

Honoured 571

Chapter 571 The Finals [2]

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Rei Wian showed a faint smile and spoke "I've heard a lot about you, Zhao Tian, let's see if you live up to the hype."

With a nod, Zhao Tian returned his smile.

The crowd roared as the tension between the two disciples reached its peak and the announcer raised his hand, his voice ringing out once more.

"Let the final match... BEGIN!" Rei Wian raised his hand, summoning a gleaming crimson spear from his storage ring. The weapon shimmered with a fiery glow, its sharp tip radiating intense heat that distorted the air around it. Rei Wian's kept his smile as he spun the spear effortlessly in his hands. "You should've brought a weapon, Zhao Tian. I won't hold back just because you came unarmed."

Zhao Tian nodded his head. "And I won't ask you to."

woosh In an instant, Rei Wian launched forward like a flaming comet, his spear slicing through the air with a high-pitched whistle. *crack* The platform beneath his feet cracked under the force of his movement, and the fiery aura surrounding his weapon flared violently as he infused it with Spear Intent. The first thrust came with blinding speed, aimed directly at Zhao Tian's chest.

Yet, Zhao Tian moved as though he had seen the attack before it happened.

With a subtle shift of his foot, he sidestepped the strike, the spear tip grazing his robes without touching him.

Rei Wian didn't falter and using the momentum of his missed attack, he twisted his body, spinning the spear in an arc.

SLEESH A crescent-shaped wave of fire erupted from the spear, roaring toward Zhao Tian.

Zhao Tian's figure blurred as he sidestepped once more, leaving the fiery crescent to crash harmlessly into the formation barrier. *THOOOM* Rei Wian spun on his heel, launching a flurry of strikes with blinding speed. *swoosh* *swoosh* Each thrust carried the weight of his spear intent, leaving fiery trails in the air. Zhao Tian parried each strike with nothing but his bare hands, his palms gliding along the spear's shaft to redirect its momentum. Rei Wian's gaze narrowed and he launched into the air, his spear glowing brighter as flames spiraled around it. "If you think you can keep dodging forever, think again."

Zhao Tian smiled, playing along with him, his figure flickering as he leaped after him, his white hair shimmering in the breeze.

THOOM The two clashed mid-air, their silhouettes framed by the blazing sun.

Rei Wian spun his spear, the weapon becoming a whirl of fire as he swung it down with tremendous force.

Zhao Tian raised his hand, blocking the spear's shaft with his forearm.

CLANG!

The collision sent a shockwave through the arena, the sheer impact making the spectators' robes billow and the arena's floor cracked under the pressure.

"Why not?" Zhao Tian replied, his tone light.

He twisted his wrist, sending Rei Wian spinning backward through the air.

Rei Wian recovered quickly, flipping mid-air and stabilizing himself with a burst of fiery energy.

His lips curled into an excited grin. "You're better than I expected, Zhao Tian. I can't remember the last time I felt this alive!" Zhao Tian floated in the air, his smile never leaving his lips. "I'm glad you're enjoying yourself. Let's see if you can keep up." With a burst of speed, Zhao Tian closed the distance between them, his body blurring as he pulled back his fist, ready for a punch.

Rei Wian spun his spear just in time, deflecting the attack, but the force pushed him back.

Undeterred, he countered with a sweeping arc of flame, forcing Zhao Tian to weave and dodge through the inferno.

The flames blazed across the sky, leaving fiery trails as Rei Wian's attacks grew more fierce.

swish Rei Wian thrust his spear forward, a precise strike aimed at Zhao Tian's throat.

"Oops." Zhao Tian tilted his head slightly, letting the spear's tip pass mere inches away.

Using the momentum of Rei Wian's attack, Zhao Tian's palm darted out, striking the flat side of the spear with pinpoint accuracy.

CLANG!

The impact sent Rei Wian spinning backward again, his grip tightening around his weapon.

woosh Flames erupted from the spear as he regained control, stabilizing himself mid-air.

"You're making this too easy," Zhao Tian teased, his voice light yet confident. Rei Wian chuckled, a bead of sweat trickling down his temple. "You think this is all I've got?"

With a deep breath, Rei Wian raised his spear high, flames coiling around him forming a blazing tiger.

The air around him grew heavy as he unleashed the full force of his Spear Intent. "Blazing Tempest Strike." He brought the spear down in a powerful arc, releasing a massive wave of fire that roared toward Zhao Tian like a tidal wave.

WOOOOSHHH The flames consumed everything in their path, turning the very air into a furnace.

Zhao Tian's eyes narrowed as he raised his hand and a faint blue glow surrounded his palm as he met the fiery wave head-on. With a single sweeping motion, he parted the flames like water, the fire dissipating into harmless sparks and the aftermath of the attack rippling shockwaves across the arena. 'Elemental energies won't affect my Honoured One's physique.... They bend to my will, you idiot.'

The Wing masters were also quite amused. Seeing Zhao Tian easily deflecting it, Rei Wian's gaze narrowed and a sharp white energy flicked through his eyes.

Hm? Zhao Tian noticed the energy around Rei Wian getting sharper 'Spear Intent...'

sleesh As he waved his spear, a large white energy condensed in the air and slashed towards Zhao Tian in a wide arc.

Zhao Tian sidestepped, dodging the spear intent as it came crashing down to the arena floor, creating an enormous crack as dust and debris flying around. *THOOOOM*

woosh Suddenly at this time, wind energy erupted from Rei Wian's body mingling with his flames, making his flames even brighter and more chaotic.

A smile appeared on Zhao Tian's lips 'Dual elementals?'

"You show off bastard."

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woosh Suddenly at this time, wind energy erupted from Rei Wian's body mingling with his flames, making his flames even brighter and more chaotic.

The swirling elements intertwined, creating a dazzling vortex of fire and wind that made the air around him crackle.

A smile appeared on Zhao Tian's lips 'Dual elementals?'

"You show off bastard."

Seeing the green wind energy coiling around Rei Wian's flames, the audience and the Wing Masters were surprised.

"Dual elementals?"

"Rei Wian has dual elementals?"

"WOAHHH!!"

"A genius..."

The fervor spread through the spectators like wildfire, their voices growing louder as the realization dawned. In the reserved section of the arena where the Wing Masters sat, the previously calm and composed elders exchanged startled glances.

"Dual elementals," muttered Rong Shan, the Wing Master of Sable Earth Wing and his brows furrowed as he leaned forward, his interest now thoroughly piqued.

"The combination of wind and fire isn't just rare... it's devastating in combat."

The Wing Masters exchanged knowing glances, their thoughts in unison despite their outward decorum: a genius like this could bring tremendous prestige to any wing.

An old man who was sitting last in the Wing master's position, Amethyst Dream Wing's master Xu Guangjing, smiled wickedly...

'That's it.. Show your talent, Rei Wian.'

He turned his gaze to look at the surprise in the eyes of other Wing Masters' faces savoring their astonishment like fine wine.

'Look, you all of you.. now I will see how you all dare to call me the weakest wing.. my Amethyst Dream Wing.'

The old man's chest swelled with pride as he glanced at Rei Wian.

"Didn't expect such a genius to be hidden within the outer disciples..."

