

## **Sky&Earth 411**

Chapter 411: High Hopes!

"What's going on...?"

"It seems that the Heavenly Stairs have encountered an unexpected situation!"

"The pressure on the Heavenly Stairs seems to have decreased significantly!"

In the far emptiness, the powerful members of the Divine Sword School also detected the anomaly. At this moment, the pressure on the Heavenly Stairs greatly decreased. Basically, all disciples could climb to the fourth level.

"Just a few more steps to go, I made it!"

"Father, mother, I'm going to succeed!"

Around the Heavenly Stairs, some disciples were moved to tears.

Their five-year effort was for today. They had thought the opportunity was slim, but now they had truly succeeded and ascended to the fourth level, allowing them to enter the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords.

One by one, the disciples ascended to the fourth level and immediately entered the spatial portal, heading towards the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords.

Some of the disciples were still ascending, hoping to reach the fifth level.

At Heavenly Stairs, the pressure has reduced considerably at this moment. However, it is not entirely without pressure. It is just that this kind of collapsing force is only a fraction of the usual.

Therefore, many disciples feel that they have the opportunity to reach the fifth level.

"It seems that the Heavenly Stairs has had an accident."

"What is going on? How could the Heavenly Stairs have an accident?"

All of the Divine Sword School's cultivators in the audience, as well as the stewards under the Heavenly Stairs, were now staring in shock; they had never heard of the Heavenly Stairs having an accident before.

The "Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords" is a solitary area. Under normal circumstances, it would take at least a month for a disciple with cultivation in the Yuan Spirit Realm to walk out of it.

The vastness of the "Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords" is beyond imagination, and it is fraught with numerous dangers and instant crises. It serves as a training ground for the Divine Sword School disciples.

According to the data from previous years' "Grand Swordsmanship Competition," even among the ten thousand inner disciples, only a few hundred have succeeded in smoothly coming out of the "Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords."

The Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords is almost identical to the outside world. It has sun, moon, stars, and everything else. However, it is a separate area controlled by the predecessors of Divine Sword School. Everything is arranged and screened to hone the young disciples of the school.

"The Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords" has numerous demon beasts, albeit ones whose cultivation level is not too formidable, posing a lethal danger to inner disciples, while also retaining some fighting capability.

In essence, within the "The Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords," lies true forging and honing, involving real bloodshed and even mortal peril.

The competition is brutal, but no one shall utter a word, because in this world, only might makes right. Everything is dictated by strength, and this holds true even within the Divine Sword School.

In a certain place at the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, there is a spatial portal.

Two elder men, in their fifties, with extraordinary aura, stood before the space teleportation gate, adorned with the emblem of Divine Sword School's protector.

Behind these two protectors, there were also disciples of Divine Sword School who were about thirty years old, with impressive aura.

They waited here, hoping that some outer disciples could enter the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords so that they could assess the aptitude of these outer disciples.

The Heavenly Stairs tested these outer disciples again, and to a certain extent, this represents that the Divine Sword School didn't want to miss any of its disciples.

"I wonder how many people will be able to come this time. Do you remember five years ago, only 121 people were able to participate? That was already the maximum number of people."

One of the two guards on the left, a round-faced and portly old man, spoke up. Despite being slightly chubby with a slight bulge in his belly, his gaze was filled with a formidable sharpness that could not be ignored.

"It's about time. Hasn't anyone come in yet? Are these outer disciples so useless this time?"

One of the guards on the right, a tall and thin figure, said that according to the previous Grand Swordsmanship Competition, it was already midday and someone should have already come out of the space portal.

"One year slightly better, one year worse, this is also a normal state, after all, being an outer disciple, it is impossible to be more outstanding..."

The slightly plump protector sighed, also understanding that the Divine Sword School didn't want to miss any talented disciples, but didn't have great expectations for these outer disciples.

After all, these disciples were already failures for not becoming inner disciples in the first place.

"Fortunately, among the young disciples of this generation, there are talented individuals such as Liu Yunchuan, Yun Lingfeng, Gong Qi, and so on. It is indeed a blessing for the Divine Sword School."

The thin and tall disciple showed a smile on his face. Five years ago, Liu Yunchuan, Yun Lingfeng, Gong Qi and other disciples entered the Divine Sword School, which shook the whole school.

Over these years, in order to hide the real strength and talent of these guys and to prevent outsiders from knowing, the school deliberately made them appear less often in public.

"It's been so many years, and finally our Divine Sword School has produced such a group of outstanding talents. The school has high expectations for them!"

The slightly plump protector's eyes showed fluctuations, his expression profound and suggestive. As protectors, they were all too aware of the vast resources that had been invested in Yun Lingfeng, Liu Yunchuan, and others during the last five years, which could only be described as high hopes placed upon them.

"I wonder how Hou Changming is doing over there?"

The thin and tall guard spoke, the corners of his mouth instinctively curling into a smile.

"Haha, looking at the situation, it is unlikely that anyone will be able to enter the fifth level."

The slightly chubby protector smiled knowingly; throughout the hundred years of Grand Swordsmanship Competitions, the disciples who could walk out of the fifth-level teleportation gate were rarely seen. Strictly speaking, they could be counted on one hand.

Only during the Grand Swordsmanship Competition held four or five times, has an outer disciple on the Heavenly Stairs shown remarkable talent, able to ascend to the fifth level of the Heavenly Stairs.

In the Grand Swordsmanship Competition five years ago, only one exceptional disciple ascended to the fifth level of the Heavenly Stairs.

Therefore, it's unlikely for any disciple to ascend to the fifth level of the Heavenly Stairs this time.

Several protectors were waiting outside the spatial teleportation gate within the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords. They were doing so because they had the opportunity to select some preferred disciples and bring them into their own faction.

As the protectors of the Divine Sword School, they were also able to accept disciples.

However, every time a talented newcomer joined the Divine Sword School, they were immediately targeted by the elders of each peak. The protectors never had the chance.

Therefore, during the Grand Swordsmanship Competition, the protectors could only hope to discover potential talents among the outer disciples who were being re-evaluated. The elders were generally reluctant to compete with them, as they had no interest in those who they had previously disregarded five years prior.

Because these re-examined ones are exactly those who the elders five years ago turned a blind eye to.

Dharma Protector Hou Changming lost the draw this time and had to wait at the teleportation gate on the other side.

That space teleportation gate connects to the fifth level of the Heavenly Stairs. Anyone who can walk out of that space teleportation gate represents having King Grade talent.

King Grade talent wouldn't have been easily missed five years ago.

In the Grand Swordsmanship Competition five years ago, there was only one outer disciple who was quite formidable and actually made it to the fifth level of the Heavenly Stairs.

Chapter 412: Dharma Protector Hou Changming!

Therefore, in theory, it is probably impossible for any disciple to climb up to the fifth level in this attempt.

"If we can choose a few who are not weak this time, that would be great."

"Even though no one has come out until now," said the thin and tall elder, "there will always be disciples who come. If we can select a few good ones to join our peak, that would also be great."

"I'll take the first one, and you can have the second and third. Then we can choose as we please. How about that?"

The slightly chubby protector's eyes flickered with a bright light. Being the first to reach the fourth level of the Heavenly Stairs, to a certain extent, ensured that he had the most talent. He wanted to take this person under his wing.

"Alright."

The tall and thin protector hesitated briefly, then nodded. Even though the first disciple to leave had great potential, accidents can still happen. The second and third disciples to leave were both gifted and he would not suffer too many losses.

"Poor Hou Changming, he's probably going to be stuck on the bench."

The slightly plump protector chuckled to himself, remembering when Dharma Protector Hou Changming drew lots to guard the space portal to the fifth level of the Heavenly Stairs. Despite his gloomy expression, he still pretended to be aloof and proud, insisting that accepting disciples was not something to be taken lightly, and that one should never settle for mediocrity.

The tall and thin protector gave a knowing smile, Hou Changming definitely won't be able to recruit any disciples this time.

And for the next time, with so many protectors in the Divine Sword School, it is unknown which year it will be.

"Oh, someone finally arrived."

