

Prodigies 121

[Chapter 121: Acting Weak to Slay a Tiger](#)

The arena had a rather unique setup. The giant space was separated into thirty individual duel stages, each roughly a hundred feet wide.

The rationale behind this was that this setup was better to train the students' close combat skills.

In real battles, there would be times when retreat was not an option or there would be no room to avoid an attack. Everything would be decided within a single square foot!

In such clashes, if the combat power of both parties were similar, the crux would lie in an individual's technique and ferocity.

Hence, each duel stage was only a hundred feet wide. Once the fighter left the stage, it would be judged as defeat.

As per usual, the 39th Campground students arrived at the duel stages with the opponents they had drawn and began the sparring training.

However, most students were not fully focused on their sparring. Instead, their attention constantly drifted towards the duel stage numbered thirteen near the middle of the arena.

Numerous peoples' gazes were filled with amusement as if they were waiting for the entertainment to start. Only Ning Meng was worriedly frowning.

Lin Xun stood alone on the stage. He had grown substantially taller over the past three weeks and the contours of his face had become more defined. His black abyss-like eyes seemed to have gained a certain elegance, giving them a unique charm.

Lin Xun was the type who looked better the more you looked at him. After the past few weeks of training and his gradual aging over the years, he now looked like a polished and capable handsome young teenager.

The sight made the eyes of several female students brighten, seemingly discovering for the first time that this rumored coward was actually quite handsome.

Lin Xun would find it strange at times. Other peoples' auras grew fiercer and stronger the more they trained. He seemed to be the only one who became increasingly graceful and unearthly. On the surface, he looked like a harmless, elegant, and kind person.

"You little punk, you've made me wait for a long time!" Opposite Lin Xun, Xin Wenbin laughed sinisterly, his eyes filled with brutality. He had borne a grudge against Lin Xun ever since the little incident on the first day.

How could Xin Wenbin hold back his hatred upon seeing Lin Xun voluntarily jump out today?

When Xin Wenbin drew Lin Xun as his opponent, it only further cemented the feeling that even the heavens were on his side.

It would be sacrilegious to not give Lin Xun a pummeling today!

Lin Xun grinned and spat out a single word, "Maggot."

"You..." Xin Wenbin was taken aback. He suddenly recalled their first day where he had been called a shit-eating maggot by Lin Xun. All of Xin Wenbin's anger exploded as his face twisted hideously.

"Die!" His figure charged forward like a raging wildfire, his hands forming knife-palms as they ruthlessly swung at Lin Xun's throat.

Boom~

The air seemed to explode as flames rushed towards Xin Wenbin's hands, creating terrifying and searing aeth power ripples.

Fiery Scatter Cloud Blade!

It was a battle art that was passed down in Xin Wenbin's clan. Although there was the word 'blade' in it, it was actually an extremely formidable palm technique. A single palm strike from a highly proficient expert resembled a wave of fire scattering the clouds, displaying terrifying power.

Qi Can inwardly nodded at this sight. Although Xin Wenbin might seem a little violent at times, his battle power and talent were truly outstanding.

Moreover, after recently advancing to the True Martial ninth layer stage, handling a True Martial sixth layer cultivator like Lin Xun should be a piece of cake.

The others were mostly of the same opinion as Qi Can. They could not wait to see how badly Lin Xun would be beaten.

Only Ning Meng's frown continued to deepen as his heart tightened. Xin Wenbin's current battle power was considered around average in the 39th Campground, neither high nor low.

On the other hand, Lin Xun had abandoned the training three weeks ago and had always been at the bottom of the rankings prior to that. How can he possibly be Xin Wenbin's match?

It was worth mentioning that although many people were observing Lin Xun's and Xin Wenbin's fight, the sparring was still ongoing.

Due to this lapse in concentration, Ning Meng narrowly avoided a blow to the head. His expression immediately changed as he roared and charged forward like an enraged dragon. He swung his palm at the opponent's face, causing the other party to yelp in pain as he was thrown off the stage.

Ning Meng's opponent was called Ye Xiaowu and was also part of Xin Wenbin's circle.

Perhaps due to being worried about the possibility of Lin Xun being brutally thrashed by Xin Wenbin, Ning Meng took everything out on Ye Xiaowu and seriously injured him in a single attack.

While Ning Meng was having his little release session, gasps of surprise suddenly sounded in the arena.

Ning Meng's heart sank. Did Lin Xun lose?

He turned to look but found Lin Xun still standing at the same spot. However, Xin Wenbin was nowhere to be found.

Ning Meng was stunned when he finally located Xin Wenbin's figure. He had somehow fallen to the floor and half of his face was swollen and red resembling a pig's. It was an exceptionally miserable sight.

This...what just happened?

Ning Meng was dumbstruck. It had only taken him a single move to send Ye Xiaowu flying and the entire process should have taken at most a few seconds.

However, Lin Xun's battle had also been decided in these same few seconds and the loser was not him but Xin Wenbin!

Ning Meng felt dazed. What the hell is going on?

Ning Meng was not alone. The other students in the arena looked as if they had seen a ghost. Several people revealed an opening because of this and their opponents used the opportunity to deliver a swift finishing blow.

"How did this happen?" In the distance, Qi Can's gaze rapidly flickered in thought.

The others from the same circle such as Wen Mingxiu and Muo Leng were likewise bewildered.

Xin Wenbin's attack had been fierce and powerful. Everyone had believed that Lin Xun would be unable to withstand it and be sent flying.

Who could have imagined that instead of trying to dodge, Lin Xun stepped forward and executed the Marching Army Fist's most ordinary White Dragon Armor Stripper move? It easily broke through Xin Wenbin's defenses, allowing a blow to land on his face and send him flying off the stage with a painful yelp.

Everything had happened in a single breath; it was so inconceivably fast that everyone felt something must have played a trick on their eyes.

However, numerous peoples' expressions changed after ascertaining that it was all real. Their gazes subtly changed when they looked towards Lin Xun again.

His cultivation seemed to have advanced but there was no way it exceeded the True Martial eighth layer. But why is his battle power so overwhelming?

No one knew the answer.

Xiaoke saw everything from the entrance of the arena. Her expression remained indifferent because she did not find any of this surprising. If Lin Xun could not even achieve this, her three weeks of personal training would have been completely wasted!

"No!" Xin Wenbu released a furious howl as he jumped back onto the stage. The left side of his face was horrifyingly swollen and red but it was not a serious injury.

He was unable to accept the reality that he had been sent flying by a single blow from Lin Xun. Moreover, it had been a strike to the face with everyone watching!

Xin Wenbin's heart overflowed with humiliation and rage, causing his eyes to turn red.

He refused to believe that Lin Xun was that strong. He must have been too careless earlier, allowing Lin Xun to take advantage of an opening.

Right, that's definitely the case!

Xin Wenbin consoled himself as he roared and charged at Lin Xun again.

A point would be deducted with every loss in the arena and the winner would gain a point in turn. Unless they were too injured to continue, no one was permitted to withdraw from the training. If someone admitted defeat, they would be kicked out of the camp.

Rumble!

Xin Wenbin's body burned with resplendent red light as dreadful heat surged from his fingers. He was the very picture of a fiery battle god who gave off a terrifying aura.

In the distance, Ning Ming concentrated on the fight, refusing to let any detail slip by.

Numerous people had the same idea. Until now, they could not understand how Lin Xun had defeated Xin Wenbin in a single strike.

Lin Xun was someone who had abandoned the training three weeks ago and was believed by many to be a cowardly clown. How could he possibly possess such battle power?

Everyone needed to see what happened next.

On the duel stage, Lin Xun did not avoid nor retreat from his furious opponent. He simply stepped forward again and swung his fist.

Marching Army Fist—Fierce Tiger Emerges from the Mountain!

Everyone was very familiar with this simple punch which sent Xin Wenbin flying again.

He was hit on the right cheek this time. Teeth, blood, and spittle sprayed in the air as he fell to the ground again with a scream.

The entire arena was silent.

Everyone was shocked by this scene. The most fundamental Marching Army Fist had once again defeated Xin Wenbin's prided Fiery Scatter Cloud Blade!

Isn't this a bit too much?

It finally dawned upon everyone that they had been very wrong about Lin Xun.

How was he someone who had abandoned the training? How was he a cowardly clown? His battle power had soared in the three weeks he had been absent.

This made many peoples' expressions turn rather ugly, especially Qi Can, Wen Mingxiu, Muo Leng, and the others in their circle. *NOvelnext.coM*

They had originally been waiting for Lin Xun to be made a fool of and never imagined that reality would give them a tight slap in the face instead. It made their cheeks burn, feeling as if they were the clowns now, not Lin Xun.

The Marching Army Fist is not frightening. What's terrifying is a Marching Army Fist at a perfect mastery level. The progress he made over the past three weeks is no less than anyone else here...

Shi Yu thought to himself. Lin Xun's performance proved that Shi Yu had been correct about Lin Xun all along!

It was laughable that Xin Wenbin had believed he could show off after advancing to the True Martial ninth layer stage. He deserved every bit of that beating.

"Damn, he was hiding his strength all along!" Ning Meng finally understood and could not help but feel excited. Lin Xun was too devious. He had refused to say anything because he was waiting to give his opponent a vicious blow.

That's so evil of him!

Ning Meng could not help but chuckle evilly. Although this was quite devious, it was very much to his liking!

[Chapter 122: Steamroll](#)

Impossible!

Xin Wenbin felt as if he was nearly about to become insane from anger. He had invested all of his time and effort into the past three weeks of training and had smoothly advanced to the True Martial ninth layer. He had a good aptitude to boot!

With all of those factors in his favor, he should have been able to steamroll over a True Martial sixth layer stage cultivator like Lin Xun. How could Xin Wenbin have anticipated such a turn of events instead?

It was especially humiliating because he was a True Martial ninth layer expert, a descendent of the Forbidden City's Imperial Guard Commander, and someone who had inherited his clan's strongest techniques. Despite all of those advantages, he had been defeated twice while everyone was watching!

His opponent was at best a True Martial seventh layer cultivator whose upbringing definitely could not compare to his own. Even the battle art used by Lin Xun was the empire's most common and basic Marching Army Fist.

Xin Wenbin could not accept losing to such a person!

He leaped onto the duel stage again with a guttural howl. Xin Wenbin was much more cautious this time and chose a more defensive approach instead of charging in aggressively.

However—

Another loss!

It was yet another simple punch but it felt like a mountain slamming into his body. He was flung off the stage for the third time and fell flat on his face.

Numerous people could not bear to watch any further. Xin Wenbin's series of defeats were absolutely one-sided.

The overwhelming power Lin Xun displayed made many people raise their eyebrows in surprise. There was no longer anyone who dared to view him as a gutless coward.

Would an ordinary person be able to crush Xin Wenbin with True Martial seventh layer cultivation and the most basic Marching Army Fist?

Ning Meng was no longer worried about Lin Xun. The former finally understood that Lin Xun's sudden departure three weeks ago was not because he was abandoning the training but to better raise his capabilities!

Otherwise, continuing his trend of ranking bottom without changing anything would only lead to his elimination. *nOveLnExt.com*

By this time, the displeasure and ill-feelings Ning Meng had towards Lin Xun had disappeared completely.

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Xin Wenbin's three successive one-sided defeats made this sparring session meaningless. Those who had been watching with glee earlier now couldn't stomach it anymore and withdrew their gazes to concentrate on their own sparring.

The successive defeats had also cleared away the anger and humiliation which had been clouding Xin Wenbin's head. He now fully realized how terrifying Lin Xun was.

No matter how unwilling Xin Wenbin was, he had no choice but to admit that there was no chance of a comeback even if he went up again.

Xin Wenbin was no fool or he would not have been sent to Blood Kill Camp.

However, he inwardly cursed because he had to suck it up and step onto the duel stage again because he had not been heavily injured or knocked unconscious. In accordance with the rules of this training, he could not admit defeat either because it would mean his elimination!

How hateful!

How hateful!!

Xin Wenbin wanted to cry. He had originally believed that he had been so lucky with the opponent he had drawn. However, he now saw that it was actually a trap he had stupidly jumped into...