As the realization of Rei Wian's dual elements sank in, an unspoken tension filled the air among the Wing Masters. "Such talent," mused Rong Shan, his deep voice carrying an edge of yearning. "It would be a shame if he stayed in a... lesser wing." He shot a meaningful glance toward Xu Guangjing, his disdain barely concealed. "Perhaps," Chan Haowen interjected

"Rei Wian would flourish under the guidance of a Wing Master who understands the intricacies of elemental balance. The Ebon Fang Wing would be a perfect fit."

"Or perhaps the Golden Sun Wing," said Wu Ming with a sly smile, her pride evident. 22:06

Eldric Grey broke his silence. "Dual elements mean dual responsibilities. A fighter like him needs more than raw power; he needs discipline. My wing can teach him that."

The reason is simply... fame.

If they accept a talented disciple, and if that disciple accomplishes any feats in the future, the disciple's master name will also be spoken.

Greedy of fame.

Ji Shuang stayed silent as her gaze flickered to Zhao Tian, who had a calm smile on his face 'And here is Master Tian, who can wield all seven elementals...'

Meanwhile, Yan Zijin's eyes quivered in regret and a sad sigh escaped her lips as she remembered someone after seeing the Dual elementals 'Shenyi... '

Hearing their murmurs of praising Rei Wian, Yao Jing pouted her lips, looking at the flames around Rei Wian's body. 'Just two elementals? Pathetic.'

'My disciple can use four elementals.'

With a proud smile, she uttered in an indifferent tone "My disciple is even better than this."

Hearing her words, the Wing masters turned to look at her and shook their head helplessly as one of them commented "If he is your disciple, Elder Yao.. then he must have fire elemental."

"Though I am honestly surprised, a man like Zhao Tian who excels in combat wanted to be an alchemist."

"Truly a shame."

"He would only waste his time learning Alchemy, he could devote his time to cultivation instead and hone his skills."

"Yeah, I can see his potential."

Yao Jing's lips twitched as she looked at the Wing Masters 'Fuckers, see the next time you come to Alchemy chamber for batches of healing pills and elixirs.. I am adding poison to them.'

Ji Shuang glimpsed at Zhao Tian again 'I wonder if master Tian wants to keep his elemental affinities a secret...'

'If words go out that he can control seven elementals, all these Wing masters would try to court him.'

Velnorah sat there without making any comments, her gaze fixated on Zhao Tian as his long hair fluttered in the mid-day breeze 'My Hubby looks cool.'

Eldric Grey had a thoughtful look on his face 'Now that I think of it, isn't Zhao Tian's elemental lightning? Then why did she accept him as disciple?'

'Did she make him her disciple for his good looks? Eh?'

...

Meanwhile, on the battlefield, Rei Wian, unaware of the commotion his display had caused, floated tall amidst his swirling elemental vortex.

Zhao Tian, however, remained unfazed and tilted his head, his white hair shimmering in the fiery light, "So, this is your trump card?" Rei Wian's grin widened, his eyes alight with excitement. "It's more than enough to deal with you."

WOOSSHHH With that, he thrust his spear forward, the combined force of fire and wind exploding from its tip like a raging inferno. **BOOM!**

The arena shook as the attack surged toward Zhao Tian, a spiraling column of destruction that seemed impossible to evade. Yet Zhao Tian remained rooted in place, still keeping the smile on his lips "Let's test your strength, then." ***WOOOSHH*** As the attack closed in, Zhao Tian raised his hand and the crowd held its breath as the fiery maelstrom engulfed him, obscuring him from view. For a moment, all was silent. ***SWOOOSHH*** Then, a shockwave erupted, scattering the flames and wind in all directions.

Amidst that, Zhao Tian was floating with no injuries and no burn marks on his body.

Rei Wian's blinked his eyes in disbelief. "You..." The audience roared once more, their excitement reaching fever pitch as the battle between the two prodigies intensified. Rei Wian's smile widened as he looked at Zhao Tian "You really are something else, Zhao Tian..."

Gripping his spear tightly, his figure disappeared like a blur in the air, his speed enhanced by the wind elemental.

He raised his spear above his head as the flames swirled around him and brought it down towards Zhao Tian in a wide arc, the air crackling with the pressure.

THOOOM Zhao Tian raised his hand, parrying the shaft with his forearm as the shockwave rippled through the entire arena.

Raising his head, Zhao Tian smiled as a spark of blue lightning passed through his eyes...

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THOOOM Zhao Tian raised his hand, parrying the shaft with his forearm as the shockwave rippled through the entire arena. Raising his head, Zhao Tian smiled as a spark of blue lightning flashed through his eyes... Twisting the spear with his left forearm, he raised his right-hand, lightning condensing on his fist as he threw a straight punch at Rei Wian's chest.

"GUH!"

Rei Wian felt the heavy force crashing on his chest and the next second, he was blasted to the ground, falling into the arena like a small meteor.

THOOM He crashed to the floor, dust and debris erupted in a towering plume, obscuring him from view.

The ground quaked beneath the force of his landing, leaving a crater at the center of the stage. Rei Wian coughed, clutching his chest as a searing pain radiated through his ribs and his breath came in ragged gasps as he tried to steady himself amidst the wreckage.

"Uhh.. L-Lightning?"

He gasped under his breath as he raised his gaze, looking at Zhao Tian, who was floating in the air with blue lightning streaking across his body.

HUH?

The Wing masters who were watching this were taken aback looking at the blue lightning spiraling around Zhao Tian.

They all turned their gaze to Yao Jing in bewilderment and with a smile, she spoke, "You guessed it... why would I accept a disciple who has only lightning elemental?"

"Tian'er also has Fire elemental."

"Dual elementals?" one of the Wing Masters finally managed to whisper, his voice barely audible over the roaring crowd. Another clenched his fists, his gaze sharpening as he realized the

implications. "To think there would be another genius like Rei Wian... No, perhaps even more extraordinary..." "This is unbelievable," muttered the Wing Master of the Azure Tide Wing, her expression a mix of awe and envy.

"Where has he been hiding all this time?"

Another great genius!

While the Wing Masters marveled at Zhao Tian's talents, one of them sat rigid in his seat, his expression darkening with every passing second.

Xu Guangjing, the master of the Amethyst Dream Wing, was nearly trembling, though not with awe. His hands clenched the armrests of his chair so tightly that cracks began to form in the wood. 'No!' Xu Guangjing thought, his eyes quivering with barely restrained rage. 'This was supposed to be Rei Wian's moment! The stage was meant to showcase his talents, to cement his place as a peerless genius! And now... this bastard Zhao Tian is stealing everything!' The gazes that had once been fixed on Rei Wian with admiration were now filled with anticipation, awe, and even greed as they watched Zhao Tian command the battlefield.

...

"Urghh." Growling through clenched teeth, Rei Wian forced himself to stand.

His spear trembled in his grasp as he steadied his footing and with a deep breath, he unleashed a surge of both fire and wind energy, the dual elements spiraling around him in a chaotic storm.

WHOOOOOM!

The vortex of fire and wind expanded outward, carving through the debris and clearing the dust cloud that had enveloped him.

Flames roared with renewed ferocity, fueled by the gale-force winds that carried them.

"I'm not done yet..."

With a mighty leap, he launched himself skyward, his spear glowing white-hot as he infused it with both Fire Intent and Wind Intent.

The air around the weapon crackled and hissed, and with a sweeping motion, he sent a massive wave of fire and wind hurtling toward Zhao Tian.

