

Supreme Warrior in the City

Chapter 13: Chapter 13 Going to School

Early the next morning, Su Yang got ready to visit the hospital, but Lin Ze Ping's car arrived at his doorstep just then.

Lin Ze Ping looked worn, but he was still very pleased to see Su Yang.

"Su Yang, let's go," Lin Ze Ping said excitedly, "I'll take you to school!"

"What?" Su Yang's eyes widened, What's this about? I haven't been to school for a long time, why would he take me to school?

"Your dad heard you were coming back and asked me to make some arrangements for you. Come on, I'll take you to school!" Lin Ze Ping said.

"I...I've been away from school for so long, I still have to go to school?" Su Yang found it hard to accept.

Lin Ze Ping said, "What of it? You're only eighteen, it's normal for you to be in school. Besides, your dad's greatest wish is for you to go to college. You've been out for three years, and he's gone gray worrying over you. He begged everyone he could to keep your enrollment; you can't let him down."

With no other choice, Su Yang ended up following Lin Ze Ping to school.

Once in the car, Su Yang realized that Lin Qingru was also sitting inside. Lin Qingru's eyes were slightly red and swollen as though she had been crying. She turned her head away as soon as Su Yang got in.

Su Yang ignored her, sitting in the back and listening to Lin Ze Ping talk about school matters.

Lin Ze Ping had arranged for Su Yang to attend the Seventh Middle School, a key high school in the city where Lin Qingru also studied. However, Su Yang could only start from the second year of high school, while Lin Qingru was already in her third year.

After handling the procedures, Su Yang followed a teacher into the classroom. The teacher merely gave a brief introduction and told Su Yang to sit in a corner without much attention.

Su Yang's deskmate, who was sleeping on the table, looked up at the noise. Both were stunned when they saw each other.

"Su Yang!?"

"Zhao Qiupeng!?"

"Damn, what are you doing here?"

"I was about to ask you the same thing!"

Zhao Qiupeng had been one of Su Yang's closest friends and classmates. Logically, he should have been in his third year or even at college by now, so how could they have run into each other in a second-year classroom?

After hearing about Zhao Qiupeng's circumstances, Su Yang finally understood. This guy had repeated ninth grade three times, which led to his extended delay; while his peers were at college, he was still in the second year of high school.

Initially resistant to going back to school, Su Yang was now overjoyed to see an old friend. They talked for a while, and Su Yang asked the question he was most eager to know: "Fatty? How is he?"

Fatty had been Su Yang's closest buddy, and he had been involved in that incident with Su Yang. After Su Ping had driven Su Yang away, Fatty's whereabouts remained unknown to him.

When Fatty's name came up, Zhao Qiupeng's expression turned visibly morose. He sighed, about to speak, when a girl, her face full of anger, walked in.

"The class president is here, the class president is here," everyone whispered, settling down properly.

Zhao Qiupeng, looking as if he had seen a ghost, shrank back to his spot and tugged at Su Yang's sleeve, whispering, "Sit down quickly, that's our class president, Tan Yan. She's got a powerful background; even the teachers fear her."

Su Yang frowned and sat down beside Zhao Qiupeng without a word.

Tan Yan stormed over to Zhao Qiupeng and snapped loudly, "Zhao Qiupeng, stand up!"

Startled, Zhao Qiupeng stood up in confusion and asked, "What is it, class president?"

"Shut up!" Tan Yan glared at him menacingly. "I asked you, did you move those desks from the playground to the storage room yesterday, as I told you?"

"Oh no!" Zhao Qiupeng slapped his forehead. "...I forgot..."

"You forgot?" Tan Yan erupted in anger. "I told you yesterday morning, and you forgot? How come you don't forget to eat? Why don't you go eat shit?"

Su Yang frowned; Tan Yan's words were too harsh.

Zhao Qiupeng, his face flushed with embarrassment, whispered, "Can I move them now..."

"No need for you to move them," Tan Yan said angrily. "The school has already issued a notice; our class was responsible for this task. You must take full responsibility. Bring your parents to school this afternoon!"

Zhao Qiupeng immediately objected. "It's just moving desks, why call my parents? Besides, with over three hundred desks, how can one person move them all?"

"What are you trying to say?" Tan Yan glared. "Everyone else in the class went to the gym to cheer for our school team, leaving you the only one free. If you don't move them, who should? Are you suggesting everyone abandon the team's game to help you with the desks? If the team loses, who's to blame?"

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"That doesn't mean I should have to move the desks alone..." Zhao Qiupeng muttered under his breath.

Tan Yan said angrily, "I don't care about your excuses. Go move the desks in the playground right now. If you don't finish, don't even think about entering the classroom today!"

After speaking, Tan Yan glanced at Su Yang, frowning, "Who are you?"

"Just transferred here." Someone immediately replied, "They say his name is Su Yang or something!"

"Su Yang!?" Tan Yan said disdainfully, "Fine, Su Yang, you go help him move!"