It was already too late for regret. At the thought of sending himself into Lin Xun's ready arms again, Xin Wenbin wished that he could somehow fall unconscious so he would no longer need to participate in the sparring.

Unfortunately for Xin Wenbin, although all three defeats had been done with a single strike, Lin Xun seemed to have controlled his strength well. Xin Wenbin was nowhere near injured to the extent that he would be unfit for battle.

Would Lin Xun hold back because he was wary?

Clearly not!

Xin Wenbin also realized this. In fact, he was certain that Lin Xun was doing this on purpose to repeatedly bully him!

In addition, the winner would also earn a point each time his opponent was defeated!

At this thought, Xin Wenbin's entire body shook in anger and frustration, feeling as if he was about to explode. That little shit is way too devious, despicable, and shameless!

"Young Master Xin, there are only three seconds left. If you don't come up, you might have to face the possibility of elimination. I'm sure your parents and friends will be very sad if that happens." On the duel stage, Lin Xun smiled warmly as if he was giving a kindly reminder.

However, the sight made Xin Wenbin seethe in anger, wishing he could slash that sickening smile off Lin Xun's face.

But there was ultimately nothing else he could do but grit his teeth and step onto the stage again. He resolved himself to fully focus on defense this time and try to drag the fight out as long as possible. This was the best way to reduce his point loss.

Hence, Xin Wenbin went full vigilance mode the moment he entered the stage. There was no longer any trace of his earlier aggression. It was as if he had transformed into a completely different person who was very cautious.

Lin Xun could not help but laugh at this sight. However, he would not let the other party have his way.

Thud!

Lin Xun took the initiative, wasting no time as he slammed his foot into the ground and his body bolted forward like an arrow.

Aeth power surged in his body as his aura abruptly transformed, making him akin to a threatening unsheathed blade.

Lin Xun had been beaten up by Xiaoke every day for the past three weeks. No matter how forgiving he was, being treated this way would definitely make anyone feel depressed and sullen.

He had finally found an outlet for all these repressed feelings: the unlucky Xin Wenbin.

Lin Xun's aura made Xin Wenbin's scalp turn numb as resentment, sullenness, and anger rose in his heart like a bitter widow. It was easy to imagine how ugly his expression looked at this juncture.

Thud!

Xin Wenbin was sent flying again, letting out a cry of pain as his body arced through the air. All the other students in the arena could not help but shiver at the sound.

They did not need to turn their heads and look to know that Xin Wenbin would be sporting a very pitiful appearance.

However, he did not sustain any serious injuries: only losing a few teeth, gaining another big, swollen bruise on his face, and having his brain rattled.

Of course, this was completely intentional on Lin Xun's part.

Xin Wenbin was someone who would hold a grudge forever even if he wasn't beaten up. Since that was the case, Lin Xun would naturally not let him off so easily.

Xin Wenbin would be utterly crushed and sucked dry of all his points!

Only by doing this would the other students understand that they should first carefully consider the consequences before they decided to be enemies with him!

This was to establish himself and deter other students. The competition was intense in Blood Kill Camp. Selecting the right time to reveal his fangs would make potential rivals wary and discourage them from provoking him.

For Xin Wenbin, this sparring session felt especially long. Every second was torture for his body and heart.

He suffered defeat after defeat and was forced to return to the stage again and again...who could truly understand the powerlessness and frustration he felt?

Xin Wenbin was supposed to be the brutality specialist, but today, he finally experienced what it was like to be on the receiving end. It was miserable and the pain made him wish he were dead.

Lin Xun, the day will come when I will pay you back ten times over for everything you've done today! I swear that I will make you wish you were dead! Xin Wenbin howled in his heart.

He hated this to the extreme. He hated it so much that it nearly made him go insane.

Meanwhile, Lin Xun was considering how he would eliminate Xin Wenbin in the future to prevent future troubles.

As time passed, someone could no longer bear to watch after Xin Wenbin had been trampled over seventeen times.

Qi Can knocked his opponent unconscious with a swift strike and immediately turned around with a wide grin, "Lin Xun, it must be very boring for you. How about we pair up instead?"

He was smiling but his gaze was ice-cold as he stared at Lin Xun.

These words drew side glances from several people. Exchanging sparring partners was not anything new and had occurred before in previous sessions. For example, when the difference in fighting ability between two combatants was too big, they would tactfully swap partners with another pair.

This unspoken rule had been silently acknowledged by Xiaoke. However, all four parties must agree to the swap.

As such, many were unsurprised by Qi Can's proposal. Although it was clear that he had only suggested this because he could no longer bear to let Lin Xun continue to thrash Xin Wenbin.

Several people secretly breathed sighs of relief as they wondered whether Lin Xun would agree.

“Lin Xun, being chosen as an opponent by brother Qi Can is a huge honor. Agree if you have the balls!”

“That’s right, if you have the guts to accept, I might even change my opinion of you.”

“Come on, give us your answer. Someone who only knows how to bully Xin Wenbin is a disgrace even if you win.”

The other students from Qi Can’s circle made use of this opportunity to cause a din. There were no rules against being noisy during training. Hence, they fearlessly tried to provoke Lin Xun into agreeing.

As long as Lin Xun agreed, Xin Wenbin would be saved from this predicament. In turn, he would definitely be avenged by Qi Can, who would certainly not hold back in giving Lin Xun a vicious beating.

Of course, it still hinged upon Lin Xun’s decision.

Wen Mingxiu arrogantly said, “Lin Xun, agree to the exchange if you consider yourself a man and still have some dignity. Otherwise, I’ll look down on you forever.”

Due to being one of the prettiest and most popular girls in the 39th Campground, several people immediately voiced their agreement.

By this juncture, any other hot-blooded teenage boy would have already accepted to maintain his dignity. After all, which youth would dare to ignore his personal honor and a pretty girl’s opinion?

Ning Meng inwardly cursed, calling them despicable. He was deeply worried that Lin Xun would rashly agree.

Lin Xun suddenly turned his head and cast a quick glance at the noisy students. He kicked Xin Wenbin off the stage again before earnestly saying, “I’m really sorry, I just love sparring with Young Master Xin. Not only does he let me experience a bountiful harvest, he also gives me a sense of accomplishment that none of you can understand. I, Lin Xun, am not an ingrate, how can I possibly betray his goodwill?”

He cupped his fists together with an ashamed expression as he continued, “I have received everyone’s kind intentions and feel greatly loved by all of you. Although believing I have the qualifications to spar with Young Master Qi is an acknowledgment of my strength, I believe that I am still far from being able to compete with Young Master Qi. There are still many areas I have to improve on. Hence, I shall not make a fool of myself. If everyone feels disappointed by this...”

At this point, Lin Xun suddenly displayed a slight smile and leisurely said, “You guys don’t dare to break the rules and come beat me, right? So stop causing a fuss! Our time is very precious and Young Master Xin is still waiting to give me more points!”

[Chapter 123: Shameless](#)

The entire place went silent.

He is too shameless!

The same thought ran through everyone’s heads at the sight of the perfectly composed Lin Xun.

Everyone knew that Lin Xun would never willingly agree to Qi Can's proposal. However, they never imagined that he would so shamelessly and righteously reject it.

I feel so loved and ashamed that I cannot compare to him? Even a blind person could see through such lies! And yet, he still managed to say it all in such a self-important and earnest manner. Does he not know the meaning of shame?

Several people felt a strong urge to ignore everything, charge over and bash the shameless fellow when he said it didn't matter if they didn't agree because no one dared to go against the rules and beat him.

This is too infuriating!

Qi Can's handsome face darkened as he ground his teeth in anger. The other students in his circle also had extremely stormy expressions.

They had seen shameless people before, but never had they seen someone so despicable and audacious!

"He..." Shi Yu could not help but feel dazed. It had never occurred to him that Lin Xun could have such an unethical side.

Li Qiu sported a bewildered expression. Is this really the person Young Master Yu admires? Isn't he too...Li Qiu could not find the words to describe Lin Xun.

Ning Ming couldn't hold back his mirth and he laughed until tears nearly began streaming down his cheeks. To think that such obvious lies could be said in such a righteous and serious manner. Lin Xun is such a scumbag!

Several people's expressions turned increasingly ugly upon hearing Ning Meng's unrestrained laughter.

Meanwhile, a groan was heard. Already depressed and beaten black and blue, this was the final straw for Xin Wenbin. He vomited blood and fell unconscious.

The entire arena erupted. Xin Wenbin had vomited blood and fainted from anger!

This was not surprising. He had been repeatedly pummeled by Lin Xun before having to hear his shameless speech. Anyone else would not have been able to take such humiliation.

For a time, numerous people looked at Lin Xun in disgust, anger, hatred, and disdain.

Lin Xun seemed completely oblivious. He sighed regretfully at Xin Wenbin's unconscious state, "Sigh, Young Master Xin must feel bad to have let me down by not lasting till the end."

Veins bulged on the crowd's foreheads. They were trying very hard not to rush forth and kill Lin Xun. He's definitely doing this on purpose!

However, Lin Xun ignored them. He turned his head, looked towards Xiaoke, and cupped his hands together, "Instructor, is there any possibility of Young Master Xin waking up immediately?"

The crowd was stunned. He wants to continue beating up Xin Wenbin?

"Lin Xun, don't be so pleased with yourself!" Wen Mingxiu shrieked like a banshee.

“You’re too much! You’d better watch out in the future!”

“Nothing good will ever happen to a shameless person like you!”

The others angrily scolded.

The place descended into chaos. Numerous students were affected and were no longer able to concentrate on their sparring.

At the entrance, Xiaoke looked at Lin Xun, who was pretending not to hear any of their scoldings. She could not help but feel strange as the corners of her lips twitched imperceptibly.

“It’s about time. The training is over.” Xiaoke finally spoke, subduing the unrest. She had said nothing about Lin Xun’s actions from start to end.

This made several people feel indignant. However, they knew that Lin Xun had not broken any rules and could only swallow their dissatisfaction for now.

As such the curtains finally fell on the sparring session fiasco.

After this event, Lin Xun was washed clean of his cowardly clown nickname. However, due to the Xin Wenbin fiasco, Lin Xun gained a new title: the shameless one.

Regardless, no one dared to underestimate Lin Xun after today. In fact, many people were now wary of the skill he had displayed today.

Xin Wenbin’s father was the Forbidden City’s Imperial Guard Commander, a true bigwig in the empire. As such, even someone like Qi Can needed to practice some tact with Xin Wenbin.

However, Lin Xun had dared to take action against such a person. This meant that he was either not afraid of Xin Wenbin’s revenge or couldn’t care less since he had already offended Xin Wenbin.

No matter which it was, it was sufficient to make others wary of him.

In Blood Kill Camp, rules were king and a person’s outside status meant nothing. Hence, before leaving the camp, anyone who wanted to make an enemy out of Lin Xun needed to first evaluate the potential risks and costs.

Xin Wenbin was the best example of this. Not only had he been thoroughly abused, he had also lost seventeen or eighteen points. In addition, his reputation had suffered a devastating blow and he could no longer raise his head in front of Lin Xun in Blood Kill Camp.

The price was too steep!

Many could tell that Lin Xun was making an example out of Xin Wenbin. Lin Xun’s cruel and vicious methods made it such that no one would dare to treat him the way they had before.

Shi Yu could not fully understand why Lin Xun had done this. Is he not worried about completely offending Xin Wenbin’s and Qi Can’s group?

Or perhaps he had already prepared for this long ago?

Shi Yu was uncertain.

Although the matter gave rise to several discussions and guesses, they were soon swept away by the imminent month-end exam.

The results of the exam would decide whether the students would be eliminated. It also concerned the honor of every student and the entire campground. Hence, no one dared to be negligent.

After the sparring training session, Lin Xun left with Ning Meng and headed for the goods exchange warehouse. Lin Xun planned to exchange his points for a handy weapon in preparation for tomorrow's exam.

He did not notice Xiaoke pondering deeply as she watched his departing figure.

What kind of youth is he?

For the very first time, Xiaoke realized that she had never truly understood Lin Xun.

