

## **G E D 1371**

### **Chapter 1371: The Legendary Miracle Stone**

The sensation was so comfortable that Feng Wu instantly felt recharged.

She looked down involuntarily.

She could clearly sense her injured internal organs being repaired at an incredible speed.

Her body felt like dry land being nourished by a good rain after a long drought, and she was soon full of energy again.

Her external wounds also began to heal as she watched. It only took a few seconds for scabs to form and fall out.

Wait —

No man-made medicine could have such a miraculous effect!

*Crack* —

Feng Wu realized that the stone in her hand had turned into powder after it ran out of essence.

That was it. It was the stone that had enabled her to heal instantly.

She recalled what the black-robed man said earlier. He told her that she wouldn't be able to resist it, and he was right.

"Why are you helping me?" Standing at the entrance to the 12th floor, Feng Wu looked up and asked the question.

However, that man didn't appear again, and she didn't get a response.

Feng Wu was perplexed and was lost in thought for a moment.

Who was that evil man, and what did he do? She wondered if they had met before. Otherwise, why would he help her?

However, the man didn't come back, and Feng Wu didn't have time to waste.

The door to the 12th floor was finally pushed open.

*Rumble* —

The moment the door opened, Feng Wu felt hot air on her face, and the impact made her narrow her eyes.

She could hear the rumble of hooves over the ground.

It was a battlefield.

And a bloody battle was taking place!

Everywhere Feng Wu turned, she only saw soldiers.

Some were on horseback, and further back, she could see row upon row of infantrymen, whose black armor glinted in the sun.

Killing intent filled the air.

There was blood everywhere!

It was a world of slaughter!

Everyone outside was astonished by this scene.

“Oh god... Is that the legendary last trial for the hell level, the bloody battlefield?!”

“How many people are there? Whoa... Is it a simulation of...”

“Of the real battlefield in the empire’s northern territory?!”

“That’s so scary!”

—

“So, Feng Wu has to go through that battlefield?”

Chang Xuekun, ranked 9th, said, “Yes, she has to break through the cavalry and infantry and cut off the head of their general!”

“That’s impossible! There has to be at least 10,000 people there!”

“Wrong. It’s 30,000.”

“Feng Wu is never going to be able to do that. She’s still injured. She can only exert 20% of her power right now, right?”

“Forget 20%. She wouldn’t be able to pass the trial even if in peak condition.”

“Only less than ten people in Initial can do it...”

“Look! Feng Wu is charging at them!”

“Wait, that doesn’t seem right. Look at her speed and her movements. She’s in peak condition now!”

“Has Feng Wu recovered already?!”

“She can’t have. Wasn’t she badly injured in the last trial? Why doesn’t she seem affected at all?”

“Hey, do you remember the stone that man gave her?”

“Could it be the legendary...”

“Miracle Stone?!”

“What’s that?”

“It’s said that no matter how damaged your body is, a single Miracle Stone can cure everything and bring you back to your peak condition!”

## Chapter 1372: Top Ten

“Miracle Stones are legendary treasures that can’t be measured with money. I think His Majesty is the only one prestigious enough to have seen them before.”

“Who is that man, and why did he give Feng Wu such a valuable gift? Why does he favor Feng Wu out of all people?”

Everyone turned to Chief Qiao for answers.

Chief Qiao was filled with bitter resentment.

He had almost passed out from the humiliation Feng Wu had dealt him, but now...

“That was indeed a Miracle Stone.” He had no choice but to nod.

Hua Pianran immediately asked, “Sir, who is that man? He never made an appearance when I took the challenge.”

Chang Xuekun added, “Not only that, he sounded much meaner and didn’t talk as much. He was so much kinder to her.”

Bu Jingyu, ranked 8th, nodded as well. “That’s right. We’ve all reached the hell level, but none of us have ever seen him, let alone receive a Miracle Stone as a gift.”

All of them then turned to Chief Qiao in unison and asked, “Who is that master?”

Chief Qiao rubbed his forehead and wondered the same thing.

That man had casually given away a Miracle Stone, which was a treasure that every cultivator on the continent would fight head over heels for. Who was he? And why was he confined inside the Dragon’s Gate?

Feng Wu had no idea of how specially she had been treated. Right now, her eyes were narrowed murderously as she stared at the crowd.

