

PAW 1791

Chapter 1791

On the side of the road.

Everyone's eyes were wide open.

The scene before them was beyond description with words. It felt like watching a movie, but not a martial arts film—more like a Hollywood sci-fi blockbuster. They watched in disbelief as the minibus lifted off the ground with a single kick from Dong Xuebing. Not only did it change direction, but the vehicle even had its wheels leave the ground, screeching as it tilted and flew sideways. Due to the high speed, the impact couldn't be quickly reduced, and the minibus crashed through the roadside barrier, nearly hitting a passing car as it skidded onto the grass below.

The car owner, who had been humming a tune and watching the commotion, was initially just curious about the flashing police lights and the crowd. But the next moment, they were stunned to see a minibus crashing to the ground and sliding towards them. Terrified, the driver screamed and swerved the car just in time to avoid the disaster, stopping the vehicle a short distance away, drenched in cold sweat. The backseat passengers, a man, and a woman, were also shocked and furious.

They all got out of the car.

"Who was driving?"

"Did you drink too much?"

"How did you manage to crash a perfectly good car?"

"Do you even know how to drive?"

They yelled angrily at the minibus, their outrage fueled by the near-miss collision.

Not far off, the minibus had come to a stop, its body smoking, metal crumpled, and all the windows shattered. The scene was horrific. The black car driver, with blood on his head and injuries, slowly crawled out of the vehicle. His legs seemed to be broken, and he couldn't stand,

lying on the ground, terrified, staring in Dong Xuebing's direction, unable to speak. He looked as if he had seen a ghost.

The car passengers continued to shout.

"We're talking about you!"

"Can you drive or not?"

"How dare you drive like that with police around?"

They had been in another direction before, and their view was limited. They hadn't seen that the minibus aimed to hit people, nor did they fully grasp the situation. After their shouting, everyone on the scene fell silent, holding their breath, staring dumbfounded. The few people from the car were puzzled, wondering why no one made a sound or reacted to such a massive accident.

The people in the car exchanged bewildered glances.

But what they didn't see, others certainly did.

Everyone from the side angle had a clear view of the entire event. From the police to the bystanders to the large man in the black car, no one spoke. Some stared at Dong Xuebing's shoe prints on the fallen minibus. Others were shocked by Dong Xuebing's face. The events that had unfolded were beyond their imagination and understanding.

It was a vehicle—a minibus.

A minibus that large and heavy was something everyone knew well.

And it was in motion. It was beyond belief that someone could simply kick the vehicle down in such a state.

People could hardly believe their eyes.

Earlier, Dong Xuebing's skills had already been witnessed: he had fought off two police officers and remained unscathed while pushing back five more. Even the most naive person could tell that Dong Xuebing was skilled—he was a genuine practitioner. The police knew Dong Xuebing was formidable; otherwise, they wouldn't have drawn their guns. This was a last resort, but while everyone acknowledged Dong Xuebing's prowess, they never imagined he would be this strong. It wasn't just a matter of skill anymore.

A vehicle weighing over a ton.

And Dong Xuebing had kicked it into the air.

What the hell, are you even human?

Are your legs made of titanium alloy? Even Iron Man couldn't do that, could he?

The visual impact was so shocking. If this were a movie, everyone would happily watch without question. But this wasn't a movie. Everyone witnessed Dong Xuebing's kick, and the shock left everyone with a chilling feeling down their spine.

Su Yan was also stunned, consumed by one impulse: he desperately wanted to peel back Dong Xuebing's shirt to see if he had a heart like Iron Man's arc reactor.

The large man from the black car was silent now, his eyes wide and round.

People had heard of hidden talents and extraordinary individuals in the country, with many real-life masters of martial arts and internal energy. Still, no one had ever heard of someone kicking over a minibus.

Taiji.

Tan legs (A form of Chinese martial arts specializing in kicks).