SWOOOSHH The attack tore through the air, its heat and force so immense that even the spectators felt the scorching wind on their faces.

The arena's formation barrier shimmered violently, barely containing the destructive energy.

Zhao Tian extended his hand casually, palm open, as the devastating attack barreled toward him.

BOOM!

When the fiery wave struck, a blinding flash of light consumed the battlefield and the crowd shielded their eyes, waiting for the inevitable destruction to unfold.

As the light faded, gasps of disbelief rippled through the audience. Zhao Tian stood unscathed, his hand still outstretched, the remnants of Rei Wian's attack dissipating like harmless sparks around him. "Now time for counter attack."

Without giving Rei Wian a chance to recover, Zhao Tian raised his hand, blue lightning coalescing into a spear of pure energy. *CRACKLE! WOOSH!*

The spear shot downward like a thunderbolt from the sky, splitting the air with a deafening roar.

Rei Wian barely managed to raise his weapon in time, his spear intercepting the lightning bolt at the last second.

CLANG!

The impact drove him back, his feet digging trenches into the stone floor as he struggled to absorb the blow. "Grgghhh." His arms trembled under the sheer force of the attack, and the fiery glow of his spear flickered precariously. **flick** In the next instant, Zhao Tian appeared in front of Rei Wian, his leg getting ready for the next kick.

"FUCK!" Before he could react, the kick connected with Rei Wian's stomach, sending him skidding across the arena. *THOOM* He crashed through several stone pillars before finally coming to a halt, coughing up blood as he struggled to rise. Rei Wian staggered to his feet, clutching his stomach where Zhao Tian's kick had landed.

Blood dripped from the corner of his mouth as he wiped it away with the back of his hand.

His crimson spear, now dimmed, clattered to the ground before he took it back into his grip. Fueled by desperation and pride, Rei Wian gasped, his elemental energy erupting once more. as flames and wind spiraled together, forming a massive tornado of destruction.

He took a short breath, thrusting his spear forward.

SWOOOSH The tornado surged toward Zhao Tian, its sheer size and intensity dwarfing anything Rei Wian had unleashed before.

THROOM The arena shook violently as the formation barrier began to tremble under the strain.

As the tornado closed in, Zhao Tian raised his hand once more, this time forming a sphere of red lightning mixed with fire.

With a flick of his wrist, the lightning sphere expanded into a colossal wave of electrical energy.

THOOOM The wave collided with the tornado, and for a moment, the two forces seemed evenly matched.

Then, Zhao Tian's lightning surged forward, obliterating the tornado in an instant.

BOOOOOOOM!

The resulting explosion rocked the entire arena, the force of it sending shockwaves that knocked many spectators off their feet.

swoosh As the dust settled, Rei Wian glanced at Zhao Tian, his body crackling with red lightning...

Seeing this, Rei Wian couldn't help but grin "And you called me a show-off bastard?"

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The dust had barely settled before Rei Wian raised his head, bloodied but grinning and his crimson spear pulsed faintly as he mustered the last reserves of his strength. "And you called me a show-off, bastard?"

Zhao Tian's lips curved into a calm smile, his red lightning crackling around him as he glanced at Rei Wian.

The audience was also startled to see the red lightning and they instantly understood that the red lightning is caused by fire elemental.

"He actually has two elementals?"

"Just like Rei Wian..."

"What the hell..."

Hearing the murmurs, Li Jia smiled dryly and glanced at Zhao Tian, a smile forming on her lips.

Rei Wian's spear glowed with flames, flickering with arcs of wind that spiraled around it and he took a deep breath, his chest rising and falling as a fiery aura erupted around him.

tap Zhao Tian landed on the cracked arena floor, his fist crackling with red lightning "I hope you are not over yet."

Rei Wian spat blood onto the ground and gripped his spear tighter. "Of course not, you bastard."

With a blur, Rei Wian charged, his spear thrusting forward with blinding speed.

swish The flames and wind around the weapon roared to life, forming a fiery spiral as it tore through the air toward Zhao Tian's chest. CLANG!

Zhao Tian deflected the attack with his forearm, his skin reinforced by lightning energy.

thrissh Sparks flew as the clash of fire, wind, and lightning echoed throughout the arena.

Without hesitation, Rei Wian followed up with a sweeping strike, aiming for Zhao Tian's legs.

WHOOSH!

Zhao Tian leaped over the spear, his red lightning flaring as he came down with a devastating punch aimed at Rei Wian's head. BOOOM!

Rei Wian barely twisted out of the way, the shockwave from Zhao Tian's fist smashing into the ground and leaving a crater. *THOOM*

Without missing a beat, Rei Wian countered with a spinning slash, the edge of his spear trailing a searing arc of flame.

SWOOSH! SWOOSH!

Zhao Tian ducked and weaved, his movements fluid as he dodged each strike by mere inches.

Lightning surged through his body as he lunged forward, his fists glowing with red lightning as he unleashed a barrage of punches.

BAM! BAM! CLANG!

"Grrghhh!" Rei Wian gritted his teeth as he parried with his spear, each block sending jolts of pain through his arms. His fiery aura intensified, merging with the wind around him as he countered with precise thrusts and slashes. *swoosh* Their movements became blurry as they exchanged blows.

crackle Zhao Tian's fists crackled with red lightning as they collided with Rei Wian's spear, the impact of each strike sending shockwaves through the arena. "You're getting slower," Zhao Tian remarked, dodging the spear's thrust.

Rei Wian snarled. "Then let me speed things up."

He spun his spear, the wind around it forming a vortex that shot toward Zhao Tian like a hurricane.

Flames ignited at its core, creating a fiery storm that swallowed the battlefield.

With a smile, Zhao Tian's red lightning surged outward in a protective storm, splitting the fiery vortex in two.

flick He dashed forward, his movements leaving afterimages as he closed the distance in an instant.

THANG Zhao Tian grabbed the spear mid-thrust, his lightning-coated hand gripping it like a vice.

The collision of their energies sent a deafening explosion across the arena, causing the ground beneath them to crack.

Rei Wian's eyes narrowed as he gripped the spear. With a twist of his wrist, Zhao Tian wrenched the spear from Rei Wian's hands, the weapon spinning in the air before clattering to the ground far away. *clank* Rei Wian stumbled back, his palms burning from the energy recoil but he clenched his fists, refusing to yield.

"Hand-to-hand, huh? Fine."

Rei Wian spat blood and charged forward, his fists enveloped in fire and wind.

Zhao Tian met him head-on, red lightning crackling around his fists like sparkling thunder. The first clash was a thunderous collision of raw strength.

BOOM!

Rei Wian's fiery punch connected with Zhao Tian's forearm, a burst of flames and sparks erupting from the impact.

Zhao Tian countered with a lightning-imbued uppercut that slammed into Rei Wian's ribs, sending him skidding backward. "Gugh!" Rei Wian quickly spun on his heel, using the momentum to deliver a fiery roundhouse kick aimed at Zhao Tian's temple.

Zhao Tian ducked, his hair ruffling from the heat, and countered with a punch straight to Rei Wian's gut. "ARGHH!" Rei Wian gagged as the blow knocked the wind out of him, but he clenched his teeth and swung wildly, his fists blazing with fire.

Zhao Tian's fist shot forward with a crackling storm of red lightning, and smashed into Rei Wian's shoulder.

CRACK!