“Four minutes!” the fairy reminded Feng Wu.

Feng Wu nodded solemnly.

There was no time for her to hesitate. She had to make her way to the other end of the troops and cut their general’s head off!

“There are over 30,000 soldiers!” said the fairy. “And each one is at least a Spiritual Master who has reached perfection in their cultivation level!

“And together with their horses, the calvarymen are equivalent to junior Spiritual Grandmasters!”

Feng Wu was only a top-level Spiritual Grandmaster herself.

The look on her face was very solemn when she nodded, and no one could tell what she was thinking when she stared at the soldiers.

“Die!”

3,000 calvarymen charged at Feng Wu first.

The horses galloped.

The ground shook!

The horses' neighs filled the air.

And it was earsplitting!

Smoke billowed and there was dust everywhere.

"Shit!"

"That's so terrifying!"

"That's an army. How is Feng Wu supposed to fight them all by herself?"

"I can't watch... She'll be turned into a pulp after the horses run her down."

The others couldn't bring themselves to watch what was going to happen.

They had no doubt that Feng Wu was going to lose.

"I failed at this level too." Hua Pianran smiled bitterly at Chang Xuekun. "I couldn't take it anymore after I killed 100 calvarymen, so I pressed the panic button and the system sent me out."

Chang Xuekun rubbed his nose. "I'm one spot higher than you on the billboard. Guess how many I killed."

Hua Pianran asked, "How many?"

Chang Xuekun said, "200 calvarymen."

The two of them exchanged more bitter smiles.

Even capable individuals like them who had been training arduously in Initial could only kill one or two hundred cavalrymen. Feng Wu was only a new student. She was dreaming if she thought she could pass so easily. How naive!

### **Chapter 1373: 8th**

Chang Xuekun's eyes flickered. "How many do you think Feng Wu can kill this time?"

Hua Pianran said, "Ten?"

Chang Xuekun said, "No, you're giving her too much credit. I say she can take down one or two at most."

However, Chang Xuekun had barely said those words when Feng Wu raised her sword and struck at the calvarymen around her.

The Fallen Star Sword was simply too sharp.

One sweep was enough to bring a man down from his horse, and he was decapitated in the process.

“One!” Hua Pianran glanced at Chang Xuekun. “I think she can kill twenty more.”

Chang Xuekun said, “We’ll see.”

Feng Wu’s entire attention was focused on the battlefield. She jumped onto a horse and swung her sword through the air.

*Thump —*

The men around her lost their heads all at once.

That one move killed ten people!

“That makes eleven.” Hua Pianran looked at Chang Xuekun.

Chang Xuekun was amazed as well.

“How did she do that? It’s not possible!”

Her sword simply moved too fast!

It was as if the heads had been cut off by a flash of light!

“Feng Wu is more capable than we expected.” Hua Pianran sighed and said, “Judging by her performance so far, she’ll surpass both of us.”

“That’s not going to happen!” Chang Xuekun shook his head. “She’s not rising above us on the billboard!”

Hua Pianran was 10th and Chang Xuekun was 9th. If Feng Wu surpassed them, she would become a top 10 student!

How incredible!

Meanwhile, countless calvarymen had surrounded Feng Wu.

But there was limited room and only a certain number of men could fit into the circle.

And Feng Wu was as amazing as ever.

The first stance of Fallen Star Swordplay —

“Sword of the Other World!”

When she activated the stance, blades rained down to decapitate all the calvarymen around her.

But more moved in to fill the gaps.

The second stance of Fallen Star Swordplay —

“Dancing Dragon in the Moonlight!”

The sword leapt into the air and flew around like a giant dragon, instantly devouring hundreds of soldiers.

The third stance of Fallen Star Swordplay —

“Fatal Thunder!”

The third stance was a sound wave.

The shock wave centered around the sword spread out in all directions.

It looked like a spider web.

*Thud, thud, thud* — —

The horses closest to Feng Wu acted like they had gone crazy. They reared up and neighed.

They then threw the men off their backs and started running.

The horses run wildly, breaking the formation!

“How’s that possible? How —”

Chang Xuekun and Hua Pianran exchanged frightened looks.

“She’s killed a few hundred men at least.” Hua Pianran’s voice shook. “She killed all those people in one go...”

Chang Xuekun said, “I thought she couldn’t kill more than ten, but now...”

