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There were many tiny tree knots under the thick tree pole, which aided her in climbing up. She didn't hesitate to climb the tree as she could not just sit there and watch the hatchling struggle in vain.

She stretched her hand to cling to the trunk quite awkwardly and stepped on the small knots to move upwards. Her heart skipped a beat when she glanced up to determine its position again. It seemed that she had to climb onto a diverged tree branch before reaching it.

"Little guy, give me a little more time, okay? I'll be able to save you soon," she spoke in a comforting voice while cautiously climbing upward. The branch was thick but had no vines between her position and the hatchling's.

She had no choice but to climb to another higher branch; she needed to leverage herself to walk on a branch under the one she had set her sights on.

She walked across the branch carefully and soon arrived at where the hatchling was. At that moment, she gave up clinging to the branch above, slowly lowering her body and hugging the branch under her feet shakily. Then, she reached out to untangle the hatchling's wings. The little guy immediately spread its wings and jumped to the ground.

As Angela witnessed the hatchling fall in front of her eyes, she got so terrified that she instinctively reached out her arms to catch it. However, her conditioned.

response did her no good; not only was she not able to catch it, but she also slid down. 'Ahhh-At once, she hugged the tree pole tightly. The hatchling fell onto a thicket of small trees; on the contrary, she was the one who was in distress.

She lowered her head and stared at the ground, not daring to let go of the tree. pole and jump down ten feet for fear that she might hurt her bottom or sprain her foot. But then, she was stuck clinging to the tree pole. Now what? What should I do?

Her grip strength was by no means on par with a gymnast, and it was evident that she would not be able to support herself for much longer.

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She could only think of one single way to rescue herself from that situation-she must call for help. Hopefully, her cry could attract at kind passerby to come to her aid.

"Help! Help! Someone please help me!" The damsel was in distress.

At the same time, the team that had just finished running was lining up on the sports field. Richard, the team leader.. suddenly heard a faint cry for help.

Moreover, he quickly realized that the voice belonged to Angela. As soon as this thought crossed his mind, his pupils constricted, and in the next second, he was already rushing in Angela's direction.

"What's wrong with Mr. Richard? Where is he going?"