

URBAN MARTIAL SAINT

Chapter 17 - 17 Who Says Soldiers Have No Culture?

Yuan Xiaoyu had reserved a large private room here, and there were already a dozen or so people sitting inside, but most were young women. Among them were three men, but their eyes were mainly lingering on the girls.

There were several girls, each with a different look, and not a few were quite pretty. However, their attire was quite flashy, which was probably related to Yuan Xiaoyu's profession.

Yuan Xiaoyu worked at an entertainment venue, and most of her friends also worked there, so naturally, their dress was similar. To work in such a place, it was impossible not to dress up, so each one seemed to have rather heavy makeup.

When Ye Qing entered, the eyes of the dozen or so girls immediately turned towards him.

Ye Qing felt somewhat embarrassed; during his years in the military, they had hardly ever seen girls, let alone faced such a spectacle. A room full of girls, with only a few men, the situation was rather awkward.

But Yuan Xiaoyu didn't care about that, and pulled Ye Qing into the room, saying loudly, "Sisters, let me introduce someone. This here is the brother I've told you about, Ye Qing. He is a retired Special Forces soldier, very capable oh!"

Ye Qing was still in uniform, and as the group of girls were already whispering amongst themselves, one of them loudly said upon hearing this, "So, your brother is quite strong then!"

The girls were bold in their daily lives and spoke without a filter. Upon hearing this, the group of girls immediately burst into laughter, while Ye Qing felt even more embarrassed. Fortunately, he always had a cold expression, so others could not see his embarrassment.

"That's enough, that's just your hobby." Yuan Xiaoyu replied with a laugh, pushing Ye Qing onto a chair, "My brother hasn't dated all these years in the

military. The main reason I'm introducing him tonight is to ask for your help. If you see a nice girl, introduce her to my brother!"

"Yo, Xiaoyu, what are you talking about?" A heavily made-up girl flirtatiously protested, "According to what you're saying, aren't we good girls?"

Immediately there was a collective protest, and Yuan Xiaoyu hastily waved her hands and shook her head, "That's not what I meant. Of course, if you manage to win over my brother, I wouldn't mind calling you sister-in-law!"

"Don't worry, there's definitely someone among us who'll get you to call them sister-in-law!" A girl laughed.

Ye Qing sat on the side, listening to the girls babble endlessly, and finally couldn't help but blush. Logically, it should be the girls blushing, but these girls seemed even bolder than the men!

"Yo, take a look, the big brother is blushing!" A sharp-eyed girl called out loudly.

The whole room became noisier at once, with many girls even crowding around Ye Qing, deliberately teasing him, making him very embarrassed.

"Alright, alright, stop making trouble, let's get ready to eat," Yuan Xiaoyu finally managed to push the girls back to their seats, but by then Ye Qing's face was completely red. What made him most embarrassed was the lipstick print that had somehow appeared on his shirt— who had taken advantage of the chaos to play such a bold prank on him?

While the girls were enjoying themselves, the three men on the side were looking at Ye Qing with envy. As soon as Ye Qing had come in, he immediately became the center of attention, with so many girls busy teasing him, completely ignoring them. This naturally bred resentment.

The three men exchanged glances, with one of them suddenly grabbing a bottle of liquor from the side and saying, "Today Xiaoyu got promoted to manager, it's a great day, we must drink to our heart's content."

One of the girls made a face and said, "Come on, Huang Yi, Chen Kun, Zhou Buliang, doesn't everybody know you three can drink the most in our place? We're all girls, how can we compete with you?"

"You can't say that, it's all about having fun. Besides, isn't Mr. Ye also a man?" Huang Yi glanced at Ye Qing with a smile, "Mr. Ye, at such a happy occasion, not drinking a few seems inappropriate, doesn't it?"

Ye Qing hesitated before saying, "I'm sorry, we're not allowed to drink in the military."

"But you've retired now, right? The military's rules can't control you anymore!" Chen Kun also pulled out a bottle of liquor from behind, saying, "Come on, come on, today we met for the first time, and it's Xiaoyu's promotion, not drinking seems a bit off. The girls can pass, but us four men can't lose face."

"What's being said makes sense, we really should drink to our heart's content tonight!" Zhou Buliang, more direct, took two wine glasses from the side, filled them both to the brim and said, "Here, Ye, let me toast you first!"

"Old Zhou, what are you doing!" Yuan Xiaoyu hastily got up, "You can't just drink from such big glasses!"

"Oh dear Xiaoyu, when men drink, why is a girl like you butting in?" Huang Yi waved his hand, "Ye is a retired Special Forces soldier, his physical fitness is strong, what's one or two glasses to him?"

"That's right, come on Old Zhou, show some sincerity." Chen Kun clamored.

Zhou Buliang, unceremoniously, picked up his glass and drained it, with Yuan Xiaoyu unable to stop him.

The girls were all watching the spectacle, certainly not going to intervene.

Zhou Buliang could hold his liquor well, but even so, a large glass of white spirits made him feel a bit off. However, this was deliberate, as he wanted to get Ye Qing drunk and see him make a fool of himself in public.

"Your turn, Ye," Huang Yi passed the cup to Ye Qing.

"I'm not very good with alcohol," Ye Qing said quietly.

"Ye, I'm going to say something I probably shouldn't." Zhou Buliang, leaning on the table, his speech slightly slurred, "You're a retired Special Forces soldier? That means you're uneducated, right? I went to university in the South, consider myself an educated person. In this society, being uneducated isn't key, but if you lack even the most basic manners, that's not good.