Suddenly, the lanky protector raised his gaze slightly and looked towards the spatial portal. The portal began to ripple and he wondered who would be the first to step out of it.

All eyes then fell upon the spatial portal.

The slightly chubby protector's gaze was even more expectant. This first disciple to walk out of the spatial teleportation gate was most likely going to be the one he would take as his own disciple.

As the crowd looked on, a figure flashed out of the spatial teleportation gate amidst the rippling waves.

It was a young man of around 20 years old. He emerged from the spatial teleportation gate with a joyful look in his eyes, still immersed in excitement and happiness.

"It looks like it's barely satisfactory!"

The slightly plump protector looked over, not having much hope for the disciple who could walk out of the portal, but feeling quite satisfied nonetheless.

"Swoosh..."

Just then, the slightly plump protector was about to speak when the space portal once again stirred, and someone else walked out.

The tall and thin protector paid special attention, as this second and third person was most likely whom he would take on as disciples.

Under the gaze of many eyes, the space portal appeared, followed by the second and third figures.

But immediately after, the fourth, fifth, and sixth figures also appeared.

It didn't stop there, more and more figures were walking out continuously. Soon, there were dozens and even hundreds of people who had walked out.

"Oh, did they all come out together? It seems there won't be fewer people compared to the last time."

The presence of so many people immediately brought hope to the two protectors.

The young disciples of this generation have been quite impressive in the last five years, otherwise there wouldn't be so many disciples.

"We did it, we succeeded!"

"Is this the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords? I have succeeded!"

One by one, the disciples walked out, looking around with excitement they could not conceal. They had finally entered the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords and had a chance to become an inner disciple.

"This is not right. Why are there still disciples coming out?"

The tall and thin protector and the slightly chubby protector were initially pleased, but then became suspicious. While over a hundred disciples had already walked out of the teleportation gate, the momentum showed no signs of stopping.

"Three hundred and fifty-nine, three hundred and sixty..."

And when the tall and thin protector saw that three hundred and sixty disciples had walked out, his expression completely froze and his brow furrowed.

This is baffling, are all the outer disciples of this generation so outstanding?

On the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, at a certain location, the figure of a final curtain call stood in front of a spatial teleportation gate.

This is a man in his fifties, not tall, but with a face that gives the impression of having weathered many storms despite being just over fifty.

However, in the old man's eyes, there shimmered a faint light, which would make one's heart tremble by merely gazing into them a moment longer.

The old man was Hou Changming, the Dharma Protector who was chosen by luck to be present at this location.

Standing lazily behind Dharma Protector Hou Changming were several disciples in their thirties, who seemed to lack any enthusiasm or energy.

They all knew that standing guard in front of this space teleportation portal was just a formality, it was probably impossible for any disciple to walk out.

This is a spatial portal that connects to the fifth level of the Heavenly Stairs. Among this group of outer disciples, it's unlikely anyone has such exceptional talent.

"If we get even one out, it would be a profit..."

Dharma Protector Hou Changming murmured, he really didn't want to come to this space teleportation gate, but his luck was just too bad to draw him here.

So at this moment, Dharma Protector Hou Changming could only hope that if a miracle happened and a disciple emerged from this spatial portal, he would take them under his wing. Then he could make those guys who doubted him regret their foolishness.

"Oh..."

Dharma Protector Hou Changming sighed. He knew in his heart that there weren't many disciples who could ascend to the fifth level of the Heavenly Stairs.

Especially since one had already climbed it five years ago. This time, it was probably unlikely. He could only blame his own bad luck.

"Oh, there's someone!"

Suddenly, Dharma Protector Hou Changming's gaze shook, showing a glimmer of light, staring tightly at the space portal.

Dharma Protector Hou Changming clearly felt that there was movement in the space portal at this moment, as if someone was about to emerge from it.

"Is there really a miracle?"

At this moment, Dharma Protector Hou Changming was excited. This was definitely a miracle. If a disciple came out and he could bring him to his peak, it would be a huge gain.

Excited and full of anticipation, Dharma Protector Hou Changming was eagerly looking forward to something.

The previously listless disciples suddenly became interested at this moment and wanted to see who the outer disciple who could climb the fifth level of the Heavenly Stairs was.

To be able to climb the fifth level of the Heavenly Stairs requires great talent, a King Grade talent, destined to become a direct disciple.

Under numerous gazes, a figure flashed out of the spatial portal. He was a young man of about twenty, scanning excitedly around him.

Dharma Protector Hou Changming was about to speak when there was another disturbance in the spatial portal and two more young men walked out, equally excited and almost on the verge of tears with joy.

"Three! Heaven helps those who help themselves!"

Dharma Protector Hou Changming was agitated, and his heart rate quickened. This was about three disciples! If there was only one, he could not be sure of receiving the person as his disciple, but there were three. He could have at least one of them to be his disciple.

Chapter 413: Dharma Protector Hou Changming Takes in Disciples!

At this very moment, Dharma Protector Hou Changming's excited heart could hardly stay still. He never thought that good fortune would bless him and bring not just one, but three disciples walking out from this side.

"Success! Success!"

The three young men came out from the spatial portal, all overwhelmed with excitement.

"Oh..."

Dharma Protector Hou Changming was about to speak, suddenly, there was another wave of fluctuation in the space portal, and figures walked out of it once again.

These figures were not just one, but one after another, in groups of three to five, or eight to nine.

"Thirty-six, thirty-seven..."

As more than thirty outer disciples emerged from the spatial transmission gate, Dharma Protector Hou Changming's face became stunned and he felt absolutely abnormal.

"One hundred and twenty-seven... one hundred and twenty-eight..."

When the one hundred and twenty-eighth outer disciple appeared from the spatial transmission gate, Dharma Protector Hou Changming was already overcome.

This is absolutely abnormal. It's impossible for such a thing to happen!

Dharma Protector Hou Changming couldn't help but suspect that there was a problem with the Heavenly Stairs. But how could the Heavenly Stairs have a problem? It was arranged by the predecessors of the Divine Sword School, and it was never heard of any malfunction.

However, everything before his eyes told him that this was definitely not a normal situation.

And when the number of people using the spatial teleportation gate reached thousands, Dharma Protector Hou Changming completely collapsed. They crowded the exit, densely packed like ants.

"What's going on? Why are so many people climbing the fifth level of the Heavenly Stairs!"

Dharma Protector Hou Changming couldn't help but stop a disciple and ask, "There must be a big event happening!"

"Dharma Protector, I don't know. Many people have reached the fifth level, and some have even reached the seventh level!"

The disciple said this, still immersed in happiness and excitement.

This outer disciple had never imagined that he could climb to the fifth level of the Heavenly Stairs today. If this were to be transmitted back to his hometown, it would surely bring honor to his ancestors!

"The seventh level!"

Dharma Protector Hou Changming was dumbfounded. This is absolutely impossible. How can an outer disciple have such talent? What a joke.

"All disciples enter the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords. May fortune favor the bold!"

Immediately, Dharma Protector Hou Changming spoke in a voice mixed with vital energy, echoing through the space. The exit of the teleportation portal is unable to accommodate so many people.

Inside the teleportation portal, figures walked out continuously with excitement and joy.

When the estimated number of people reached seven to eight thousand, Dharma Protector Hou Changming could no longer remain calm. He wished he could walk over to the Heavenly Stairs to see what had happened.

However, after observing all the disciples who had walked out, Dharma Protector Hou Changming didn't find any outstanding individuals among them. Their talent and cultivation were just average.

With such a large group of outer disciples walking out, something must have happened on the Heavenly Stairs. Dharma Protector Hou Changming was unsure of how to deal with them.

Working hard and waiting here, he cannot casually accept a few disciples.

Several older Divine Sword School disciples were also stunned, completely unaware of what was happening. How could so many people walk out of the space portal on this side? Is this going against the natural order? These disciples don't seem to have the talent of King Grade.

"I have finally entered the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords!"

Groups of disciples, excited and inexplicable, followed the guidance and stepped into the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords.

Dharma Protector Hou Changming stood beside in a daze, and as a disciple walked out from the spatial portal and bowed, he could only mechanically nod his head. He was still immersed in shock and unable to recover his senses.