In their one-on-one training, he had displayed composure, tenacity, extremely high comprehensive ability, and cultivation talent. It was not difficult to imagine him becoming a powerful expert in the future.

However, he seemed to become a completely different person when he was discussing runes with Old Mo: full of vigor, enthusiasm, and the confidence of someone who had full control.

If that was his true self, seeing how he dealt with Xin Wenbin today made Xiaoke somewhat unable to grasp the depth of Lin Xun's nature.

The students might believe Lin Xun was shameless and despicable, but Xiaoke felt a slight explainable chill from Lin Xun's methods.

What kind of enemy is the most terrifying?

A person who has no bottom line is fearless and would resort to any means!

Such an individual would not care about honor or dignity, nor would he be threatened by someone's status or influence. In extreme cases, he would not even care about his own life. It was easy to imagine how frightening it would be to make an enemy out of such a person.

Xiaoke was not certain whether Lin Xun was such a person, nor did she know which was his true face.

"What kind of environment did he grow up in to have such a complicated character?" *nOvelnext.com*

Xiaoke suddenly realized that this thirteen-year-old youngster had many secrets that even she did not understand.

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When Ning Meng and Lin Xun left the goods exchange warehouse, there was an ordinary battle blade in his hand. It was two feet and four inches long, three fingers wide and was made from Gold Swell Alloy.

Ning Meng did not understand his choice. This lousy blade wasn't even an aeth weapon and only cost three points. Compared to aeth weapons, it was complete trash, so why had Lin Xun chosen it?

From what Ning Meng knew, all the students had spared no cost and spent a huge amount of points to obtain a satisfactory aeth weapon. Ning Meng himself was no exception.

As such, Lin Xun's choice to exchange for an ordinary weapon appeared rather unusual.

The most inconceivable thing to Ning Meng, however, was that Lin Xun currently had 469 points!

Lin Xun had not participated in any training for the past three weeks, so where did all these points come from? What had he done to catapult himself out from last place?

Lin Xun did not explain. It was a secret and he had an agreement with Old Mo that he would not mention anything about the new Violet Hero Battleship design before it was complete.

Although Ning Meng was not satisfied by this, he could roughly guess that Lin Xun must have obtained several benefits from the rune master over the past three weeks.

Otherwise, it would be impossible for him to have such an astonishing amount of points and such shocking battle power.

"I don't even know what to say. I can't say you're low-key because of how you've offended Qi Can, Xin Wenbin, and the others today, but I can't say you're arrogant either because no one can tell how many tricks you have hidden up your sleeve."

Ning Meng sighed. To him, Lin Xun was more arrogant than anyone else when he needed to be arrogant, but when he needed to be low-key, it became very easy to neglect his existence.

It was very difficult to describe what kind of person Lin Xun was.

Lin Xun grinned and casually said, "You only need to know that we're not enemies."

Ning Meng sulkily said, "Blast you. Even if we're enemies, I'm not afraid of you, okay?"

Lin Xun offhandedly agreed and said nothing else on the topic.

"Be careful tomorrow. I heard that the 40th Campground has more people with several formidable characters amongst them. Don't be too negligent." Ning Meng cautioned before he parted ways with Lin Xun, returning to the campground.

After some contemplation, Lin Xun returned to Old Mo's warehouse and directly asked him for a rune brush and a dish of jade water rune ink under Xiaoman's astonished gaze.

He was, of course, not stupid enough to bring an ordinary weapon to the month-end exam. As a rune apprentice with weapon making experience, would it make sense for him to spend a huge amount of points for an aeth weapon?

If he needed an aeth weapon, he could craft one!

There were several high-class rune inks in Old Mo's abode. It would be a waste if Lin Xun didn't make use of them!

Chapter 124 The Month-end Exam

In the warehouse.

Lin Xun sat before a tall workbench with a sharp rune brush in his hand. He gently dipped it in the jade water rune ink, and meticulously controlled the flow of aeth power into the brush tip as he began to carve on the blade.

His back was as straight as a pencil. There was a look of concentration, extraordinary composure, and confidence on his face.

“Have you ever seen someone who can craft an aeth tool at the True Martial stage?”

In the distance, Xiaoman dazedly stared at Lin Xun’s figure.

Old Mo pondered and said, “I’ve seen such people before, but they are far too rare. The empire’s three great rune clans do have a few super talented descendants who have achieved this.”

“Have you seen anyone like Lin Xun?” Xiaoman followed up with another question, her expression still somewhat dazed.

Before Old Mo could respond, Xiaoman said, “No. At the very least, I have never heard of a thirteen-year-old youth who is also a rune apprentice. If I did not personally witness this, I would have doubted if it was real.”

There was a sliver of unknown emotion in her voice.

Old Mo’s expression turned somewhat complicated, “This kid is indeed one-of-a-kind. I once met a student in Qinglu Academy called Feng Qingyou who was roughly the same age as this kid back then. She also had an unimaginable talent in runes and subsequently became a rune grandmaster several years later at the young age of nineteen. This shocked the entire Qinglu Academy and created quite a commotion in the imperial city. Many called her the genius young lady.”

He paused for a moment before continuing, “I found out later on that her father was the Clan Leader of one of the three noble rune clans, the Feng Clan, and her master was the Qinglu Academy’s Rune Department Head. Hence, it suddenly made sense to me why she was able to become a rune grandmaster at the age of nineteen.”

Xiaoman suddenly asked, “Are you saying that Lin Xun and this girl called Feng Qingyou are different?”

Old Mo nodded, “Indeed. The rune mastery Lin Xun has shown is even greater than what Feng Qingyou had back then. At the very least...it was definitely impossible for her to suggest changes to the design of the Violet Hero Battleship aeth engine.”

Only by comparing two products would a person be able to better gauge their value. This concept applied to people as well.

Upon hearing this, Xiaoman’s heart could not help but churn wildly. Her gaze changed when she looked at Lin Xun’s back again, “In other words, his future accomplishments will not be below Feng Qingyou?”

Old Mo nodded without any hesitation, “I’ve suddenly become very curious about where he came from. Such a person should not appear in Blood Kill Camp!”

Xiaoman frowned, "Old Mo, you'd best not let anyone know about Lin Xun. He's still young. If someone finds out about his capabilities, he might gain unimaginable honor, glory, and status in the future but he will always have to serve someone else and never have true freedom!"

Old Mo's expression changed slightly because he was actually considering this notion. In his eyes, staying in Blood Kill Camp was a waste of Lin Xun's talents. He should be in the Forbidden City's Qinglu Academy instead where he would definitely be able to properly display his skill and become a shining star that was recognized by everyone.

Xiaoman swept a glance at Old Mo, "Don't forget how you came here all those years ago."

These few words caused Old Mo's expression to change drastically. In the end, he bitterly said, "Indeed. Without sufficient power, even the greatest glory and status are merely akin to the reflection of the moon in the well. He will only be a chess piece for others to toy with."

Xiaoman said, "Old Mo, I hope you remember what you said today. I will report every detail of today's matter to Head Xu. I believe he will have the same opinion as me."

Head Xu was Xu Sanqi.

Old Mo extinguished the last wisp of his fantasy and said, "Fine. I merely do not wish for his talents to be buried. Since you guys don't agree, I can't be bothered to say anything either."

A buzzing noise suddenly interrupted their conversation as the ring of a blade filled the entire warehouse.

Old Mo and Xiaoman raised their heads and found that Lin Xun had already stood up and was carefully inspecting his blade.

The battle blade's surface was suffused with ripple-like light. It gave off an azure-sea-like glow and a feeling of vastness.

Success!

Moreover, he succeeded on the first attempt!

As individuals with excellent discernment, Old Man and Xiaoman could instantly tell that the ordinary blade had undergone a complete transformation, becoming an aeth weapon—Jade Wave Blade!

The two exchanged a glance and saw the same unconcealable shock in each other's eyes.

Success on the first attempt...moreover, it had come from the hands of a rune apprentice who was only at the True Martial seventh layer...

Such a feat would shock the world!

.....

Although it was deep in the night, the 40th Campground was not very peaceful.

All thirty-nine students had been gathered in a hall where they listened to Instructor Savage Wolf's analysis.

Savage Wolf was a thin man with unhealthily pale skin and long, narrow eyes. He gave off a stern and cold presence like a lone wolf prowling in the barrens.

“Instructor Xiaoke is very formidable. Among the teachers of the forty campgrounds, she is the one I would want to face the least.” Savage Wolf’s soft voice rang out like a hissing venomous snake. It still made several students shiver although they had already grown accustomed to it.

“You guys should know that the 39th Campground currently has the highest elimination rate. This means that their remaining twenty-four students are the cream of the crop. If you guys are not careful against them tomorrow, prepare to be eliminated!”

Savage Wolf’s analysis caused numerous students’ expressions to turn grave.

“However, there is no need to be overly wary either. Even if we disregard our numbers advantage, the overall battle power of our 40th Campground will not lose to anyone else!”

At this point, Savage Wolf suddenly pointed to a healthy-looking youngster who gave off an extraordinary aura, “Take Di Jun for example. He can match the 39th Campground’s Li Qiu, Wen Mingxiu, or Muo Lengxin!”

The youngster’s eyes shone brightly as he cupped his fists together, “Di Jun will not disappoint the Instructor.”

Savage Wolf did not comment. He pointed to a valiant-looking young lady whose hair was tied up in a bun, “Lei Xinyue is also not bad. However, you must be careful if you encounter Ning Meng. Both of you practice lightning attribute cultivation arts and will most certainly have a miserable fight.”

Lei Xinyue slightly raised her chin. Contrary to expectation, she seemed to be looking forward to it, “It just so happens that I’ve been hoping to spar with him to see whether his Ning Clan’s Eight Wasteland ThunderBolt Art or my Lei Clan’s Dipper Thunder Sword Scripture is superior!”

Savage Wolf did not comment this time either. His gaze swept across the students and ultimately locked onto a very ordinary young man who had a very ordinary aura. After a long silence, Savage Wolf said, “Gong Ming, you should be aware that the most problematic individuals from the 39th Campground are Shi Yu, Ning Meng and Qi Can. I hope that you will do your best to defeat one of them.”

The rest of the students were shocked by these words and soon broke out into a commotion.

Gong Ming was the most ordinary person amongst them. He had average points, average performance, and a very easily neglectable existence.

No one had expected Instructor Savage Wolf to suddenly show such high regard for him at this juncture. It was just too surprising.

Only a handful of students who knew Gong Ming’s background were not surprised by Instructor Savage Wolf’s words. Very few people would dare to underestimate a descendent of the ‘Never Falling Geezer’ Gong Clan!

Gong Ming nodded and did not say anything else.

“To conclude, Shi Yu, Ning Meng, and Qi Can are the three top students from the 39th Campground, and anyone who encounters them must go all-out.”

“Besides them, Li Qiu, Wen Mingxiu, and Muo Lengxin should not be underestimated either.”

“As for the other students, there should not be a huge gap between them and any one of you. How you guys do tomorrow will depend on your individual performance.”

Savage Wolf took a deep breath and said, “Remember, tomorrow’s exam will not only affect everyone individually but also decide whether the 40th Campground will be disbanded. I hope that you guys will not disappoint me!”

The students displayed solemn looks as their eyes burned with fighting spirit.

Someone suddenly spoke out, “Instructor, I heard that there was quite a stir in the 39th Campground today. A guy called Lin Xun beat up Xin Wenbin till he fainted, causing quite a huge fuss. Do you think that we should take precautions against him?”

Lin Xun?

Numerous people were lost because it was the first time they had heard this name.

Savage Wolf was likewise unfamiliar with the name. He frowned and said, “Such things happen all the time in the forty campgrounds. There’s nothing strange about it.”

He was implying that the new name was not on the same threat level as Shi Yu, Ning Meng and Qi Can. In fact, Lin Xun wasn’t even able to compare to Li Qiu, Wen Mingxiu, and Muo Lengxin. The 40th Campground should be wary of Lin Xun while not placing too much focus on him.

Similar pre-exam analysis sessions were held in basically every campground. The atmosphere in Blood Kill Camp was like a fuse that was about to be lit.