No way, no matter how skilled one is, one must first pass the physical fitness test. Without good physical conditioning, one can't fully utilize their skills. The vehicle's weight was far beyond what a human could typically exert. And to them, Dong Xuebing seemed to use no particular skill at all

—just a simple side step, a lift, and a kick, and the minibus was flipped over. How much strength must that require?

We are encountering a godlike person.

Today, they were encountering a godlike person.

The onlookers had solemn faces, gazing at Dong Xuebing with awe.

For over twenty seconds, apart from the people in the car who nearly got hit, everyone else was silent, holding their breath.

The first sound came from Dong Xuebing. Looking at the overturned vehicle, he took out a cigarette, placed it in his mouth, lit it with a lighter, took a couple of puffs, and then looked at the bloodied and terrified black car driver. He said, “Still thinking of running me over?”

Previously, the police chief Hu Hanbin and the black car driver had claimed that the driver wasn’t trying to kill anyone but was merely trying to scare Dong Xuebing and assist the police in capturing him. Dong Xuebing had heard all this and made a mental note. The fact was, in a moment of panic, people could do anything. Just like the black car driver, judging by the car’s speed as it passed Dong Xuebing, he had no intention of stopping—it was aimed at hitting him. If Dong Xuebing hadn’t dodged quickly, he would have been in grave danger, with the impact comparable to falling from a six-story building—almost undoubtedly fatal.

The black car driver, lying on the ground and in pain, hurriedly said, “No, no...”

Dong Xuebing, with a faint smile, walked over. “Don’t? Weren’t you full of bravado just now?”

The black car driver was thoroughly cowed, utterly defeated, unable to resist. “Brother, I’m sorry, I’m sorry.” Despite his legs being broken and his face bloodied, the driver did not dare to lie down and quickly apologized to Dong Xuebing, clearly terrified by the earlier scene.

Dong Xuebing was still smiling happily as he walked slowly over to the wreckage of the minibus and looked down at the black car driver on the ground. “You’ve got quite the nerve.”

The black car driver took a deep breath and stammered, “No, really, I—”

Before he could finish, Dong Xuebing kicked him in the face, sending him a few inches off the ground.

“Ah!”

The black car driver fainted immediately.

Dong Xuebing took another drag from his cigarette, adjusted his clothes, and slowly turned to walk back. His demeanor suggested that he hadn't taken the previous actions seriously. Dong Xuebing had once lifted a wall weighing over a ton with his bare hands, which wasn't a secret. Anyone who inquired about his previous workplaces would learn about it. So, flipping over a vehicle wasn't something that particularly impressed him. He had always been someone who faced skepticism and conflict head-on. If someone tried to kill him, Dong Xuebing wouldn't simply ignore it. That wasn't his style; he was known for retaliation and had continuously operated this way.

Dong Xuebing walked back to where the crowd was still in shock.

He glanced at Hu Hanbin and the police officers who had tried to arrest him and said lightly, “By the way, what were you saying earlier?”

No one spoke.

Dong Xuebing blinked and said, “I didn't catch what you said. Did you say something?”

Some of the officers, reacting instinctively, even took a step back. No one dared to challenge Dong Xuebing anymore; they didn't even dare to do so.

What had they said earlier?

They had talked about arresting Dong Xuebing and putting handcuffs on him.

But now, their faces were burning with shame.

Forget about arresting him; if he can kick over a minibus, who can capture him? We're risking our lives here, and you're just a human being; we're flesh and blood. The officers who had previously tried to confront Dong Xuebing no longer dared to make a sound. Facing someone so formidable, there was nothing they could do. They couldn't just shoot him, could they? From his demeanor, it seemed he wasn't afraid of guns either. Ordinary methods of intimidation had no effect on him, which put the officers in a difficult position.

Hu Hanbin had a very dark expression and was cursing inwardly, thinking, "Damn it, how did we end up with someone like this? Where did this guy come from?"

The large man from the black car had hidden behind the police officers and no longer dared to show his face, fearing that he would end up like the black car driver. He now truly understood the kind of formidable person he had offended.