Inside the spatial portal, three figures emerged, two men and one woman.

The woman was young, about fifteen or sixteen years old, with a crystal-clear complexion, snowy skin, and a delicate face with two dimples on her cheeks.

A young man in a gray long robe, cotton boots, black hair reaching his shoulders, and a conspicuous old broken sword on his back.

There was also a slightly taller young man, with a sturdy build and a golden aura emanating from his body, carrying a sharp and intense atmosphere.

Dharma Protector Hou Changming continued to gaze at the spatial teleportation gate. As the three people walked out, it seemed that no one else followed them.

"Is this the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords?"

Zhang Qing looked around with excitement, taking in the sights. He never would have thought that he would be climbing the 5th level of the Heavenly Stairs today, it was simply miraculous.

"It should be, we all came in."

Xu Jiahui smiled faintly, a hint of amusement on her pale face.



Su Yi surveyed his surroundings, a small smile curving his lips.

There were no teleportation doors on the seventh or sixth level, so Su Yi had to come down to the fifth level where he happened upon Xu Jiahui and waited for Zhang Qing to join them before entering the teleportation door.

As for some other outer disciples of the Thirty-Sixth Sword Peak, it is estimated that they entered the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords from the fourth level.

Regarding the incident on the Heavenly Stairs, Su Yi was the instigator, and naturally he was the clearest about why so many disciples had climbed the Heavenly Stairs. With this, he guessed that the commotion caused by his own ascent to the seventh level could be somewhat concealed.

In any case, the Heavenly Stairs has lost its functionality, with malfunctions, and therefore there won't be as many people paying attention to him.

Thinking of this, Su Yi is very satisfied with his performance, giving him a sense of leaving gracefully without seeking fame or prestige.

"Dharma Protector!"

Xu Jiahui and Zhang Qing bowed instantly upon meeting Dharma Protector Hou Changming.

"Is there no one else behind?"

Dharma Protector Hou Changming inquired with his head and neck craning towards the spatial portal, seemingly no one had emanated from it.

"There should be no more, we are among the last."

Zhang Qing replied nervously, realizing he was in front of a protector. Su Yi and Martial Sister Jiahui were waiting for him when he arrived, he was the last one.

"Finally, no one left..."

Dharma Protector Hou Changming frowned and suddenly focused his gaze on Su Yi, observing the boy closely. Unconsciously, he felt that this young man possessed a unique aura.

Unfortunately, Dharma Protector Hou Changming has never met Su Yi.

"Young man, I intend to take you as my disciple. Would you be willing to follow me?"

Dharma Protector Hou Changming put on a serious look and turned his gaze towards Su Yi, feeling that this young man was quite impressive and perhaps the person he was looking for. He had waited for so long outside the spatial portal, and it wouldn't be right to not accept even one disciple.

"Thank you for your offer, but I already have a master."

Su Yi smiled slightly and had no intention of becoming anyone's disciple.

"Uh..."

Watching an outer disciple reject so resolutely, Dharma Protector Hou Changming's face twitched, which was also embarrassing in front of the disciples behind him.

"You, are you willing to become my disciple?"

Immediately, Dharma Protector Hou Changming, who had just been somewhat disappointed and depressed, seemed to have discovered a new world as his gaze rested upon Xu Jiahui, a young girl who appeared to be quite remarkable despite her tender age.

Chapter 414: The Sword-Patterned Stone!

"Thank you, but I don't intend to become a disciple."

Xu Jiahui bowed politely but rejected the offer decisively and directly, showing no intention of reconsidering.

The protector Hou Changming was stunned, his eye twitching.

He is, after all, the protector of the Divine Sword School. If he were to take in an outer disciple, it would be a dream come true for all outer disciples in the Divine Sword School.

Although the status of being taken in as a disciple by a protector is not as high as being a direct disciple of an elder, it still surpasses that of an inner disciple.

Today, however, being directly rejected by two disciples in a row has left Protector Hou Changming feeling very frustrated.

"Young man, are you willing to become my disciple?"

Hou Changming's expression soured, and he glanced at Zhang Qing with disbelief that a disciple couldn't even be recruited after guarding the space teleportation gate for so long -- he had to accept one.

"Disciple Zhang Qing, pay my respect to my master!"

Zhang Qing was taken aback, but immediately knelt down and knocked three times loudly, so fast that even Hou Changming couldn't react.

"Alright, get up. From now on, you are my novice disciple, and behave well in the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords."

Hou Changming took a deep breath and adjusted his posture, at least he had accepted a disciple.

Zhang Qing stood up, feeling excited and thrilled. Being accepted as a disciple by an elder was a dream come true for him.

Hou Changming observed Zhang Qing. This new disciple didn't appear extraordinary and even seemed to fall short of the average level of an outer disciple. He regretted his decision to accept him into his tutelage.

He had only accepted the disciple on impulse and to test whether he would be rejected by the third outer disciple.

Who knows, this disciple knelt down and kowtowed in an instant.

This disciple has knocked his head, and now that the matter has come to this, even if he is secretly dissatisfied, there is no way to do it.

"Congratulations, Zhang Qing!"

Xu Jiahui was happy for Zhang Qing. Being accepted as a disciple by the protector is definitely a great opportunity.

"Hehe..."

Zhang Qing chuckled and felt lucky lately. He climbed up to the fifth level of the Heavenly Stairs and was also accepted into the protector's peak, which was something he couldn't imagine in ordinary days.

"Zhang Qing, the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords is perilous and everything can only rely on yourself. Practice well!"

It was impossible to regret anymore. Hou Changming had to accept what was said and advised his newly accepted disciple who was taken in without much consideration.

Feeling the strength of this disciple, Hou Changming estimated that this disciple would not be able to protect himself in the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords. It would be good if he could survive and make it out alive. Hopefully, he'll be able to hone his skills and come out strong.

As soon as he finished speaking, Hou Changming produced a jade bottle and handed it to Zhang Qing, saying, "Take this pill in case of any emergency."

"Thank you, master."

Zhang Qing was moved, took the jade bottle, which seemed to contain many medicinal pills. It was different to have a protector as a teacher and he felt fortunate to have found a good master.

"Go ahead, for within the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords lies both danger and opportunity, it all depends on your own luck. As for the Sword-patterned Stone... well, that's up to fate."

Hou Changming entrusted Zhang Qing, as he was his own disciple, that the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords contains both danger and opportunity.

At the mention of the Sword-patterned Stone, Hou Changming immediately felt that he had been thinking too much.

There are only a few Sword-patterned Stones in existence, and whoever ends up possessing one will have to be extraordinarily powerful.

With the cultivation strength of his newly received disciple, Hou Changming felt that he may have been overthinking.

"I know."

Zhang Qing was very excited and still immersed in joy.

Immediately, Su Yi, Xu Jiahui, and Zhang Qing left and also entered the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords.

"It seems that we need to find the Sword-patterned Stone."

Su Yi muttered as he had already entered the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, where, according to the rules, the Sword-patterned Stone was of great importance.

The cultivators from the Divine Sword School had only invested a limited number of Sword-patterned Stones in the entire Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords. Only sixty-eight disciples who obtained the most Sword-patterned Stones could go and compete at the pinnacle of the Spirit Sword Peak.

Therefore, the more Sword-patterned Stones you obtained, the greater the opportunities would be.

Because of this, those direct disciples will only enter the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords half a month later. With the strength of direct disciples, if they enter at the same time, the chances of inner and outer disciples finding the Sword-patterned Stones will be zero.

Su Yi doesn't necessarily have to obtain those Sword-patterned Stones, but in the final peak duel, the top 16 ranked individuals will receive unparalleled benefits and substantial rewards from the Divine Sword School, which is what Su Yi desires.

Since he's already in the Divine Sword School, he cannot miss out on such unparalleled benefits and substantial rewards.

"There must be a problem, there is definitely a problem!"

In the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, outside the other space portal, the tall and thin protector and the slightly chubby protector were completely astonished.

