

The Beauty 22

Chapter 22 Qingyun Martial Arts Hall (Part 1)

"Xiong, what are you..." Jiang Hao and that kid were taken aback, not expecting Zhao Zhengxiong to make such a move.

Ling Chen put away the joke on his face and frowned slightly, "What are you doing? Don't you know a man's knees are gold?"

"A man lives by his face, just like a tree lives by its bark. If the face is lost, who cares about this bit of gold. Chen, I admit I was wrong before, I shouldn't have offended you. Just help me get my revenge, and I'm willing to do anything for you."

"Help him up."

Ling Chen paused for a moment, then dropped a sentence.

Zhao Zhengxiong hurriedly said, "Chen..."

"Enough, no need to say more. You said they want to retaliate against me, right? I want to see how they plan to do that."

Hearing this, Zhao Zhengxiong was stunned for a moment, then quickly understood and excitedly said, "Thank you, Chen, thank you."

"No time to lose, I happen to have a day off today, let's get this done quickly."

"Alright, I'll call for a car right away."

Leaving the Old City, led by Zhao Zhengxiong, the group drove to the entrance of a Siheyuan in the East District.

This Siheyuan was an ancient building with some years on it, its walls bearing the traces of time, and two stone lions stood majestically guard at the door. Ancient pines surrounded the place, lush and providing shady nooks.

Unexpectedly, in the bustling city, there was such a tranquil place.

Standing at the entrance, Ling Chen looked up and saw a plaque hanging atop the bright red door, inscribed with the two characters 'Qingyun'. The calligraphy was powerful and vigorous, with strokes as dynamic as a swimming dragon, catching the eye.

Below and to the right of the plaque, on the wall, hung a poem.

Heroes emerge in turbulent times; once in the Martial Arts World, years fly by.

Discussing grand ambitions casually among friends; alas, life's deeds become an enduring sin.

Sword in hand, riding through the demon rain; white bones pile high as birds take flight in fear.

The affairs of the world surge like the tide, and the people are like water; only lamenting how few return from the Martial Arts World.

Looking at the characters, Ling Chen couldn't help but inwardly marvel; even though it was a copy, the calligraphy and poem complemented each other perfectly, vividly encapsulating the meaning of the verse.

Even with great ambition and courage, one cannot escape the harsh realities.

With the name 'Qingyun' and the inscriptions outside, it was clear that the owner of this Siheyuan was no ordinary person.

"Xiong, are you saying Song Yi and Gao Wei live here?"

Ling Chen found it hard to believe, as the nature of those two did not match the elegance of this place.

"Chen, I've been here twice before, I couldn't possibly be mistaken."

"Jiang Hao, go knock on the door."

Without a word, Jiang Hao immediately walked up to the bright red door and knocked hard.

After a short while, a 'creak' was heard as a little girl around seven or eight years old, cute as a button, poked her head out, curiously looking at the strangers outside.

"Who are you looking for?"

"Little one, don't you recognize me?" Zhao Zhengxiong stepped forward.

"It's you again! Weren't you taught enough of a lesson last time that you dare come here again?"

"Cut the nonsense, quickly call Song Yi and Gao Wei out."

The little girl slammed the door shut, and in less than two minutes, the vermilion gate was opened again, revealing Gao Wei striding out from within.

But when he saw Ling Chen outside the door, his expression changed drastically. The foot he had already stepped out with immediately retracted, and he backed into the doorway.

"Mr. Gao, long time no see. Has your finger healed?" Ling Chen greeted with a smile and a wave of his hand.

"Ling, you actually dared to come to my doorstep."

"I heard you were looking for me to seek revenge, so I took the initiative to come to you. What, aren't you welcoming your foe?"

Gao Wei seemed somewhat apprehensive and said coldly, "Ling Chen, I don't have time for you today. Another day I will personally make a visit."

"Why bother with such trouble? Let's settle everything today while I'm free."

"You..."

Gao Wei was about to speak when the little girl ran over again and whispered a few words into his ear. Whatever the little girl said, Gao Wei's face turned sour instantly.

"Come in."

Walking into the Siheyuan, Ling Chen saw a spacious courtyard filled with many wooden dummies, as well as a variety of practice equipment and weapons.

It turned out to be a Martial Arts Academy.

Arriving at the center of the courtyard, more than a dozen people emerged from the main hall, led by an elderly man in his sixties, dressed in a white Tang suit, with a full head of silver hair and a slightly gaunt face. He walked with a steady gait and exuded an air of refined elegance.

Even before he came close, one could feel a subtle aura about him.

This old man... is no ordinary person!

Ling Chen took a few more looks at the old man, then shifted his gaze to his sides.

To the old man's left was Song Yi, and to his right was a middle-aged man in his forties, with an average appearance, a sturdy build, and an energetic spirit. Of all the people, only he was wearing a neatly tailored suit.

"Chen, I didn't see those two people the last time I came here," said Zhao Zhengxiong, referring to the old man and the man in the suit.

Ling Chen nodded inwardly. Earlier, Gao Wei was reluctant to let them in, probably due to the presence of these two.

"Master, it's him."

At this moment, Song Yi pointed a finger at Ling Chen and said through gritted teeth, "Last time Gao and I were sparring with him, who knew he would inflict such vicious harm, crippling Gao's ten fingers and not playing by the rules with a sneak attack on me. Master, you must teach this scoundrel a lesson."

Ling Chen's eyes widened. This guy was shameless, casting blame before anyone else could.

"This young friend, my name is He Ziyun, the Martial Arts Hall Master here, known as Mr. Qingyun. Song Yi is my disciple. It is common for martial artists to spar, but injuring someone is where you were wrong. Today, not only do you show no remorse, you even bring people here to provoke us. Young friend, martial arts is merely a technique for strengthening the body. Besides, there are always stronger people out there, you..."

"Are you done talking?"

Ling Chen was getting impatient. This old man spoke so quaintly; it was truly not to his taste.

"I admit it was I who hit them, they deserved it. If you want to seek justice, you should first understand the reason. Since they are your disciples, I have to take issue with you. One should teach morality before martial arts. You haven't even figured out what kind of character your own disciples possess and you carelessly pass on your skills. Be careful, lest they harm others and ruin your reputation."

"You..."

"Ling, you're insolent! Daring to lecture my master so brazenly, let's see how I deal with you."

Song Yi roared in anger, cutting off He Ziyun's words, and charged straight at Ling Chen.

As the punch came flying, Ling Chen slightly sidestepped, dodging Song Yi's attack, and casually swung out a fist right toward his opponent's face.

Bang!

A muffled thump.

Ling Chen's fist landed solidly on Song Yi's face; the latter immediately stumbled and fell to the ground, clutching his cheek and crying out in pain, blood streaming through his fingers.