

# URBAN MARTIAL SAINT

## Chapter 10 - 10 Catching the Ghostwriter

Lin Peng followed Ye Qing down the stairs and immediately cursed angrily, "This undying old man, always using his power to bully others, what a joke!"

Ye Qing glanced at Lin Peng. Working under Zhou Hongbin's command, these past few years must not have been very comfortable for him.

Lin Peng found a car and drove Ye Qing out of the street, asking, "Where to now?"

Ye Qing asked, "Can you access the traffic squad's cameras to check where that car went?"

"No problem, I have contacts in the traffic police department."

Lin Peng made a call, and within less than ten minutes, the Santana was located. It had driven out of the county via Donghuan Road. However, once out of the county, the surveillance was not as abundant, making further tracking impossible.

"It has already left the county. Isn't it a bit late for us to start chasing now?" Lin Peng asked.

"Chase!" Ye Qing shook his head, "He failed to kill Old Fifth Yang. He won't leave without completing his task."

After the recent event, Lin Peng did not doubt Ye Qing's words at all and immediately drove off to pursue the leads Ye Qing had in mind.

As they drove out on Donghuan Road, two intersections appeared ahead. One was a newly constructed highway, broad and spacious, while the other was an old road, quite dilapidated and rough.

"The gunman probably took this way," Lin Peng pointed at the old road, "If he doesn't want to go too far, there are many places to hide here."

"Not that way, this way!" Ye Qing pointed to the new highway, his tone leaving no room for argument.

"Why?" Lin Peng was surprised, "This is all highway, with absolutely no place to hide. If he comes this way, where could he hide?"

Ye Qing shook his head, "If he were to escape according to the thinking of regular police logic, then he would not be a professional assassin!"

"What are you saying, that all of us police are like straw bags?" Lin Peng muttered, but still, he drove toward the highway according to Ye Qing's direction.

Ye Qing said, "Professional assassins, they all have a certain level of counter-surveillance ability, and their actions are the opposite of your regular logical thinking!"

Lin Peng looked at Ye Qing, "You speak as if you know professional assassins very well."

Ye Qing remained silent; in fact, he was indeed very familiar with professional assassins. In Jinghong City, where various drug lords dominated, there were countless such hitmen. Over these three years, Ye Qing had apprehended no fewer than fifty assassins, acquiring quite an understanding of them.

Lin Peng drove about ten kilometers on the new highway. There were no places to hide around, as it was all open road, with nowhere else to go.

Lin Peng said, "Ye Qing, you might have guessed wrong this time. Every place is different. Look, where could anyone hide on this road? If we keep going forward, we'll hit the expressway, and you said he wouldn't leave the county. He probably won't get on the expressway, right?"

Ye Qing didn't speak, just quietly looked at the road outside. As they approached the expressway entrance, the road broadened somewhat, with some large vehicles parked on the roadside where drivers were resting or staying overnight.

"Stop!"

Before reaching the expressway entrance, Ye Qing suddenly said in a deep voice.

Lin Peng stopped the car and looked at Ye Qing, puzzled, "What's going on?"

"Stay in the car, don't get out!" Ye Qing got out of the car and walked over to a nearby truck.

This truck had a completely sealed back, resembling a refrigerated truck used for transporting seafood, with a large metal container at the back.

Ye Qing stood behind this truck for a while, then directly walked to the front of the truck. Lin Peng only saw Ye Qing open the door, without knowing what he did, then suddenly pounce onto the truck cabin. After not too long, Ye Qing got down, holding a bunch of keys, and walked to the back.

"What's happening?" Lin Peng asked.

Ye Qing waved at him and Lin Peng, full of astonishment, didn't understand what Ye Qing was about to do.

Ye Qing walked to the back, unlocked the lock on the metal door, and then bent down to open the metal door.

As soon as the metal door opened, a gunshot was heard from inside. Fortunately, Ye Qing was bending down, or else the shot would have gone straight through him!

Lin Peng's face changed drastically, and he shivered with fright. Despite being a police officer, he didn't dare to get out of the car.

Ye Qing bent down and hid under the vehicle while gunfire echoed from inside a few more times before finally stopping. After a long silence, a gun barrel appeared from the metal door, the gunman attempting to come out.

Ye Qing had been waiting for the opportunity and, at the sight of the gun barrel, he reached out and grabbed it. With a strong pull, he dragged a man out.

The man hit the ground with a roll and attempted to flee, but Ye Qing had already chased him down, leaping forward to tackle him to the ground.

This individual was fierce, pulling out a dagger from his leg the moment he hit the ground and stabbing towards Ye Qing. However, his opponent was Ye Qing, and the attack failed to connect. Instead, Ye Qing grabbed the man's wrist and twisted it, dislocating it on the spot.

"Ah!" The man finally cried out in pain, realizing he had no chance of escaping, and said in a deep voice, "You're not a cop, so who are you?"

Ye Qing didn't speak, but pinned down his other hand and struck the back of the man's head with his fist, knocking him unconscious.

