

# URBAN MARTIAL SAINT

## Chapter 12 - 12 Coiled Dragon and Crouching Tiger

Late at night, the pitch-dark Five Elders Mountain, a man paced slowly through the dense forest.

This man was none other than Ye Qing. Having left his home, indeed, he had nowhere else to go. Thus, he went to buy some cooked food and ceremonial paper, and headed to Five Elders Mountain, twenty miles away.

Resting on this mountain was the person Ye Qing respected most in his life.

Ye Qing did not know his name but only knew that the villagers referred to him as Old Li Tou, while Ye Qing himself called him Third Master.

Old Li Tou was a widower who had been living in the village since Ye Qing's early childhood. In Ye Qing's memory, Old Li Tou was always sitting under the

big tree at his doorway, smoking a harsh dry pipe and with a belly full of endless, extraordinary tales.

Ye Qing had lost his mother at a young age, and due to the nature of his family, he had always been reserved and reticent. Most of the time, he would sit at Old Li Tou's doorstep, listening to stories of the outside world.

Some said Old Li Tou had been glorious in his youth; others called him a grand swindler. Who knew? All Ye Qing knew was that Old Li Tou always had an endless supply of stories.

When Ye Qing was ten, Old Li Tou began teaching him to hold horse stance among other things. Maintaining the horse stance was tough, and Ye Qing had no idea what the purpose of doing it was. But from childhood, the more challenging a task, the more desperately he would throw himself into it.

After three years of following Old Li Tou in practicing the horse stance, Old Li Tou began to teach him some boxing techniques.

It wasn't until he joined the army did Ye Qing realize how useful the boxing Old Li Tou taught him really was. His body naturally lacking any innate

advantages, he was chosen for the Special Forces within two years and for three consecutive years became the fighting champion of the entire division—all thanks to the solid foundation laid in his youth.

Ye Qing always felt that Old Li Tou's past must be filled with many stories, but Old Li Tou never spoke of it, and Ye Qing never asked.

The year Ye Qing was admitted to university, Old Li Tou passed away quietly at home. By this year, it had already been five years since Ye Qing visited his grave.

Ye Qing originally planned to visit the grave the next day, but tonight, having nothing else to do, he decided to come and keep Old Li Tou company.

Old Li Tou's grave was on the mountainside, a site he had chosen himself when he was alive. Old Li Tou received a hasty burial; besides Ye Qing, no one wore mourning for him, no one burned paper for him. His past was like the inscription on his tombstone, Third Master Li. No one knew his full name, nor his history!

As Ye Qing approached Old Li Tou's grave, he was surprised to see a light flickering from afar. Astonished, he thought, who would be on the mountain at this late hour?

Ye Qing tread lightly, quietly making his way toward the light, only to find, to his shock, that it was burning in front of Old Li Tou's grave.

Two figures stood by the grave at this moment—one, an elderly man with white beard and hair, his complexion rosy and seemingly endowed with the vitality of youth.

The other had her back to Ye Qing, making it impossible to discern her appearance. Judging from her silhouette, though, she seemed to be a young girl with an elegant figure. Her hair, which was as long as her waist, hung neatly down her back, gently swaying like black water under the flicker of the flames.

Ye Qing grew even more baffled. It was clear these two were paying respects at Old Li Tou's grave. But what was their relation to Old Li Tou, and why were they visiting the grave at such a late hour?

Hiding behind some trees, Ye Qing did not want to disturb the two and decided to wait until they left before he approached.

He didn't have to wait long before the elder finished burning the paper and turned his head in Ye Qing's direction, smiling, "Friend, the mountain breeze is cool; why not come sit by the fire?"

Ye Qing was astonished; how had the elder discovered him? This was too strange.

Since he was found out, Ye Qing no longer hid, stepping out from behind the tree and over to the graveside.

The elder watched Ye Qing quietly, paying close attention to each step he took as if he wanted to thoroughly understand him.

Although surprised in his heart, Ye Qing was not a curious person, and thus his expression remained as calm as ever.

Arriving at the grave, he knelt down and bowed his head several times. After arranging the offerings he brought and burning some ceremonial paper, he finally turned to face the elder.

Ye Qing said nothing, for it seemed appropriate for the elder to speak first.

The two looked at each other for quite some time when suddenly the elder stepped forward, placed a hand on Ye Qing's shoulder.

Ye Qing, skilled as he was, couldn't evade the elder's move. Pressed down by the elder's hand, Ye Qing felt an overwhelming force that truly startled him. Black Bear was considered the strongest man in the whole unit, but the elder's force was even greater than Black Bear's, pushing Ye Qing into a stumble.

Ye Qing took a step back to dissipate some of the force, immediately sinking his shoulders and bending his knees into a horse stance, withstanding the elder's push with sheer determination.

The elder did not continue to exert force, and seeing Ye Qing assume the horse stance, he chuckled, lifted his hand, and the overwhelming force vanished instantly.

Ye Qing breathed a sigh of relief, keenly aware that had the elder continued pressing down, he would not have been able to withstand it.