Only the 39th Campground was silent and peaceful. When it was time to train, they would train. When it was time to sleep, they would sleep. There was no change to their regular schedule tonight either.

This was Instructor Xiaoke’s style.

The next morning.

A ship smashed through clouds as dawn approached and landed in the 39th Campground. Xiaoke, Lin Xun, and the other twenty-four students boarded and the ship rose into the sky again and swiftly disappeared from sight.

Meanwhile, similar ships rose from the other campgrounds, creating a magnificent sight.

Today was the month-end exam!

After today, half of Blood Kill Camp’s forty campgrounds would be disbanded. In other words, it was going to be a mass elimination event!

The exam was held in various different venues. The clash between the 39th and 40th Campgrounds was in the exam district known as Poisonous Scorpion Ridge.

Poisonous Scorpion Ridge was a rare mountainous region in the desert which spanned over a hundred miles. Although it was not large, the terrain was complex and filled with numerous poisonous creatures, making it an extremely dangerous zone.

The contents of the month-end exam were very simple: students from the two campgrounds would be sent to random locations in Poisonous Scorpion Ridge where they would engage in a cruel, all-out battle!

Chapter 125 The Patient Oriole

Poisonous Scorpion Ridge.

Two hours had passed since the start of the month-end exam

There was a secluded swamp in the dangerous jungle. A layer of gray miasma hung over the swamp while thick fog filled the air. Anyone who entered would have their vision greatly restricted, making it more difficult to detect danger.

Swoosh!

A wild-cat-like figure suddenly leaped over from the distance and landed noiselessly in one crisp movement like a specter.

It was a young man with a long and narrow face who gave off a brave and determined aura. As he tightly gripped a spear, he cautiously advanced with his body slightly bent over. Each step he took was silent and his eyes were filled with vigilance.

The young man was called Fang Song and was one of the 39th Campground's elite students.

Despite ascertaining that there was no danger around him, Fang Song did not relax in the slightest. He carefully arrived in front of the swamp as his gaze flickered in thought.

The environment here is perfect. If I hide in the swamp, I'll be able to catch any passerby off guard.

Fang Song considered his options as he tightly gripped his spear and walked into the swamp.

His expression grew increasingly alert as he circulated his power. This was to ensure that he could dish out a deadly counter-attack the moment any danger appeared.

Fang Song's legs were soon submerged in the swamp, making the foul-smelling swamp seem akin to a vortex that was slowly dragging him in. *noVeLNext.cOM*

After advancing seven steps without anything happening, Fang Song inwardly breathed a sigh of relief. He crouched down and prepared to hide in the swamp, seeking to borrow the natural fog to hide his presence and create a situation where he could launch a sneak attack on any passerby.

Just as he began to bend down, the swamp beside him suddenly exploded as a sword thrust toward his back.

An ambush!

However, Fang Song seemed to have already anticipated this as a sinister smile rose from the corners of his mouth. His spear seemed to grow a pair of eyes as it ruthlessly executed a backswing.

Thud!

The spear suffused with black light knocked aside the sword. Without any drop in momentum, the spear viciously thrust into the swamp, eliciting a cry as a figure stumbled out.

It was a girl covered in black swamp water, which made it impossible to see her face. She was holding onto a gray short-sword and there was a bloody wound on her right leg.

She immediately twisted her waist and fled without any hesitation the moment she was revealed.

“Trying to leave? Leave your token behind first!” Fang Song charged forward and thrust his spear at the girls’ back as he shouted sternly.

The attack was quick, precise, ruthless, and terrifying to the extreme and displayed an amazing battle sense.

If the girl continued to flee, she would sustain a serious injury. If she turned around to defend, she would be trading her chances for escape and would be stuck in battle with Fang Song.,

To Fang Song’s surprise, the girl suddenly turned her head and revealed a strange smile, making her pearly white teeth look exceptionally eye-catching on her muddy face.

Eh?

Alarm blared in Fang Song’s heart as he immediately pulled back his spear and jerked himself to the side.

However, he was slow by half-a-beat. While he was trying to dodge, the silhouette of a spear noiselessly flew out from the swamp beside him and stabbed into his abdomen at an inconceivable speed.

Urgh!

Intense pain tore through his body as blood spurted into the air. Fang Song stifled a groan and gritted his teeth in preparation for a counter-attack.

However, the girl, who had clearly been fleeing earlier, had already turned around behind him and used this opening to slash at his back. She left a wound so deep that bone was visible and nearly sliced open his internal organs.

Fang Song immediately understood that it had all been a trap from the start. He did not dare to delay and quickly shouted, “I admit defeat!”

He let go of his spear and tossed out his token before panting heavily, his face twisted due to the intense pain.

Plop!

The spear was pulled out from Fang Song’s abdomen, leaving a string of blood in the air and causing him to stifle another groan. His entire body trembled as he staggered, nearly falling to the ground.

A tall young man stood up from the swamp, holding his spear as he indifferently gazed at Fang Song.

“Friend, sorry about this.” The girl softly chuckled as she bent down to pick up the token that had fallen into the swamp.

Fang Song ground his teeth and loudly shouted, “Humph, two people setting up an ambush. How shameful!”

He suddenly charged forward as he shouted and swiftly approached the girl. He hooked his arm around her neck in an instant and a blade fragment appeared in his fingers. The sharp fragment was placed on her neck.

The sudden turn of events was extremely abrupt. No one had expected the seriously injured Fang Song to take such a risky gamble and even succeed!

The spear-wielding boy’s eyes turned increasingly frosty but he did not dare to move carelessly.

The girl’s face had turned extremely ugly and her body had become rigid, not daring to make any movements as well. Despite this, she said in a mocking voice, “Are all the 39th Campground students as despicable as you?”

“Less talk and hand over your token. Otherwise, I will slit your throat. Don’t worry, I’m sure you won’t die because you will have enough time to call your Instructor to save you.”

Fang Song laughed sinisterly. Although his face was deathly pale and the wound in his abdomen hurt a lot, he was feeling pretty pleased with himself.

The young man’s expression changed drastically. He seemed to struggle internally as he raised a token and said, “I admit defeat!”

“Smart!” Fang Song grabbed the token with a hideously twisted expression.

Swoosh!

However, the spear-wielding boy suddenly took action at this moment, sending a spear thrusting toward Fang Song like a shooting star.

The spear pulsed with terrifying aeth power as it tore through the air; he was clearly not the least bit concerned about the girl’s safety!

Shk!

Fang Song responded with extreme ruthlessness. The blade fragment sliced open the girl’s throat as she was pushed forward.

At the same time, he turned around and ran, heading deeper into the swamp where the fog and miasma were thicker.

“Hold on, Instructor will definitely get here in time.” The spear-wielding boy instructed before immediately giving chase.

Fang Song's abdomen had been pierced and he had sustained a deep wound on his back, making it impossible for him to escape. The spear-wielding boy was confident in finishing this cunning 39th Campground opponent.

"How hateful!"

The girl lay in the swamp with her neck nearly cut in half. Blood rapidly flowed out, creating an exceptionally horrifying sight. She quickly tore off a piece of her clothes and wrapped it around her wound.

She knew that she would not survive if no one came to save her within fifteen minutes. The only thing she could do now was wait.

It was an outcome she found very difficult to accept.

Splash!

All of a sudden, another figure emerged from the swamp. The slim figure walked over, holding a dull black blade in his hand.

The girl was shocked. There's someone else hiding here?!

Before she could cry for help, a quick chop knocked her unconscious. The figure quickly searched her body and retrieved a token.

"Not bad, a freebie."

The thin figure chuckled as a smile was revealed on his muddy face. He kept the token and turned around. He was also going in the direction that Fang Song and the spear-wielding boy had headed in.

The figure was naturally Lin Xun.

He had been dropped off near the swamp at the start of the exam and immediately chose to hide here.

The spear-wielding boy and girl had arrived later on. They also chose the swamp as their ambush spot but had failed to discover Lin Xun.

Lin Xun had patiently waited because the other side had two people. Even if he managed to take them by surprise and seriously injure one of them, he would end up stuck in battle with the other which would be very unfavorable for him.

As a result, he had silently waited for an hour before Fang Song finally arrived and changed the situation. After a strange and vicious struggle, Lin Xun ended up getting a freebie.

As the saying went: the mantis stalks the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind.

Not long after Lin Xun departed, a ship descended from the sky. Two attendants walked out and swiftly evacuated the unconscious girl.

.....

The miasma was thick and filled with untold dangers.

However, Lin Xun moved through at high speed. His spirit sense was exceptionally sharp, allowing him to sense everything within a three-hundred-foot radius.

This level of spirit-sensing ability was usually only found in Spirit Dipper stage experts. From what Lin Xun knew, even a peak True Martial stage expert like Ning Meng could only achieve a radius of two hundred feet.

Hence, Lin Xun was confident that his senses were sharper than almost all the other students in the month-end exam.

Naturally, this became Lin Xun's unique advantage, especially in the dangerous and complex terrain of Poisonous Scorpion Ridge. His strong senses allowed him to steer clear of numerous dangers.

It was not long before Lin Xun picked up the sounds of battle. He continued forward and soon saw the spear-wielding boy fighting Fang Song.

Fang Song was clearly at his limit. The injuries he sustained earlier were too heavy and he was now in a precarious situation.

Thud!

The spear-wielding boy knocked Fang Song back with a ferocious strike and pushed forward to suppress him. However, the spear wielder's pupils suddenly shrank as he sent a sweeping blow behind him.

Swoosh!

Before he could find the enemy, blade light chopped towards his head. Although the attack seemed fierce, its aura abruptly changed upon contact with the spear. Instead of clashing directly, the blade slipped along the spear and violently knocked it to the side.

With a loud thud, the spear attack was scattered, causing its wielder to stagger. Before he could stabilize himself, a blade was placed against his neck.

The spear-wielding boy's body turned rigid as his pupils shrank. Only then did he discover that his opponent was a blade-wielding youth. The youth's entire body was covered in mud, leaving only his pitch-black abyss-like eyes visible.

It was naturally Lin Xun. After subduing the other party with a single strike, a follow-up chop sent the spear-wielding boy into dreamland.

Another token entered Lin Xun's hand as he sighed. Taking advantage of others feels really good.

"It's you! Lin Xun!"

In the distance, Fang Song panted heavily as he rose to his feet. His body was covered in a layer of mud and blood, and the wound on his abdomen was still bleeding.

Although Lin Xun had saved Fang Song, he did not feel the least bit happy. Instead, he looked at Lin Xun in anger.

Fang Song hissed through his teeth, "Why did you wait till now to appear? Could it be that you already planned to wait till I collapse to take advantage?"

How could Lin Xun possibly admit to this? He decisively shook his head and said, "Fellow campmate Fang Xun, you're overthinking this! You should be grateful to me instead. If I didn't rush here in time, you would have lost, right?"

Lin Xun sneered inwardly as he spoke. Fang Song was from the same circle as Qi Can, Xin Wenbin, Wen Mingxiu, and the others. It was already very nice of Lin Xun to have not chosen to watch like a bystander.

[Chapter 126: Group Tactics](#)

Fang Song was momentarily stunned before he suddenly said, "Never mind, this is fate and I can't blame you. However, can you promise me one thing?"

Lin Xun said, "Speak."

Fang Song displayed a begging expression, "I've been gravely injured and am nearly at my limit. Please bring me out of the swamp. This place is too dangerous and there might be poisonous insects and savage beasts lurking in the fog. I don't wish to be eliminated in such a manner."

He had sustained serious injuries and was nearly out of stamina. If no one saved him, he would most definitely be eliminated. *novelNext.cOm*

Lin Xun agreed and nodded, "Fine, I can carry you for a short while."

"Thank you! Thank you!" Fang Song was overjoyed.

Lin Xun smiled faintly and squatted, "Come on."

His back was now facing Fang Song, making it impossible for Lin Xun to see the pleased look that had flowed out in Fang Song's eyes.

Humph, Lin Xun. No matter how crafty you are, you still fell into my trap!