They had looked down on Feng Wu and thought her as someone inferior to them. They had been so sure that their positions wouldn’t be affected.

But now —

It only took Feng Wu three stances to kill a few hundred people.

That meant Feng Wu had already surpassed them. Who were they to comment on Feng Wu now?

“If she kills 500 more, she’ll rank higher than me,” someone said indifferently.

#### **Chapter 1374: Untitled**

“Song Yichen?”

Chang Xuekun and Hua Pianran cried out in surprise when they saw the tall, slender man next to them.

Here in Imperial College, all top 10 students received favorable treatment.

Song Yichen, for instance, had only just arrived, but because he was 7th on the billboard, he could stand in the front row.

By now, most of the top 10 students were in the front row.

“Song Yichen, you’re here.” Hua Pianran gave him a wry smile. “I take it that you killed over 700 calvarymen when you were in there?”

Song Yichen stared at Feng Wu with his cold, unblinking eyes and nodded slightly. “750.”

So, if Feng Wu could kill more than 750 men, she would replace Song Yichen and become 7th on the billboard.

*Pop, pop —*

Feng Wu was using those three stances repeatedly.

Countless men charged at her, only to be decapitated by her Fallen Star Sword.

100, 200, 300...

Blood flowed in streams as heads piled up on the ground.

Ordinary blades would have turned blunt by now, but Fallen Star Sword was anything but ordinary.

It went on slashing at the soldiers.

“How many? How many has she killed?” Chang Xuekun anxiously clenched his fists.

“Over 800, I think?”

“Nah, she’s killed well over 1000!”

“She’s killed more than that. I’ve been counting. It’s 1500 now.”

WHAT?!

Chang Xuekun turned to look at Bu Jingyu.

As expected, Bu Jingyu looked very displeased. His face was so dark that one could practically use it as ink.

“1600!”

“1700!”

“...2000! Feng Wu has killed 2000 people already!”

“How can you keep up with the number?”

“Look at the top right corner of the screen. The number is right there,” someone was kind enough to remind the others.

*Whoosh —*

All eyes turned in that direction!

Indeed, the number was shown in a scarlet red color, and it kept changing.

That was so terrifying...

“Feng Wu has killed 2000 soldiers already!”

“Look, she’s gone through the cavalry and is charging at the infantry now!”

“The infantry is on guard!”

“Quickly! Get her!”

Outside, everyone was watching this thrilling, dangerous, but unique battle.

“3000! Feng Wu has killed 3000 people now! That’s surpassed Bu Jingyu’s achievement!”

“Bu Jingyu is 8th on the billboard!”

“That’s to say... If Feng Wu was on our billboard now, she would be as high up as 8th place?!”

“That’s insane! She’s not even a Year 2 student yet, but she’s already 8th?!”

Even Feng Xun’s eyes widened, to say nothing of the other students.

“Since when is the girl so capable? I can’t believe this!”

“Wait! Have you forgotten? Feng Wu used the Miracle Stone to recover,” said Hua Pianran with a frown as she stared at Feng Wu on the screen.

“That’s right! Feng Wu used a Miracle Stone, but we didn’t!” Chang Xuekun finally found an excuse to convince himself. “If we had the Miracle Stone, we would do just as well!”

Another indifferent voice rang out next to them.

“Are you sure you can do as well as she’s doing if you had the Miracle Stone?”

Who was that?

### **Chapter 1375: Untitled**

Who was that?

Immediately, everyone turned their heads.

“Shu Yunruo?”

Someone cried out in surprise.

Yes, it was Shu Yunruo, and his gaze had been fixed on Feng Wu this entire time.

Shu Yunruo was ranked 5th in Year 2 after the last exam, and even he had faith in Feng Wu...

“Shu Yunruo, how far do you think Feng Wu can go?” Hua Pianran asked tentatively.

Shu Yunruo only shook his head and said, “Her capability is without limit.”

Limitless?!

“So...” Hua Pianran asked in a low voice, “do you think Feng Wu will do better than you?”

Instantly, all eyes were on Shu Yunruo.

Feng Wu was equivalent to the 8th now, and if she went on like this, she might surpass Shu Yunruo as well.

Shu Yunruo looked at Hua Pianran and gave her an enigmatic smile.



Hua Pianran looked confused.

