

Sky&Earth 521

Chapter 521: Guidance

But it was because of Su Yi and Situ MUYANG that they missed the opportunity, how could they not feel suffocated?

But at this moment, if we were to identify the person in the Divine Sword School who is the most joyful, it would undoubtedly be Dharma Protector Hou Changming.

Dharma Protector Hou Changming, his newly recruited disciple Zhang Qing, not only secured a position within the top sixty-eight, but even managed to rank within the top twenty. This unbelievable miracle has truly occurred.

"Hahaha..."

In the courtyard residence, Dharma Protector Hou Changming couldn't help but burst into hearty laughter. The image of the expressions on the faces of Dharma Protectors like Zhu Changgao and Wang Tianbao upon learning the final outcome delighted him immensely.

Dharma Protector Hou Changming, this time, not to mention the pile of high-grade celestial pills he won, is enough to skyrocket his value several times over.

Most importantly, being able to leave those Dharma Protectors speechless, this further delighted Hou Changming in his heart.

"Master, what are you laughing at?"

Some disciples, noticing the situation, found it very strange. Their usually serious-faced master was exhibiting remarkably abnormal behavior today.

"It's nothing, it's nothing. By the way, quickly go and clean up a room. Your junior disciple will be visiting in a few days, and it must be thoroughly cleaned."

Dharma Protector Hou Changming spoke, with a smile on his face. His newly recruited disciple unexpectedly made it into the top twenty, which gave him unprecedented limelight. Just thinking about it filled him with excitement.

"Very well, I will go immediately."

The disciple nodded, also feeling very pleased. His junior disciple unexpectedly made it into the top sixty-eight, gaining much attention and bringing a sense of pride to his face, even though they had never met each other.

...

"Wang Tianbao, it's not over between you and me!"

"Zhu Changgao, did you all conspire to deceive our pills?"

And at this moment, deep in the night, Wang Tianbao and Zhu Changgao, the two Dharma Protectors, found themselves surrounded by a group of Dharma Protectors.

The Dharma Protectors were filled with indignant resentment. Everyone had lost, and though the loss of ten high-level elixirs might not bankrupt these Dharma Protectors, upon careful consideration, they began to suspect that all of this was orchestrated by Dharma Protectors Zhu

Changgao, Wang Tianbao, and Hou Changming. It seemed like a deliberate scheme to deceive and exploit them.

"We truly had no idea, who would have thought that an outer disciple could actually break into the top sixty-eight!"

At this moment, Wang Tianbao and Zhu Changgao, the two Dharma Protectors, wore mournful expressions on their faces.

Who would have known that Hou Changming, that fellow, had such incredible luck? An outer disciple making it into the top sixty-eight, it is truly an astonishing miracle.

When they confirmed this news, they were all dumbfounded.

...

Overnight.

Enveloped in the morning light, Su Yi bathed within its radiance, wielding his precious sword with sweeping strikes. His movements, though simple, continued in repeated succession until he was drenched in sweat.

After resting for two hours and regulating his breath through meditation, Su Yi resumed practicing the Foundations of Swordsmanship.

After persevering until dusk, once again drenched in sweat, Su Yi resumed his practice with a brief respite, focusing on restoring his breath through deep inhalations and exhalations.

With simple movements, he practiced repeatedly, time after time.

Although it was incredibly monotonous, Su Yi was aware of the immense significance these fundamental exercises held for his own growth.

The nightfall once again shrouded the firmament, with the crescent moon hanging high.

"Hoo hoo..."

Su Yi, continuing his practice of fundamental exercises, repeated the simple movements tens of thousands of times.

"The foundation is of paramount importance, don't underestimate the power of a single sword."

From the depths of the surroundings, a gentle voice emerged as a diminutive figure appeared not far away, strolling leisurely. It was none other than Elder Su.

"Elder Su..."

Su Yi ceased his practice, grasping the precious sword, his gaze filled with a hint of astonishment. Elder Su had unexpectedly arrived.

Elder Su paid little attention and went directly to stand before Su Yi. He reached out, taking the precious sword from Su Yi's hand. With a flick of his wrist, the sword trembled, instantly slashing, thrusting, poking, and cleaving. Simultaneously, he uttered, "A sword has stabbing, chopping, lifting, hanging, chopping, pointing, collapsing, hacking, stirring, cleansing, and more. 'Stabbing' must be swift, 'pointing' must be decisive, 'sweeping' must be sharp, 'wiping' must be smooth,

'drawing' must be steady, 'hanging' must be close, 'striking' must be grand, 'lifting' must be taut, and 'intercepting' must involve wrist control."

As the final tone of the last word echoed, Elder Su promptly retracted his gesture and returned the precious sword to Su Yi.

"Thank you for your guidance, Elder Su."

Su Yi received the precious sword, his heart filled with excitement and elation. It was apparent that Elder Su was instructing him.

"I have no inclination to guide you; it's merely out of boredom. Carry on with your practice."

Elder Su glanced at Su Yi before proceeding to find a nearby spot to sit down in silence. He then said to Su Yi, "I have nothing to do anyway, so you may continue your practice."

"Yes!"

Su Yi chuckled and continued his practice.

With the sword in his hand, Su Yi executed a series of swings, thrusts, and feints. Though the routine seemed monotonous and dull, Su Yi showed no signs of slacking off, fully engrossed in the practice.

Elder Su's gaze fluctuated for a brief moment, then returned to tranquility.

