

The Beauty 75

Chapter 75 Life is Like a Chess Game

"No worries." Zhu Xiaozhu gently shook her head, her pretty face slightly lifting, revealing a faint blush on her delicate skin, tempting Ling Chen with the urge to lean in for a kiss.

During their conversation, a sudden sound of footsteps approached. Ling Chen raised his eyebrows, his arms stretched out horizontally, and immediately aimed the gun ahead.

"It's me!"

Hearing Tang Yuan's voice, Ling Chen hurriedly lowered his gun and grasped Zhu Xiaozhu's hand, quickly walking towards him. Seeing Tang Yuan in his vest and shorts, presumably just having gotten out of bed and not having changed.

"How's the situation outside?"

"I took down three, a few ran away."

"Call the police, Xiaozhu and I will check on Mr. He and Little Hua."

The two headed to the neighboring room. As soon as they entered, Ling Chen saw a corpse lying by the door, with a flying dagger stuck right in the brow, half of the blade buried into the skull, showing the strength of the thrust.

"Little Hua, Mr. He."

Zhu Xiaozhu, concerned for their safety, hurriedly ran inside, with Ling Chen closely following her every step.

Entering the room, Ling Chen couldn't help but feel a mix of laughter and tears upon seeing the scene in front of him. There lay Little Hua, spread eagled on the bed, possibly dreaming of something delicious, drooling from the corner of her mouth, seemingly undisturbed by the noise outside.

Beside her, He Ziyun sat in a rattan chair, swaying back and forth, holding a cup of tea in his hand, showing a relaxed demeanor, completely unfazed by the previous danger.

This old man is truly no ordinary person.

Ling Chen thought to himself. If it were an ordinary person who had just killed someone, they wouldn't be so at ease.

"Mr. He..." he opened his mouth, about to speak.

He Ziyun raised his hand to him, interrupting, "Don't call the police. Throw those corpses outside, their people will take care of it."

"That doesn't seem right." Zhu Xiaozhu didn't understand why He Ziyun would make such arrangements.

"Don't argue, do as I say. Ling Chen, I'll need your help."

"Don't mention it." With that, Ling Chen turned and walked outside. He understood He Ziyun's decision; those people were well-equipped and trained, definitely not ordinary. Even with police intervention, it would be of no use and would just end unresolved.

Back in the yard, Ling Chen called Tang Yuan, and they cleaned up the corpses one by one, throwing them all outside.

After all the work was done, Tang Yuan leaned against the wall, pulled out a cigarette from his pocket, lit it, and exhaled a puff of smoke. He couldn't help asking, "Brother, what exactly is going on? Who are these people?"

Ling Chen shrugged: "Don't ask me, I want to know too."

"You know the people from this Martial Arts Academy, don't you know what they're about? You just saw it. Those guys were carrying standard individual combat gear, obviously professionals, far from a ragtag team. Whoever is behind this, deploying such a force, indicates that the people at this Martial Arts Academy are no simple matter. Brother, you need to be careful."

"I know. Alright, you're tired too, go and rest."

"What about the bodies outside?"

"Mr. He said not to worry about it, someone will take care of it when the time comes."

Tang Yuan nudged Ling Chen's shoulder, tempting him, "Don't you want to know who those people are? How about we secretly follow and see who comes to deal with the bodies? By tracing the clues, maybe we could find the mastermind behind this."

Hearing this, Ling Chen was somewhat tempted. However, after rethinking, he declined Tang Yuan's suggestion. No matter who was responsible for dealing with bodies, since they dared to come, they wouldn't be afraid of being followed. Additionally, they conduct their affairs professionally and certainly have precautions in place, so nothing could be found out through investigation.

After expressing his thoughts, Tang Yuan nodded in agreement. He then stopped pondering and went straight back to his room.

The next morning.

Ling Chen got up early and pushed open the door of the Martial Arts Academy. As expected, the bodies outside had already been cleared away, and even the bloodstains on the ground were cleaned up without leaving any trace.

At that moment, Little Hua yawned as she walked out of the house. Seeing Ling Chen at the door, she quickly ran over, her little face brimming with a sweet smile, "Big brother, are you going out to buy food? Little Hua is hungry."

"Alright, big brother will take you to buy some breakfast."

"Ling Chen."

As they were about to leave, they heard Zhu Xiaozhu's voice from behind. Turning around, Ling Chen saw Zhu Xiaozhu approaching and asked, "What's the matter?"

"Mr. He is looking for you for something," Zhu Xiaozhu said softly, somewhat hesitant to meet Ling Chen's gaze.

The events of last night were still fresh, and she blushed shyly, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment thinking about how Ling Chen had seen her body.

Ling Chen cleared his throat, knowing exactly what Zhu Xiaozhu was thinking. In fact, last night as he lay in bed, every time he closed his eyes, the image of Zhu Xiaozhu's graceful body appeared, tormenting him all night with sleeplessness.

As both were immersed in the memories of last night, Little Hua curiously looked at Ling Chen and Zhu Xiaozhu, her innocent face questioning, "Sister Xiaozhu, why are you blushing?"

Hearing this, Zhu Xiaozhu felt her face grow even hotter and she glared at her slightly, "Why does a child ask so many questions? Come on, I'll take you out to buy some food."

Watching the two beauties leave, Ling Chen went straight to the hall where he saw He Ziyun sitting inside, with a chess set laid out in front of him, seemingly contemplating how to solve a difficult chess endgame.

"Mr. He," he greeted as he approached.

"Come, join me in a game of chess."

With the chess pieces set, Ling Chen opened with a cannon, which He Ziyun immediately countered with a horse. After a few moves, Ling Chen found his options limited, his pieces 'killed' by He Ziyun.

Chess requires a broad vision and strategy. Ling Chen knew how to play chess but was nowhere near an expert compared to someone like He Ziyun, who had decades of experience.

In less than ten minutes, Ling Chen was checkmated, with no moves left.

He Ziyun chuckled, "Another game?"

"Mr. He, aren't you just blatantly taking advantage of me? No more!" Ling Chen shook his head. Though playing chess was fun, he didn't enjoy being thrashed.

He Ziyun was picking up the chess pieces, talking to himself, "They say life is like chess, and indeed, people are like these chess pieces on the board. Take this 'general,' some rule over everything, commanding the whole scene, surrounded by countless capable people. Others are like this 'guard,' strategically advising and loyally protecting their master. Ling Chen, if you had to choose, which chess piece do you think you are?"

Looking at the chess pieces on the board, Ling Chen became serious for once. After some contemplation, he pointed at the 'pawn' on the board, "The former me would probably be this."