

The Beauty 23

Chapter 23 Qingyun Martial Arts Hall (Part 2)

Ling Chen was speechless.

This guy is wasting his talent not being an actor, his punch hadn't used any real strength, and with Song Yi's ability, he shouldn't have been able to dodge it; clearly, the other party wanted to use this as an opportunity to incite anger.

"How dare you hurt my Senior Brother Song."

"To hit someone in front of Master and bully us at Qingyun Martial Arts Hall?"

"Everyone, let's go together and avenge Senior Brother Song."

The disciples of the Martial Arts Academy were immediately filled with anger, everyone gearing up to fight, some even carrying Guan Gong's Great Saber.

"Stop it all!"

Ling Chen turned to look and saw that the one who spoke was not He Ziyun, but the middle-aged man in a suit next to him.

The man walked up, cupped his hands towards Ling Chen, and said, "Young man, my name is Ye Liangyong, and I am the eldest disciple under Mr. He."

Ling Chen glanced at him and said indifferently, "I suppose your Junior Brother has already told you who I am. Are you here to stand up for him?"

Shaking his head, He Ziyun smiled and said, "You are mistaken. I am not standing up for him; I am standing up for our Martial Arts Academy."

Ling Chen shrugged, not wanting to waste more words, and simply made a 'please' gesture. He had already mentally prepared for a fight before coming.

"Senior Brother Ye, teach this kid a good lesson, let him know there are always people better than him."

"Master Ye, beat him."

The disciples of the Martial Arts Academy cheered from the side.

Gao Wei supported Song Yi to the side, both of their faces wearing a sinister smile. With Ye Liangyong stepping in, Ling Chen was in trouble.

"Please!"

"Please!"

After exchanging courtesies, Ye Liangyong moved his right foot forward a small step, forming a stable stance, and lifted one hand towards the sky.

Seeing the stance that the opponent posed, Ling Chen suddenly narrowed his eyes.

Ye Liangyong's movements seemed casual but were perfectly natural, like a towering mountain peak, steady everywhere without a single flaw.

A true master!

The thought flashed through his mind, and the corners of his mouth lifted slightly; it had been long since he'd encountered such an interesting opponent.

"Take this."

As soon as he finished speaking, Ling Chen leaped forward, advancing quickly in just a few steps right in front of Ye Liangyong.

His fingers clenched tightly, throwing a steel punch that whistled through the air with immense power.

Ye Liangyong twisted his waist, his burly figure surprisingly agile, easily shifting to Ling Chen's side, his right hand chopping down towards Ling Chen's neck with great speed.

Ling Chen tilted his body, ignoring the attack overhead, and directly rammed his left shoulder towards his opponent. This was a self-sacrificing move, and if the opponent did not retreat, both would be hit.

Sure enough, Ye Liangyong chose not to clash directly and immediately pulled back, widening the distance to avoid Ling Chen's charge.

"Again!"

Ling Chen pressed forward, his fists flying faster with each strike, the onlookers only seeing his shoulders quivering incessantly, unable to keep up with the rhythm of his punches.

However, no matter how fast Ling Chen was, he couldn't break through Ye Liangyong's impervious defense.

Suddenly, Ling Chen's fists halted abruptly, only to see Ye Liangyong's hands tightly gripping his wrists, rendering him immobile.

"Well done!"

"Indeed, Master Ye is formidable; that lad is no match for him."

Seeing Ye Liangyong successfully subdue Ling Chen, the disciples of the Martial Arts Academy immediately rejoiced.

Gao Wei said darkly, "Ye, that boy crippled my ten fingers, now please cripple his hands for me too."

"Young man, do you wish to continue?"

Facing Ye Liangyong's gaze, Ling Chen grinned.

"Why not? You have already used your full strength, but I have not."

Ye Liangyong sensed trouble, but before he could react, he saw Ling Chen twist his arms, his power suddenly bursting forth, instantly breaking free from his grasp and striking with his fist.

His expression changed, and he quickly retreated. However, in that moment, his eyes unintentionally met Ling Chen's, and his expression froze, causing his movements to slow down.

In Ling Chen's clear pupils, there was now a piercing coldness, as if one were amidst heaps of bones and skulls.

Seeing that cold gaze, an inexplicable chill rose from his feet, his whole body feeling as if plunged into an ice cave.

"Mr. Ye, I appreciate your leniency."

Hearing Ling Chen's voice, Ye Liangyong finally snapped out of it. Seeing the fist stopped in front of him, he gave a wry smile, stepped back, and cupped his fists, "It is I who was inferior in skills."

"Defeated?"

The onlooking disciples couldn't believe it. Ye Liangyong had been in the lead, yet within seconds, Ling Chen had reversed the situation, which they found hard to accept.

"Old man, would you like to come down and play?"

Ling Chen looked at He Ziyun, full of fighting spirit.

It had been a long time since he had faced a true master, and intuitively, he believed this old man was very strong. Ye Liangyong had sparked his interest, and he was eager for a spirited battle.

"Young friend, I'm too old and frail, not fit to endure your challenging, please spare me."

Ling Chen curled his lip; clearly, the old man was refusing him. Well then, since there's no fight to be had, it's time to handle business.

"You two, come here." He pointed at Gao Wei and Song Yi.

"Xiong, repeat what happened, so everyone knows the truth."

As soon as Zhao Zhengxiong finished, Gao Wei started complaining, "Master, it wasn't like that at all, it was he who struck mercilessly first, I and Senior Brother Song..."

"Silence!"

Ye Liangyong shouted, "You accuse him of lacking Martial Arts Ethics, yet when he sparred with me, he halted at touching. Conversely, you often threaten to maim with little provocation, is this the ethics a martial artist should have? Master was in Beijing a while ago, but the other Senior Brothers were at the Martial Arts Academy, maybe someone from them knows your actions, should I call them to testify?"

"Ye, the innocent need no defense, feel free to summon the Senior Brothers to testify," Song Yi responded.

"Good, as your Senior Brother, I hope you are innocent."

Ye Liangyong scanned the other disciples.

"Anyone who knows the truth, speak up."

The disciples looked at each other, none making a sound.

Song Yi smugly said, "Ye, I told you, I am innocent, it's them who slander me."

"I...I can testify."

Suddenly, the little girl who had let Ling Chen in earlier timidly peeked out from behind He Ziyun, on the verge of tears, "That day, I saw Senior Brother Song distributing money to other Senior Brothers, and he also bought me two lollipops, telling me not to tell anyone. Master, Little Hua knows she was wrong, please don't punish me."

As she spoke, the little girl wiped her tears, looking pitiful.

He Ziyun lovingly picked her up, cooing, "Very well, as long as you behave from now on, Master promises not to punish you."

"Hmph!"

Ye Liangyong looked at the pale-faced Gao Wei and Song Yi, and the other disciples, his face as grim as water.