

Supreme Warrior in the City

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Beating People Video

Liao Yuxuan's car wouldn't start, and of course, it was all Su Yang's doing.

Although Su Yang had only practiced the first page of Destiny's Tome, his Inner Strength had already reached an advanced level. When he was circling the car just now, he had quietly unleashed his hidden energy onto the vehicle's engine. The damage wasn't visible on the surface, but there was no way the car would start—it would definitely need major repairs at a garage.

Even though there wasn't much left of Su Yang's feelings for Lin Qingru, that didn't mean he would allow Liao Yuxuan to swagger in front of him. This time, it was merely a bit of interest. If Su Yang's investigation into the incident from three years ago turned up any connections to Liao Yuxuan, then it would be time to settle the full account.

The taxi finally stopped in a messy street outside of the old district. Su Yang's home was located here.

In the three years he'd been away, a lot had changed here. In the distance, there were many unfinished tall buildings, all bearing the logos of Zhongzheng Construction. And this street was a slum trapped amidst those towering buildings.

Su Yang's home was one of the dilapidated old houses. As soon as he reached the entrance of the alley, he saw a group of people standing at the door of his home, gossiping loudly.

"Oh dear, Old Su's really in trouble this time. It's bad enough that he got hit and injured; now they've come to make a scene at his house. What to do, what to do?"

"These people are just lawless, aren't they? They hit Old Su and now come to his house to cause trouble. How does that make any sense? Hasn't Old Su called the police?"

"He has, and this has happened several times. The police come, and these people scatter. Once the police leave, they come back. They're just a bunch of ruffians; who can do anything about them?"

"Sigh, what did Old Su do to offend such a gang?"

Standing at the entrance of the alley, Su Yang had heard all of the crowd's discussions. He frowned; although he had known about his father's car accident while he was in the army, he hadn't expected things to have gotten this bad.

It seemed his father had suffered more than just being hit by a vehicle; he'd also been beaten. And the perpetrators had not only failed to compensate for the medical expenses, but they had also come to make trouble at their house? This was simply outrageous!

Su Yang was not a man of patience to start with, and after years of practicing Destiny's Tome, he had become even more stubborn and his attacks even more ruthless—which was part of how he earned the nickname Blood Wolf King!

Taking a deep breath, Su Yang strode forward. Meanwhile, the crowd outside had already noticed him. People were momentarily taken aback, then hurriedly made way for Su Yang to enter the courtyard.

"Su Yang..." Suddenly, a young man called out to him. He hurried over and handed him a cell phone, whispering, "Take a look at this first, so you know what's going on."

The young man was named Hee Chong, a childhood friend of Su Yang's, with a reasonably good relationship. Su Yang, surprised, took the mobile phone and glanced at it, his eyes immediately reddening.

A video was playing on the phone, showing two youths in black violently beating an elderly man with white hair. And that elderly man was none other than Su Yang's father, Su Ping!

As they hit him, they cursed, seemingly angry because Su Ping's tricycle had bumped their car. The two youths were clearly trained, adopting fighting stances and relentlessly punching and kicking at Su Ping's head and chest.

Su Ping curled up on the ground, protecting his head with his arms, and pleaded in a trembling voice, "Stop hitting me, please stop..."

"Get up! Get up!" The taller youth shouted furiously, kicking Su Ping's head as he spoke.

The shorter youth dashed back to the car, grabbed a dagger, and charged over to stab Su Ping several times in the back, shouting, "I told you to lie down here, I told you to lie down here!"

"Hey, you shouldn't use a knife..." Someone nearby immediately exclaimed, followed by others trying to intervene.

But at that point, a group of youths emerged from the crowd, blocking the good Samaritans and yelling at them not to meddle. They were clearly with the two assailants, maintaining order while continuously turning around to cheer and applaud. This emboldened the two attackers even more, making their strikes increasingly vicious.

After being stabbed a few times, Su Ping, knowing he was in danger, staggered to his feet attempting to flee, but with significant blood loss, he couldn't even run properly. The taller youth's consecutive kicks all landed on Su Ping's head, while the shorter one stabbed at Su Ping's chest with the dagger. Their intent was clear—to kill him!

Eventually, Su Ping was beaten to the ground, his limbs the only parts of him still struggling. The taller assailant, still unsatisfied, picked up a flower pot from a nearby stall and smashed it onto Su Ping's head, striking him again and again until the sound of police sirens could be heard from afar. Only then did they stop and scatter in all directions.

The video cut off there, and Hee Chong patted Su Yang on the shoulder, speaking in a low voice, "Su Yang, this is a video of them beating your father. Someone recorded it. These people are upset that your father called the police and got their sons captured, and now they're causing trouble. But look at what happened, there was no way Uncle Ping could have called the police; it was the bystanders who couldn't stand it and reported it. Besides, if the police hadn't shown up, Uncle Ping might have been beaten to death. They are utterly unreasonable!"