"Arghh!" The sickening sound of bone dislocating echoed across the arena, and Rei Wian staggered, his fiery aura flickering with instability. Before Rei Wian could recover, Zhao Tian surged forward as his leg swept through the air, coated in a violent surge of lightning and connected with Rei Wian's thigh.

THOOM!

The sheer force of the impact reverberated through the ground, sending shockwaves rippling outward. "Ugh!" Rei Wian's leg buckled beneath him, and he dropped to his knees, his breathing ragged and labored.

With a swift spin, Zhao Tian spun on his heel, and the kick crashed into Rei Wian's back, impacting him like a thunderclap as it drove him downward.

THOOM The arena floor buckled under the force, shattering into a cloud of dust and debris as Rei Wian's face smashed into the floor.

The air was filled with the sharp scent of scorched earth, and blood dripped from the corner of Rei Wian's mouth as his body trembled from the devastating blow. His fingers clawed weakly at the

shattered ground as he struggled to get up but before he could push himself up, Zhao Tian's foot slammed down on his back, pressing him down on the ground. "Stay like that."

As Zhao Tian spoke, a sudden chill filled the air, and the cracked ground beneath them began to shift as icicles crept outward in jagged patterns, shimmering in the faint light of the arena.

CRACKLE! HISS!

In an instant, shards of ice erupted from the floor, snaking around Rei Wian's arms and legs with terrifying speed.

The frost spread like living chains, locking his limbs into place with unrelenting grip.

"W-what...?" Rei Wian's voice was hoarse, his breath visible in the sudden cold.

He struggled against the icy restraints, but they only tightened, freezing him in place as his fire and wind energy sputtered as if muted by the encroaching cold.

HUH?

A wave of disbelief and shock rippled through the crowd. The Wing Masters were startled to see this and some stood up their seats in shock "Third elemental?"

"Three elementals?"

Xu Guangjing, clenched the armrests of his seat so tightly as his face twisted in frustration and disbelief. 'Three... How is this even possible? This was supposed to be Rei Wian's moment! This can't be happening!'

However, at this time, Zhao Tian felt a sudden spark within his body and blinked his eyes in surprise 'Ah fuck.'

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Looking at this, Ji Shuang's gaze quivered in nervousness 'The match is about to end...'

Yao Jing who was beside her, had a proud smirk on her face as she glanced at the shocked faces of the Wing Masters. 'Let your asses burn in envy fuckers.'

She leaned back on her seat with her one leg over another, enjoying the faces of other Master's faces.. being so proud of her disciple.

Velnorah was equally shocked as she glanced at Zhao Tian and a wide smile spread across her lips 'I didn't know... Hubby is such a prodigy.'

The sight of him dominating the match ignited a sense of pride she couldn't contain. A faint interest flickered in Yan Zijin's eyes as Tri-elemental is really rare and there are only two people within the sect who have three elementals other than Zhao Tian.

Li Jia scratched her head in confusion 'This jerk actually has four elementals? He also used light energy to heal me...'

A smile curled on her lips 'Are you Son of the Heavens or something, you damn genius.'

Nearby, Qi Xue and Qi Nue exchanged bewildered glances, their thoughts mirroring each other's. Qi Nue leaned in closer, whispering to her sister, "Xue'er, I'm sure he showed light as his third elemental that day..." "But now he's using ice?" Qi Xue murmured back, her voice tinged with disbelief. Qi Nue's brows furrowed, and she leaned back in her seat, her mind spinning. "Then... does that mean he actually has four elementals?" The realization hit both sisters like a bolt of lightning, leaving them momentarily speechless.

Qi Xue's jaw dropped slightly, her eyes darting back to Zhao Tian in awe. "Little Brother..."

But while Qi Xue's admiration grew, Qi Nue's gaze dimmed with a touch of sadness.

A pang of melancholy settled in her chest as she watched Zhao Tian stand tall, his overwhelming power on full display. 'If he truly has four elementals... then I... don't stand a chance,' Qi Nue thought, her shoulders slumping slightly.

She averted her gaze, unable to bear the sight of the man who seemed to drift further out of reach with every moment.

Qi Xue, however, didn't share her sister's somber mood.

Her eyes sparkled with excitement, and she clapped her hands enthusiastically, joining the growing applause from the crowd. Back in the arena, Rei Wian let out a strained grunt as he struggled against the unyielding pressure of Zhao Tian's foot.

As the energy in the arena reached its climax, the announcer, who had been standing frozen in awe, finally snapped out of his daze.

ahem He quickly raised his trembling hands, amplifying his voice with the microphone to ensure it carried over the roaring crowd.

"L-Ladies and gentlemen...!" his voice echoed, slightly shaky at first but growing steadier as he regained his composure.

"What we have just witnessed is nothing short of history in the making!"

22:08

The crowd's deafening cheers momentarily overpowered his voice, but the announcer pressed on, his excitement surging. "A duel of this caliber... of such ferocity and skill... has left us all breathless! But now... the outcome is undeniable!"

He gestured toward the arena, where Rei Wian remained pinned to the ground, his body battered, bloodied, and encased in ice. "The victor of this match... is none other than..." The announcer paused dramatically, his voice booming with the finality of a thunderclap. "ZHAO TIAN!" The crowd erupted into a frenzy, their cheers and applause shaking the very foundations of the coliseum.

The disciples, whether in awe, envy, or admiration, couldn't hold back their voices as they chanted his name. "ZHAO TIAN! ZHAO TIAN! ZHAO TIAN!" From the Wing Masters' seats, mixed reactions rippled across their faces.

Yao Jing couldn't hide her pride, smirking as she casually leaned back, arms crossed, her eyes gleaming with triumph.

Meanwhile, Xu Guangjing's scowl deepened, his fists clenching tightly as he seethed in frustration.

The announcer, barely able to contain his own excitement, gestured toward Zhao Tian once more. "Not only does Zhao Tian emerge victorious in this battle, but he has also revealed a talent so extraordinary it defies all reason! A prodigy with not one... not two... but THREE elementals!" Meanwhile, Zhao Tian's gaze narrowed as he was not in the situation to hear the glazing of the announcer right now.

'Fuck.'

His blue eyes flickered to all the disciples and the Wing Masters seated on the high podium.

'I can't escape into the artifact when so many people are watching me, it will raise a lot of questions. Such bad timing...'

'My physique is powerful enough and I can easily gather astral energy in my body; I can even do great breakthroughs so easily.. and that's why, I just broke through.'

rumble

The sunny, blue sky that had bathed the arena in golden light began to shift and dark clouds materialized out of nowhere, swirling ominously above the vast sky.

The first rumble of thunder echoed low and deep, sending a subtle vibration through the air.

Gasps rippled through the audience as heads turned skyward because it suddenly got cloudy out of nowhere

"What's happening?"

"Why did it suddenly turn cloudy?" Zhao Tian raised his gaze, looking at the swirling dark clouds right above him.

The once-vivid sunlight was gone, replaced by an eerie twilight and the air grew heavy, charged with an oppressive energy that prickled against the skin. 'And the next stage is...'

RUMBLE.

The thunder above grew louder, crackling with hints of golden-white light streaking through the swirling vortex of clouds. 'The Heavenly Tribulation.'

The coliseum fell deathly silent as the crowd finally noticed the swirling storm clouds directly above Zhao Tian.

A few disciples stood from their seats, their faces pale.