A total of over ten thousand outer disciples walked out of the portal, leaving the two protectors dumbfounded and speechless.

In the past, it was already good enough for hundreds of people to walk out, but this time, it was over ten thousand people. Half of the outer disciples had ascended to the fourth level of the Heavenly Stairs. What kind of concept is this? Are all the outer disciples so extraordinary in this generation?

However, what the two protectors didn't know was that a group of strong Divine Sword School cultivators around the Heavenly Stairs were also stunned.

Figures approached the surroundings of the Heavenly Stairs. Strong figures descended, inspecting the Heavenly Stairs.

"There's a big problem, the Heavenly Stairs has lost its function!"

A strong individual spoke up and discovered the issue. The Heavenly Stairs had already lost its function, which was why almost all outer disciples were sent in.

"Check it immediately!"

A bunch of cultivators discussed and it was evident that the significance of the Heavenly Stairs is undeniable.

Besides, it won't be long until the recruitment of new disciples for the Divine Sword School, which takes place every five years.

"What on earth is going on, how could the Heavenly Stairs suddenly encounter problems?"

"It's very strange, could it be caused by that Su Yi?"

"I think that the Heavenly Stairs might have some issues, and that's why Su Yi can only climb up to the seventh level. Otherwise, how could he make it up there? This is too incredible!"

"..."

Strong individuals were discussing, and this matter had already shaken the entire Divine Sword School.

...

The Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords is not much different from the outside world, with continuous mountain ranges, profound darkness, and ancient trees towering into the sky.

"Creaking, creaking..."

Su Yi, Xu Jiahui, and Zhang Qing walked slowly on the sound of dry twigs and fallen leaves under their feet, knowing the general direction. It will probably take them almost a month to cross the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords.

"I succeeded, I succeeded. If my dad and mom knew it, they would definitely be very happy."

Zhang Qing was thrilled, unable to contain the excitement from everything that had happened to him today.

Chapter 415: Believe Me!

"Congratulations, congratulations."

Su Yi was also happy for Zhang Qing, it was evident that although Hou Changming was somewhat indecisive, he treated Zhang Qing with sincerity, which was much better than Wang Quande of the Scared Mountain.

Su Yi estimated that in the future, under the guidance of Hou Changming, Zhang Qing would certainly have a promising future, which was a desired outcome for other outer disciples as well.

"Let's not be too happy too soon. The Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords is no ordinary place. My master was right. There are opportunities and fortunes within, but also absolute danger. I have heard that in every Grand Swordsmanship Competition, even direct disciples are at risk of losing their lives in there."

Zhang Qing's expression turned serious, full of both joy and anxiety.

In every Grand Swordsmanship Competition, there are casualties among the direct disciples. With his strength, it is not an easy task for him to come out of the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords alive.

"There seem to be many dangers and powerful demon beasts here."

Xu Jiahui's expression was rather grave, knowing that with her and Zhang Qing's abilities, it would be somewhat precarious to try and leave the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords.

"Don't worry, I'm here too. I'll lead you all out together."

Su Yi smiled faintly, as the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords had been arranged by the Divine Sword School's predecessors, and the dangers inside were probably not as tremendous as one would think.

Su Yi had also been to the Forest of Demons and the Demon Woods, so even though the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords was dangerous, it wouldn't be more menacing than the complexity found in the Forest of Demons or the ferocity within the Demon Woods.

Of course, Su Yi didn't have any careless thoughts.

The Divine Sword School is a prominent and influential sect, standing tall in Central State without a doubt, naturally having its own principles. When it comes to training disciples, it definitely has unique methods.

"Indeed, with the strength of Brother Su Yi, there should be no problem in leaving this Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords. You have absolute hope to collect enough Sword-patterned Stones."

Zhang Qing suddenly gained some confidence. After all, Su Yi was there. He was a terrifying guy who climbed to the seventh level of the Heavenly Stairs and defeated the fifteenth-ranked Jian Shiyi of the Sword Tower.

It is estimated that Su Yi's intent to leave the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords is certainly achievable for Zhang Qing, and acquiring enough Sword-patterned Stones is definitely hopeful.

"Where can one usually find the Sword-patterned Stones?"

When the Sword-patterned Stones were mentioned, Su Yi truly wanted to learn more about them, as they play a crucial role in the Grand Swordsmanship Competition.

"It is said that the Sword-patterned Stones are usually deposited by the powerful members of the school in dangerous areas and the lairs of ferocious demon beasts," said Xu Jiahui.

"Demon beasts..."

Hearing this, Su Yi's gaze turned slightly and a smile gleamed in his eyes.

"Brother Su Yi, what are you laughing at?"

Looking at Su Yi's sudden and inexplicable laughter, Zhang Qing couldn't fathom what was so amusing. The Sword-patterned Stone was placed in the lairs of ferocious demon beasts. What was there to be happy about?

"Haha, it's nothing."

Su Yi shook his head with a smile and said to Zhang Qing and Xu Jiahui, "Believe me, this time we will all be able to obtain enough Sword-patterned Stones, haha."

Su Yi couldn't help but laugh. No matter how fierce the demon beasts were inside, they were no match for him with his Supreme Chaotic Yuan Technique, which was enough to suppress the demon beasts inside the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords.

"Um..."

Looking at Su Yi's confident smile, Zhang Qing and Xu Jiahui could only stare in awe.

However, Xu Jiahui and Zhang Qing actually believed in Su Yi to some degree.

After all, they knew best just how much of a freak this guy was, and he definitely had a chance to ultimately make it to the peak and contend with those top direct disciples of Spirit Sword Peak.

...

Inside the magnificent hall of Sky Sword Peak, nearly a hundred figures stood while tens of figures sat in chairs on both sides.

These individuals are the elders and strong cultivators of Divine Sword School, and their invisible aura created a solidified atmosphere throughout the entire hall.

At this moment, ordinary disciples are likely too afraid to enter for fear of being crushed by the invisible pressure and losing the ability to breathe.

"Did Su Yi cause the malfunction of the Heavenly Stairs by reaching the seventh level, or were the Heavenly Stairs already malfunctioning which allowed Su Yi to reach the seventh level?"

Inside the grand hall, the elders of the Divine Sword School were discussing the immense impact of the Heavenly Stairs losing most of its effectiveness.

Especially when Su Yi ascended to the seventh level of the Heavenly Stairs, this matter became even more significant.

"I think that there must be an issue with the Heavenly Stairs. Although Su Yi possesses the wind attribute, the other three attributes are mutually restrained, and his talent is only average. Therefore, it must be a problem with the Heavenly Stairs that allowed him to ascend so far."

An elderly man in his sixties, with a calm expression and a moderate figure, spoke with shining eyes.

"Bai Mingshan, your words are sour. Isn't it because the disciples of the Fifteenth Sword Peak are not Su Yi's opponents? Su Yi's strength is evident to all. Sometimes unexpected talents emerge, and I feel that that kid Su Yi is extraordinary."

Elder Lv Baimai spoke, casting a sideways glance at the elder named Bai Mingshan, without much courtesy.

"Lv Baimai, what do you mean? Do I need to compete with a kid? It's normal for younger generations to spar and win or lose. It seems you have confidence in the disciples of your Nineteenth Sword Peak. Let's see who is stronger in the Grand Swordsmanship Competition, the disciples of your Nineteenth Sword Peak or my Fifteenth Sword Peak!" Elder Bai Mingshan glared at Elder Lv Baimai.

"Humph. My 19th Sword Peak never fears anybody!"

Elder Lv Baimai smiled faintly and glanced at Elder Bai Ming Shan, saying, "As for the youngster you mentioned, if he really is Elder Su's direct disciple, well, certain people may want to think twice about facing him in the future!"

"Hmph, Elder Su hasn't returned yet, and that boy's origins are mysterious. It hasn't been confirmed if he is Elder Su's disciple or not!"

Elder Bai Mingshan's eye twitched slightly, then he ignored Elder Lv Baimai and looked towards Situ Liuyun, the leader of the sect. He said, "Sect leader, Su Yi's origins are too mysterious and unclear. We should wait until Elder Su comes back to make a decision. The Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords is the foundation of our Divine Sword School. That boy is too audacious, and if he stirs up trouble within the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, it will be too late to regret it. I suggest we take him out of the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords and wait for Elder Su to come back to make the decision."