Fang Song inwardly sneered as he slowly hobbled forward as if greatly weakened. A blade fragment was tightly gripped between his fingers, ready to be unleashed at the right moment.

However, when only a single step separated him from his target, the squatting Lin Xun suddenly sprung backward and slammed into Fang Song like a curved bow.

Thud!

Fang Song could not react in time and was knocked away. All he managed was a miserable cry as he fell into the smelly swamp.

The blow was far too swift and fierce. It left Fang Song in a disconcerted state and feeling as if his bones were on the verge of falling apart. Blood and spittle spattered from his mouth as he roared, "Lin Xun, are you trying to kill a fellow campground student? If Instructor Xiaoke finds out about this, you will definitely be kicked out of Kill Blood Camp!"

Lin Xun turned around and leisurely walked towards Fang Song. Lin Xun gripped Fang Song's wrist and extracted a gleaming blade fragment from between his fingers.

Fang Song's expression changed drastically as he stiffly said, "That's for self-defense, you...why are you taking away my weapon?"

Lin Xun displayed a faint smile, "Still not going to admit it? I was kind enough to save you but you tried to use this toy to hurt me. Do you really take me for a fool?"

Although he was smiling, his voice was ice-cold.

"What are you saying?" Fang Song was clearly unhappy with this accusation, "Lin Xun, there's no need to slander me if you don't want to help."

"Heh, did you really think I didn't know?" Lin Xun's voice was filled with disdain, "There are no rules against attacking other students from your campground. You must have realized this and was intending to use this opportunity to take away my tokens. Do you think your little scheme could escape my notice?"

Fang Song's expression changed again. He did not expect Lin Xun to have seen through everything.

"You...what do you want?"

Lin Xun smiled, "Of course, I won't do anything that would make Instructor Xiaoke unhappy. However...you're already gravely injured and are no longer able to fight. Since you can't protect your token, instead of giving the enemy a freebie, why not allow me to safekeep it for you? After all, we're from the same campground and Instructor Xiaoke will definitely praise my consideration for the big picture."

Fang Song's heart turned cold. This bastard isn't going to let me off! However, before he could respond, he felt a sharp pain in his neck and he was knocked unconscious.

"Sorry, but you'll have to sleep for a while." Lin Xun sighed as his hands began to rummage through Fang Song's body and soon found his token.

Woo!

A piercing whistle soared into the clouds.

It was the 39th Campground's signal for a request to leave the battlefield.

Of course, the whistle belonged to Fang Song but had been blown by Lin Xun.

Lin Xun left the area before the whistle faded.

A ship soon descended from the sky and a fat middle-aged man hopped off. A strange expression appeared on his face as he looked at the unconscious spear wielder and then turned towards Fang Song.

The fat middle-aged man instantly took in everything and roughly surmised what had happened.

"Heh, what an unlucky little fellow. I wonder who's the wicked person who did this to you. However, at least he's kind enough to send out a help signal for you. Otherwise, who knows what will happen when that spear-wielding kid wakes up."

The fat middle-aged man chuckled as he picked up Fang Song and returned to the ship.

.....

Meanwhile, in another part of Poisonous Scorpion Ridge.

In a dark and humid forest. A thundering roar vibrated through the air as towering tree after tree crashed to the ground.

A single handsome young man was responsible for all this destruction: Ning Meng.

Lightning crackled around him as he charged forward. His eyes were akin to two mini suns while a murderous aura rose from his body. His presence felt oppressive to the extreme as if a thunder god inhabited his body.

He had just finished a fight where he had broken so many of his opponent's bones that the other party had nearly died.

He had won his third token from this battle.

"Blast it, the 40th Campground is full of garbage. Can't even find a decent opponent."

Ning Meng complained as he sprinted away.

His figure suddenly came to a stop moments later, his eyes flashing as he peered into the distance. He saw two boys and a girl swiftly approaching in a triangular formation.

The one leading the trio was a valiant-looking young lady sporting a ponytail. Ning Meng recognized her. She was called Lei Xinyue and practiced the Dipper Thunder Sword Scripture which was a lightning-type battle art like his Eight Wastelands Thunderbolt Art.

Although the two boys in her group were unfamiliar, they were definitely also students of the 40th Campground.

Under these circumstances, anyone else would likely try to avoid the approaching trio.

However, Ning Meng did the opposite. His face lit up in excitement as a frightening battle lust burned around his body, "I hope this battle will not disappoint me again..."

At the same time, Lei Xinyue also looked over and identified Ning Meng, causing fiery battle intent to surge out in her eyes.

The atmosphere instantly turned hostile, ready to explode at any moment!

.....

In another area.

Shi Yu's figure gracefully flew through the air at full speed. He gave off a confident aura and his speed was unbelievably fast like a streak of light.

This was the Flowing Cloud Star Chaser Step, an extremely marvelous movement art.

However, despite using this technique, Shi Yu did not look relaxed at all. Instead, his brows were tightly furrowed due to a figure that was tightly pursuing him a hundred feet behind.

“Darn it, could he have set his sights on me from the beginning?” Shi Yu felt rather depressed.

His pursuer was Gong Ming, an opponent Shi Yu was very reluctant to face.

He had been ready to give a spectacular performance and had never imagined that he would encounter Gong Ming the moment the exam began.

Gong Ming might seem ordinary at first glance, but he was a very annoying and difficult opponent to deal with. The Nine Nethers Guard Club he practiced boasted disgusting defensive power. Although Shi Yu was unafraid, he knew that fighting Gong Ming would waste a lot of time and energy and he did not wish to waste it on such a person.

However, Shi Yu never expected Gong Ming would be so dogged. He was like a shadow that was impossible to lose.

Shi Yu could not help but shout, “Gong Ming, do you really intend to keep wasting your time? Don’t forget that neither of us benefits if we fail to snatch enough tokens!”

“Defeating you is enough for me.”

Gong Ming’s reply was simple and filled with unwavering determination. This gave Shi Yu a headache and greatly vexed him. This little tortoise is so annoying!

“Brother Gong Ming, I’ve come to aid you!” A shout sounded from the distance as a figure dashed towards them and blocked Shi Yu’s path.

“I really have no luck. Looks like I can’t avoid this...”

Shi Yu inwardly sighed as he slowed down. Iciness flashed in his eyes as a bronze short sword appeared in his hand.

.....

Similar situations were occurring in nearly every corner of the hundred-mile-wide Poisonous Scorpion Ridge. It was a cruel and intense struggle.

There were direct clashes, unimaginable ambushes, crafty traps and all kinds of schemes.

The participating students were elites who had survived one month of cruel training. None of them were ordinary individuals.

Although they were young teenagers, their tactics and intelligence were superior to many veteran adult cultivators.

A camp had been set up near Poisonous Scorpion Ridge.

It was divided into two sections: one occupied by the 39th Campground, while the other by the 40th Campground.

Xiaoke was seated in a tent with a compass-like object in her hand. The compass was covered in runes and was currently projecting a screen in the air.

It was a unique aeth tool known as the Figure Projector Compass. It was a set piece that was paired with numerous projection disks that had been buried all over Poisonous Scorpion Ridge.

The scenery captured by the projection disks was relayed back to the compass in Xiaoke's hand, allowing her to clearly view anything that happened in Poisonous Scorpion Ridge.

More than an hour had elapsed since the start of the month-end exam and there were only four more hours until it was over.

At this point in time, five members of the 39th Campground had already been eliminated while nine had been eliminated from the 40th Campground.

Although this result appeared to favor the 39th Campground, it did not bring any joy to Xiaoke. There were still some ways to go for it to meet her expectations.

The thing that worried her most, however, was that the situation was gradually becoming unfavorable for the 39th Campground!

"Savage Wolf plans to maximize the effectiveness of his numbers advantage? It seems that to preserve the 40th Campground, he has already forgotten the true goal of the training!" Xiaoke mumbled as iciness surged in her eyes.

The temporary headquarters of the 40th Campground.

Savage Wolf stroked his chin as he stared at the Figure Projection Compass in his hand. A cruel smile rose from the corners of his lips, "Little Sister Xiaoke, you should understand that a wolf pack would never act alone..."

[Chapter 127: Armor Piercing Blood Crossbow](#)

One nameplate equaled three hundred points and anyone who lost their nameplate would be eliminated.

However, whoever killed an opponent would have to be punished with their life. As a result, no one would dare to kill the other participants in the assessment unless they didn't want to live anymore.

The assessment was scheduled for six hours, and each student's final score at the end of the assessment would determine their ranking.

In the end, one of the two campgrounds would be scrapped, and the thirty most outstanding students would remain and the rest would be eliminated.

Those were the rules of the monthly assessment.

There were a total of sixty-three students from the 39th and 40th campgrounds participating in the assessment, but only thirty would remain in the end. In other words, more than half of the students would leave Blood Kill Camp after the assessment.

The assessment was undoubtedly brutal. No student would want to be eliminated.

.....

Lin Xun hadn't left the swamp.

He returned to his original hiding place. The girl whose throat had been slit was nowhere to be seen, but traces from the battle still remained.

Any student who passed by there would no doubt realize that an extremely dangerous surprise attack had happened from the remaining traces.

Lin Xun intentionally didn't remove the traces and only carefully wiped away his footprints. He then lurked in the same spot again.

A trap usually could only be used once, but sometimes, it would make people lower their guards.

Lin Xun had no intention of searching for opponents within the hundreds of miles of Poisonous Scorpion Ridge because the terrain was too complicated and danger could be lurking in every corner. He could easily expose his tracks if he actively attacked other people.

Instead, it was better to stay where he was and wait for an opportunity to come!

The length of the assessment was six hours and almost two hours had passed. There were still around four hours left. If he wanted to persevere to the end and save his energy, it was best to wait!

It would be stupid to rashly make a move.

Lin Xun knew very well that there was no easy target among the students able to last until now in the Blood Kill Camp. In the assessment, not only his strength and ability were tested but also his mind and courage against intelligent people.

Lin Xun was well aware of his own battle strength. Although he possessed aeth power comparable to that of a cultivator at the pinnacle of the ninth layer True Martial Stage despite him being only at the True Martial seventh layer, he wasn't at an advantage.

More than half of the students at the Poisonous Scorpion Ridge were at the pinnacle of the True Martial ninth layer. Furthermore, Ning Meng, Shi Yu, and Qi Can had suppressed their strength at that cultivation stage for years. It was easy to imagine how terrifying their strength was.

In terms of martial arts cultivation, Lin Xun was at most regarded as average, even though he had the Six Word Blade Art and had mastered the Marching Army Fist Art to the perfect realm.

It couldn't be helped. The other students had impressive backgrounds and had been practicing secret techniques and cultivation arts prepared specially for them since they were young. The power of those secret arts could easily be imagined.

Compared with them, the Marching Army Fist Art, which Lin Xun had mastered to the perfect realm, and the Six-Word Blade Art, which he had grasped to the precise realm, weren't particularly remarkable; however, they also weren't considered weak.

The only advantage that Lin Xun had over them was his extremely powerful spirit sense and his weapon, the Jade Ripple Blade.

Like the Explosion Blade, the Jade Ripple Blade was also a lower human-grade aeth tool found widely on the market.

However, unlike the other Jade Rippling Blades on the market, the one he made was twenty percent stronger than usual!

A similar situation had happened when he created the Explosion Blade, and later, the Explosion Blade was given a new name—Flame Blade.

He experienced the same situation with the Jade Ripple Blade.

However, in terms of attributes, the Jade Ripple Blade had water attributes while the Flame Blade had fire attributes. They both had their unique quality in power.

Lin Xun chose the Jade Ripple Blade over the Flame Blade because, after several battles, he found that the Flame Blade, which was wilful and berserk, didn't match his fighting style.

However, he could freely display his fighting power with the Jade Ripple Blade.

Water had no constant state and was ever-changing. It could turn into mist or freeze into ice. It could be boundless like the ocean, endless like the Yellow River, hang upside down like the milky way, and could engulf the eight wastelands like a whirlpool.

Water was said to be the most merciful thing in the world. It could be silent or surge up violently. It could be both strong and gentle, and it could accommodate all things in the world.