"What's going on? Is that... a tribulation cloud?"

"Impossible! Why would he trigger a tribulation here?"

"Wait a minute..."

"Did he just fucking break through during the fight?"

"Tribulations should be done in a safe space.. monitored by people."

"But he just..."

Yao Jing hurriedly stood up from her seat, panic flashing in her eyes as she saw through Zhao Tian's cultivation.

"T-Tian'er..."

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Yao Jing's voice trembled as she muttered, "T-Tian'er..." Her confident smirk from earlier vanished, replaced by deep concern.

She gripped the edge of the railing in the podium, and her mind raced, 'He's really breaking through right now?! In the middle of the arena, without any preparation?! What was he thinking?!'

Despite her worry, a flicker of pride remained in her heart. Only someone as monstrous as Zhao Tian could push his cultivation to such extremes under these circumstances. The storm above continued to swell, the vortex growing darker and more menacing.

The once-muted rumble of thunder erupted into a deafening crack, sending shockwaves through the air.

Lightning flashed within the clouds, illuminating the arena in brief bursts of golden-white light. The energy in the atmosphere grew denser, pressing down on everyone present like an invisible hand. Xu Guangjing clicked his tongue in irritation, his scowl deepening. "This brat... Does he have no sense? Does he even realize the danger he's in?"

Yan Zijin's gaze remained calm but sharp as she folded her arms and looked at Zhao Tian "This isn't recklessness," she said quietly, her voice carrying a note of respect.

"It's a necessity. His body couldn't hold back the breakthrough any longer." Yao Jing hurriedly turned to Ji Shuang "Sister Shuang, we need to-"

"Interfere?" Ji Shuang uttered with a soft sigh.

"You know as well as I do that we can't. Heavenly Tribulations are a test from the heavens themselves. No one can intervene." Yao Jing bit her lip, frustration and worry swirling in her chest and she knew Ji Shuang was right, but that didn't stop her from wanting to rush down to the arena and protect her disciple.

In the stands, Velnorah's crimson eyes sparkled with delight as she watched Zhao Tian stand amidst the growing storm.

The overwhelming power radiating from him sent shivers down her spine, and her lips curled into a wide, playful smile.

"Hubby..." she murmured, her voice tinged with pride and amusement.

"You never fail to surprise me. Truly, you're a man worthy of my attention."

Li Jia's eyes shook in terror looking at the looming storm...

Everyone knows about the heavenly tribulation, as it's an important part of one's cultivation.

And it's not easy.. as some might even die during it.

Appropriate preparations should be done before breaking through into the Heavenly Tribulation stage.

Formations were set to diffuse the intensity of the lightning. Temporary body-enhancing pills and healing elixirs were consumed to mitigate damage and aid recovery. What Zhao Tian was doing now, in the middle of a public arena with no safeguards, no resources, and no plan, was pure recklessness. Qi Nue and Qi Xue were also panicked to see the swirling storms above Zhao Tian's head.

"Little Brother is breaking through?"

Qi Nue couldn't even manage a response and her eyes were glued to Zhao Tian, her fingers trembling as she gripped the edge of her seat.

The dark storm clouds churned and rumbled above, their golden-white flashes illuminating Zhao Tian's figure like a divine trial descending upon him.

"Why would he do this now?" Qi Nue finally whispered, her voice barely audible.

...

Back in the arena, Zhao Tian's gaze condensed, feeling the oppressive force of the Heavens.

With a slight flick of his fingers, the ice particles encasing Rei Wian's battered form dissolved, releasing him from their hold. Reaching down, Zhao Tian grabbed Rei Wian by the collar of his torn robe and effortlessly lifted him into the air. Without a word, he hurled him out of the arena with a powerful motion. BAM! Rei Wian's body hit the ground with a dull thud, sliding several feet across the stone floor before coming to a stop. *woosh* A sudden gust of wind swept through the shattered arena, causing Zhao Tian to squint and turn his head.

Standing on the ruined platform beside him was Yao Jing, her robes fluttering violently in the storm's currents.

"Master?"

Yao Jing hurried toward him, her eyes brimming with uncontrolled panic and her hands trembled as she grabbed his arm.

"What are you doing, idiot?!" she snapped, her usual composed demeanor completely gone.

"Why would you break through now of all times?! Have you lost your mind?"

Zhao Tian's brows furrowed slightly, but he let her vent. "No preparations," Yao Jing continued, her voice growing louder as she pointed at the swirling storm clouds.

"No formations to reduce the intensity of the Heavenly Lightning, no body-enhancing pills, no healing elixirs—nothing!" She clenched her fists, shaking with frustration.

"Are you trying to get yourself killed?!"

Zhao Tian's gaze remained steady as he glanced upward at the darkened sky.

The storm was growing even more menacing, the golden-white lightning crackling louder with each passing moment.

The oppressive energy was now almost tangible, radiating across the arena like a suffocating wave.

"You idiot," Yao Jing muttered, her voice lowering as panic seeped into her tone.

"Leave the arena right now. Do you hear me? Get out of here before the tribulation begins!"

Looking at her, Zhao Tian shook his head "You need to leave the arena right now, you know you should not intervene during a heavenly tribulation."

Yao Jing flinched at his words, her lips trembling and she knew he was right.

Once a Heavenly Tribulation descended, there was no escaping it.

To flee was to invite greater wrath and certain death. *RUMBLE*

Another deafening crack of thunder echoed through the sky, and both Zhao Tian and Yao Jing instinctively looked upward. The vortex of storm clouds churned violently, and streaks of golden lightning began to converge, forming an enormous bolt that seemed to hang ominously above the arena. Yao Jing's breath hitched as she sensed the overwhelming energy in the air.

Her eyes widened, and a cold sweat ran down her back. "And Tian'er..." she said, her voice trembling.

"This tribulation... it doesn't feel normal. They seem more powerful than the tribulations I have faced and seen before."

Huh? Hearing this, Zhao Tian's eyes narrowed 'Is the Heavens targeting me because I am the Honoured One?'

Another rumble of thunder roared through the sky, louder and more menacing than before.

The tribulation was nearing its peak, and the first bolt of lightning was moments away from descending. "Master, Step back." Zhao Tian said, his voice firm yet gentle

Yao Jing hesitated, her gaze flickering between him and the storm as she clenched her fists tightly, then slowly took a step back.

"Fine," she said through gritted teeth.

"But if you die, I'll never forgive you."

Zhao Tian chuckled softly, his gaze returning to the sky. "Don't worry. I'm not planning to die today."

RUMBLE

As the first streak of golden lightning descended with a deafening roar, Zhao Tian raised his hand, ready to face the wrath of the heavens head-on.

Chapter 577 The Heaven sent child [3]

577 The Heaven sent child [3]

CRACKLE The first streak of golden lightning tore through the sky, descending like a divine spear aiming to obliterate Zhao Tian. It was a bolt of pure destruction, aimed directly at Zhao Tian, who stood in the center of the shattered arena. He made no move to dodge. No defensive formation, no barrier of astral energy, no talismanic shield—just his body, standing against the heavens
BOOM!

CRACK The arena shook violently, cracks forming across its surface as the energy surged outward.

Dust and debris filled the air, obscuring Zhao Tian's figure.