"I disagree. It has been determined that Su Yi was brought back by Elder Su. What do you mean by mysterious origins? The Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords is the foundation of our Divine Sword School, as well as a training ground for our younger generations. Su Yi is a disciple of Divine Sword School and should naturally participate in the Grand Swordsmanship Competition."

Chapter 416: Fierce Battle Between Dragons and Tigers!

Elder Yu Changqing, with his lean and wrinkled face, his long eyebrows and a hint of white beard swaying, glanced at Bai Mingshan coldly and said in a displeased tone, "I believe it must be the Fifteenth Sword Peak that fears Su Yi, fearing that their disciples will be completely suppressed by Su Yi in the Grand Swordsmanship Competition. They are afraid that some of their disciples will not be able to hold their heads up high, so they don't want Su Yi to participate, isn't that so?"

"Yu Changqing, you underestimate a nobleman's heart by having a villain's mind. Everything I do is for the Divine Sword School. The disciples on my Fifteenth Sword Peak are not so easily suppressed by anyone!" said Elder Bai Mingshan angrily.

"Elder Bai's words are reasonable, the Grand Swordsmanship Competition concerns the entire Divine Sword School. If Su Yi's background is unknown, we cannot simply hand over the benefits of our school to him." An elderly person pondered and then said that he also thought Elder Bai Mingshan's words made sense.

"If Su Yi has truly ascended to the seventh level of the Heavenly Stairs through his own combat strength, it would be a boundless prospect. However, his identity and background are somewhat unclear," an old lady spoke with an invisible aura, her gaze shining and captivating.

"It would be good if Elder Su were here, then everything would be clear!"

A middle-aged strong cultivator spoke, but unfortunately, these days Elder Su is not at the Divine Sword School, and there is no telling when Elder Su will return.

"Su Yi has already become a disciple of our Divine Sword School. His ascent to the seventh level of the Heavenly Stairs is a great fortune for us. Perhaps in no time, he will become a peerless talent, sweeping across the world, and bringing glory to our Divine Sword School. Such disciples must be well-cultivated!" Elder Mei Huaye spoke with a soft voice.

"If this is true, it could be a good thing, but it may also be a problem with the Heavenly Stairs. It is too early to make a conclusion and the identity is also unclear." Some elders' opinion is relatively neutral.

"Respected elders..."

Situ Liuyun looked at the many powerful elders in the main hall and finally spoke in a calm but imposing manner, saying, "Su Yi's identity will be known when Elder Su returns. As for whether Su Yi truly has the potential to reach the seventh level of the Heavenly Stairs, let us test it in the upcoming Grand Swordsmanship Competition. If he is indeed Elder Su's disciple and performs exceptionally in the competition, it will be a great fortune for our Divine Sword School."

"The sect leader's words are reasonable!"

Listening to Situ Liuyun's words, the strong and old members of the Divine Sword School in the audience didn't say anything more.

"That Su Yi is bold and reckless. I hope he won't cause any trouble on the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords." Bai Mingshan said with hatred, his indifferent face showing displeasure.

"Elder Bai Mingshan, are you worried that Su Yi will wipe out all of your inner disciples of the Fifteenth Sword Peak? Haha..." Elder Yu Changqing laughed heartily upon hearing Bai Mingshan's muttering.



"I would like to see how far that boy can go in the Grand Swordsmanship Competition. Talent is talent, and it cannot be replaced by short-term combat power!" Elder Bai Mingshan said solemnly.

The group of elders and powerful individuals scattered immediately, leaving only Situ Liuyun and Right Dharma Protector in the entire hall.

"Right Dharma Protector, what do you think?"

As he watched the group of bickering elders and strong individuals leave, Situ Liuyun let out a sigh and turned to ask Right Dharma Protector beside him.

"Is the sect leader referring to the Heavenly Stairs?" Right Dharma Protector asked, with bright eyes shining with radiance.

"Well, according to the investigation report of the Elder Council, the Yuan Testing Stone inside the Heavenly Stairs has been reduced to ashes, which caused malfunctions in the Heavenly Stairs!"

Situ Liuyun nodded, at this moment he could not be completely sure whether the malfunction of the Heavenly Stairs was caused by Su Yi, or it was the malfunction that allowed Su Yi to step on the seventh level of the Heavenly Stairs.

"Actually, this issue is not important."

With a slight smile, Right Dharma Protector seemed to have already made up his mind. He looked at Situ Liuyun and said, "Since Su Yi entered the Divine Sword School, everything seemed quite unusual. But from his performance, at least it can be proven that he is indeed beyond ordinary, unfathomable."

"Not bad," Situ Liuyun nodded at the words.

"Since that's the case, why bother about whether or not he can truly ascend to the seventh level of the Heavenly Stairs? Besides, the Heavenly Stairs has lost most of its function, but no other outer disciple can step foot on the seventh level. Only five people can even set foot on the sixth level."

With a smile in his eyes, Right Dharma Protector continued, "Everything will be revealed during the Grand Swordsmanship Competition. However deep and hidden that kid may be, on the Grand Swordsmanship Competition stage, it will naturally be made public, and everything will become clear."

"Hahaha, not bad, not bad."

Situ Liuyun burst into laughter and looked at Right Dharma Protector, saying, "Looks like you are really as cunning as an old fox."

"Sect leader, please don't ridicule this old man. It's just that you bear the responsibility of the entire Divine Sword School, so there's just too much to consider at times, as the saying goes, the onlooker sees most of the game. It's probably like this," laughed Right Dharma Protector.

"In that case, the Grand Swordsmanship Competition will be exceptionally lively. Liu Yunchuan, Yun Lingfeng, Gong Qi, Gu Chenyou, Ou Luo, and Ying Qianqian, these young people have been waiting for five years specifically for this competition. The Grand Swordsmanship Competition was already a fight between dragons and tigers, and now with the addition of someone like Su Yi, I'm really looking forward to it!"

Situ Liuyun's gaze moved and there was a glint of red in his eyes. Each name of these youngsters he mentioned represented the hope and foundation of the future for Divine Sword School.

This time, the entire Divine Sword School holds great anticipation and hope for the Grand Swordsmanship Competition.

"Sect leader, have you forgotten about someone?" Right Dharma Protector reminded Situ Liuyun.

"Who are you referring to?"

Upon hearing this, Situ Liuyun's facial expression froze, then a bitter smile appeared as he said, "I forgot about that individual. If Su Yi is truly Elder Su's disciple, then wouldn't it be..."

Speaking of this, Situ Liuyun's imposing face was about to cry as he said to the Right Dharma Protector with a hint of unusual grievance, "How can I, as the leader of the Divine Sword School, be so wronged?"

"Um..."

The Right Dharma Protector, also helpless, looked at Situ Liuyun with a somewhat grievance and said, "If Su Yi is really Elder Su's disciple, then there are not many people in the Divine Sword School who are not wronged."

"That's true..."

Situ Liuyun was very helpless, with an expression of resignation, and then said, "I do think that Elder Bai's words have some truth to them. Although Su Yi is bold and reckless, he had better not go astray in the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, right?"

"There shouldn't be any room for him to go astray in the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords."

The Right Dharma Protector's gaze turned and said, "Moreover, in half a month, all direct disciples will enter. Naturally, someone will restrain Su Yi, and he won't be able to make trouble."

"Yes, indeed," Situ Liuyun nodded.

Chapter 417: Little Guy!

Immediately, Situ Liuyun seemed to be pondering something and said, "And then there's that little guy, Mu Yang. I wonder how he performed in the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords."

"Sect Leader, there's no need to worry. Although Mu Yang is young, I estimate that among the young generation of Divine Sword School, only Yun Lingfeng, Liu Yunchuan, and a few others can handle him. It's quite rare for someone else to be able to do so."

Right Dharma Protector spoke, and his expression revealed a trace of uncontainable shock.