She wondered if Shu Yunruo thought it was possible that Feng Wu would surpass him.

“Wel...” After some thought, Hua Pianran asked, “How many did you kill last time when you were on this floor?”

Immediately, all eyes were on Shu Yunruo again.

Shu Yunruo smiled a little. “Well, I passed this trial.”

He passed?!

That was to say, Shu Yunruo had killed all the soldiers, all 30,000 of them!

“Wow!”

“I always knew that Boss Shu is incredible, but I didn’t know he was so capable!”

“So, there’s no way that Feng Wu will make it into the top 5 this time.”

“Of course she won’t. She can’t possibly pass the last trial of the hell level.”

At the same time...

Song Yichen, who was 7th, exchanged looks with Ning Yao, who was 6th.

Was Feng Wu going to fail the last trial of the hell level? Other people might be reassured by the idea, but not these two people.

Meanwhile, Feng Wu was striking with her Fallen Star Sword over and over again.

Blood splashed everywhere.

And dead bodies covered the ground.

—

It was hard to imagine how many people she had killed.

Blood flowed like a river over the ground, with dead bodies floating in it. The scene gave the audience the creeps and sent chills down their spines.

The Fallen Star Sword was indeed a formidable weapon. After all the people it had cut down, the blade didn’t turn blunt at all. Instead, it glinted and seemed to have turned even sharper.

“3000...”

“5000...”

“10,000...”

“Holy crap! Feng Wu has killed 15,000 people already! That’s insane! Isn’t she tired?!”

“She’s already in a frenzied state; all she knows is killing. No one will be able to wake her up unless she does it herself.”

“17,000!”

“20,000!”

“25,000!”

“Wow! Feng Wu has really gone mad!”

They were right to assume that. From their angle, all they could see was Feng Wu covered in blood from head to toe.

However, the Fallen Star Sword in her hand looked very strange.

No matter how many people it cut down, the blade remained spotless, because it was absorbing all the blood!

The sword fed on blood!

*Ding —*

The blade of the Fallen Star Sword suddenly sparked, like a star coming to life.

But the flash disappeared just as quickly, and Feng Wu was the only one who knew its secret.

### **Chapter 1376: Untitled**

Feng Wu glanced at the Fallen Star Sword and could sense that the blade had become even sharper.

Right now, she was so immersed in killing that her soul was trembling.

“27,000, 28,000, 29,000...”

“Oh god! How’s that possible? How can Feng Wu...”

“That’s so scary!”

“Feng Wu is so...”

“29,100, 29,200, 29,300...”

“She’s getting closer to the central tent!”

“She’s about to catch the leader and kill him!”

“Wow...”

—

Outside, many people’s eyes were wide open and everyone was astonished.

Qiao Yi clenched her fists.

Zuo Qingyu opened her eyes wide.

Chief Qiao's eyes flickered.

And many others were greatly shaken.

Because what they were witnessing had completely changed their opinion of Feng Wu, and they were seeing her in a new light now.

What she had done was simply so frightening!

Song Yichen, who was 7th, clenched his fists.

He wondered if Feng Wu was going to surpass him.

Did he have to give his 7th place to a girl who hadn't even gotten into Year 2 yet?!

Just then, Bu Jingyu, who had been standing next to Song Yichen, turned to look at him.

"How many did you kill?" asked Bu Jingyu.

Bu Jingyu was 8th on the billboard and had always been the aloof type. He had always kept his distance from Song Yichen.

Normally, Bu Jingyu would raise his chin when the two of them met and couldn't be bothered to glance at Song Yichen. However, he was simply too curious now.

Clenching his right hand into a fist, Song Yichen raised it to his mouth and spoke after a long pause. "I killed all the soldiers."

Bu Jingyu's pupils contracted and he stared at Song Yichen.

He had always thought that he wasn't very far behind Song Yichen. As it turned out, while he had only killed a few thousand, Song Yichen had killed them all.

"But you didn't pass this floor," said Bu Jingyu.

Song Yichen nodded. "No, I didn't."

Bu Jingyu raised an eyebrow. "Why?"

Song Yichen smiled bitterly. "Because..."

Before he could say anything else, Feng Wu had killed all the soldiers.

However, she stopped outside the tent.

The other tents had all been destroyed by fire, but this one in the center of the battlefield remained standing like a lone island.