Yao Jing stood at the edge of the arena, her fists clenched tightly as her heart pounded in her chest. Her instincts screamed for her to intervene, but she bit her lip hard enough to draw blood, forcing herself to stay put. When the dust finally settled, Zhao Tian's figure emerged and his robes were scorched, his hair slightly disheveled, but no visible injuries on his body.

The crowd was stunned into silence.

Most cultivators would have been injured by a single bolt of Heavenly Tribulation.

"Unbelievable..." Xu Guangjing muttered, his usual stern demeanor replaced by sheer disbelief. Yan Zijin, who rarely showed emotion, furrowed her brows. "This isn't a normal tribulation. The

heavens are testing him far beyond what they would test an ordinary cultivator." Above, the storm intensified as the vortex grew larger, darker, and more violent, the golden lightning within it swirling chaotically as it prepared to unleash the next strike.

The second bolt came faster than anyone expected, descending with a roar that seemed to tear the very fabric of reality.

CRACK! BOOM!

The impact was deafening, shaking the arena to its core.

Yet again, Zhao Tian didn't flinch and the golden lightning surged into him, crackling across his body before dissipating harmlessly. A sharp gasp escaped Yao Jing's lips as she watched the Heavenly Lightning. "Tian'er!"

On the podium, Ji Shuang's face grew pale as she observed the storm and she turned to the sect disciples scattered throughout the stands.

"All of you, evacuate immediately!" she commanded, her voice carrying a weight of authority.

"But, Sect—"

"No arguments!" Ji Shuang cut them off sharply.

"This tribulation isn't ordinary. If it grows any stronger, even spectators might be caught in its aftermath!"

Reluctantly, the disciples began to file out of the arena, their expressions a mix of fear and awe as they glanced back at Zhao Tian. The third bolt descended with terrifying speed, striking Zhao Tian like the wrath of a vengeful god. BOOM!

This time, the impact caused a massive crater to form beneath him, the arena groaning under the strain of the heavenly punishment. The crowd that remained held their breath as Each bolt was exponentially stronger than the last, and yet Zhao Tian continued to endure, his body unscathed. From her vantage point, Velnorah chuckled softly, her crimson eyes gleaming with intrigue. "Hubby, you're truly a feast for the eyes. To resist such divine wrath... How delightful."

By the time the fourth bolt descended, the heavens themselves seemed enraged.

THOOM* *RUMBLE The vortex rumbled like an angry beast, and the lightning gathered into an enormous, crackling mass of energy before striking down with unmatched ferocity.

KRA-KA-BOOM!

The force of the strike sent shockwaves rippling across the arena, shattering what remained of the platform.

Nearby buildings trembled, and even the air seemed to vibrate with the sheer intensity of the energy.

Eldric Grey's eyes narrowed in contemplation "These lightning strikes are already comparable to the 6th degree of Heavenly Tribulation."

Without hesitation, Ji Shuang turned to the Wing Masters. "Get everyone out of here! If this continues, the tribulation might cause more destruction and even cause casualties."

The Wing Masters nodded and quickly began to evacuate the remaining disciples, voices carried across the arena. "Everyone, retreat immediately! This is an order!"

As the sect disciples and spectators hurriedly evacuated, the heavens above rumbled once more, preparing for the next wave of judgment. The storm roared, its fury reaching a crescendo as it prepared to unleash its wrath again.

Yan Zijin, who was standing beside Ji Shuang, spoke with a slight frown "Geniuses can only endure up to the 7th degree and only some people have withstood the 8th degree of the Heavenly Tribulation."

"I wonder how much this genius can withstand."

Golden arcs of lightning coiled and twisted within the blackened clouds, the energy palpable even to those who had retreated a great distance from the arena. Zhao Tian tilted his head slightly, gazing up at the swirling tempest and a soft sigh escaped his lips.

The fifth bolt descended, but this time, it wasn't just one.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! BOOM!

Multiple streaks of lightning, each larger than the last, converged into a singular spear of pure destructive power.

The air vibrated with its intensity, and a deafening roar echoed across the sect grounds.

The bolt struck Zhao Tian with cataclysmic force, and for a moment, it seemed as if the very world had gone silent.

The impact created an explosion of light and energy, blinding everyone who dared to look directly at it.

A massive shockwave rippled outward, obliterating what little remained of the arena and sending chunks of debris hurtling in every direction.

The sky itself seemed to tremble under the sheer power of the attack.

When the light finally faded, a massive crater now marred the center of the arena as smoke and dust obscured everything, leaving the outcome uncertain.

"Is he..." Yan Zijin's voice trailed off as her sharp eyes tried to pierce through the haze.

Yao Jing stood frozen at the edge of the destruction, her heart pounding like a drum. "Tian'er..." she whispered, her voice cracking with emotion.

Finally, as the dust began to settle, a figure emerged from the chaos. Zhao Tian stood tall in the center of the crater, his robes tattered and his hair disheveled.

Yet, his body remained untouched, unscathed, as if the lightning had never truly reached him.

The disbelief among the spectators reached its peak.

"No injuries... Not even now?" Xu Guangjing muttered, his voice shaking. "This isn't human."

Chapter 578 The Heaven sent child [4]

578 The Heaven sent child [4]

CRACKLE The sky above seemed to fracture as the sixth degree of the Heavenly Tribulation descended and the vortex seemed to be an abyss of golden lightning. Arcs of lightning twisted within the storm like serpents, their glow illuminating the shattered arena and the onlookers' terrified faces.

This time, it was no mere lightning strike.

The heavens roared with rage, summoning a barrage of bolts that fused midair into a single devastating blast.

KRA-KA-BOOOOM!

The resulting bolt was not aimed to test Zhao Tian... it was meant to obliterate.

It tore through the air, leaving a trail of spatial distortions as it hurtled toward Zhao Tian.

THOOOMMM The moment it struck, the air itself seemed to cry out and the ground beneath his feet gave way, collapsing into a crater so deep that the arena's foundation was entirely exposed. A shockwave rippled outward, its sheer force causing the protective formations around the sect to flicker. Many spectators were forced to retreat even further, shielding themselves from the overwhelming heat and energy. Zhao Tian, at the center of the devastation, stood still.

His robes were singed, his hair slightly tousled, and faint scorch marks danced across his exposed skin.

Yet, there was no significant injury and his body seemed to hum with the remnants of the lightning.

"Impossible," Xu Guangjing muttered, his eyes narrowing as he scrutinized Zhao Tian. Yan Zijin's expression remained indifferent, but a flicker of unease crossed her eyes. "The sixth degree of the Heavenly Tribulation. This alone has slain countless prodigies."

Above, the vortex churned with renewed fury, as if insulted by Zhao Tian's defiance.

The storm deepened, turning darker as arcs of lightning crackled with more intensity than ever before.

The air grew heavier, pressing down on all who remained in the vicinity.

And the seventh degree began.

This time, the heavens gathered its power in a sphere... a golden sun of condensed lightning that radiated an aura of pure annihilation and it hovered ominously for a moment before crashing down.

KRAAAAAAK! THOOOMMMMMM!

The arena was no more; the ground collapsed entirely, revealing layers of bedrock that melted under the searing heat.

The resulting explosion sent a plume of dust and energy surging into the atmosphere.

BOOOOOM The earth groaned under the strain, and tremors were felt even in the distant parts of the sect grounds.

Ji Shuang's voice rang out, urgent and commanding. "All remaining disciples, evacuate immediately! This is no longer a test of cultivation!"

