

Beautiful 25

Chapter 25: Brutality

Tang Ziyi was a couple of steps in front of Xiao Yue, when the doors slammed open into another spacious hall and these men began to assault.

Even against multiple opponents in several dozens, they were unfazed. Both of them had very calm eyes and wrestled their joints and tendons, to prepare for the upcoming fight, shrugging off any tensions built up previously.

Not one of them had the slightest idea to go out of the corridor they were in. Narrowing the angles of the opponents was a better choice while entering the spacious hall was likely to be flanked by others.

Instead of adversaries surrounding them, they now only had to concentrate on the front. Based on the preliminary judgment, there had been any sort of training.

Against Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue, who had trained for many years or throughout their life, it became a piece of cake.

As soon as the crowd rolled onto them, Tang Ziyi's strikes were fast and ruthless. There was no beautiful movement, but some were mere simple honed singular hits, that were likely to be practiced for a thousand times or more.

She wasted no extra energy. If she could dodge and land a strike at the same time, she didn't bother to parry. If she could hit her enemy quicker than being hit, no dodging or parrying traveled through her mind.

Before her opponents' hands touched her, they were already dealt with by her quicker strikes. Numerous powerless wavy hands before they collapsed on the floor.

Her fighting instinct was a machine, sowing terrors among those who confronted her. Her efficient fighting mechanisms were all calculated instinctively.

Naturally, as a weaker gender, she was aware of her vulnerability even though her height and weight had already diminished these disadvantages, it still existed. She was fighting against men.

Not one but a group! Luckily, they weren't professionals. Her targets were always at those weak points such as throats, groins, inner kneepits, liver, and solar plexus.

While Tang Ziyi faced most of the opponents, she carefully released a handful of them—two or three—toward her backline.

Unlike Tang Ziyi, Xiao Yue's fight looked good on the outside with kicks and forms, parrying, and attacking. Her style was beautiful in contrast to Tang Ziyi's ruffian style.

However, when Tang Ziyi had already dealt with 5, she only managed to drop one guy. Such was the difference, something which could only be shown by years of fighting experiences.

After more than dozens of them had laid down on the floor, immobile and screaming from pain. The fighting paused as the rest of the men retreated a few steps back. There was a space between the two sides.

The eyes looking at Tang Ziyi were no longer previous playful mortalities but filled with fears toward her ruthlessness. None of her hits were able to recover within weeks.

At least Xiao Yue behind her appeared more human than this grim reaper. She caught up behind Tang Ziyi and gulped a mouthful of huge breath.

"I initially thought this would be easy." Xiao Yue stammered, apart from giving a weird look at Tang Ziyi's unperturbed energetic appearance.

"It is. In fact, it's just your fighting experience is too low. Minimize wider movements and stop wasting energy, especially kicks unless necessary. You can kick at the lower part but don't aim high. Be more efficient." Tang Ziyi's teaching session annoyed the man in front.

Some of them reached behind their back and took out the knives, raising concerns from Xiao Yue whilst Tang Ziyi's eyes became chilled devoid of any emotion.

To be frank, both desired to also reach behind for their pistols but controlled themselves. Knife battles weren't favored too much because of their force multiplier roles, it actually diminished martial artists' prowess.

Although they had confidence, it was never a good feeling to fend off knives-wielding opponents. Fortunately, they weren't incompetent.

Inside the hall, sexy waitresses who displayed their figures through their uniforms went from panic to astonishment, drawing gasps. Their visions were used to violence such that the brawl in front didn't haul any screams.

But, as soon as these men pull out the sharp weapons, some screams bellowed and the women immediately hid away. Except for some waiters searching for a hideaway, most were already involved in the melee.

The results were no different but Tang Ziyi's attack became more murderous and brutal, especially against the knives-wielding opponents. Xiao Yue noted Sister Ziyi blocked these opponents and left bare fists to herself.

Tang Ziyi used these sharp weapons against themselves. Disarming one of them and used his knife. In the hands of Tang Ziyi, the weapon became a masterpiece.

The formation of these men plummeted and disarray contributed to increasing Tang Ziyi's power.

Thrusts. Slashes. Hooks. Even chairs, bottles, and any tools were utilized. Simple yet effective. Using the environment to her advantage which Xiao Yue had difficulty imitating.

As long as the opponents could be put out of the fight, Tang Ziyi used them without hesitations. No fairness. No game mode. No honor. This was life and death.

Compared to Xiao Yue, Tang Ziyi's capabilities were more suited for these desperadoes.

For those without knives, Tang Ziyi merely slashed their limbs or wrist and knocked them out. For those wielding knives, Tang Ziyi's attack turned vicious, sadistic to say the least. All deadly spots such as throat, heart, and inner thighs were included.

All her shots were fatal and aimed to kill these men. And strangely, not a drop of the blood spilled on her costume.

Anyone daring to threaten the lives of Tang Ziyi's group, she showed more cruelty. One was to deter; another was because she thought they deserved it.

Soon, the fight was over yet the groans seemed thunderous in the sudden silence. More heads popped out from the cover curiously. The bloodshed and moving corpses mowed down by the two women, no, devils, flabbergasted the remaining people.

Under the ominous fluorescent lights, some flickering after receiving some damage during the brawl, two women treaded into the spacious hall.

None were spared from their attacks. Even those who tried to escape were flattened. Their momentum grew with each incoming step and no waitresses, nor any remaining men dared to move an inch.

Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue ignored them as they strolled past although their attentions were also on the bystander should they make any move. They doubt it likely since prior outright brutality had dissuaded a lot.