I've drunk my glass; if you don't drink, that's too... too disrespectful, isn't it? What, bullying an educated person?"

Yuan Xiaoyu glared, saying, "Who says my brother is uneducated? My brother..."

Ye Qing tugged at her clothes and slowly stood up, whispering, "Okay, I'll drink!"

"Brother!" Yuan Xiaoyu said worriedly, this cup of liquor was no joke.

Ye Qing picked up the glass and steadily drank down the entire contents. Throughout the process, his face didn't change color, and his hand didn't

tremble. After finishing, there was no discomfort on his face, as if he had been drinking something other than strong liquor.

The bystanders who watched the whole process were all stunned. The girls first showed astonishment, then broke into a roar of cheers, developing a sense of adoration for Ye Qing.

The cup was really big; a bottle of liquor only filled two cups. That meant one cup was half a jin. Half a jin wasn't a lot, but to drink it all at once was quite shocking.

Zhou Buliang usually had a tolerance of one and a half jin, but downing half a jin so quickly, he was already becoming unsteady. However, Ye Qing remained calm, which was quite astonishing!

In fact, Ye Qing's tolerance for alcohol had always been high, honed since childhood. Third Master Li was fond of drinking, and the home-brewed yellow wine he made was not low in strength at all. Ye Qing practiced boxing with him and often accompanied him in drinking. Over time, his tolerance improved. Honestly, in terms of drinking, Ye had yet to meet his match.

Huang Yi and Chen Kun exchanged glances. Chen Kun took over two cups and once again filled them up, saying, "Ye, it's my turn, my turn now!"

"Chen Kun, are you planning on ganging up or what?" Yuan Xiaoyu exclaimed angrily.

"Xiao Yu, how can you say that? This is the first time I've met Ye, so I'm happy. Besides, if Old Zhou drank and I didn't, that would be really disrespectful to Ye!" Chen Kun said, and promptly downed a cup of liquor in one go.

Huang Yi was waiting on the side; as soon as Chen Kun finished, he immediately handed the other cup to Ye Qing.

"Brother, if you can't drink it, don't force yourself," Yuan Xiaoyu urged anxiously.

Ye Qing shook his head, picked up the cup, and once again drank the entire contents in one gulp.

The scene erupted into noise again, with several girls screaming non-stop, shouting loudly, "Xiao Yu, your brother is amazing, I've fallen for him!"

Yuan Xiaoyu was also filled with astonishment and excitement; Ye Qing's alcohol tolerance made her proud once again. In their line of work, being able to drink was a real skill!

Seeing that Ye Qing remained steady, Huang Yi's courage began to wane. Zhou Buliang and Chen Kun had drunk too quickly and were already struggling to cope. If he proceeded to drink and Ye Qing still didn't fall, the three of them would be utterly embarrassed.

After thinking for a bit, Huang Yi suddenly hid the bottle of white liquor and ran to fetch two bottles of red wine, chuckling, "Ye, it's my turn now!"

"Huang Yi, what are you trying to pull?" Yuan Xiaoyu glared.

"Oh, white liquor in excess can harm the body, it's not good." Huang Yi said with a smile, "This is a fine European bottled wine that my friend specifically brought me from the South, supposedly from the eighties. Quite old. A bottle

of this wine is valued at over eight thousand, and it's the kind you can't just buy with money.

I only brought out my treasured collection today because I'm so happy to meet Ye."

"That expensive?" a girl couldn't help but exclaim.

Huang Yi, wearing a look of pride, handed a bottle to Ye Qing, laughing, "Come on, Ye, I can't lose to those two. Let's each have a bottle; it's about the same amount as the white liquor we just had!"

"Come on, Huang Yi, that's so shameless!" a girl couldn't help but say, "Mixing red and white, are you trying to take Ye down?"

"What? I drank it too!" Huang Yi retorted.

"Did you drink the white liquor?" the girl countered.

"Well, you can't put it that way. The key is to have fun, right?" Huang Yi laughed, "Ye, I don't know what it's like in the military. I went to university, and back when we were studying, we mixed it up like this and it was all good. If you can handle your liquor, it doesn't matter how you drink, right?"

Huang Yi kept mentioning his university experience, primarily to imply Ye Qing was uneducated. Indeed, in the eyes of the county folks, anyone who served in the military was deemed to have fallen short academically. Showing off one's education in front of a veteran was a kind of superiority complex, after all.

Ye Qing received the wine bottle, glanced at it, and gently shook his head, saying, "This wine is fake."

"What?" Huang Yi was momentarily taken aback, then his expression changed, saying, "Ye, this was brought especially for me by my friend, and costs over eight thousand a bottle. How can it be fake? Besides, it's all in English, can you understand it? Do you know what this wine is called? To claim it's fake just like that, you really are something!"

"First of all, that's not English, it's French," Ye Qing paused for a moment, speaking softly, "It says Romantic Manor here, and Romantic Manor is a famous European wine brand. A bottle from '92 is worth upwards of thirty thousand nowadays. One from the eighties would be at least double the price; definitely more expensive than eight thousand.

Moreover, it may say Romantic Manor, but it doesn't have the Romantic Manor logo. This is a counterfeit from the Shenchuan region, it's just ordinary wine inside, valued at no more than thirty."

Hearing this, the entire room was shocked. After a long while, Huang Yifang finally came to his senses, protesting resentfully, "What... what do you know? How do you know that's French? You... you talk as if you understand French!"