Its style was most in line with Lin Xun's state of mind. He could be tough when needed and overcome any difficulties, but he could also be silent and still when he wanted. He could change indefinitely in the face of enemies.

Lin Xun's decision showed the progress he had made on his cultivation road. He had begun to consciously choose his own fighting style and path.

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Time passed by but the swamp was still quiet and only an unpleasant smell and fog filled the air.

It wasn't a pleasant feeling to lurk in the swamp. Lin Xun had to hold his breath and could only take a breath here and there.

Only a cultivator at the Spirit Dipper Stage or above could use their body of qi to regulate their breathing rate.

Before long, Lin Xun instantly captured the sound of approaching footsteps with his spirit sense. His heart fluttered and he was ready to act.

A short and chubby youngster stood at the edge of the swamp. His skin was dark and his eyes were small. He looked very ordinary.

He was panting for breath and seemed to have been running for a while. He had only stood at the edge of the swamp for a short moment, but he had already sensed that a tragic battle had happened there.

“This is a pretty good hiding spot.”

The chubby teenager rolled his eyes and beamed, “Anyone can tell that this place is good for an ambush, and also, a fight has already taken place here so no one would expect another one here...”

Although he mumbled quietly, Lin Xun caught everything he said with his sharp hearing. His heart trembled uncontrollably. This guy is smart. Could he have already seen through my plan?

Screeeech!

Just as this thought popped into his mind an ear-piercing noise rang like a sharp whistle piercing the world.

A strong feeling of imminent danger enveloped him. He bolted out of the swamp without any hesitation and threw himself to one side.

Boom!

A blinding beam of cold light narrowly brushed past Lin Xun’s shoulder before shooting into the swamp. A deep hole was blasted into the bottom of the swamp and muddy water splattered tens of feet in all directions.

Lin Xun felt a chill in his heart. He would have been critically injured, if not killed if he was a little slower.

It was only now that he noticed the short black crossbow in the chubby teenager’s grip. It was engraved entirely with petal-like runes and was an enchanting blood-like color.

Armor Piercing Blood Crossbow!

A standard Armor Piercing Blood Crossbow in the empire could be loaded with twelve specially-made rune arrows. Each one had terrifying destructive power and could pierce through even ordinary aeth tool armors.

The most terrifying thing about the crossbow was that it was only an arm-thick and half a foot long, so it could be easily carried around and required little aeth power to kill an opponent. Furthermore, it could release terrifying destructive power with a pull of its trigger.

An Armor Piercing Blood Crossbow like that could be sold for a high price of eight hundred silver coins on the market!

“Hey friend, you have a fast reaction.” The chubby young man grinned as he put away the crossbow. Then, he drew a sharp scimitar.

It was the Whale Bone Blade, which exuded a more mysterious and fierce aura than ordinary battle blades. It could tear multiple cracks into an opponent’s skin, making it difficult to heal.

Boom!**NOVELN**ext.com

Unhesitatingly, the short, chubby teenager charged toward Lin Xun.

Although he had a smiling countenance and a short, and unthreatening figure, his moves were ruthless and resolute and he was swift as lightning.

“Hmph!” Lin Xun snorted coldly, swung up his Jade Ripple Blade, and charged over to meet the chubby teenager head-on.

His ambush had been seen through and it had turned into fierce hand-to-hand combat. And in this sort of head-to-head clash, bravery and fierceness as well as combat skills were the most important.

In this regard, Lin Xun wouldn’t shrink back.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The two repeatedly clashed in the swamp, resembling two hungry wolves fighting for their survival.

Very quickly, Lin Xun realized that the chubby teenager possessed a cultivation base of the ninth layer True Martial Stage and had a deceptive and fierce fighting style; he was no doubt a formidable enemy.

In particular, his blade art was mysterious, swift, and cunning like a poisonous venom-spitting snake. It clearly was a type of extremely powerful combat technique.

Lin Xu had run into an expert from the 40th campground!

But that only ignited Lin Xun’s fighting spirit. Ever since he had broken through to the seventh layer True Martial Stage, he hadn’t had a chance to truly display his new strength to its fullest.

His exchange with Xin Wenbin the previous day had been utterly tormenting to him and didn’t feel like a true fight.

Die!

Lin Xun’s eyebrows were sharp like blades and his jet-black eyes were flashing like lightning. He had an intense look of concentration and calmness on his handsome face. In his hands, the Jade Ripple Blade displayed the essence of the Six Word Blade to its fullest.

However, the battle had only begun when the short chubby teenager leaped out of the battlefield, shouting, “My friend, how about we stop fighting? Both of us would be wounded in the end and the others would only take advantage of our situation.”

Lin Xun ignored him and continued to charge forward. He couldn’t be sure whether the chubby teenager was scheming something, so he had to continue fighting to avoid creating more trouble for himself.

“Fudge!”

The chubby teenager cursed out loud, spun around, and darted away. He was surprisingly nimble and was already dozens of feet into the distance in the blink of an eye.

Lin Xun was only then certain that the chubby teenager indeed had no intention to continue fighting because the distance between them was already too far for the Armor Piercing Blood Crossbow to strike.

“My friend, your blade art isn’t bad. After this monthly assessment, let’s continue to learn from each other!” The chubby teenager’s voice echoed but he was already nowhere to be seen.

“Learn from each other? Next time I see your fat face, I’m going to kill it first!” Lin Xun coldly sneered, but he inwardly breathed a sigh of relief. He also knew that they both would inevitably be wounded in their battle and that others would take advantage of the situation afterward.

“It seems that I have to change to another hiding spot.”

Lin Xun scanned the swamp. He knew that it wouldn’t be effective to hide in the same spot anymore.

However, one thing still puzzled him; he still didn’t know how the chubby teenager had found him in the first place.

[Chapter 128: Discussion of the Situation](#)

“Who is the little fatty?”

In a grand and dignified hall in the central area of the Blood Kill Camp were twenty enormous image-reflecting light screens suspended in the air.

Each light screen displayed an assessment battlefield.

Noticing something strange, Xiaoman gracefully pointed to one of the light screens and gasped in surprise.

Xu Sanqi was sitting silently beside her. His slim face was stern and cold like a rock as his gaze hovered between a few of the light screens. Upon hearing Xiaoman’s surprised cry, he turned his head and glanced at her. “Who else could use the two secret arts, Embroidered Soul Blade Art and the Spirit Illumination Eye, besides the descendants of the Ye Family of the Donghai Province?”

The Ye Family!

The Ye Family was also known as the Donghai Ye Family, an ancient family with thousands of years of history, and could be regarded as the most powerful family in the Donghai Province.

Ye Zhankong, the head of the Ye Family, was even nicknamed the King of Donghai.

“Descendants of the Ye Family...” Xiaoman uttered ruminatively. “No wonder he found Lin Xun’s hiding spot. It turns out that he has the help of the Spirit Illumination Eye.”

“His name is Ye Xiaoqi. He’s a pretty good seedling.” Xu Sanqi then added, “In the entire Ye Family, there are very few people who have the aptitude for cultivating the Spirit Illumination Eye, and Ye Xiaoqi is one of them.”

“Hmph, no matter how good he is, didn’t he flee in the end? He didn’t even dare to have a real fight with my little handsome guy.” Xiaoman snorted, looking proud when she mentioned Lin Xun.

However, Xu Sanqi had already shifted his gaze elsewhere. He observed the situation in the other light screens and said after a while, “Bai Lingxi, Zhao Yin, Zhangsun Hen, Li Duxing...”

He uttered several names in a row and said, “Pay close attention to them. They are the most promising candidates to enter the Dipper Transformation Lake.”

Xiaoman narrowed her eyes.

Bai Lingxi was the eldest grandchild of Marquis Jinghai and had the innate talent, Eternal Shining Stars.

Zhao Yin was the great-grandson of Marquis Bowang in the Forbidden City and had the innate talent Violet Sun Body.

Zhangsun Hen was the grandson of General Zhangsun Chunqiu in the imperial capital...

Li Duxing was a descendant of the Li Clan, one of the nine most wealthy and powerful aristocratic families in the Forbidden City...

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Each one of those names represented an outstanding genius blessed by the heavens

Of course, Xiaoman also knew that those types of people had the most promise of entering the Dipper Transformation Lake. However, she didn't agree that Lin Xun wasn't able to make it onto the list. She argued, "Lin Xun is pretty good. Even if he can't compare to Bai Lingxi, Zhao Yin, and the others, he's definitely on the same level as Ning Meng, Shi Yu and Qi Can."

Xu Sanqi frowned, his eyes razor-sharp like knives. "That's just my initial opinion. No one knows how many people can enter the Dipper Transformation Lake in the end."

After a pause, he continued, "Compared to the others, Lin Xun is only considered above average. He indeed has a chance of entering the Dipper Transformation Lake, though it isn't huge unless a miracle happens."

Xiaoman was about to argue back when Xu Sanqi interrupted her, "Alright, that's enough for now, you should see whether Lin Xun passes the monthly assessment first."

Xiaoman raised a slender eyebrow and didn't say anything else. In truth, Lin Xun was indeed a little behind Bai Lingxi and the others. However, she believed that Lin Xun could rapidly improve in the next training session if he managed to pass this monthly assessment.

After all, the others were all at the ninth layer True Martial Stage while Lin Xun was only at the True Martial seventh layer. This might seem like a weakness, but it also meant that Lin Xun had more room for improvement!

If Lin Xun reached the True Martial ninth layer before the end of the one-year training, he might be able to close the gap between him and the other students!

"How is the situation on Old Mo's side?" Xu Sanqi suddenly asked.

"The progress is pretty good, but it will take some time," Xiaoman said quickly.

"Hm, it will be good if this matter is completed before Lin Xun leaves." Xu Sanqi nodded.

Xiaoman couldn't help but say, "Chief Xu, can't we let Lin Xun stay? You know now that, although Lin Xun may not be able to compare to Bai Lingxi in terms of cultivation talent, he is a rare genius in the art of runes. According to Old Mo, even Feng Qingyou, the talented girl from the Qinglu Academy back then, isn't as good as him!"

Xu Sanqi fell silent for a long moment, and then he said, “We can’t. The Black Glory Sacred Hall won’t easily let someone go.”

The mention of the Black Glory Sacred Hall made Xiaoman go quiet and she could only sigh helplessly in her heart.

However, neither of them knew that the Black Glory Sacred Hall was unaware that Lin Xun possessed such an unbelievable talent in the art of runes.

In fact, the Black Glory Sacred Hall attached no importance to Lin Xun and likely only sent him to train in Blood Kill Camp because of his relationship with Xia Zhi.

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In the temporary 40th campground.

Savage Wolf stroked his chin and retracted his gaze from the image reflection board. He suddenly chuckled, “Everything has been decided!”

In the temporary 39th campground.

Xiaoke’s beautiful knitted brows hadn’t relaxed since the assessment started.

The situation didn’t look good for them.

Eleven students from the 39th campground had already been eliminated and only thirteen people were left. In contrast, twenty-six people were still remaining in the 40th campground!

The difference in the number of people wasn’t particularly important, but when the opposing students took advantage of their huge number to bully a small number of students, the situation turned more grave for them.

For example, another student from the 40th campground suddenly joined the fight between Ning Meng and Lei Xinyue, and the others. In the end, Ning Meng had no choice but to flee.

Naturally, Lei Xinyue and the others wouldn’t let him escape and immediately gave chase.
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A similar situation was happening with Shi Yu, Li Qiu and the others.

Although Qi Can, Wen Mingxiu, Mu Lengxin, and the others didn’t experience the same thing as Ning Meng and Shi Yu, they realized their dangerous situation and began to work with each other. However, the 40th campground’s strategy of attacking like packs of wolves still had an advantage over them.

Xiaoke knew that Qi Can and the others would face even more attacks if Ning Meng and Shi Yu were defeated.

“Savage Wolf is so shameless!” Xiaoke fumed. In her opinion, the monthly assessments were held to test the students’ ability to deal with danger alone.

This was because they wouldn't have the time to plan on a real battlefield and everything was dependent on their combat skills and adaptability. If they were told how to deal with the dangers in advance, it was no different from cheating and it destroyed the purpose of the assessment.