Su Yang furrowed his brows, thinking, You're used to bossing people around, thinking you can order anyone around? Are you trying to put me in my place?

"I won't go!" Su Yang flatly refused.

"What did you say!" Tan Yan exploded, pointing at Su Yang, "Say that again!"

"I said I won't go!" Su Yang enunciated each word clearly and distinctly.

Tan Yan's face instantly flushed red. No one in this class, or even in this school, had ever dared to contradict her like this. She was pretty and had a powerful background. In school, everyone else always fawned over her; no one had dared to speak to her with such an attitude!

"Damn, newcomer, you dare to disobey the class leader!"

Before Tan Yan could speak, a ruffian-like boy sitting at the back slammed his desk and stood up, "Apologize to the class leader. If not, I'll beat you to death!"

Zhao Qiupeng hurriedly tugged at Su Yang's clothes, whispering, "Aiya, Su Yang, don't be rash. That's Wang Xiong, our class tyrant, and underling of the school tyrant Zhao Tao. We can't afford to offend them..."

Tan Yan was Zhao Tao's recognized sister, and Wang Xiong was one of Zhao Tao's cronies who often publicly defended her. Seeing Su Yang refusing Tan Yan like this, he couldn't stand it anymore.

"Brother Xiong, you've got it wrong—Su Yang didn't mean that..." Zhao Qiupeng quickly stepped in to smooth things over, as no one in the class was unafraid of Wang Xiong.

"Get lost!" Wang Xiong gracefully leapt onto his desk, stepping over several desks to reach Su Yang, snatching up a stool, and looked down condescendingly at Su Yang, "Go on, say it again that you won't go. I'd like to hear it!"

The classroom fell silent, everyone watching the confrontation. Wang Xiong was no stranger to fighting in class, and nobody dared to defy him. The new transfer student sure had some nerve, huh?

Tan Yan watched Su Yang with a cold smile, seizing the opportunity to let everyone know the consequences of defying her.

Zhao Qiupeng wanted to speak up for Su Yang, but Su Yang stopped him with a hand. Su Yang looked at Wang Xiong and enunciated each word, "I won't go!"

"Motherf*cker!" Wang Xiong cursed and swung the stool down at Su Yang's head.

Some of the more timid in the class instinctively turned their heads away. If the stool connected, Su Yang's head would be split open.

However, just as the stool was about to hit Su Yang's head, Su Yang acted. He suddenly lunged forward, narrowly dodging the stool, then reached out with his right hand, grabbed Wang Xiong's neck, lifted him up, and slammed him heavily against the wall behind.

The whole thing happened in the blink of an eye. Everyone saw only a shadowy blur before Su Yang had Wang Xiong pinned against the wall with one hand. Wang Xiong's face turned beet red, his limbs flailing, but he was completely unable to break free, as though caught in a vice grip.

Everyone was stunned, including Tan Yan. She had been anticipating Su Yang's head covered in blood after Wang Xiong's attack, not expecting such an outcome. The once unchallengeable Wang Xiong looked like nothing more than an ant against Su Yang, utterly powerless to resist?

Su Yang casually tossed Wang Xiong aside and said coldly, "Bother me again, and it won't be this easy!"

Wang Xiong coughed violently, struggling to breathe, and his speech was unclear. Clenching his teeth, he pointed at Su Yang, "Su—wait for it. If I don't break your damn legs today, I'll take your surname!"

Wang Xiong stormed out, and Su Yang didn't even bother paying attention to him. Glancing at the dumbfounded Tan Yan, he said coldly, "Didn't you understand? I said I won't go, and neither will Zhao Qiupeng!"

"Huh?" Zhao Qiupeng was taken aback. Su Yang was even more assertive than before?

"You dare defy me!" Like a provoked fighting rooster, Tan Yan pointed at Su Yang and shouted, "You're finished, you're done for. Let me tell you, just wait for the school to expel you!"

Tan Yan also stormed out of the classroom. Zhao Qiupeng quickly grabbed Su Yang and said with a worried face, "Dude, what's gotten into you? Where's this aggression coming from? Why provoke the both of them? Wang Xiong has a good relationship with Zhao Tao, the school tyrant. For sure he's gone to find Zhao Tao now. And Tan Yan—who do you think you're messing with? I've heard that when she came to the school, the principal personally received her, and the Director of Political Education is all respectful around her. Making enemies of her is like asking to be expelled!"

"Is that so?" Su Yang sneered, "I wasn't even planning on attending this school at first, but now, I'm definitely going to stick around!"

The morning passed uneventfully, except for Wang Xiong and Tan Yan glaring daggers at Su Yang when they entered the class. No other incidents occurred.

Before the last class of the morning had ended, there was a commotion outside the classroom.

"Holy shit, it's the school tyrant Zhao Tao!" Zhao Qiupeng paled, turning to Su Yang, "Su Yang, he's definitely here for you. What are we going to do?"

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