

PAW 1769

Chapter 1769

At the Police Station

The atmosphere was quite bizarre.

On one side was a scene of blood and screams.

On the other side were dozens of ethnic minorities standing around, staring at each other with their weapons.

In the middle stood Dong Xuebing, looking calm and composed. His demeanor alone was enough to make everyone shiver inwardly. Despite the chaos, his indifference showed that he was inherently tough, unlike the ethnic minorities, who only appeared fierce on the surface.

Drip, drip.

Drip, drip.

Two ambulances arrived.

Dong Xuebing turned around and said, "Didn't I say to call more? Two cars aren't enough."

The police officers remembered Dong Xuebing's earlier request. At the time, they thought he was being too arrogant, but now they realized two ambulances were insufficient.

Dong Xuebing looked at the crowd and asked, "Is anyone else coming?"

The dozens of people on the opposite side remained silent, glaring at him fiercely.

"Wasn't there supposed to be a robbery? My wallet is right here." Dong Xuebing threw his wallet on the ground and said, "Come on, show me how you're going to rob me."

After a second or two, someone finally couldn't take it anymore.

"He's alone, don't be afraid."

"Yeah, we're so many. Let's go."

"He's exhausted. Use things to hit him."

Upon hearing this, the ethnic minorities quickly reacted and began hurling sticks and other objects at Dong Xuebing.

Whoosh.

The sticks whizzed through the air.

A hit from these would not be light.

It wasn't just one person; everyone began to throw things. In the blink of an eye, about a dozen items flew towards Dong Xuebing, covering him from all directions. The assortment included stones, bottles, hammers, and even a hidden dagger. The distance between them was very short, only a few meters, so accuracy was a given. Anyone with decent eyesight could hit him quickly, and there was no way to dodge.

How could he dodge?

With so many objects coming so fast, who could react in time?

But Dong Xuebing managed to react. He slightly tilted his head and avoided two stones aimed at him. The stones flew past his hair and landed behind him, almost hitting several police officers. Dong Xuebing sidestepped and avoided a hammer and two sticks. He didn't even move much from his spot; he appeared to be dancing, twisting his body and moving his arms. Not a single object hit him, not even a hair. But that wasn't all—while dodging, Dong Xuebing noticed the flying dagger, lifted his hand, and, with a flick of his wrist, effortlessly caught the dagger between his fingers in mid-air. Without any pause, Dong Xuebing flicked his wrist, sending the dagger flying back.

Whoosh.

It was too fast.

The other side clearly couldn't match Dong Xuebing's reaction speed. In the next moment, the dagger plunged into the leg of the person who had thrown it. Dong Xuebing's favorite tactic was using their own methods against them. With pinpoint accuracy, the dagger embedded itself in the man's thigh.

"Ah, my leg!" The man fell to the ground, clutching his leg.

That wasn't the end. After dodging a brick thrown at him, Dong Xuebing tapped it with his toes, reducing its force, and flicked it back. The brick flew back along its original path and struck the face of the person who had thrown it.

"Ah!"

"Old Wang"

His face was a mess. His nose was broken.

Dong Xuebing recognized him. He was the one who had smashed the police station's glass the hardest and had used some foul language against Fang Wenping. Now, facing Dong Xuebing, he had thrown bricks at him, and Dong Xuebing was not about to show him any mercy—he returned the favor in kind.

Dong Xuebing then set his sights on a few key targets. Instead of waiting to be attacked, he suddenly charged forward without warning. He stood still, but his sudden movement caught everyone off guard. With his speed, he was almost instantly in the middle of the ethnic minority crowd.

"Hey!"

"He's coming over!"

“Smash him, smash him to death!”

“Don’t let him run away, keep him here!”

Although the crowd seemed intense due to their loud shouting and large numbers, the Han Chinese spectators outside noticed that the scene wasn’t entirely like they had surrounded the young man. Instead, it looked like the young man single-handedly controlled the situation. The crowd was in chaos, and the number of people standing rapidly decreased.

Bang!

Thud!

Dong Xuebing threw punches and kicks precisely, taking down one person with each strike. Very few could stand up after taking a hit from him. Dong Xuebing wasn’t even using his full strength. He didn’t bother with the more minor, scrawnier youths, fearing that a single punch might kill them. These people tried to bully and extort him, yet they were no match for him.

Fifty people, forty, thirty-five—fewer and fewer were standing.

Looking around, Dong Xuebing saw over twenty people lying on the ground. The police officers gasped in shock. Dong Xuebing, on the other hand, showed no signs of exhaustion. The attackers were panting heavily, while the young man seemed unaffected.

He wasn’t even breathing heavily.

Not a sign of fatigue.

At this moment, someone suddenly shouted, “Let’s retreat, guys. This guy is too strong. If we keep this up, we’ll all be knocked out.”

This was not very chivalrous.

But it received a lot of agreement.

“That’s right.”

“Let’s pull back.”

“We’ll deal with this later.”

Everyone followed the crowd mentality. When one person started to retreat, several others quickly followed suit, and soon, the crowd dispersed in a rush.

“Run!”

They left the people lying on the ground behind.

Dong Xuebing glanced around but didn’t chase after them. Those who needed to stay were already on the ground. His anger had been vented. Additionally, he had used his time too recklessly earlier and needed to save some for future preparations. He might need it if an urgent matter came up.

Checking his results, Dong Xuebing pulled out a napkin to wipe the blood off his hands. He was satisfied. It had been a long time since he fought sixty people alone.