After this encounter, Ye Qing's curiosity about the elder grew. Looking at the elder, he paused briefly before he couldn't help asking, "Do you know Third Master Li?"

The elder gave a faint smile, surveyed Ye Qing up and down, and said, "Did you build this grave?"

"No, it was built by the villagers," Ye Qing replied.

The elder continued, "Were you the one to wear mourning for him?"

Ye Qing nodded, his heart growing even more curious, unsure of what exactly the old man wanted to say.

"No wonder," the old man said with a faint smile, turning his head toward the tomb, "So many years, I thought you had truly let go. I never expected you would still have a trick up your sleeve. Well, the things you left behind will, at last, have someone to inherit them!"

After he finished speaking, the old man took an object wrapped in a worn piece of cloth from his body and handed it to Ye Qing.

Ye Qing did not accept it. "What is this?"

"This is something I've kept safe for him for twenty years. I never thought that in the end, it wouldn't be him receiving it," the old man said, looking at Ye Qing. "Instead, it's his successor."

Ye Qing was slightly taken aback, "What successor?"

"Hehe," the old man chuckled lightly without answering, simply stuffing the object into Ye Qing's hands.

Ye Qing felt the object, and it seemed to be a book wrapped inside.

The old man walked to the side of the tomb and sat down, speaking softly, "A twenty-year responsibility, finally laid to rest. With this, I've at least given you an explanation."

Ye Qing was completely befuddled. The old man was very strange in his actions and speech, leaving him in a nebulous state. What successor? What responsibility? What exactly was he talking about?

"At your convenience, young master, could you help me stand?" At that moment, the girl by his side suddenly spoke.

Ye Qing turned to look at the girl, who was also looking at him. However, her eyes seemed lackluster, oddly odd.

The girl's features were indeed beautiful, her delicate face touched by a trace of harsh life. Her eyelashes were long, her sword-like eyebrows slightly exuded valiance, and without makeup, her natural beauty was apparent.

Ye Qing walked over and helped the girl stand up without asking why, because both these individuals were too strange.

"Thank you," the girl said, steady on her feet, a slight apology in her voice, "I apologize, my eyes are not good; I cannot see. Thank you for your trouble!"

Ye Qing paused, realizing why the girl's eyes looked odd; she was blind?

Seeing the girl's appearance, Ye Qing couldn't help but feel a pang of pity. Such a young girl, yet unable to see the colorful world.

"The truth is, being blind isn't so bad," the girl said with a light laugh. "Even though I can't see this colorful world, I can listen more clearly, imagine the beauty of the world to my heart's content, and not worry about seeing ugliness. When Heaven bestows you with something, it inevitably takes away something else.

Likewise, when it takes something from you, it will surely give you something in return!"

Ye Qing was astonished, not only because the girl seemed to have guessed what was on his mind, but also because of her open-mindedness. Truthfully, how many people could be as optimistic as her?

"Grandfather, we should go now," the girl said softly.

The old man walked over from the side of the tomb, not looking at Ye Qing, and directly helped the girl leave.

After walking about ten meters, the old man suddenly turned his head and said, "Remember, his name was Li Changqing!"

Ye Qing realized that the old man was talking about Old Li Tou. So, Old Li Tou had a name after all; he was Li Changqing!

The girl followed the old man down the mountain, and after a while, she finally spoke softly, "Grandfather, where did Third Master Li choose for a spot?"

"A crouching tiger's domain!" the old man replied.

The girl nodded slightly and said, "I felt his bones; he was of the Fate of Coiling Dragon."

"No wonder Old Third Li was willing to choose such a successor," the old man said with a faint smile. "With the Fate of Coiling Dragon combined with a crouching tiger, it forms the Fate of Dragon and Tiger. It seems that he wanted this young man to achieve what he himself never did!"

"Fate first, then fortune, and Feng Shui third; fate is decided by the heavens, Feng Shui by man, and these two are fixed. But fortune, closely linked to a person, is the key to ultimate success or failure," the girl said. "The future is still uncertain!"

Ye Qing had no idea that the two were still discussing him, his mind filled with wonder. But he was not a talkative person and would not pester for answers relentlessly. So, in the end, he remained by the grave, burned the joss paper, and shared a bottle of liquor with Old Li Tou.

Out of boredom, Ye Qing opened the package that the old man had given him. As he had expected, it indeed contained a book.

The book seemed quite old, its pages yellowed, and the text was in traditional characters. The cover was made of blue cardboard, with four large characters on it — "Acupoint Seeking Technique."

Opening the book, the first page revealed a large human anatomy diagram. It was marked with many red lines and dots, labeling the names of meridians and acupoints.

Ye Qing had seen such meridian diagrams when he was in college. Generally, students of traditional Chinese medicine had to study these diagrams, so it was not unusual.

Turning to the second page, there was a change. It was still a large diagram, but this time, the area of the lower abdomen from the previous image had been isolated and enlarged.

Beside it was a note — "Qi originates in the Dantian and circulates through the meridians, and can be released through the acupoints as Inner Strength."