

The Blessed - Chapter 1

1. Be F**king Gentle!

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The development of society and technology had changed the poor rural areas in Hua Country from poverty to prosperity. Benefited from the advancements, some villages in the eastern coastal areas were even more beautiful than those in big cities while the western interior was much worse than that. Shanquan was a small village located in the Bei City of Chuan Province in the western region. There were no more than 100 households in the village. Although the life there was not as good as that in the coastal areas, its residents could still lead a decent life.

As for the richest person in Shanquan, the villagers would certainly tell you one name, Ling Jingxuan.

No one knew how Ling Jingxuan made his fortune. One day more than 20 years ago, all seven members of Ling's family died overnight. The three-year-old Ling Jingxuan went missing. Since then, there had been no one named Ling in Shanquan. However, eight years ago, a man who claimed to be Ling Jingxuan suddenly returned to the village, built a plot of land on the former site of Ling's family, and constructed a villa with gardens in front and back in just half a year. At that time, many people were envious and even wished to replace Ling Jingxuan as the owner of the household.

Soon afterward, the man bought dozens of mu (a unit of measurement in China, one mu equals to 666.666...square meters) of land not far from the villa and no one knew how he did it. He then started to recruit farm hands to work for him. Then, all villagers thought that Ling Jingxuan, who was originally aloof, started to have his feet on the ground. In normal times, Ling Jingxuan would always play cards with people in the teahouse opened by the village head's wife. No one knew what his job was and where his money came from. The only thing for sure was, the man would disappear for a while every once in a while and then came back as if nothing had ever happened.

"Ah..."

Late at night, when all was silent, in the only villa in Shanquan Village, a man's painful roar suddenly sounded. Inside the slightly opened door where the sound came from stood several tall, strong, and burly men, dressed in camouflage uniforms, armed with ammunition and full of hostility. More inside, a man turned his back on the door and moved quickly. In front of him, a half-naked man had a white cloth in his mouth. Bloody wounds spread from his shoulder blades to his abdomen and the shrieks came from him.

"Be fucking gentle!"

Seeing the man roll his eyes in pain, the man standing before the bed shouted. Ling Jingxuan, who was sewing up the wound, looked up coldly and gazed at the man. His delicate and beautiful face which looked so unreal was full of ridicule.

“Hm...”

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“Maybe I should leave it to you since you have so many requirements.”

Ling Jingxuan's hand tugging at the thread end jerked, causing the man to almost faint in an instant of pain. He curled his lip and threw away the needle and thread, threatening to leave. Then, a bloody palm suddenly grabbed him. Ling Jingxuan turned back to look at the man. The man with only two-thirds of his wound sewed up took a few deep breaths and stared at the one beside the bed before spitting the white cloth out from his mouth, “Go on!”

Even though he was seriously injured, the man's momentum was prevailing. Ling Jingxuan said coldly after a long eye contact with the man, “Only this once.”

Finishing his words, Ling Jingxuan sat down again, continuing to help the man suture the wound. These people were an internationally famous mercenary army, recently employed to carry out an assassination mission in Chuan province. But they underestimated the ability of the Hua army and almost got wiped out. The injured man called Yass, the boss of the mercenary army. He once helped Ling Jingxuan so the two men formed a friendship, otherwise, they could not even find Ling Jingxuan, let alone ask him to help to suture the wound.

Ling Jingxuan, code-named Soul-hunting, a world-renowned doctor and killer, who saved lives with one hand and killed with the other, was feared by both the government and underworld gangs solely by his name. No one knew his real appearance. Apart from his medical and assassination skills, he also had a horrible skill of disguising himself as man or woman, handsome or ugly. Few people even knew where he hid at ordinary times. People seeking medical treatment or hiring him would usually contact his killer organization. He shifted his role as a doctor or killer all depended on his mood. Ling Jingxuan could be said to be the only one in the world who only worked according to his preferences.

“It was careless of us this time. Don't worry, we won't disturb you. We'll leave when the wound is sewn up.”

Yass' dim eyes could not hide the painful feelings. Ling Jingxuan lifted his head and took a glance of the man with his movements nonstop, “Don't tell me you wanna stay here for therapy if not leaving.”

That's an old saying that 'the greatest hermit would retreat into the noisiest fair', but Yass felt that there was no safer place than the countryside. If it weren't for Ling Jingxuan owee Yass, the man would never take the initiative to expose his shelter.