Reluctantly, the remaining disciples obeyed, their gazes lingering on Zhao Tian as they fled.

Amidst the chaos, Yao Jing remained rooted to her spot, her fists trembling as her heart waged war with her reason. "Tian'er... how far will you go?" she whispered.

As the dust settled once more, Zhao Tian's figure was revealed.

His breathing had quickened, and blood seeped from the corners of his mouth from the pressure, but his posture remained steadfast.

"The seventh degree... is this all the heavens can muster?" In the distance, Eldric Grey stood with his arms crossed and a contemplative gaze. "He's gone beyond endurance. It's not just his physical body... it's his will. To defy the heavens, one must have an indomitable spirit. And his... it's monstrous."

The heavens roared in response to Zhao Tian's provocation and the vortex expanded further, its golden arcs intensifying as they wove together into a single massive construct.

This was no ordinary strike... this was judgment.

The eighth degree of the Heavenly Tribulation arrived.

The sky itself seemed to split open as a pillar of divine lightning descended and it was wider than the previous strikes, a cascade of golden energy that shattered the very air it passed through.

The force of its descent caused the sect grounds to tremble violently.

KRA-KA-BOOOOOOM!

The pillar struck with unmatched ferocity, engulfing Zhao Tian entirely.

WOOOSHHHHH The sheer brightness of the strike forced even the Wing Masters to avert their eyes and the protective formations around the sect collapsed entirely, leaving the observers vulnerable to the residual energy. Ji Shuang clenched her fists, her aura flaring as she prepared to intervene. "This is no longer just a tribulation..."

Yan Zijin's gaze squinted, her eyes fixed on the storm. "It seems like a challenge. The heavens want to see how far he can go."

"What did this brat do to make the Heavens do this?"

When the light faded, Zhao Tian's form emerged once more and his body bore the marks of the tribulation... his robes were in tatters, his hair disheveled, and scorch marks marred his skin.

Yet, his stance was unbroken and his breathing was ragged under the sheer pressure, but his eyes burned with an intensity that sent shivers through everyone who was watching him from the distance. From her vantage point, Velnorah's crimson eyes trembled with admiration as she leaned forward, her lips curling into a delighted smile.

"Hubby, you're truly extraordinary. How much longer will you toy with the heavens, I wonder?"

Eldric Grey's eyes shook in horror and a mutter escaped his lips "He survived the eight-degree?" No one has survived the 8th degree on the High Stars, but they have heard there are some people who survived the 8th degree in the Astral Realm.

Rei Wian, who had already been evacuated from the arena, looked at the arena's direction, which was destroyed, the golden lightning sparkling around Zhao Tian's body.

"The Gods are so unfair..." he muttered in envy, looking at Zhao Tian.

H-HUH?

Looking at Zhao Tian standing in the center, Li Jia rubbed the tears from her eyes and a deep sigh escaped her lips "You bastard.. always worrying me."

Qi Nue and Qi Xue hugged each other, relief flooding their hearts after seeing Zhao Tian still standing on the ground.

Further away, Jao Ying, couldn't hide the glimmer of pride and worry in her eyes as she clenched her hands tightly within the folds of her robes. "That stubborn disciple of mine..." she muttered under her breath, though her voice wavered.

Despite her confidence in him, even she felt the suffocating weight of what he had endured.

The heavens above, however, showed no signs of relenting.

The vortex grew darker, and the arcs of lightning began to take on a reddish hue, their intensity surpassing anything seen before.

The ninth degree was coming...

Chapter 579 The Heaven sent child [5]

579 The Heaven sent child [5]

The skies churned, the storm clouds above growing darker and more oppressive.

The golden lightning that had been coursing down moments before now shifted into hues of deep crimson, streaked with eerie, radiant blue.

RUMBLE Each crackle of thunder sounded like the roar of an enraged god, shaking the very ground beneath the gathered spectators.

The air turned suffocating, an unbearable weight pressing down on everyone present.

WHAT THE FUCK?

Fear and shock rippled around the people who had been watching from the distance.

"H-He is entering the 9th degree?"

"No way..."

"He is going to die."

"No one survived the 8th degree and he is going to the 9th?"

Li Jia who was standing amongst the disciples, her lips quivered in horror and her legs gave out as she stumbled on her knees "Tian?"

Everyone could feel the oppressive energy from the storm even though there is a great distance between them and Zhao Tian. As Zhao Tian stood there, his battered body glowing faintly from the energies he had just soaked.

"Fuck..."

Muttering under his breath, he raised his gaze to look at the swirling vortex above him "I know you won't stop until the tenth degree..."

The vortex above began to shift. Its rotation slowed, only to accelerate again with even greater intensity.

WOOOSH Suddenly, a massive pulse of energy shot downward, wrapping around Zhao Tian.

The crowd who were watching gasped in unison as his body jerked violently, and then—

He was dragged skyward. **woosh**

The invisible force pulled him upward like a ragdoll, pulling him into the very heart of the storm.

Zhao Tian struggled but he could not break away from the force as it dragged him to the eye of the storm.

The crimson, blue, and gold lightning crackled ominously around his ascending body, illuminating his figure against the darkened sky.

"What is happening?!" Yao Jing cried out, her voice trembling with both fear and desperation.

"He's... He's being pulled into the skies!" muttered one of the elders from the Obsidian Shadow Wing, his usually calm demeanor shattered by the sight.

"Impossible!" bellowed another elder, clutching at his robes.

"Even for the eighth degree, this is unheard of! The ninth degree... no one has ever survived it."

Yan Zijin closed her eyes and let out a deep sigh "Such a great genius... but, it's a shame he will die."

She glanced at Ji Shuang and uttered "Sect Master, I think we should show our concentration on saving the other disciples instead of focusing on him."

Ji Shuang waved her hand, her gaze fixed on the swirling storm "You can help the disciples along with other elders."

"I have a job."

...

High above, Zhao Tian found himself enveloped in an oppressive silence, the chaos of the storm muted now that he was at its epicenter.

He floated in the swirling void, suspended by forces far beyond mortal comprehension.

The golden arcs of lightning that had battered him moments ago were nothing compared to what awaited here. The first bolt struck without warning.

CRACKK* *THOOM A streak of red lightning, thick as a mountain, tore through the skies, slamming into Zhao Tian's chest with a sound like the world splitting apart.

His body convulsed, veins lighting up as if molten lava coursed through them.

The sheer intensity of the strike sent waves of energy rippling outward, distorting the air and casting a blood-red hue over the land below.

On the ground, the spectators stumbled backward, shielding their eyes from the overwhelming light.

"What kind of..." muttered one disciple, his voice trembling with awe and fear.

Another elder from the Ivory Spirit Wing clutched his staff tightly, "To face the ninth degree of tribulation is to challenge the heavens themselves."

"Truly the Heaven sent child."

Back in the vortex, Zhao Tian barely had time to catch his breath before the second strike descended... a blue bolt of lightning, colder than the ice mountains he experienced.

BOOM!

The freezing energy pierced through him, clashing violently with the remnants of the red lightning.

His body was caught in a tempest and his breath hitched as the sheer frost spread across his skin, only to be shattered by the residual heat still burning within him.

"Haa..."

Zhao Tian's body was suspended in midair, the energy that bound him pulling him upward even further.