He knew very well that in addition to talented and almost abnormal geniuses like Yun Lingfeng, Liu Yunchuan, and Gong Qi, the Divine Sword School also had a small guy who was just as terrifying, unfortunately too young. Even within the entire sect, few knew of his existence.

"Haha, the Grand Swordsmanship Competition is just an early opportunity for him to hone his skills," Situ Liuyun said with a slight smile.

...

Lush forests and towering mountains extended one after another.

The Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords is vast and all the outer disciples who have entered it, nearly twenty thousand in number, but it is feared that only a few can reach the cultivation at the Yuan Xuan Realm or the Eighth or Ninth Grade of the Yuan Soul Realm, which is considered not weak.

Therefore, this group of outer disciples cannot fly and must pass through the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords on foot.

In fact, not to mention this group of outer disciples, even the inner disciples who want to metamorphose their vitality into the essence of spirit need to cultivate to the level of the Yuan Spirit Realm.

Among the outer disciples, perhaps no one had reached the cultivation level of Yuan Spirit Realm.

Moreover, it is impossible for the Yuan Spirit Realm to sustain the enormous consumption required for crossing the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, especially with the additional burden of converting original energy into physical form.

Not to mention, the scattered Sword-patterned Stones within the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords require one to search for them on their own.

This inevitably led to the requirement that all disciples must cross the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords step by step, undergoing numerous trials and challenges.

The connected mountains formed a vast stretch of land, and at this moment, gathered around six to seven hundred outer disciples.

At this moment, facing the hundreds of outer disciples, nearly thirty young men, judging from their attire, were undoubtedly inner disciples of the Divine Sword School.

These thirty or so inner disciples, upon seeing the emergence of six to seven hundred outer disciples before them, were each dumbfounded and dazed. It took them quite a while to gradually regain their composure and exchange puzzled looks with one another.

"Senior Brother Jian Yue, what should we do now?"

An inner disciple asked the leader-looking disciple in a low voice. So many outer disciples appeared, and it completely left them stunned. This is in stark contrast to what they had planned.

According to their plan, whether entering the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords from the fifth level or the fourth level via the Heavenly Stairs teleportation portal, the outer disciples will all pass through this area eventually.

They have calculated the time and location, hoping to wait here for some lucky outer disciples to recruit them as their followers.

Within the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, they must beware of the direct disciples who enter later and face the dangers of demons and beasts that could appear at any moment. If they can recruit some followers, it would enhance their strength and gather more people to search for the Sword-patterned Stone.

In case of danger, having some extra pawns would be like killing two birds with one stone. Why not take advantage of it?

From the information they have learned, many inner disciples have established strongholds in the area, waiting for the outer disciples who are lucky enough to enter the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords.

Therefore, they quietly ran ahead in order to be the first ones to arrive and seize the initiative.

This road is also one of the commonly used paths by many people, so they won't miss these lucky outer disciples.

However, these inner disciples didn't realize that they were not empty-handed.

However, they could not imagine that so many outer disciples would appear this time.

It is said that on the previous Heavenly Stairs, these outer disciples had the opportunity to enter the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords. Having over a hundred is already a lot.

And now they saw in front of them at least six to seven hundred people.

This is only one route. Although the outer disciples who walk out of the two spatial teleportation gates will come in this direction, there are many paths among the interlocking mountains, including one with six or seven hundred outer disciples. There must be other routes as well.

With this thought, these inner disciples couldn't help but be astonished. Could it be that the outer disciples of this generation are so powerful that so many of them have entered the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords?

The inner disciple called Jian Yue, who was about twenty years old, had a remarkable temperament. He looked at the hundreds of outer disciples in front of him, composed himself, lowered his voice and said to those around him, "Don't panic. Stick to the original plan. It's just that there are more people, but they're still just outer disciples. There's nothing to worry about. This is actually a good thing."

Upon hearing Jian Yue's words, the group of inner disciples around him instantly straightened their chests, feeling more confident.

Indeed, no matter how many outer disciples there are, they are still just outer disciples. They are inner disciples, so there is nothing to worry about.

...

Su Yi, Xu Jiahui, and Zhang Qing walked along the mountain path with clear signs of messy footprints along the way, indicating that there was a large group of outer disciples who had passed through here.

"Heading in this direction should do no harm. We've only just begun and the danger should be minimal. It's been said that the closer we get to the exit, the more dangerous it becomes," said Zhang Qing.

"Stay safe and be careful."

Xu Jiahui reminded that being in the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, one cannot let their guard down even a bit.

Su Yi, on the other hand, seemed quite relaxed as his gaze scrutinized his surroundings, hoping to come across some demon beasts.

"Oh, it seems there are quite a few people ahead."

Suddenly, Su Yi noticed something - in the wide junction ahead, between the hills, there were a large number of figures gathered densely.

From afar, it appeared that there were no less than six or seven hundred people dressed in outer disciple attire, and there was a lot of commotion coming from them.

"Something must have happened."

Zhang Qing whispered and followed Su Yi's gaze to the front.

"Let's go take a look."

After some thought, Su Yi decided to take a look. After all, within the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, there was nothing that could pose a significant threat to him.

...

"Don't be too excessive. We are not easy to bully!"

"This is too much. Clearly, they are humiliating us!"

A cacophony of voices emanated from a group of outer disciples, each face marked with indignation.

Jian Yue gazed upon the group of outer disciples before him, his expression composed and his voice hushed as he spoke, "Why the noise? Haven't I made myself clear enough? Follow us to the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords and we will ensure your safety. We will be a team, after all. As a token of good faith, please hand over any pills you might have on your person for safekeeping."

"On what grounds? This is outrageous!"

"The inner disciples are so tyrannical!"

These outer disciples were indignant. Their cultivation was low and their talents were not as high as those of the inner disciples, but that doesn't mean they are foolish.

Chapter 418: Inner Disciple Jian Yue

Jian Yue's words may seem simple, but it is clearly robbery. He claims to be safeguarding the pills, but in reality, he intends to snatch the precious pills that are already scarce in the outer disciples' hands.

It is feared that all the opportunities found in the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords will eventually be handed over to these inner disciples, which is a blatant exploitation.

They have all heard about these incidents within the sect. During the previous Grand Swordsmanship Competition, many inner disciples dealt with outer disciples in this manner, and the eventual outcome was predictable.

"Why are you making noise? Don't show any lack of gratitude. Do you want to die?"

Looking at the noisy group of outer disciples, an imposing and stern inner disciple gave a deep shout, his eyes filled with coldness, and his aura immediately spread out. It seemed that without striking, he could intimidate them and today would not go smoothly.

"Who wants to die, step forward!"

"Do you want to die, all of you?"

Suddenly, the inner disciples understood, and a surge of Yuan Xuan Realm qi emanated from their bodies, gathering together, causing flying sand and rocks, swirling dead branches and fallen leaves, and displaying an astonishing momentum.

Faced with the aura emanating from this group of inner disciples, the outer disciples trembled inwardly.

The cultivation of outer disciples, at the seventh or eighth level of the Yuan Soul Realm, is already considered high. However, their cultivation was mostly at the fifth or sixth level of the Yuan Soul Realm. How could they compete with these inner disciples who had already reached the fourth or fifth level of the Yuan Xuan Realm? This thought made them tremble with fear.

"We can choose not to follow beside you. We are like water and oil, and if you force us, with our large numbers, we won't be easily provoked!"

Among a group of outer disciples who were trembling in fear, there was a tall and sturdy young man who gritted his teeth and spoke up.

These inner disciples were certainly not something they could handle, but now they had six or seven hundred people, which was more than twenty times the number of these outer disciples.

As the saying goes, it's difficult to fight with two fists against four hands. Once they start, it will be twenty people fighting against one. They won't lose!

"Indeed, with our multitude, we won't be easily provoked!"

"If he continues to deceive us, we have no choice but to fight to the death!"

Immediately, a bold outer disciple echoed his words, raising his arms and shouting.

"We are not easily bullied, we will fight to the death too!"

"We must never surrender the medicine, even if it means fighting to the death!"

