

URBAN MARTIAL SAINT

Chapter 6 - 6 I'm Afraid of Killing Someone!

Blue Bay Dance Hall was currently the most luxurious dance hall in the county.

With Ye Qing in military uniform in tow, Manager Lin Mengjie entered, and more than twenty short-skirted and hot-panted beauties lining both sides bowed and cooed sweetly, "Welcome, sir!"

Manager Lin led Ye Qing up to the third floor directly into the most luxurious private room at the very end.

Inside the room were about a dozen men seated, half of them covered in tattoos, clearly indicating the situation here.

Among them sat a man in his forties, with a bald head and a protruding belly, who was none other than Old Fifth Yang.

Manager Lin brought Ye Qing into the private room and smiled, "Boss Yang, Mr. Ye has arrived!"

Old Fifth Yang had already seen Ye Qing and didn't bother to stand up. He just sat there and sized Ye Qing up and down before saying, "I heard that Old Ye has a son in the military, and that's you, huh?"

Ye Qing watched Old Fifth Yang calmly, his face indifferent, not bothering to respond.

"Fuck, can't you hear what Fifth Brother is saying to you!" one of the men cursed angrily.

"Hey!" Old Fifth Yang waved his hand, smiling faintly, "As the saying goes, a newborn calf isn't afraid of tigers. I've been through your age and understand how you feel. You've just been discharged from the military, in peak physical condition, thinking you're quite the fighter, so you don't put anyone in your eyes."

Speaking, Old Fifth Yang then sneered coldly, "Young man, it's understandable to not know the severity of the world. But do you really think with your little ability, you can dominate the county?"

With that, Old Fifth Yang waved his hand, "I have so many brothers here, each one from the military. Do you think you alone can take on so many of us?"

Ye Qing still wore a cold expression and remained silent.

"However, I'm not the type to bully the few with the many," said Old Fifth Yang with a faint smile. "Xiao Li, have a little play with him. Let's see what this kid is made of!"

A trim man stood up immediately. His nimble movements clearly indicated that he was no stranger to a fight.

"Kid, you're really daring, messing with our people. You must really be tired of living!" Xiao Li approached Ye Qing with a cold tone, "Think you can fight? Come on then, I'll entertain you. If you win, we'll do whatever you say!"

"Boring!" was all Ye Qing said, disregarding Xiao Li and turning to walk towards the door.

"Where do you think you're going!" several burly men immediately stepped forward to block Ye Qing's path.

"Fuck, now that you're in this room, don't even think about leaving without a fight!" Xiao Li bellowed.

Ye Qing frowned slightly and turned to look at Xiao Li. After a moment of silence, he said in a deep voice, "Do we have to fight?"

Xiao Li arrogantly replied, "If you don't want to fight, just kneel down and kowtow three times to each of us, and I'll let you go right now!"

"Fine then!" Ye Qing sighed in resignation and turned to Manager Lin, "Manager Lin, could you lend me your scarf for a moment?"

Manager Lin was taken aback and turned to look at Boss Yang.

Boss Yang was surprised as well but nodded. Manager Lin then took off the decorative scarf and handed it to Ye Qing.

Xiao Li watched Ye Qing curiously and asked, "What are you doing? Wanting to look dignified with a scarf even in face of death?"

Ye Qing didn't reply, simply wrapping the scarf layer by layer around his right hand, encasing the entire fist.

Seeing this, Xiao Li was even more perplexed and couldn't help but ask, "What the fuck are you doing? What's the meaning of wrapping your fist?"

After securing his fist with the scarf, Ye Qing raised his head and quietly looked at Xiao Li, "I don't want to kill anyone."

Xiao Li froze for a moment, his expression immediately changing to one of rage, "I fuck your ancestors, you are really arrogant. You think you're Li Kui, able to kill a person with a punch? Fuck, if I don't beat you to the ground today, I won't be able to face anyone again!"

"The one who kills with his fists is Lu Zhishen, Li Kui uses an axe, haven't you ever gone to school!" Boss Yang shouted.

"They're all the same!" Xiao Li gave a dry laugh before suddenly charging at Ye Qing, aiming a flying kick at his head.

Ye Qing stood there quietly, making no move to react until Xiao Li's foot was about to hit him. He stepped back to dodge the kick and immediately stepped forward swiftly. His right fist, fast as lightning, struck hard on Xiao Li's forehead.

Xiao Li fell to the ground, motionless.

The scene fell silent. After a while, a man couldn't help but walk over, bend down to check, his face changing color as he exclaimed, "Li... Li has fainted!"

The place erupted into a commotion, with even Old Fifth Yang sitting upright in shock, looking at Ye Qing with astonishment.

Just one punch! With just one punch, his most capable henchman was knocked unconscious?

It should be noted that Ye Qing's punch was cushioned with a layer of scarf, meaning that most of the force had been absorbed. Yet, Xiao Li couldn't even withstand a single punch. This... this was too impressive!

Ye Qing remained just as composed, slowly unraveling the scarf from his hand, "Can I go now?"

Without waiting for a response, Ye Qing turned and headed for the door. The men at the door, seeing him approach, immediately stepped aside, as if avoiding a viper.

