehicle to an abrupt stop.

Bang! Bang!

Without any hesitation, Ling Chen squeezed the trigger again, firing two more shots in quick succession.

Following the two gunshots, faint cries of pain echoed from within the sealed Mercedes-Benz.

Seeing the fresh blood splattered on the front window of the van, the corner of Ling Chen's mouth slightly curled up. He hadn't used a gun in a long time, but his marksmanship was still spot-on, without any deviation. The first shot was just to force the other party to stop; the following two shots hit the kidnappers. Had he shot the driver directly, it could have caused an accident and endangered the hostage's safety.

He had been precise with his shooting, not aiming to kill the kidnappers but to make them shed some blood and reduce their mobility.

Having taken care of the two kidnappers in the driver and passenger seats, there was still one more in the back—that person was the key.

"Stay in the car, don't get out."

After advising Nanrong Wanqing, Ling Chen pushed open the car door and quickly approached the Mercedes-Benz van. However, before he could reach it, someone already flung the van door open. Following that, a man wearing a Sun Wukong mask came out, holding a pistol to Little Hua's head as he stepped out from the van.

At the sight of that pistol, Ling Chen's eyes narrowed involuntarily.

Not just anyone could get their hands on a Beretta 92F model, and moreover, this guy was acting very calm, certainly not like your average kidnapper.

"Are you a cop?"

The man gazed at Ling Chen, enunciating each word clearly.

"No."

"Then why are you opposing us?"

"You've kidnapped a little girl who is a friend of mine. Release her, and I'll let you go."

"Hmph! It's not that easy. How about this—I take her with me, and I promise she'll remain unharmed. Otherwise, I'm not opposed to dying together with her."

Ling Chen stared into the eyes of the kidnapper, whose vicious look told him this was no joke.

It's getting more and more interesting.

He had originally thought the kidnapper's purpose in taking Little Hua hostage was to extort money from Ye Liangyong, but now it seemed that the situation was not so simple. The kidnapper's determination to take Little Hua with him, even at the risk of death, meant his goal was not just money.

With this in mind, his gaze towards Little Hua was tinged with curiosity—what was the value of this unremarkable little girl?

"Kid, whether she lives or dies is up to you."

Ling Chen shrugged his shoulders, "With you putting it like that, what choice do I have?"

The kidnapper laughed with satisfaction, "Good, I see you understand; you should know what to do."

Without another word, Ling Chen ejected the magazine, smoothly disassembled the pistol, and scattered the pieces on the ground. However, the kidnapper failed to notice that during the disassembly, the bullet that was already chambered was now secretly clenched in Ling Chen's palm.

"Big brother."

At that moment, two other kidnappers emerged from the vehicle, clutching their gun-wounded left chests, stifling their pain, covered in blood.

"Can you two still drive?"

"No..."

Bang!

Before they could finish speaking, a gunshot sounded, and Zhu Bajie's mask immediately sprouted a bullet hole, its mask quickly stained red with blood.

Seeing his companion fall stiffly to the ground, the other kidnapper was startled. Although his face was not visible, the slight trembling of his body conveyed the panic within.

"Big brother, don't... don't kill me..."

"You know the rules, I don't want to be dragged down." After saying this, the man referred to as big brother didn't hesitate to pull the trigger.

Seeing both kidnappers lying in the pool of blood, Ling Chen's brows furrowed slightly, his understanding of the man's ruthlessness deepening.

"Your turn now, kid. Let me teach you something, never drop your gun in front of your enemy."

Facing the gaping muzzle pointed at him, Ling Chen's clear eyes still retained their calmness. He had been in similar life-or-death situations many times before and was used to it by now.

"Friend, you're right. But, let me teach you something too—those who dare drop their guns in front of their enemies are either insane, or..."

"Or what?"

Ling Chen's mouth curved slightly: "Or they don't take their enemies seriously."

Hearing this, the kidnapper's gaze sharpened, suddenly filled with an ominous premonition, and he immediately pulled the trigger aimed at Ling Chen's head. However, the moment his words fell, Ling Chen's body had already moved, stepping to the left.

Bang!

The gunshot sounded, the bullet narrowly missing Ling Chen's ear.

Behind the mask, the kidnapper's face turned pale with shock—how did Ling Chen avoid his bullet? Was this guy even human?

What he didn't know was that in terms of speed, Ling Chen could not outrun a bullet. But his control over timing had reached a terrifying level. The moment his adversary fired, Ling Chen's body had already anticipated and dodged in advance.

Only those who had undergone countless training sessions could push their body's reflexes to the utmost limit. In this world, there were few who could achieve this. Ling Chen was among those rare individuals.