

PAW 1768

Chapter 1768

"He Got Hit"

Dong Xuebing got hit with a stick.

It had been so long since he had been struck that he couldn't remember. He didn't even try to dodge. Instead, he gave a chillingly eerie smile, moved his neck and head slightly, and felt a long-lost excitement and thrill. He was very happy.

Fang Wenping came out with a dark expression. "Xiao Dong."

The old police officer called out, "Come back quickly."

Director Zhu also frowned but had anticipated such a situation and chose not to speak.

Dong Xuebing raised a hand and said, "I'm fine, Sister Fang. You go back." With so many people around, Dong Xuebing decided not to use her title for convenience and addressed her as Sister Fang. As for the stick, Dong Xuebing was indeed okay. He had taken worse things before—iron rods, bullets, and even grenades. No matter what, he wouldn't be killed by something like this. Dong Xuebing was still standing here in good condition. What could happen to him?

Dong Xuebing was quite pleased.

The stick hit just right—it was perfect!

Now, he had a legitimate reason for self-defense.

The onlookers and the police inside, who wanted to come out but were afraid to join in, stared at Dong Xuebing's smiling face, entirely baffled by his reaction. How could he be so happy after getting hit? Why was he so cheerful when surrounded by so many people? Was he out of his mind?

Dong Xuebing then loudly proclaimed, "Everyone saw it, right? You all bear witness to the fact that I didn't start this, and I didn't make the first move. Whatever happens next has nothing to do with me. I'm just defending myself out of necessity!"

The crowd: "..."

The ethnic minorities were even angrier.

The burly stall owner was particularly furious. He thought the wooden stick that had just broken off after hitting Dong Xuebing's head was now very sharp, with many splinters. He yelled angrily at Dong Xuebing, "You little brat still haven't learned your lesson? You brought this on yourself. You won't know who I am if you don't get beaten into submission. I'll show you today!"

Whoosh!

Before he finished speaking, the stall owner charged at Dong Xuebing with the stick. The broken stick was now as sharp as a broken beer bottle and was aimed directly at Dong Xuebing's stomach. If it hit, it wouldn't be surprising if it pierced through.

Many people were already alarmed.

"Be careful!"

"Stop him!"

Several police officers hurriedly shouted. They had initially hoped Dong Xuebing would suffer a bit, learn his lesson, and then resolve the issue by giving money to the ethnic minorities. That would save them a lot of trouble. They could intervene if it became a severe problem, but they didn't want any trouble in their police station. It was a shared responsibility if something went wrong. However, neither Director Zhu nor the officers expected Dong Xuebing to be so reckless. He had provoked the other party, making them even more furious and aggressive. They were too far away to stop it in time.

A life might be at stake.

Director Zhu immediately said, "Call an ambulance!"

"An ambulance?" The officers were stunned.

"Call it now, or it will be too late," Director Zhu said.

As they spoke and tried to intervene, the burly stall owner had already charged Dong Xuebing again, and the stick was already thrusting toward him.

Dong Xuebing remained calm, not even glancing at the incoming stick or the burly man. Instead, he turned back with a smile to the police officers at the station and said, "Call a few more ambulances; these might not be enough." As he spoke, he seemed to know the situation without looking, casually reached out, and grabbed the stall owner's wrist, twisting it and flicking the man's arm, holding the stick upwards.

The entire sequence of actions was completed in the blink of an eye.

The next moment, the stall owner screamed in agony. The cry was muffled and unclear.

Dong Xuebing then looked back at him. The stick meant to jab Dong Xuebing had now been driven deeply into the stall owner's chin, almost piercing through his mouth.

Drip, drip.

Blood poured out continuously.

The stall owner's eyes rolled back, and he collapsed, holding his chin, unconscious and motionless, with no further sound.

"Ah!"

"Heizi!"

"Old Hei!"

"Second Brother!"

The atmosphere erupted.

The ethnic minorities screamed and shouted in shock.