"You're running out of time!" The fairy jumped around in Feng Wu's ring space. However —

Feng Wu was in an indescribable state at the moment.

She had stopped sensing the outside world. Killing intent consumed her mind, and all she wanted to do was fight!

The Fallen Star Sword glowed red and gave off a bloody scent. The sword spirit was shaking so violently that Feng Wu almost lost control of the sword.

That was the Fallen Star Sword's reaction to a serious threat!

"Feng Wu won! She killed all the soldiers!"

"I can't believe she got so far..."

"She passed the hell level! So our bets..."

"We all lost, and the house is going to take it all!"

—

Outside, many crestfallen people dropped their heads and sulked.

They had been so sure that they were going to win and had considered it a great opportunity to win more points. They had bet so heavily on it!

### **Chapter 1377: Untitled**

Many people had bet all the points they had.

However!

They had lost...

All of them! Without exception!

"Oh god..." Right away, several people passed out.

However, at that moment —

"Calm down." Song Yichen smiled a little. "The hell level isn't that easy."

Instantly, all eyes were on him.

"What do you mean?" they all asked.

Song Yichen smiled. "The most difficult part about the hell level isn't killing all 30,000 soldiers, but..."

"But what?" asked the others in unison.

But what, exactly? Couldn't the man finish his sentence? They wanted to hear the answer!

However, Song Yichen didn't have to explain to them anymore, because the answer had just come out himself —

"God, what's that rumble? It's so loud!"

"It's coming from the tent!"

"It's coming out!"

*Rumble* —

The steadfast tent suddenly collapsed and quickly disintegrated.

And a man walked out of the flames.

His eyes seemed to spit fire and thirst for blood!

He was tall and stalwart, and had a war hammer in his hands. It was enormous and gave off an unbelievable amount of energy!

“That’s...”

“Oh, god! That’s General Zhongliang!”

“It’s a simulation of the battle of Donghua Valley!”

“General Zhongliang died in that battle, didn’t he?”

“I heard that General Zhongliang was born with incredible strength, and he was one of Northern Feng General’s most capable warriors!”

“I didn’t see that coming. A simulation of General Zhongliang... What else can we say? Feng Wu is definitely going to lose!”

Hearing that, many people clenched their fists in excitement.

Qiao Yi was so thrilled that tears welled up in her eyes.

She had almost collapsed as she watched Feng Wu pass the trials, and she was happy to hear that Feng Wu was finally going to lose.

“You never know.” Chaoge snorted. “General Zhongliang may be very capable, but look at all those arrows in him. Are you sure he’s going to win?”

Immediately, all eyes were on the general.

Chaoge was right —

As he walked closer, they all saw that over a dozen arrows were stuck in his chest, almost piercing through him.

Staring at Feng Wu with his cold eyes, he seemed eager for a fight.

“Little girl, you’re going to die!”

His eyes were filled with murderous intent.

His war hammer then swung down at Feng Wu like a falling mountain.

The energy from the hammer was so formidable that it scattered the clouds overhead!

Those on the other side of the screen could almost feel the wind on their faces.

How terrifying...

“Uncle Zhongliang?” Feng Xun bolted up from his chair. His pupils contracted, and he clenched his fists.  
“Uncle Zhongliang is a Spiritual Lord!”

Those words sounded like a thunderclap in everyone’s ears.

*Rumble —*

A Spiritual Lord?

Based on their capabilities, cultivators were categorized into Spiritual Masters, Spiritual Grandmasters, Spiritual Elders, Spiritual Lords, and so on and so forth...

Feng Wu had reached perfection in the Spiritual Grandmaster stage, but she wasn’t even a Spiritual Elder yet. Now, she had to fight a Spiritual Lord?!

“Even if General Zhongliang’s badly injured, he’s still a Spiritual Lord!”

### **Chapter 1378: Admiration**

A Spiritual Lord?!

Everyone was shocked by those words.

Feng Wu was only a top-level Spiritual Grandmaster at the moment; how was she supposed to fight a Spiritual Lord? They were an entire cultivation stage apart.

“General Zhongliang may have been severely injured by those arrows, but Feng Wu still won’t be able to beat him!”

“Oh no, Feng Wu is really doomed this time.”

“It’s already very amazing that she could get this far.”