Seeing Ye Qing walk away, a man immediately stood up and said, "Fifth Brother, should we stop him?"

"Damn it!" Old Fifth Yang cursed and got up to chase after him, "Mr. Ye, Mr. Ye, wait for me!"

Ye Qing didn't wait for him and strode out of the dance hall. Just a few steps out, a red light suddenly flashed before his eyes.

Ye Qing's brows furrowed as he immediately turned to look. By this time, Old Fifth Yang had run to the entrance of the dance hall, with a big smile walking towards Ye Qing, "Mr. Ye, I offended you earlier, but actually we can have a good..."

Before Old Fifth Yang could finish speaking, Ye Qing suddenly turned and rushed to him. Thinking that Ye Qing was about to attack him, Old Fifth Yang trembled with fear and had no time to retreat. Ye Qing had already charged over, pushing him to the ground.

And just at that moment, a bullet flew swiftly from where Old Fifth Yang had just been standing, piercing through the glass door nearby. The sound made Old Fifth Yang tremble all over with fright.

If Ye Qing hadn't knocked him down just in time, that bullet would have penetrated his body!

Lying on the ground, Ye Qing didn't pause for a second but hugged Old Fifth Yang and rolled several times in succession, only stopping behind a pillar. Several bullets followed one after another, creating craters in the ground nearly following the two men. It wasn't until they hid behind the pillar that things finally quieted down.

Old Fifth Yang was so scared that he was speechless, trembling on the ground. His subordinates rushed out, but seeing the situation, they did not dare to approach.

Ye Qing hid behind the pillar, but his eyes were watching the opposite glass. From this glass, he could see the situation in the building across the street—the shooter was hiding upstairs.

After a while, Ye Qing stood up and said in a deep voice, "It's all clear now."

"Really... really?" Old Fifth Yang did not dare to stand up and still lay on the ground.

"The assassin has run away. You'd better go hide behind the bar in the dance hall until the police come to deal with this."

After Ye Qing finished speaking, he turned and left.

"Mr. Ye, Mr. Ye, please help me..." Old Fifth Yang shouted, but Ye Qing didn't look back at him once.

Old Fifth Yang lay there, his legs weak with fear, unable to get up. With Ye Qing gone, he suddenly felt danger everywhere, even hiding behind the pillar seemed unsafe.

"Damn you bastards, why don't you hurry up and help me inside!" Old Fifth Yang shouted angrily.

His subordinates, terrified, hid inside the dance hall, not daring to come out. Hearing his command, the men still approached tentatively. Finally, a few braver ones took the risk, ran out and helped Old Fifth Yang back into the dance hall.

Not long after, the sound of police sirens approached from afar. The police had finally arrived.

The officers rushed in, and Old Fifth Yang poked his head out from behind the bar, taking a long breath of relief.

"Boss Yang, what happened?" The leader of the team was Deputy Chief Liu Wenbing from the town station, his face full of excitement. Gunshots in this small county town—this was a big case!

"How the hell would I know!" Old Fifth Yang cursed, almost pissing himself with fear.

Thinking back to the situation just now, if Ye Qing hadn't pushed him to the ground at the crucial moment, his life would have been over.

A few of the subordinates went over to explain the situation to Liu Wenbing. Surrounded by his subordinates, Old Fifth Yang got into the car and hurried home.

On the way, Old Fifth Yang suddenly turned to Lin Mengjie, who was sitting beside him, and said in a stern voice, "Go to Mr. Ye's house again and invite him over."

"Ah?" Lin Mengjie was taken aback; was Old Fifth Yang still thinking about Ye Qing at a time like this?

Old Fifth Yang glared at Lin Mengjie and said, "Remember, I said invite, sincerely invite, understand?"

"Yes, yes, I know!" Lin Mengjie nodded hastily and got out of the car to switch to another one, rushing to Ye Qing's house.

Ye Qing had already returned home by this time, having finished dinner. Yuan Xiaozheng went back to his room to do his homework, and Ye Changwen sat in the living room smoking, looking somewhat downcast.

Seeing Ye Qing return, Ye Changwen immediately came out and anxiously asked, "Qingzi, are... are you okay?"

"What could possibly be wrong with me," Ye Qing said with a light smile. "Dad, don't worry, it's nothing."

Ye Changwen examined Ye Qing up and down and, seeing he was unharmed, finally relaxed.

"Haven't had dinner yet? I'll ask your aunt to heat up some food for you." Ye Changwen went to the kitchen.

Ye Qing entered his room and had just sat down when a cold voice suddenly sounded, "How did it go?"

The speaker was Yuan Xiaoyu, glaring angrily at Ye Qing. She had been dissatisfied with Ye Qing and now hated him even more. Because of Ye Qing's actions, she had almost been fired by Lin Mengjie!

"What are you referring to?" Ye Qing asked, puzzled.

"Your visit to Boss Yang!" Yuan Xiaoyu said angrily, "Did you settle things with Boss Yang? I want to make it clear, this is your business, not mine. Don't involve me, did you..."

Before Yuan Xiaoyu could finish, someone else walked in—Lin Mengjie. Her demeanor was much more humble than before and she did not enter the room directly but asked from the doorway, "Is Mr. Ye back?"