"Unreasonable? They have the strength to be unreasonable!" At that moment, a middle-aged man nearby sarcastically said, "Do you know who they are? The owner of Beisheng Martial Arts Gym, Lin Beisheng, is the uncle of those two boys. Their family is all martial artists with assets worth tens of millions at least, with influence in both the underworld and legitimate society. With such people, what can you do if they don't reason with you? Su Yang, I advise you to go inside and talk nicely to them, pay some damages to avoid disaster. Otherwise, your family is definitely doomed this time!"

"Uncle, how can you talk like that? Uncle Ping is one of our own townsfolk; you can't take their side," Hee Chong protested.

"Pah, what do you mean 'take their side'? I'm considering their welfare. Su Yang, I know you're hot-headed, but you have to see the situation clearly. You can't afford to mess with this family," the uncle retorted.

"Yeah, Su Yang, don't start a conflict with them. Just talk nicely, beg them, and let this be over and done with. There's no need to escalate things."

"Making a big fuss would only be asking for trouble. Su Yang, if I were you, I'd hurry over and apologize to them, and settle it with some money."

"Hmph, as if they need our money. I tell you, their family isn't going to have an easy time this time around!"

Su Yang had remained silent from the beginning. He nodded at Hee Chong, clenched his fists, and walked straight into the house.

Upon entering the yard, Su Yang was hit by the pungent smell of Chinese medicine. In a corner of the yard, a clay pot was shattered on the ground, medicinal herbs were scattered about, still steaming. A frail little girl stood beside the broken pot, sobbing softly.

Seeing the little girl, Su Yang's face immediately showed immense adoration. The little girl was Su Yang's youngest sister, Su Xia. She was only nine when Su Yang left home, and now she was twelve. However, she looked so frail she still seemed like a ten-year-old.

"Xia'er," Su Yang called out softly, and Su Xia immediately looked up. Upon seeing Su Yang, she widened her eyes in disbelief, covered her mouth with her hand, and was speechless for a long time.

Su Yang walked over and hugged his sister tight, whispering, "It's me, your brother. I'm back!"

Su Xia finally assured herself she was not dreaming and burst into tears.

Seeing several footprints on Su Xia's body, Su Yang's fists clenched tighter. He turned his head to the noisy living room—five or six people were inside, shouting loudly; they were clearly the troublemakers.

A cold gleam flitted across Su Yang's eyes. He gently patted Su Xia on the head and said in a low voice, "Stay right here, Xia'er, and don't move."

Obediently, Su Xia nodded her head. Watching Su Yang walk towards the living room, she anxiously said, "Brother, be... be careful..."

Su Yang smiled at her, but the moment he turned his back, his face had become cold as ice. He walked straight to the living room door where his father Su Ping was being grabbed by the collar by a man, while a fashionable woman next to them was gesticulating angrily.

"So what if my son bumped into you and hit you, Mr. Su? A few hits from a child won't kill you. At your age, shouldn't you be more sensible than to fuss over a child's actions?"

"Children are young and hot-tempered, that's inevitable. Can't you just indulge them a little? Oh, they hit you a few times, and you have to get the police to arrest them?"

"If they end up in juvenile detention, their lives are ruined. They're just kids. Can your conscience bear doing this to them? Let me tell you, we won't pay a dime over this matter. But as for my son's case, if you don't settle it to my satisfaction, if I don't get your family under control, I swear I'll take your family name..."

Su Ping was covered in bandages, evidently sustaining serious injuries. His face was bruised and swollen, one eye swollen shut, creating a horrifying sight. He was already old, and now he looked even more like he was at death's door, barely breathing.

The woman stopped speaking abruptly because a hand had clamped around her neck. Before she could react, she was violently thrown to the ground, incapable of getting up.

The person who acted was Su Yang. With one kick, he sent the man holding Su Ping flying, and then roared, "If you can walk out of my house today, I'll take your family name!"

The three men inside paused, then realizing the situation, charged at Su Yang shouting, "You dare hit my brother!"

"Damn it, kid, you're asking for it!"

"Beat him up!"

The three men rushed at Su Yang, but before they could strike, Su Yang had already moved. Three punches landed without suspense on their faces. The three men squatted down, clutching their mouths, their noses broken.

Su Yang didn't stop there. He grabbed the neck of one of them, lifted him up, and delivered a kick to his chest, sending the man flying five or six meters away. He did the same to the remaining two men without leaving a single one behind; he kicked them all out.

Then, Su Yang followed immediately, jumping beside the three men and fiercely stomping on their chests, caving them in.

Originally, the three men were howling in pain. But after that, they were silent, gasping with open mouths.

Upon witnessing this, the leading man and woman were dumbfounded. Su Yang had been too ruthless; these thugs were all injured so severely in the blink of an eye?

"You... who are you?" the man stammered, frightened by Su Yang.

"Su Yang!" Su Yang's voice was cold as he said, "The person your son bumped into is my dad!"