“That’s right. Even if she fails now, she’s already surpassed Bu Jingyu, which will make her 8th on the billboard. That’s just so scary!”

“She should give up now. After all, she’ll have plenty of chances to take the challenge in the future.”

Everyone thought Feng Wu was going to give up, but she didn’t.

Because she didn’t have the luxury of another chance. This was a one-time-only thing for her.

Moreover, she only had three minutes left!

*“Rumble —”*

The war hammer smashed down at Feng Wu’s head.

It created a gust of wind, and murderous energy filled the air.

The wind was so strong it resembled a tidal wave.

The entire floor seemed to go wild with it.

The shock wave created by the war hammer spread out at an unbelievable speed.

And the intimidating power swept through the air.

Sensing the danger, Feng Wu turned to run.

However, even with Phoenix Dance, and even when she exerted all her strength —

*Rumble* —

The murderous energy gathered around the war hammer had formed an air vortex, and Feng Wu felt like a drunkard. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't get far away enough from the general.

*Thump!*

The war hammer struck down.

The shock wave smashed into Feng Wu's back.

*Retch* —

Feng Wu flew out like a kite with a cut string.

Blood was already oozing out of her mouth when she was in the air.

She spat out mouthfuls of blood when she hit the ground.

*Retch* —

*Retch* —

Feng Wu spat out so much blood that the ground was painted red.

One strike —

It only took the severely injured General Zhongliang one strike to give Feng Wu that fatal injury.

"That's so scary..."

"I thought that given the general's injury, Feng Wu would have some chance at least, but she couldn't even withstand one strike."

"I told you. There's an entire stage difference between the two of them. Feng Wu is so dead!"

"I didn't know that a Spiritual Grandmaster was so much weaker than a Spiritual Lord!"

"But Feng Wu really is an unparalleled genius. Unfortunately for her, she restarted her cultivation too late..."

"That's right. If she hadn't lost her capability back then, with her great talent, she would probably have become a Spiritual Lord by now."

"Wasn't Zuo Qingluan as famous as Feng Wu back then? How's she doing now?"

Zuo Qingluan? As in Zuo Qingyu's older sister?

Zuo Qingyu was thrilled to see how badly injured Feng Wu was, and she smiled when she heard the question.

“My sister is already a Level 8 Spiritual Elder.”

“Wow! She’s so close to becoming a Spiritual Lord!”

“In other words, if Feng Wu were to fight Zuo Qingluan now, she would be crippled after a single strike!”

“Zuo Qingluan is so amazing...”

Immediately, a lot of people sighed in admiration.

Zuo Qingluan was around their age, but she was so far ahead of them that she seemed out of reach.

### **Chapter 1379: Level 1 Spiritual Elder**

Feng Xun frowned when he heard that.

Zuo Qingluan was almost a Spiritual Lord now? That was unbelievably fast.

Back in the Dragon’s Gate, Feng Wu had finally managed to stop vomiting blood.

She raised her head to speak, but the war hammer was coming at her again.

All the energy seemed to have gathered around the war hammer, and it resembled a giant dragon!

“Oh, no!”

Feng Wu frowned and her heart raced.

There was no way she could withstand another strike.

She knew that General Zhongliang didn’t have much energy left, and he could only perform three more strikes at most.

Therefore, she had to stall for time.

But how?

What could she use to protect herself from the formidable war hammer?

Suddenly, Feng Wu’s eyes flickered.

Yes!

She had been suppressing her spiritual essence and stopping herself from making a breakthrough, but now, it was time!

When the war hammer struck down again, Feng Wu made her move.

Her dantian was wide open like a dam releasing a flood, and endless spiritual essence poured out, filling Feng Wu’s energy channels!

The moment the giant war hammer swung down —



*Crack* —

Lightning tore the sky open!

*Rumble* —

It struck down at Feng Wu's head!

The formidable war hammer and the lightning tangled with each other in the air.

Beneath them, Feng Wu was untouched.

"That... that..."

"OMG... What's going on here?"

"What happened?"

The flash of lightning illuminated everyone's faces through the screen and covered them in white light.

Everyone exchanged bewildered looks.

In fact, they already had a guess, but they just didn't want to admit it.

Finally, Feng Xun heaved a sigh and said, "Little Feng Wu is making a breakthrough, isn't she?"