However, Savage Wolf clearly thought otherwise. He saw the monthly assessment as a competition and was determined to win. Therefore, he had made careful plans and preparations beforehand, which no doubt changed the true importance of the assessment and tainted it with conspiracy and scheming.

Xiaoke thought it was very shameful but she couldn't say anything since the rules of the assessment didn't restrict or forbid such actions.

"The students trained by Savage Wolf are qualified to be warriors."

The middle-aged fatty suddenly walked over and looked at Xiaoke's frosty face. "The difference between you and him is that the students you train are true strong people."

Xiaoke frowned. "Is there a difference?"

The middle-aged fatty explained, "Of course. Warriors put utmost importance in obeying orders and are experts in arranging troops for battles. But they lack the courage and boldness to hold out against thousands of people or fight to the death. This courage and boldness are only possessed by true strong people."

After a pause, he continued, "You should know well that, in the several wars throughout the empire's history, the people who influenced the final victory were never the warriors who only know how to obey orders but the truly strong people who put their lives on the line!"

Xiaoke fell silent. Although she agreed, she felt that the difference between warriors and the strong didn't matter if they failed the monthly assessment.

After all, everyone knew the saying: 'the winner is the law and the loser is the outlaw'. If they lost, who would remember that they once had the possibility of becoming true strong people?

"Hey! Something has changed." The middle-aged fatty suddenly yelled. His gaze was intently on the light screens cast by the imageboards and his expression was crossed with surprise. "It's that kid!"

Xiaoke turned to the light screen and saw Lin Xun moving in the direction that Ning Meng was fleeing.

"If this kid can coordinate with Ning Meng and defeat the opponents, they might be able to reverse the situation. But as far as I know, the kid is only at the True Martial seventh layer. I'm not sure if it's possible for him," said the middle-aged fatty.

Xiaoke acknowledged him, but her eyes were intently staring at Lin Xun's figure.

Immediately, she noticed that Shi Yu was also heading in the same direction.

Lin Xun, Ning Meng, and Shi Yu were like three black dots converging toward the same location through different paths. They were bound to run into each other.

Perhaps their moves will determine their success or failure?

This thought surfaced in Xiaoke's mind.

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Compared with the swamp, the environment in the jungle was much more complicated. There were places to hide everywhere and it was a heaven-made area for assassination attacks.

Lin Xun didn't dare to be careless. He even circulated his perception power to its peak and carefully surveyed the surroundings as he moved forwards in fear of an ambush.

At the same time, he was searching for the best hiding spot, one that enemies would pass by but also would overlook.

It was no doubt difficult to find such a place, so Lin Xun hadn't made much progress even until now.

Suddenly, violent noises rang in the distance and giant trees tumbled down one after another. It was as though a terrifying beast was rampaging and knocking down everything in its way.

Lin Xun narrowed his eyes and he leapt onto the thick branch of an ancient tree with a swoosh. Its dense and plump leaves completely covered Lin Xun's body.

Almost at the same time, the violent noises seemed to be approaching with unimaginable speed.

However, Lin Xun was shocked to find that it wasn't a beast on a rampage but an imposing-looking youngster running wildly!

Why would it be him?

Lin Xun immediately recognized that it was Ning Meng.

Chapter 129 Turn the Tides

Lin Xun could immediately tell that Ning Meng was being chased!

A group containing one woman and three men were tens of feet away from Ning Meng. They chased after him relentlessly. They looked fierce and threatening and were clearly bullying Ning Meng due to having a greater number of people.

"Isn't that guy unafraid of anything? Why is he running away like a terrified wild pig...."

The corners of Lin Xun's lips quirked into a strange smile. Ning Meng was always showing off and strutting around. He acted like he was the best in the world but now, he was miserably running for his life. Lin Xun couldn't help but want to laugh seeing him in such a state.

However, Lin Xun couldn't laugh. Ning Meng was bolting towards his direction and, with a thud, slammed into the tree where he was hiding.

Idiot!

Lin Xun was so furious that he almost cursed out loud. He had planned to hide in the leaves and launch a surprise attack at the woman and three men, but Ning Meng had ruined his plan.

Lin Xun circulated his aeth power and stuck to the leaves and branches on the treetop like a lizard. He decided to not expose himself right away.

Fortunately, the tremendous tree toppling over made the opponents less likely to notice Lin Xun.

Unless, of course, the tree completely collapsed to the ground.

But Lin Xun didn't have to wait until then, because just as Ning Meng crashed into the huge tree, the woman and three men were already nearing the tree.

It was then—

Lin Xun's figure was like a flash of black lightning as he darted out from the tree canopy. The sharp Jade Rippling Blade glistened like water and cold killing intent gleamed!

The group of people was precisely Lei Xinyue and her group of people. They were only focused on catching Ning Meng. How would they expect someone to be lurking in the huge tree?

Their expressions dramatically changed and they instinctively flashed to one side to evade the sudden attack.

However, one of the youngsters was one step too slow. The blade slashed his shoulder, ran down his chest and left a deep, bloody wound across his body. His stomach was almost cut open!

The youngster screamed in agony as he staggered and reeled into the bushes. He didn't dare to make another move. The slightest movement could cause his body to split apart and his stomach would really be cut open then!

"You want to die!"

After a brief moment of panic, Lei Xinyue and the others began to counterattack. They charged towards Lin Xun with incredible speed, demonstrating their rich battle experience.

In the blink of an eye, Lin Xun was trapped where he was. He paled in comparison to them and quickly fell into imminent danger.

Lei Xinyue's sword was shrouded in terrifying lightning and her every strike was ferocious and violent. Lin Xun was pushed into a dangerous and disadvantageous position.

In addition to Lei Xinyue, the other two youngsters were also very remarkable. One wielded a spear and the other a whip, and they coordinated very well with Lei Xinyue.

"Hahaha, my brother came to help. Bastards, you think you can bully people because you have a greater number of people! Don't even think about leaving here today!"

While laughing, Ning Meng sped down from the sky like an iron tower.

He held a halberd in his hand and his body was flowing with lightning. He resembled a god of lightning descending upon the world. His vast and mighty aura was at its peak.

With a loud boom, the whip-wielding youngster let out a tragic shriek and his body was blasted across the air like a sandbag.

Ning Meng was clearly furious and resentful about being attacked and chased. Lin Xun's appearance had turned the situation around, and so, Ning Meng didn't hesitate to take the chance to strike back. Why would he be polite?

"Die!"

Ning Meng roared as he swung his huge halberd. It whistled across the air like a bolt of lightning piercing through the ninth heaven. Lin Xinyue and the sword-wielding youngster turned ashen-faced and frantically dodged the attack.

Lin Xun's pressure was immediately reduced. He had to admit that Ning Meng had a terrifying and fierce strength.

At the very least, Lin Xun wasn't confident that he could do the same thing as Ning Meng.

"Lin Xun, I leave that last kid to you. I'll deal with that girl. I won't be able to release my anger if I don't beat her up today!"

While roaring, Ning Meng charged towards Lei Xinyue.

"Good."

Lin Xun smiled as he locked his lightning-like eyes on the sword-wielding youngster. He clasped the Jade Ripple Blade tight and charged towards the youngster with terrifying killing intent and fighting spirit surging around him.

Lei Xinyue was extremely strong so Lin Xun wasn't confident that he could take her down in a short period, so it was best to let Ning Meng deal with her.

As for Lei Xinyue's other two comrades, Ning Meng had already knocked one unconscious with his halberd and the other had his stomach cut open. They both couldn't fight anymore.

Although the situation seemed to be two against two, it was already a complete change from before.

"Hmph! You only dare to attack because your friend came to save you. Who was it that was fleeing like a wild boar just a while ago?" Lei Xinyue gnashed her teeth. She didn't forget to ridicule Ning Meng before the battle began.

"Woman! You better not anger me! If we were not in Blood Kill Camp, I would have stabbed you to death with my huge halberd already!" Ning Meng roared.

He was already very ashamed of how he fled, but Lei Xinyue mocked him again. He was so enraged that he was unaware that the 'huge halberd' he mentioned could easily cause ambiguity.

Girls always matured earlier than boys. "I'm going to kill you shameless beast!" Lei Xinyue spat out and her almond shaped eyes almost spewed out flames.

The two had both practiced combat arts with lightning attributes, so the battle between them resembled a fierce competition between two gods of lightning. Lightning flashed and danced in the air, and thunder rolled and rumbled. Even their appearance and the noises created were extremely terrifying.

On the other side, Lin Xun was locked in a fierce battle with the sword-wielding youngster.

However, compared to Ye Xiaoqi, the short, chubby teenager, the sword-wielding youngster brought little pressure to Lin Xun.

The 39th Campground had the highest number of students eliminated, but those still remaining were the elites. In contrast, although the 40th Campground had more students remaining, the students weren't all equal in strength.

For example, although the sword-wielding youngster had a cultivation base of the ninth layer True Martial Stage, his combat skills and battle awareness were much inferior to other students'.

Very quickly into the battle, Lin Xun saw an opportunity to strike. He swiftly performed the stabbing move of the Six Word Blade. The Jade Ripple Blade drew across the air in an arc like quicksilver spilling over the ground and with a psst, a bloody hole was pierced into his opponent's ribs. His opponent screamed out in agony and rapidly drew back.

The tragic scream made Lei Xinyue, who was in a fierce battle, shudder and her beautiful face abruptly changed. She gritted her teeth, turned around and fled.

"You want to run away? I'm not going to let you!" Ning Meng roared and was about to chase after her when Lin Xun sternly stopped him.

"Enough. What if you run into another ambush, who else would save you like me?"

Ning Meng's countenance altered, and in the end, he snorted and gave up the chase.

He had always regarded Lin Xun as a friend among the people in the 39th Campground. It was also his relationship with Lin Xun that made all the students who wanted to approach him change their stance and keep a distance from him.

If he were ambushed again, no one would indeed rescue him like Lin Xun had done.

"Damn it, I'll listen to you this one time!"

As Ning Meng was speaking, his gaze shifted coldly to the sword-wielding youngster. The youngster's face paled and despair filled his heart.

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"Good!"

In the 39th temporary campground, the middle-aged fatty couldn't help but clap his hands in admiration. "Lin Xun's adaptability is top-class. Even if Ning Meng destroyed his hiding spot, he still managed to grasp the slim opportunity of victory and launched a really effective surprise attack. Impressive!"

Xiaoke's calm, beautiful face also lit up with a look of rare admiration. Lin Xun's performance was indeed remarkable. He had gotten rid of the opposing students in one move and reversed the situation.

He also bought some time for Ning Meng to fight back.

“Will the situation change this time?”

Xiaohe shifted her gaze to Shi Yu on the light screen.

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In the 40th Campground, Savage Wolf couldn't help but grapple with an unpleasant feeling. He coldly snorted, and his cold and stern face grew sullen.

Lei Xinyue and the others have been defeated!

It was originally a picture of total victory, but a youngster unexpectedly appeared and broke a corner of this picture and created a chance for Ning Meng and the other students to counterattack.

Who is that youngster?

Savage Wolf swept his gaze up and down Lin Xun for a long moment, but he sighed inwardly. He couldn't recall who Lin Xun was.

If Savage Wolf couldn't recall who he was then that was his negligence and he couldn't blame anyone.

Savage Wolf didn't dwell on this matter for too long and just shifted his gaze to another area in the light screen. It was the battlefield where Gong Ming and Di Jun were chasing after Shi Yu.

If Gong Ming and Di Jun also lost, the situation would indeed be completely reversed and the 40th Campground would fall into a very disadvantageous situation.

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Unsurprisingly, the sword-wielding youngster suffered a crushing defeat under the joint attacks of Lin Xun and Ning Meng and he voluntarily conceded defeat.

In the end, Lin Xun and Ning Meng acquired five nameplates from the three students of the 40th campground.

Ning Meng took two and gave the other three to Lin Xun.

After a brief discussion, the two decided to travel together. There was only around one hour left till the end of the assessment and so the battles would no doubt be much fiercer than before.