He raised his head, his eyes narrowing against the unbearable radiance of the golden strike bearing down on him. There was no time to prepare. BOOMOOOMMM! CRACKLE!!

The lightning struck him directly, engulfing his entire body in a cascade of radiant energy.

The impact sent shockwaves rippling outward, shattering the remnants of the arena below and sending jagged cracks racing across the land.

For a moment, it seemed as though the skies themselves had swallowed Zhao Tian whole.

His figure was completely obscured, lost in the golden blaze.

The energy churned violently, arcs of golden lightning lashing out in all directions.

...

Li Jia's body shuddered as she again heard the terrific noise in the sky and her face went pale.

"Tian... You stubborn fool," she choked out, her words barely audible.

Her lips trembled as tears gathered in her eyes, threatening to fall.

She had always kept her feelings buried, concealed behind a mask of pride and grace.

But now, watching him endure what no one else could, her heart felt as though it might shatter.

Her thoughts raced as fear gripped her heart 'He's not invincible. Even he can't endure this...'

"Please, please don't die," she whispered under her breath, the plea barely audible even to herself.

The tears she had been holding back finally spilled over, streaking down her face as she reached out toward the sky as if she could somehow pull him back. "Zhao Tian..." she said his name softly, her voice trembling with a mix of love and despair. She clenched her fists, her tears falling freely as she whispered one final plea. "Please... come back." ...

High above in the skies, the 9th degree of the tribulation ended, triggering the 10th degree of the tribulation...

To trigger the 10th degree was to reject the very foundation of the world itself. It was to defy the order of creation. It was to call forth the wrath of the Heavens' ultimate guardian. When mortals ascend to such heights, when they shatter the laws that bind all of existence, it arrives. The Sustainer of Heavenly Laws.

The Arbiter of Divine Balance.

The Overseer of Fate's Threads.

The Heavenly One.

"Happy Birthday, Darling..."

Chapter 580 The Heaven sent child [6]

580 The Heaven sent child [6]

flick Ji Shuang dashed through the air, the wind from the swirling storm brushing past her face as she made her way to the skies.

Her gaze trembled as she felt the oppressive power of the Heavens and she slowly made her way close to the storm.

"I have to do my job."

swoosh A scroll appeared from her storage ring and as she injected her astral energy, it glowed in a faint golden light and spread below the whole sect.

...

"What... What just happened?" a disciple stammered, his voice trembling as he glanced nervously at the skies. "The storm... It disappeared?" Murmurs rippled through the crowd like wildfire. "Did he survive the Ninth Degree?" "Did the tribulation stop?" "Could it be that he... failed?" Everyone who was watching the storms was confused as the storms suddenly disappeared.

"What?"

"Did he survive the 9th degree?"

"The tribulation stopped?"

Li Jia quickly stood up, rubbing the tears away from her face as she looked around at the sky searching for Zhao Tian "Where is he?"

Around her, hushed whispers began to take a darker tone. "Maybe... Maybe he didn't survive," one disciple muttered, his voice barely above a whisper. "No one has ever endured beyond the Ninth Degree," another added, shaking his head grimly.

"The storm disappearing might mean he was obliterated."

"Yeah, it completely disappeared."

"Seems like he is dead."

HUH?

Li Jia's breath caught in her throat as the words she feared reached her ears.

"T-Tian..." she whispered, her lips quivering uncontrollably.

Her chest heaved as tears streaked her cheeks. "No... No, this can't be..." she cried out, tears spilling down her face.

"You promised, Tian... You promised you'd always win..." Her voice broke, and she clutched her arms around herself, shaking violently as despair consumed her.

Not far from her, Yao Jing stood frozen, and her lips parted as if to speak, but no sound escaped.

Her gaze remained fixed on the sky, searching desperately for any sign of him, any trace of his presence.

"Tian'er..." she murmured, her voice barely audible, trembling with disbelief.

Her disciple, her most talented and beloved pupil, the one she had secretly thought could surpass her, was gone.

A flood of memories washed over her... the day she had accepted him as her disciple, the countless hours of training, the moments he had made her laugh with his antics, and the times he had amazed her with his brilliance.

He was not just her disciple; he was her pride, her hope for the future.

Tears welled in her eyes. "You... You were supposed to achieve greatness, Tian'er," she whispered, her voice cracking under the weight of her emotions.

"How could you..." Her knees threatened to buckle, but she stood firm, even as the storm of grief inside her raged.

A sharp gasp echoed amidst the crowd.

"L-Little brother?" Qi Xue's voice trembled as she staggered forward.

"No... This can't be real," she whispered, shaking her head in denial.

"He's not gone. He's strong... He's stronger than anyone..." Tears streamed down her face, blurring her vision as she stumbled forward, her gaze fixed desperately on the sky.

"Little brother!"

Qi Xue knelt beside her sister, wrapping her arms around her trembling body.

Her own tears fell freely, her voice choked with emotion as she tried to comfort Qi Nue, though her words felt hollow. "Nue'er... He's... He's not gone..."

...

Ji Shuang floated in the air, her figure silhouetted against the fading remnants of the golden lightning as she steadied herself amidst the turbulent winds. Her delicate fingers flicked, channeling her astral energy to sustain the massive illusion barrier she had erected over the entire sect. Her lips curled into a faint smile as she exhaled, the tension in her shoulders easing. "The illusion barrier is complete," she murmured to herself.

Her eyes darted toward the ground, where the disciples had begun to disperse, their confusion slowly giving way to resignation.

Let them think it's over, she thought grimly.

But as she lifted her gaze toward the skies, her gaze wavered for just a moment, looking at the swirling vortex high above.

Amidst the storm's chaos, Zhao Tian's battered and bloodied body floated eerily, suspended amidst arcs of golden lightning that danced across his body.

His robes were tattered, his skin scorched, yet he exuded an unyielding aura of defiance.

"Master Tian..."

High above the skies, the 10th degree of the Heavenly Tribulation began.

The swirling vortex condensed, its once-chaotic winds calming into an eerie stillness as if the heavens themselves were holding their breath.

Zhao Tian floated in the center of it all, as his chest heaved with each labored breath and he looked at the bright golden lightning.

Above him, the vortex began to churn again, and threads of golden lightning converged at the storm's heart, twisting and writhing as they formed an enormous spear of pure energy.

The light it emitted was blinding, each pulse of power sending shockwaves that made the air tremble.

This was the 10th degree—the final act of the tribulation, an attack meant to annihilate anyone bold enough to challenge the heavens themselves.

CRACK!LEEEE! THOOOOMMMM!

The golden spear descended with a deafening roar, splitting the skies as it hurtled toward Zhao Tian.

The air around it burned, space itself warping as the spear tore through space, its sheer power shattering the skies.

BOOOOOMM!

The spear struck Zhao Tian head-on, engulfing him in a blinding explosion of golden light.

The force of the impact sent shockwaves rippling across the skies, clearing all the nearby clouds in the sky.

Amidst the golden light, Zhao Tian's body trembled violently as the spear's energy surged through him.

His veins burned as though molten lava coursed through them, and his bones cracked under the immense pressure. "Aghhhh!"

The energy tried to tear him apart, but Zhao Tian gritted his teeth and endured the continuous onslaught of the Heavenly Lightning.

This continued for a few minutes as his body was continuously struck by powerful lightning one after another.

Ji Shuang who was floating below, her gaze condensed "Seems like its about to end."