

## Beautiful 66

### Chapter 66: Su Ruomei vs Tang Ziyi

A silt dance, a battle of wits and instincts. As if responding to Xiao Yue's calculation, Su Ruomei made the first move, darting forward with a lightning-fast jab.

Tang Ziyi slightly moved her head back, missing the oncoming punch merely inches away.

The air blew Tang Ziyi's hair away from her face and the oncoming wind caused by the punch didn't even make her eyes blink for the slightest moment as if it never existed.

It showed how much force was garnered in a simple testing jab. Apart from being able to know Tang Ziyi's calmness and quick reaction, Su Ruomei gained nothing.

The two resumed their distance. She was testing Su Ruomei's strength without any moves from her side. The first exchange was over.

Su Ruomei lunged forward and threw a combination of punches, aiming at Tang Ziyi's head and torso. None ever landed on the target.

Tang Ziyi dodged with elegant posture, without breaking a sweat. Her nimble footwork effortlessly sidestepped these attacks, her movements like water flowing around a rock.

Su Ruomei was frustrated at her failed attacks yet her heart churned with more fighting intent. Her eyes brightened as she was glad to unleash her full force to test herself. Never was she so comfortable with her body.

Tang Ziyi naturally noticed her opponent's state of mind and praised Su Ruomei inwardly.

Having measured Su Ruomei's strength roughly, Tang Ziyi already had an estimate. "Sister Su should not worry about hurting me. You better exert your full potential."

Su Ruomei nodded and she didn't regard Tang Ziyi's words as arrogance. This time, she didn't control her force and released all her strength.

She attacked again, with a series of rapid punches. Tang Ziyi continued to evade Su Ruomei's strikes, her movement fluid and graceful. She weaved in and out, almost dancing with her opponent.

It was like watching a masterful performance, a display of martial arts finesse. Tang Ziyi parried Su Ruomei's strikes with her palm gently when required, but most of the time, she relied on her dodging skills.

Su Ruomei was impressed by Tang Ziyi's skills and speed. She knew her idol was holding back, giving her a chance to showcase her own abilities.

She turned her body to the side and launched a powerful house kick, aiming for Tang Ziyi's head.

Tang Ziyi leaned her body back, using her strong waist muscle, the kick narrowly missing her nose. Now was the time for her counterattack.

She leaped close and pressed her heel against Su Ruomei's kneecap of the leg, used as a pivot for a previous kick albeit gently. Su Ruomei was aware of the danger as she missed her kicks.

The retraction phase was the most dangerous and every fighter polished themselves to quick the process. Su Ruomei's retraction of her leg was fast but Tang Ziyi was faster.

Received a slight kick to her knees, Su Ruomei lost her balance and tumbled to the floor. She rolled backward, creating a distance, and recovered quickly back to her fighting stance.

"Whew!" Su Ruomei exhaled her breath when she noticed Tang Ziyi didn't follow up with a new attack. She wiped the sweat off her forehead.

Tang Ziyi's smile remained the same. Even during the fight, she ceased to change her expression.

Jiang Yu clenched her fist, her eyes filled with worries. From her perspective, Su Ruomei had utilized her full potential. It seemed her sister was weaker than Tang Ziyi.

Even though she still supported Sister Su in her heart and waited in anticipation for the following exchange.

Ling Qingyu and Xiao Yue had no change in their expression; they had already expected such results. Su Ruomei was at a disadvantage, even if Tang Ziyi's attack released some water.

The only surprise Ling Qingyu had was Su Ruomei's slender figure possessing a huge amount of force inside.

Watching those moments, the destructive power generated by her fist blew Tang Ziyi's hair away, she had no idea how much Su Ruomei could exert if it wasn't for the sparring before her.

She found she had underestimated Su Ruomei's prowess and likely the rest of her personal bodyguards. She eyed Jiang Yu.

Perhaps, this unconfident little girl was also strong in combat too. Appearance looked deceiving. The ancient reminders were true.

As for Tang Ziyi, forget about it. Ling Qingyu wouldn't be surprised if she saw light footwork Kung Fu like in those movies. For the gods, you should no longer find something to compare.

Tang Ziyi already found what martial art forms, Su Ruomei had studied—Muay Thai kickboxing, and Chinese military boxing.

Now she was going to use the same styles to spar with Su Ruomei. She stepped forward quickly and jumped, launching a flurry of flying kicks in the air. One, two, three.

Usually, Tang Ziyi would never allow her feet away from the ground but since the fight was only a sparring session, she didn't care anymore.

Su Ruomei blocked those kicks with her arms and retreated a few steps but Tang Ziyi hadn't finished yet. As soon as she planted her feet, she struck with quick house kicks to the side, twice in a row, the lower and upper body of her opponent.

Su Ruomei again staggered and felt her arms and thighs numbed from the impact. She was relentless, refusing to back down. She was determined to prove herself to her idol.

With a burst of energy, she prepared to launch another attack but Tang Ziyi appeared before her and gave a front kick.

Su Ruomei gasped after she was forced back a few steps. She realized Tang Ziyi was using the same style as her. She widened her eyes in astonishment at Tang Ziyi's ability.

She who understood Tang Ziyi's background knew more. It was also a rare opportunity to polish her skills.

The sparring session continued, each girl trading blows with the other, the impact echoing through the gym, neither giving an inch, even including elbows and knees in their attacks. Su Ruomei pushed herself to the limits, trying to keep up with Tang Ziyi's skill and experience.

Su Ruomei feinted her moves many times, trying to gauge Tang Ziyi's reaction. It was like tangling with a phantom—every time Su Ruomei thought she had a read on a fraction of her opponent, Tang Ziyi would smoothly evade or counter.

Su Ruomei's strikes were swift and powerful; Tang Ziyi matched her movements with grace and precision.

Time seemed to blur as both girls completely immersed in the battle. The onlookers were mesmerized by the display of skills—it was a rare sight to witness a fierce and yet harmonious match.

In the end, the spar came to a close, both Tang Ziyi and Su Ruomei stood side by side. Their bodies glistened with sweat and their hearts pounding in exhilaration. They exchanged a knowing nod, a silent acknowledgment of the respect.

The atmosphere in the gym was electric, and even the girls were caught up in the excitement. As the girls erupted into cheers and applause, Su Ruomei felt a sense of accomplishment and relief.

She understood herself more and gained a lot from the spar thanks to Tang Ziyi. Her eyes filled with gratitude when she looked at Tang Ziyi.

What she discovered was only a few sweats on Tang Ziyi's body and comparing herself, who was drenched all over.

Su Ruomei's mouth twitched. She had spent every ounce and it seemed to have cost only a small proportion from Tang Ziyi.

Her previous sense of accomplishment went away without a trace.