Although Ning Meng was incredibly brave and had always shown an eagerness to fight, he wasn't stupid. He knew the best way to handle their current situation was to act with Lin Xun.

“How much longer can you fight?” Ning Meng asked, panting.

“I don't know, it depends on how strong the opponent is,” Lin Xu quickly explained. He had already consumed almost half of his aeth power. ***NOVELnext.com***

“I can't hold on much longer. I blame Lei Xinyue. That girl has chased after me for so long and made me run at full speed. I had to consume a lot of stamina for no reason.” Ning Meng cursed out loud. He was still bitter that Lei Xinyue managed to escape.

“Do you want to take a rest?” Lin Xun asked with a frown.

“No.” Ning Meng shook his head.

The two quickly navigated through the jungle as they talked, but suddenly, Lin Xun narrowed his eyes and abruptly halted.

“What?”

Ning Meng felt a chill in his heart. But before Lin Xun explained, he understood what was going on.

Not far ahead were four figures racing towards them. They were all students from the 40th Campground.

“You and I each take two, or I get three and you get one?” Ning Meng quickly asked.

Lin Xun sighed, “The situation is more complicated than you think.”

While they were formulating a plan, they heard someone whizzing through the air. Clearly, someone else was also rushing towards them from the other side of the jungle.

Ning Meng’s face grew solemn.

They weren’t afraid of four opponents but it would be troublesome to deal with more!

Chapter 130 Fight with life

The four students from the 40th Campground narrowed their eyes upon seeing Lin Xun and Ning Meng, but they didn’t show a hint of fear.

They had an absolute numbers advantage since it was four against two.

However, they soon halted and their expressions turned serious. Someone was moving with incredible speed towards them from another direction.

Is it friend or foe?

Besides Lin Xun and Ning Meng, the four students from the 40th Campground were also anxiously waiting to see who was coming.

Soon, an elegant and ethereal figure resembling wispy clouds swiftly appeared like a gust of wind. It was Shi Yu!

However, before a smile formed on the faces of Lin Xun and Ning Meng, they noticed two people chasing after Shi Yu at full speed. The two had to be extraordinary if they could force Shi Yu to run away.

Lin Xun’s and Ning Meng’s hearts both sank.

On the contrary, the four people from the 40th Campground beamed when they saw the two people chasing Shi Yu. They were Gong Ming and Di Jun!

Gong Ming was an elite student who Instructor Savage Wolf had high hopes for. He looked ordinary but he was from the Gong Clan, the Never Falling Geezer Clan. Di Jun was a top expert who had proven himself with his strength and had an equally impressive background as Gong Ming.

The appearance of Gong Ming and Di Jun meant that there were six people on the 40th Campground's side, which was enough to suppress Lin Xun, Ning Meng and Shi Yu!

The situation was obvious and clear in Lin Xun's eyes. He sensed danger and murderous intent. He quickly formulated a plan in his mind and asked, "Ning Meng, do you have the guts to stall four people by yourself?"

Ning Meng was taken aback at first but he then gritted his teeth and said, "Why not?"

"I'm going to help Shi Yu and do whatever I can to get rid of one of the opponents first. Only then will the situation turn in our favor." Lin Xun's jet-black eyes were surprisingly calm as he quickly came up with a plan. "This battle is no doubt going to be extremely difficult. Perhaps, we might have to fight with our lives, and the fiercest will survive to the end!"

"Hmph! I've already acquired enough nameplates. Even if I fail and have to leave the battlefield, I won't be in danger of being eliminated from the Blood Kill Camp. I don't mind playing with them!"

Ning Meng's eyes glinted fiercely as he slammed his feet into the ground. His iron-tower-like body sprang up and the muscles all over his body were covered with bright, blinding bolts of lightning.

Boom!

As he swung his giant halberd, it was like a snake dancing wildly in the air. He exuded a domineering and heroic aura that seemed capable of swallowing mountains and rivers as he disdainfully scanned the surroundings.

Almost at the same time, Lin Xun tightened his grip around the Jade Ripple Blade and sped towards Shi Yu, leaving behind many blurred shadows in the air.

"Which one is tougher?" Lin Xun quickly asked.

"The ugliest looking one!"

Shi Yu pointed at Gong Ming, who was in the distance, and then with a slight movement, he was already charging towards Di Jun with a pair of bronze maces in his hands.

Shi Yu was very smart and bright. He had long seen Lin Xun and Ning Meng and the four students from the 40th Campground in the distance.

Their situation wasn't particularly complicated, but it was still full of danger.

He immediately guessed what Lin Xun had in mind when he heard his arrangement, so he didn't hesitate to leave Gong Ming to Lin Xun.

Gong Ming was indeed very strong and difficult to deal with. He was best at defense so although he might be able to suppress and defeat Lin Xun in a head-on fight, it would take him some time to succeed!

Based on that fact, if Shi Yu could get rid of Di Jun before Gong Ming defeated Lin Xun, the situation would move in their favor!

Die!

Ning Meng charged towards his four opponents.

Die!

Lin Xun charged towards Gong Ming.

Die!

Shi Yu charged towards Di Jun.

Although it was the first time the three fought together, they were very well coordinated. They would do everything they could to reverse their situation even at the greatest risk.

If Ning Meng was someone else, he wouldn't have readily agreed to Lin Xun's request and might even have thought that Lin Xun was digging a hole for him.

Similarly, if Lin Xun was someone else, he would have become suspicious to hear that Shi Yu wanted him to deal with Gong Ming.

If any of those situations happened, there wouldn't be a need to fight because the opponents would have seized the opportunity to suppress them one by one.

Teamwork and communication were the key to success. Teamwork in battle not only required coordination but also trust in each other and the same determination and courage to fight!

In this regard, although Lin Xun, Ning Meng, and Shi Yu had never opened their hearts to each other, their actions were full of coordination, trust and courage!

This was because they shared the same thought—They were all students from the 39th Campground! Their pride and dignity wouldn't allow any factors unfavorable to their situation!

Rumble—

A fierce battle broke out in the jungle. Trees crashed down, rocks shattered to dust and the ground split with many cracks.

Blazing aeth power repeatedly interweaved and clashed. It was a soul stirring scene.

Savage Wolf and Xiaoke were intently watching the battle. They knew that this was the battle that would decisively decide the outcome of the monthly assessment!

.....

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Lin Xun fought against Gong Ming with a blade. His qi circulated around him and merged into one with him. He maintained a high degree of concentration as his blade constantly changed like an unpredictable stream of water. Sometimes it surged, sometimes it flowed endlessly, sometimes it roared down like pouring rain, and sometimes it murmured like a stream.

Even so, he still felt extremely terrifying oppression.

At first glance, Gong Ming looked very ordinary and had nothing special going for him. In addition, he only held a long iron club. His moves were neither fast nor slow and his techniques also seemed unremarkable.

But every time he launched his club, a force as terrifying as millions of thunder roared out. It created terrifying shock waves that made even Lin Xun's mouth go numb and his blood and qi tumble ceaselessly around his body.

Similarly, his defense was impenetrable like an iron wall. Lin Xun couldn't find the slightest weakness. Furthermore, he effortlessly dispelled Lin Xun's attacks with a sweep of his club.

Lin Xun felt like he was facing an unshakable mountain. The mountain wouldn't budge an inch regardless of how strong the wind blew or the amount of rain lashed down.

Gong Ming's ancestral secret cultivation art, the Nine Nethers Guard Club, could be called one of the top defense arts in the world. Not only was it mysterious and unpredictable, but its power was also unbelievable. *NoVeLnExt.com*

It was indeed a headache to deal with someone like him since it was impossible to wound him. Lin Xun would only wear himself down as the battle progressed.

However, what Lin Xun was most afraid of was that Gong Ming not only had a terrifying defense but his attacks were also equally terrifying. Perhaps, in the eyes of people like Shi Yu, the most terrifying thing about Gong Ming was his defense. But for Lin Xun, Gong Ming's attack power also shouldn't be underestimated. It was only because his defense was too eye-catching that many people would easily overlook his attack power.

Boom!

The club suddenly swung down from above, causing Lin Xun's body to sway and he almost stumbled back.

It can't continue like this!

Suddenly, a fierce glint flashed in Lin Xun's black eyes. He sped forward, ignoring the club rapidly slamming down at his head and swiftly lunged the Jade Ripple Blade forward, aiming straight for Gong Ming's throat!

If Gong Ming didn't evade, he could smash Lin Xun's head with his club. But in the same way, Lin Xun's blade would pierce his throat.

This was a situation where both sides would suffer damage.

Lin Xun had to go all out in the fight. He not only had to be ruthless to his opponent, but even more ruthless to himself!

Gong Ming scrunched his brows and his club changed direction. It suddenly rolled back and blocked Lin Xun's blade. This undoubtedly proved that he didn't want to fight to the death with Lin Xun.

Lin Xun took the chance to continue fighting like his life was at risk.

The battle would turn in Lin Xun's favor if Gong Ming failed to defend. At least, the attacks he would have to sustain would greatly lessen and he wouldn't be suppressed for a short moment.

However, it was still extremely difficult for Lin Xun to defeat Gong Ming.

This was already the best situation that Lin Xun could hope for. Their situation would no doubt change as long as Shi Yu could get rid of Di Jun.

It was at that moment when Gong Ming changed his fighting style. He didn't care about Lin Xun's incoming attack and swung his club down.

Pu!

A clean cut split Gong Ming's waist and blood wildly flowed out. But it was only a minor injury and was nothing serious.

Bang!

Almost at the same time, the club pounded Lin Xun on the shoulder. His body sank down and his shoulder bone almost snapped. A throbbing pain ran throughout his body.

It should be said that Lin Xun's body had been tempered to the level of inner-outer perfection, which was comparable to the body of a True Martial eighth layer cultivator. His physique was extremely strong like he was constructed from fine steel.

Even so, he was almost crushed under the club. It was easy to imagine how terrifying Gong Ming's club was.

Lin Xun suddenly gritted his teeth and halted his body that was about to fall to the ground. He abruptly bounced up, brought his blade up in a slash and charged towards Gong Ming again.

He could tell that Gong Ming had seen through his intention and was beginning to fight without caring about taking on any injuries. This was undoubtedly an extremely bad discovery for Lin Xun.

However, he couldn't care too much. He had to stop Gong Ming no matter what, even if it meant that he had to pay an unimaginable price.

Lin Xun's tenacity evidently surprised Gong Ming. Ordinary seventh layer True Martial Stage cultivators would have been paralyzed long ago after receiving a blow from his club but Lin Xun still seemed perfectly fine.

This indicated that Lin Xun had practiced extremely strong body tempering arts.

Gong Ming and Lin Xun were locked in a fierce fight. As time passed, both sides became severely wounded and had tattered looking appearances.

Lin Xun's skin was bruised, red and swollen. Every inch of his muscles and bones was throbbing with pain to the point that he felt like they were about to rupture or crumble.

Similarly, multiple blade wounds were left on Gong Ming's body. He was dripping with blood but he hadn't injured any vital parts of his body. Gong Ming's expression hadn't changed since the start of the battle.

They were both unimaginably exceptional. They didn't utter a word and were fierce and unyielding like two calm but terrifying madmen.

The bloody and cruel scene was thrilling.

Suddenly, Ning Meng's roar resounded in the distance, "I can't hold on much longer. Little White Face, how much longer are you going to take? Aren't you too weak?"

Lin Xun's heart sank. Ning Meng can't hold on much longer?

He didn't need to turn his head to know that Ning Ming, who was under the attacks of four people, was no doubt more heavily injured than him.

What about Shi Yu?

How is his situation?

Almost at the same time, a whistle rang out from the battlefield, quickly followed by a loud boom. Di Jun's figure propelled across the air as he coughed out blood. His face was deathly pale and his head was tilted to one side. He had lost consciousness.

Meanwhile, a ghastly hole had split the left of Shi Yu's chest and blood was gushing out. As if the wound was minor, Shi Yu laughed, "How could a fool like you understand my strength?"

While laughing, he tightened his grip around the bronze maces and rushed towards Ning Meng.