In an instant, the outer disciples moved in unison, their bodies emanating a fluctuating aura, and the hundreds of people were filled with indignation.

The momentum they gathered together was no less than that of these thirty inner disciples.

For these outer disciples, it was clear to everyone that the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords was extremely dangerous.

Being outer disciples, their resources were already scarce. The pills they carried were precious. They knew that if they were to give away these pills, they wouldn't have any aid in times of peril.

It was already difficult to pass through the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, and now it will become even more arduous.

Moreover, these inner disciples are not even direct disciples, and even the direct disciples have the possibility of casualties within the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords.

Once they encounter danger, these inner disciples will only be preoccupied with themselves, and they will probably end up being cannon fodder, without caring about their life or death.

Gazing at the outraged group of outer disciples, the faces of the inner disciples also darkened with concern, as they had no assurance whatsoever in the face of this imposing atmosphere.

With their cultivation power, they could completely disregard these outer disciples.

However, if one were to face twenty outer disciples desperately, it would be a different story.

Jian Yue's face looked ugly and completely gloomy. His gaze swept over the outer disciples in front of him, and finally settled on the tall young man who led the crowd. A sinister expression flashed across his face as he said, "Show no appreciation of favor. You are just an outer disciple, thinking that you can enter the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords and become an inner disciple? Even if I kill you outside, it's the same as killing a dog. What's more, inside the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, if you want to seek death, I'll gladly oblige!" Shh! As soon as he finished speaking, Jian Yue's Qi surged under his feet, and his figure immediately rushed towards the tall young man who led the defiance among the outer disciples.

In that instant, the tall youth inexplicably felt a chill run down his spine and his heart couldn't help but shudder as Jian Yue's figure had already arrived in front of him, and the aura emanating from him was something he couldn't possibly contend with.

As soon as the figure appeared, Jian Yue vigorously swung his arm and a punch mark directly blasted towards the other's chest, swift and fierce, without much restraint. The force contained in his fist was even more powerful, resonating in the air with a "woo-woo" sound!

The tall outer disciple's face changed drastically, and he had little reaction time. He could only instinctively throw a punch in haste to meet the attack.

"Bang!" But it was too slow. Jian Yue's fist, containing explosive power, burst into a bright light of Qi and had already firmly clasped onto his chest with lightning speed. A deep muffled sound reverberated instantly.

"Crack..." As the energy muffled, the sound of bone fracture and a pitiful scream of "ah..." immediately followed suit.

"Pu chi..."

With a "pu" sound from the mouth of the tall and sturdy young man, a large amount of bright red blood mist sprayed out. His body flew out and heavily fell to the ground several meters away.

A group of outer disciples instinctively retreated in panic, but still a few people were hit and stumbled back, ultimately falling to the ground with a pale face.

"Just earlier you were shouting vigorously as well!"

Jian Yue, however, didn't stop. He then glared at the second outer disciple who had just shouted the most violently. When the former was equally shocked and unresponsive, he fiercely punched him in the shoulder.

"Bang!" "Splat..."

With a muffled sound and a mouthful of blood, the disciple was directly blasted and thrown to the ground. There was a blood mark on his shoulder and blood was dripping.

In succession, the two were instantly blasted away, their fate unknown, leaving the audience stunned and intimidated.

Jian Yue scanned the audience with a forbidding gaze, immensely satisfied with the outcome.

In this situation, as long as he suppresses a few ringleaders, it will be enough to intimidate the entire crowd.

"Pu chi..."

Nearby, the two outer disciples were still vomiting blood and convulsing. It seemed like they had not yet perished, but their condition was precarious after being severely injured to this extent.

The group of angry outer disciples who were originally full of emotions suddenly became quiet at this moment.

Jian Yue's just act deeply shocked them, and they realized that they were no match for the inner disciples.

"Su Yi, it's Su Yi who has come!"

"Su Yi has arrived."

Suddenly, a commotion was heard from outside the crowd.

When the name Su Yi spread, it immediately caused a great disturbance among the outer disciples as their gazes simultaneously turned to the direction behind them.

Chapter 419: How Can He Be a Rival?

"Su Yi..."

The faces of Jian Yue and other inner disciples immediately turned gloomy.

They have already heard of the name Su Yi.

Especially Jian Yue, who was deeply moved when Su Yi and Jian Shiyi fought in front of the Divine Sword Cliff, and he was there at the time.

"What's going on..."

Su Yi, Xu Jiahui, and Zhang Qing walked over and, seeing the commotion in the crowd, their gazes slightly narrowed.

"It's Su Yi."

Looking at Su Yi approaching, that familiar figure is so unforgettable to all outer disciples who came from the Heavenly Stairs. The holy shock is still vivid in their memories, how could they possibly forget?

That adolescent, on the Heavenly Stairs, with the wind and clouds surging, a strange phenomenon descended from the heavens. Climbing up step by step, with lightning and thunder, the world changed color, a lone individual stood at the top of the Heavenly Stairs. How heart-shaking it was!

That scene, makes these outer disciples shudder even now, with a feeling of goosebumps rising on their skin.

With their gaze fixed on Su Yi, a group of outer disciples instinctively parted, and some even discreetly stood behind Su Yi.

"Su Yi, these inner disciples want us outer disciples to hand over the pills and follow them!"



"This is clearly taking advantage of us outer disciples too much, they are bullying us!"

In the crowd, a bold outer disciple spoke up, his voice low and said to Su Yi.

To them, Su Yi was also an outer disciple. At this moment, they naturally stood behind Su Yi, hoping he would defend them.

Su Yi came to check the situation and had just heard the commotion of the fight. Looking at the expressions of the outer disciples and the two injured ones on the ground, he already had a rough idea of what had happened.

Survival of the fittest is a normal thing, even in a sect.

After all, this is a world where martial arts are supreme, and Su Yi has long been accustomed to this.

Therefore, Su Yi doesn't intend to meddle in this. It is not a matter of drawing a sword to help others when seeing injustice on the road, and he cannot protect these outer disciples all the time while in the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords.

Moreover, these outer disciples have no relationship with him and Su Yi's personality doesn't concern this.

A path was continuously separated from the crowd for Su Yi, Xu Jiahui and Zhang Qing to swiftly reach the front, where they met with the 30 inner disciples.

These inner disciples seem to all be acquainted with Su Yi.

Each gaze falls upon Su Yi, unconsciously causing dark expressions to appear on their faces.

The name Su Yi and its reputation have long been spread among the inner disciples.

Moreover, there were many inner disciples present who had witnessed Su Yi defeat Jian Shiyi in front of the Divine Sword Cliff.

At this moment, upon seeing this familiar young man, they naturally felt a bit apprehensive.

They knew that their strength would not be a match for Jian Shiyi's, and since he had been defeated by Su Yi, it would be troublesome if he were to stand up for these outer disciples.

Su Yi walked through the crowd and looked at the two heavily injured outer disciples lying on the ground without any visible expression on his face. He scanned over the two or three dozen inner disciples before finally turning his gaze away.

However, Su Yi's indifferent gaze inexplicably caused the inner disciples' hearts to tremble, unable to meet his eyes. The scene fell into an eerie silence.

"This matter has nothing to do with you, you can leave."

Jian Yue felt a little nervous and uncomfortable under Su Yi's indifferent gaze, and couldn't help but speak up.

"Hmm."

Su Yi nodded.

Seeing Su Yi nod, Jian Yue and the other inner disciples suddenly relaxed, feeling as if they had received a pardon.

It seemed that Su Yi had no intention of meddling in the affairs of these outer disciples, which was exactly what they wanted to see.

Looking at Su Yi nodding, the outer disciples couldn't help but exchange puzzled looks, feeling as if they had just grasped a life-saving straw but were drowning again at this moment.

Su Yi seemed to have no intention of interfering, which was exactly what they most wanted to see.

Xu Jiahui and Zhang Qing didn't show much change in expression, knowing somewhat about Su Yi's character - he was never one to meddle in others' affairs.

As these outer disciples and inner disciples displayed contrasting expressions, Su Yi's gaze remained calmly fixed on these thirty inner disciples.