He was talking to Jun Linyuan.

The crown prince stood there with his hands behind his back, his long sleeves touching the ground.

"Yes." He nodded.

Everyone was speechless.

Young Lord Feng and the crown prince had just said it out loud.

Hence, the crowd couldn't deny it anymore.

The lightning which struck down at Feng Wu during her breakthrough had hit General Zhongliang's war hammer instead.

As they clashed with each other, Feng Wu became the happy onlooker.

"But at Feng Wu's current level, why would nature give her a lightning tribulation?"

"More importantly, how did she time it so well? No one can make a breakthrough just because they want to."

"Is it possible that she's been keeping herself from making a breakthrough all along?"

—

Feng Wu didn't know about all the questions they had, but even if she did, she wouldn't have had the time to answer.

That was because —

She was too busy making her breakthrough!

She had suppressed her spiritual essence for so long this time that once she unleashed it, it flooded into every part of her body, the impact almost paralyzing her.

The excruciating pain in her internal organs nearly knocked her out.

Sweat rolled down her cheeks and soaked her back.

Her face drained of all color, and she shook uncontrollably. She bit her lower lip so hard that blood trickled down from the corner of her mouth.

But that was the only way that she could remain conscious.

Moreover, she knew better than anyone else that this was only the beginning.

*Whoosh —*

Feng Wu finally made it. She was a Spiritual Elder now.

### **Chapter 1380: Has Feng Wu Lost?**

“Wow! Guys, look!”

“Feng Wu has made a breakthrough against all odds!”

“She was only a Spiritual Grandmaster before, but now, she’s a Spiritual Elder!”

“She’s only a Level 1 Spiritual Elder, so stop yelling. There are more students at her level in Year 2 than we can count.”

“But she made it to 7th place on the billboard before her breakthrough!”

“Hm...”

“Now that she’s a Spiritual Elder, how far will she go?”

“Look, Feng Wu still looks quite weak, but General Zhongliang still has some strength left. Do you think her breakthrough can change the outcome?”

Immediately, many people shook their heads.

That wasn’t going to happen.

One level higher might be a significant difference to students like them, but to a Spiritual Lord, it was negligible.

“It won’t change anything. She’s still going to lose.” Many people nodded.

Qiao Yi clenched her fists and bit her lower lip so hard that it bled.

Damn it! Was Feng Wu even human? Why wouldn’t she die?! Why hadn’t she failed?!

She wasn’t the only one who felt that way.

Zuo Qingyu glared at Feng Wu with a hateful look in her eyes.

She had turned things around again!

No wonder she was the most famous genius teenage girl in the imperial capital back then!

It had been less than a year since Feng Wu revealed her true capability, but she had already become a Spiritual Elder!

The speed of her progress was simply terrifying!

However... Zuo Qingyu smirked.

So what if Feng Wu had become a Spiritual Elder? She still wasn't General Zhongliang's match! That lightning tribulation could only protect her once!

She was right —

The lightning tribulation gradually faded, and everyone could see the ferocious look on General Zhongliang's face.

“Die!”

The general gave Feng Wu no time to take a break. He raised his war hammer again, and intimidating energy spread out from him!

The war hammer glinted.

“Look! General Zhongliang is going to make another move!”

“This strike is even more frightening than before!”

“Without the lightning tribulation, Feng Wu is definitely going to die this time!”

“She shouldn't have entered the hell level if she isn't capable enough.”

“She survived the last strike by sheer luck; she can't do it again!”

—

Everyone started talking at the same time.

And they all watched with eyes wide with great excitement.

They were sure that Feng Wu was really going to lose this time.

Not just Qiao Yi and Zuo Qingyu, but even Feng Xun thought the same way.

Clenching his fists and biting his lower lip, he heaved a sigh. “How could I have known that Uncle Zhongliang had been added to this level? Well, I guess I've lost the bet.”

“No! Xiao Wu isn't going to lose!” Chaoge still trusted her Xiao Wu unconditionally.

Feng Xun patted Chaoge on the shoulder and said grumpily, “There, there. It happens. No one can keep winning. Now, go sort out the points and give everyone what we owe them.”

Feng Xun didn't try to lower his voice, so everyone around him heard those words.

Immediately, everyone cheered loudly.

“Young Lord Feng, hahaha, you've finally lost for a change —”