"Jingxuan"

Boom~

"Shit, the Hua army is coming."

Yass' words were cut off by the deafening explosion. A stout man suddenly rushed in, and those rough men in the room all looked at Yass uniformly. Since the military dared to be so bold, it was obvious that they had already lied in ambush around. The villa had been surrounded for a long time.

In this tense atmosphere, only Ling Jingxuan seemed unaffected and was suturing the wound nimbly and skillfully. Everything outside seemed to have nothing to do with him.

"Galen, go out and stop them. Try to tear open their defense loophole."

A leader was a leader. Yass still looked so calm. Under his command, the man called Galen waved his hand, and the rest of the people all followed out.

"Well, you can leave now."

About a few minutes later, Ling Jingxuan sewed the last stitch and slowly tidied up his tools. Yass grabbed his hand and said, "Jingxuan, come with us."

Such a big wound could never be painless, but Yass gave others the feeling that the wound was not on him at all.

Encountering with his hot sight, Ling Jingxuan slowly pushed his hand away, "Do you know the difference between mercenaries and killers? The former needs to be great-hearted and chivalrous and dare to show his back to his teammates, while the latter would never trust anyone."

His words were straightforward enough. It was not that he did not want to leave. He just didn't trust them.

"Jingxuan, you always hurt people like this."

Raising a mocking smile, Yass choked back the pain of the wound and stood up. Compared with the pain, his heart seemed more painful, but he was already a man with no feeling.

"Take care!"

When he opened the door to leave, Ling Jingxuan's cold voice suddenly sounded. Yass, who turned his back to Ling Jingxuan, curved up his lips. That was enough for him, cause no one in this world could hear these words from Ling Jingxuan's mouth.

"You too!"

Boom...Boom...

The door opened and closed and the sound of gunfire blaring outside. Ling Jingxuan packed up and then turned to look at the door, bitterness flashed in his eyes. He knew well enough that he could not give himself over to blind emotions. He would rather seek for a one-night stand than give hope that shouldn't exist to his friend.

"Pa, Pa, Pa..."

"Move! Move! Follow us!"

"Yass, this way..."

"This is a group of internationally famous war criminals. When necessary, kill them all."

"Yes!"

In the fierce gunfight, both sides were giving orders. The military special forces had strong firepower. Yass' group failed to break through from the front so they could only move to the rear. But unexpectedly, the backyard lurked a large number of special soldiers. Yass' group thus left with only four or five people in an instant. As all were about to be wiped out, Ling Jingxuan, who had always kept an indifferent attitude, suddenly appeared again.

"Follow me."

Glancing at Yass' naked and bleeding chest, Ling Jingxuan turned around and moved. After getting Yass' approval, the others followed.

In the basement, Ling Jingxuan ignored everyone's surprise and bent over to knock on one of the floor tiles. Then a secret tunnel that could only accommodate one adult at a time suddenly appeared. Ling Jingxuan retreated aside, "Here connects to a nearby river channel. I put a rubber boat in the woods nearby. Whether you can escape depends on your luck."

Obviously, he did not intend to go with them.

"Jingxuan, come with us."

"Let the underlings go down first". Yass asked again. He could not leave Ling alone.

At the same time, the military personnel outside also sensed that something was wrong. After all, they hadn't heard their gunfire for quite some time. After confirming the identity of the villa owner was Ling Jingxuan, the highest military commander made an order to raze the villa. The special force responsible for the mission thus planted bombs around the villa. Once they withdrew, the villa would turn into ashes.

"Yass, you should know that I won't have feelings for anyone. Just go. I have another way out."

Ling Jingxuan's handsome face emerged rare emotions, but he still did not promise anything. He was gay and he knew it well, but he was tired of bloody killing and just wanted to live a common life. Maybe in the future, he would adopt a few children and spend the rest of his life as an ordinary man. However, that was something Yass could never give him.

"Take care of yourself!"

Yass moved his lips but still did not speak out the love buried deep into his heart. He then turned around and climbed into the underpass.

Boom...

"F**k!"

Even the wily hare has three holes to his burrow, let alone someone like Ling Jingxuan. Just as he watched Yass disappear and was about to open another underpass, with the deafening explosion, the ground shook instantly. Ling Jingxuan was drowned in the rubble before he could react. The most horrible and mysterious killer Soul-hunting would never anticipate that he would be killed because of his own once-in-a-life-time being softhearted.