Su Yi's expression even carried a slight hint of a smile, and he kindly and attentively addressed the ladies, "Ladies, the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords is very dangerous and not a good place. You must pay attention to your safety and not be careless."

"Um..."

Listening to Su Yi's words, these inner disciples couldn't help but feel secretly surprised and puzzled.

"We will be cautious."

Jian Yue was also puzzled, but still replied.

"Well, the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords is too dangerous. For the sake of your safety, give me your space bags and elixirs, I will keep them for you." Su Yi looked at these inner disciples with a serious expression, as if he was doing a good deed for them.

Hearing Su Yi's words, all the outer disciples in the audience were stunned.

Xu Jiahui and Zhang Qing were also secretly moved and looked at each other.

Among them, the inner disciples' facial expressions changed the most dramatically. Each and every face was shocked and stunned as they suddenly looked towards Su Yi, their astonishment frozen in place.

Just moments ago, these inner disciples were thinking that Su Yi wouldn't meddle in their affairs. But who could've guessed that he would turn his attention towards them without even bothering to look their way?

Keeping the space bags and medicinal pills was hardly any different from how they dealt with the outer disciples.

"Su Yi, don't go too far! There are so many of us inner disciples, you will not have it good!"

Jian Yue gritted his teeth and gazed at Su Yi, this terrifying outer disciple who had defeated Jian Shiyi, and they had no choice but to fear him.

"Humph. I am only trying to safeguard your belongings for your own good. If you truly don't comprehend, then I am afraid I must persist in my own way!" Su Yi stood there calmly with a smile still on his face.

"Are you trying to rob us? We are inner disciples, and we're not easy to mess with!"

Jian Yue gathered his courage and his expression darkened.

Su Yi clearly intended to rob them. Jian Yue had originally planned to use his position as an inner disciple or the rules of the sect to intimidate Su Yi, but he quickly remembered that when they were outside the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, Su Yi shamelessly took Ba Yi's and others' space bags in public, stripped them bare and displayed their contents, showing no fear of his status as a direct disciple, let alone an inner disciple.

Chapter 420: It's Just to Entrust You With Belongings Beyond Personal Care

Moreover, on the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, some things are actually turned a blind eye by the school.

As long as it's not too extreme on the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, everything can be done.

The elders of the school are also mostly turned a blind eye.

The purpose of all disciples in the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords is to hone the younger generation without too many rules.

Their reason for being here is to plunder medicine in dealing with these outer disciples.

The only difference now is that they were just hunters, but now they become prey in the blink of an eye.

"It seems that you don't quite understand my intentions, but never mind, if everyone in this world understood me, what kind of person would I be?"

Su Yi muttered to himself and spoke to Jian Yue and others, slowly walking towards them as he finished his words.

"What do you want to do!"

Seeing Su Yi step forward, Jian Yue and the others showed an alarmed expression and stepped back slowly, their eyes fixed on Su Yi, their bodies emitting a sense of tension as they pulled out their swords unconsciously.

"I'm just helping you keep your belongings."

Su Yi spoke gently, moving forward with steady steps without stopping.

To be honest, Su Yi didn't have any particular feelings towards Jian Yue, but after all, he was at the age of youth and vitality, and naturally would not easily give in.

"Let's fight together, let's go all out!"

Jian Yue gritted his teeth and said solemnly, with no way to retreat, he could only fight with all his might. As an inner disciple and with the vigor of youth, he would not admit defeat, at least he would fight.

"Let's join forces and fight!" "Buzz..." In an instant, a group of inner disciples formed a speedy surrounding formation with swords flashing around, exuding a powerful Yuan Xuan Realm aura that gathered together to create an impressive display.

"Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh..." Suddenly, the sound of swords clashing could be heard; a fierce energy was flying through the air. Over a dozen people were the first to attack Su Yi with their swords.

The sword energy from ten directions crashed in at the same time, enveloping the area completely.

These ten or so people knew of Su Yi's strength, so they were not polite from the beginning and immediately went all out.

Su Yi stood tall, with his shoulder-length black hair swaying.

In that moment, simultaneously, Su Yi's gaze also flickered, his feet burst with energy, and his figure instantly left behind a trail of afterimages.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

"Boom!"

In an instant, there was a loud roar of energy emanating around them, and muffled explosions filled the air.

"Splat..."

"Ahhhh..."

Accompanied by screams and blood spatters, figures after figures were sent flying and crashing onto the ground, in the shocked gazes of the hundreds of outer disciples, while coughing up blood.

"Bang bang bang!"

Waves of energy erupted with a daunting aura and fierce force, accompanied by figures being thrown backwards as swords flew from their hands and fell far away.

Suddenly, sword light shattered and figures were thrown back.

"Plop plop", blood was spat out as hair became disheveled and clothes were torn, bodies were sliced open, blood flowed endlessly, and in some places, bare bones were exposed. Faint, bloody figures staggered backwards.

These falling figures were the inner disciples of Jian Yue and others.

The cries of pain were heard one after another, suffering severe injuries.

Each individual was severely wounded, gasping for breath while screaming in agony, blood gushing from their chests and abdomens.

Over thirty inner disciples were easily defeated in a matter of moments, unable to put up a fight, all suffering from serious injuries.

Everyone was stunned, completely at a loss for words.

Xu Jiahui and Zhang Qing were particularly shocked, trembling and unable to stop their cold shivers.

They had originally thought that Su Yi would not meddle in other people's affairs, but who knew that Su Yi would suddenly come to this place?

Su Yi's body was surrounded by a red glow and an aura of coldness. Without even sparing a glance at the agonizing bodies lying on the ground, he collected everything from the bodies of the thirty inner disciples and stored them in his own space bag.

Nearly thirty inner disciples, although they possess formidable strength, none of them is a match for Su Yi.

Given Su Yi's current level of cultivation, how could anyone be his adversary?

These inner disciples would never be his match, even if they had the cultivation of the Yuan Spirit Realm.

Several figures struggled to stand and then fixed their gaze on Su Yi, all showing expressions of awe.

They originally thought themselves to be numerous and believed that if they fought with all their might, they could cause some fatal damage.

However, these inner disciples were no match for Su Yi; they were immediately battered and incapacitated.

Swords fell to the ground one by one and figures spewed blood from their mouths.

Su Yi, alone, suppressed nearly thirty inner disciples.

One by one, the inner disciples were severely injured, leaving people shocked and appalled.

These inner disciples were all strong, with an average cultivation level of the fourth or fifth level of Yuan Xuan Realm, which was already terrifying.

"Space bags."

"Here are some spirit medicines, they have good effects."

Immediately, next to the dreadful figures, Su Yi murmured and collected all the pills, spirit medicines, and space bags from their bodies in his hands.

This is the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords. Although these outer disciples have nothing to do with him.

But this time, Su Yi really took all the items from these inner disciples into his own hands.

Su Yi had no intention of standing up for anyone, but in the end, he had no choice.

These inner disciples, each with great wealth and power, are backed by direct disciples.

While Su Yi was thinking about how to deal with these inner disciples, they unexpectedly showed up.

Bodies were strewn about in all directions, but Su Yi wasted no time and greedily took all of their space bags for himself.

Typically, outer disciples don't possess a space bag, but among the hundred inner disciples of Divine Sword School, about eight or nine out of ten have one.

Although the value of a space bag is significant, even in the entire Man City, there are very few who have enough money to buy a space bag.

However, for these inner disciples who belong to the Divine Sword School, being in possession of a space bag is not considered to be a particularly special matter.

The mistake lies in this being the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, where dozens of inner disciples were severely wounded and on the brink of death, yet Su Yi didn't show any mercy.

These inner disciples, in terms of their cultivation strength, on average only reached the fifth or sixth level of the Yuan Xuan Realm, and how could they possibly be a match for Su Yi?

Even in terms of his true cultivation, Su Yi is only at the fourth level of the Yuan Spirit Realm, but in terms of his combat power, he has long surpassed the fourth level of the Yuan Spirit Realm.

Although Su Yi was alone, the inner disciples he faced were so disparate in strength that they were not even worthy opponents.