Ye Qing dragged him back to Lin Peng's car, where Lin Peng hurriedly cuffed him. By now, Lin Peng had no lingering doubts about Ye Qing, thinking to

himself that had he been in the situation, he couldn't have imagined that the gunman was hidden in a truck.

After cuffing the gunman, Lin Peng turned to Ye Qing, curiously asking, "Ye Qing, how did you know he was hiding inside the truck?"

Ye Qing pointed to the truck and said, "Go take a look for yourself."

Lin Peng went over and saw several tire tracks on the ground, not very clear unless looked at closely. They seemed to have been made by a ramp being extended down from the truck for the Santana to drive up into it.

Ye Qing said, "Using this kind of truck to hide a smaller car is a popular method of concealment nowadays. Just pay a bit more attention to these trucks, and you can find them!"

Lin Peng, unaware of such details, now regarded Ye Qing with an awe akin to that for a Heavenly God, driving the gunman back while asking, "Right, I saw you had subdued him already, so why did you knock him out?"

Ye Qing answered, "These assassins are organized. If he sees your face, someone will definitely come after you for revenge."

Lin Peng shuddered at the thought, inwardly admiring Ye Qing's thoughtfulness and feeling even more grateful towards him.

On the way, Lin Peng personally called Lin Mengjie to tell her that the gunman had been captured. Lin Peng was very aware that if the gunman were taken back to the station, Zhou Hongbin would definitely try to take credit. He had to let Old Fifth Yang know, so the credit would go to him and Ye Qing.

Lin Mengjie was still at Boss Yang's villa. After hanging up the phone, she immediately informed Boss Yang of the news.

Boss Yang stood up abruptly, a look of disbelief on his face, "What... they caught him so quickly?"

"Yes!" Lin Mengjie nodded, adding, "And it was only Ye Qing and a junior cop. I heard that junior cop say that Zhou Hongbin was uncooperative and even had reservations about Ye Qing. If Zhou Hongbin had been willing to listen to Ye Qing, they could have been even faster!"

Old Fifth Yang remained stunned for a while, then slapped the table, exclaiming, "Damn, that ex-soldier is really something else. Xiao Zhao, get ready, I want to take him out for a meal!"

"Fifth Brother, there's no need for today," Lin Mengjie said with a smile. "He was supposed to have dinner with his family tonight. We've already called him away twice, keeping Ye Qing from eating until now. It wouldn't be good to call him again. How about tomorrow? At noon tomorrow, let's arrange a banquet for him.

Moreover, Fifth Brother, you still have a lot of things to take care of tonight, including finding out who wants you dead using this gunman. I will make a trip to his house first to show some gesture on your behalf!"

Old Fifth Yang thought for a moment and then nodded, "You have thought this through well, alright. You go and handle things for Ye Qing on my behalf. Also, give Zhou Hongbin a call; I want to ask what the hell he means. If he dares to go against my orders!"

Ye Qing was driven home by Lin Peng, and because of the special circumstances at home, Ye Qing didn't invite Lin Peng inside.

At home, his father Ye Changwen and Zhou Hongxia and Yuan Xiaoyu were all sitting in the living room, anxiously waiting for Ye Qing. However, their moods were varied: the former was worried about Ye Qing, while the latter two were concerned about their jobs.

Seeing Ye Qing walk in, Ye Changwen immediately came up to him, and not until seeing that Ye Qing was unharmed did he finally relax.

"Qingzi, what did Old Fifth Yang want with you?" Ye Changwen asked.

"Qingzi, what happened?" Zhou Hongxia hurriedly rushed out, anxiously asking, "How's Xiao Yu's job? Did you talk things over properly with Boss Yang?"

Yuan Xiaoyu was even more anxious than Zhou Hongxia; as soon as Ye Qing entered, she immediately pressed, "Ye Qing, am I now the lobby manager at Lanwan? Did you manage to make it happen?"

Ye Qing ignored the two women, simply nodding to Ye Changwen, "Dad, it's nothing, don't worry."

Ye Changwen breathed a sigh of relief, "Good, good. You haven't eaten yet, right? Hongxia, go heat up some food for the kid."

"Oh, why bother heating up food now!" Zhou Hongxia said urgently, "What about Xiao Yu's job?"

"Yes, what's happening with my job!" Yuan Xiaoyu followed up anxiously, "You didn't mess it up, did you? Ye Qing, I'm warning you, regardless of whatever grudge you have with Boss Yang, don't you let it affect me!"

Ye Qing felt a chill in his heart. This mother and daughter pair didn't care what had happened to him or whether he had eaten; they were only focused on their own concerns. Without blood ties, they were not truly family after all.

"Your job should be no problem," Ye Qing replied, not daring to commit fully since he wasn't sure whether Old Fifth Yang was trustworthy.

Yuan Xiaoyu was elated, but then anxiously queried, "What do you mean 'should be no problem'? Yes is yes, no is no; what's this 'should' about? Exactly how did you talk with Boss Yang? Manager Lin said that as long as you went, my job transfer would happen. So why is it 'should' now? You...

you didn't bad-mouth me to Boss Yang, did you?"