Dong Xuebing strolled up to the fallen stall owner and said, "What were you saying? Let me know who you are. Come on, who are you? Tell me!" Dong Xuebing could see from the stall owner's previous actions and expressions that he truly intended to kill Dong Xuebing. Coupled with the earlier extortion, Dong Xuebing knew these people had become lawless. Naturally, he showed no mercy and was highly ruthless. Seeing that the man was now unconscious, Dong Xuebing even kicked him a few times, nudging him. "Wake up, I'm waiting for you to tell me."

Provocation.

This was undoubtedly provocation.

"Kill him!"

"Everyone, attack!"

"You little bastard, you're dead!"

The ethnic minority group went into a frenzy, with dozens of people charging forward, screaming wildly. They swung their sticks and even pulled out concealed daggers from their clothes. These were restricted weapons, and their use in the police station courtyard showed just how unhealthy and disgusting the situation was.

Dong Xuebing didn't bother talking back or arguing with them anymore. It was unnecessary; if they wanted to fight, then so be it.

Let's see who's stronger.

Swipe, swipe, swipe. The first wave of attackers arrived—three people. One was unarmed, while the other two carried sticks.

There were so many people that it was hard for anyone outside to see what was happening.

The onlookers strained to see, and the police officers shouted for them to stop.

But the next moment, the first three attackers were thrown out without warning. Dong Xuebing's actions were invisible to the onlookers. The first man flew out, clutching his stomach, screaming, and couldn't get up. The second man was knocked out by his stick, his head falling sideways as he silently collapsed. The stick somehow ended up in Dong Xuebing's hand. The most unfortunate third person was a thin, dark-skinned youth who had joined the stall owner's group immediately after the conflict. Dong Xuebing recognized and struck him with a punch that landed squarely on his chin. With a crack, the youth's chin twisted, and he fell to the ground, rolling several times without even letting out a scream.

It took just a second.

In the blink of an eye.

The three attackers could not fight back and fell to the ground.

The police officers were stunned, and Director Zhu was momentarily dazed. This guy knew how to fight and had skills. But even so, how could he possibly fight off so many people? The other officers thought the same, but they quickly reconsidered.

As the second wave of attackers arrived, seeing Dong Xuebing take down three people, they realized he was not an ordinary opponent. They became wary and sent in five people this time, coming from all directions to attack Dong Xuebing, aiming their strikes at vital points.

Dong Xuebing remained calm, casually lifting his foot. Although it looked slow, his movements were almost invisible. In the next moment, the first attacker felt a blow to his abdomen, and before he could understand what had happened, he was thrown backward, knocking down a row of people behind him. Dong Xuebing then turned without looking back, dodged a knife, and as he did, he grabbed the knife from the attacker's hand and forcefully drove it into the attacker's thigh.

“Ah!”

The screams and cries merged into a cacophony.

Dong Xuebing remained unfazed by the blood and fallen bodies around him. Another punch sent a middle-aged man who tried to attack him from the side flying. Dong Xuebing didn't hold back with any of his strikes; every punch and kick resulted in someone being thrown into the air or rolling several meters before stopping. His strength was evident. He was furious today and hadn't had a chance to fight for a long time, so he appeared more invigorated and had no intention of showing mercy.

More attackers arrived.

Dong Xuebing grabbed him by the hair without turning around, slamming him down onto the ground. The sound of teeth breaking was accompanied by the attacker's screams.

In an instant, ten people had fallen to the ground.

"Instant" might be an understatement; from the start of the fight until now, it had only been about ten seconds. It was so fast that sometimes two or three people were knocked out simultaneously.

Fang Wenping, watching from the side, had a complex expression.

The police officers and onlookers were all dumbfounded.

Seeing this, the ethnic minority group seemed to feel a bit intimidated. With ten people already down, they hesitated, glancing around nervously, unsure what to do.

Dong Xuebing stood alone, but his presence made fifty or sixty people hesitate to advance.

The scene was truly shocking.

The police were bewildered, thinking, "What kind of visitor is this? He's unbelievably strong!"