"As the saying goes, a knife is like a fierce tiger, while a sword resembles the swift wind. You may be skilled with a knife, but it is important to understand that a sword and a knife are not the same."

"To practice swordsmanship, one must train their eyes. Sword techniques rely entirely on the eyes, which should be as sharp as lightning."

"..."

At some point unknown, Elder Su began to speak on occasion.

Su Yi, fully immersed in his practice, became increasingly diligent under the guidance of Elder Su.

After another night, Su Yi finally stopped, drenched in sweat, and prepared to take a moment's rest before continuing.

"Thank you, Elder Su."

Su Yi approached Elder Su, respectfully performed a bow before him.

"Judging by your basic skills, they seem rather ordinary. You claim to come from Man City, but is it the same Man City beyond the depths of the Forest of Demons?" Elder Su's gaze remained calm as he looked at Su Yi and spoke in a nonchalant manner.

However, in Elder Su's heart at this moment, there was still an ongoing tremor. This young man's comprehension ability was extraordinary, almost abnormal. Even if Elder Su only offered a slight reminder, he would grasp the underlying principles and truly integrate them.

While Elder Su had observed for a day and a night beforehand, he himself didn't know why he couldn't help but run out and say a few words.

With Elder Su's keen insight, how could he not see? Su Yi doesn't appear to have the demeanor of someone from a respected lineage. His fundamental skills are rather ordinary, but his cultivation level and age secretly astonished Elder Su as well.

Su Yi, with his remarkable talent, has already reached such a level at such a young age, surpassing many direct disciples of the Divine Sword School. Yet, he carries no trace of arrogance and remains equally resilient in the face of mundane and tedious fundamental practices. This touches Elder Su's heart.

Such a young man, if guided properly, would have immeasurable prospects in due time.

"It is indeed so, I came out from Man City," Su Yi nodded, not concealing it.

"That remote place, for a young man like you to come out from, is not an easy feat. Your talent is average, but you possess innate gifts that are quite remarkable. It is important to remember to proceed step by step in the future," Elder Su said in a calm tone.

Su Yi nodded, attentively listening to the teachings.

"I sense that your other basic skills are also quite mediocre. Did you never practice them during your youth?"

Elder Su asked with curiosity, judging from Su Yi's performance, though Man City is a remote place, Su Yi possesses such talent that he must come from a family of martial arts practitioners, so his basic skills should not be mediocre.

Chapter 522: The Eve of the Final Showdown!

When I was young, I had some minor issues in my body that prevented me from cultivating. It was not until four years ago, through a fortuitous opportunity, that I was able to embark on the path of cultivation," Su Yi sighed bitterly. He didn't know the reason behind his inability to cultivate back then, but later he discovered it was due to the presence of the mysterious space within his body, which couldn't store vital energy. It was only four years ago that he could truly begin his practice.

"Four years..." Elder Su once again subtly moved emotionally. If this young man has achieved such a level in just four years of cultivation, his speed of progress is truly terrifying.

"Basic skills are of paramount importance and will greatly impact your future," Elder Su spoke up.

Su Yi nodded, aware of the deficiencies in many of his basic skills. Seizing the opportunity while Elder Su appeared to be in a good mood, he naturally wouldn't let this chance slip by and took the opportunity to seek guidance.

Elder Su's face displayed a cold indifference, but he didn't actually turn Su Yi away at the door.

With one humbly seeking guidance and the other feigning casual instruction, time passed by slowly.

At dusk, large swathes of fiery clouds covered the sky.

"Time is running out. It's better to focus on quality rather than quantity. Prepare yourself well, for tomorrow marks the pinnacle duel of the Grand Swordsmanship Competition. Give it your utmost effort," Elder Su said as he stood up, stretching lazily.

"Rest assured, I will give it my all and emerge as the ultimate victor!" Su Yi chuckled, looking forward to the final duel of the Grand Swordsmanship Competition tomorrow. As for claiming the

top spot, not only is there the allure of abundant rewards, but also the aspiration of eventually journeying to the Sacred Mountain. After all, if one cannot surpass the younger generation of the Divine Sword School, how can they ever dream of setting foot on the Sacred Mountain?

With a firm gaze and a glimmer of crimson light, for Su Yi, the final pinnacle duel of the Grand Swordsmanship Competition tomorrow is not only a culmination of events from the Forest of Demons until now, but also a true validation.

"Ho ho, you still determined to claim the top spot? I wonder how much of it is true strength and how much is mere arrogance!" Elder Su cast a faint glance at Su Yi, as if questioning. Amongst the group of young disciples from the Divine Sword School, he had some knowledge about the true strength of a few individuals.

This young man before him is indeed remarkable in various aspects, but after all, he is still young and has some shortcomings. Given time, he may be able to compete, but at the moment, it is uncertain.

"I will definitely claim the top spot," Su Yi declared with a resolute gaze. Since he had already joined the Grand Swordsmanship Competition, he would give it his all.

...

As the night passed, the following morning, when the first ray of morning light cast upon the Divine Sword School from the eastern horizon, the entire school was filled with a dense multitude of figures emerging from all directions.

Some people utilized their elemental energy, while others mounted demon beasts as their steeds, all heading towards a certain destination.

As the sky gradually brightened, today's weather was clear and sunny, with a delightful fragrance of flowers lingering in the air, refreshing the senses.

Today is a grand occasion for the Divine Sword School, as the once-in-five-years pinnacle of the Grand Swordsmanship Competition approaches. The final showdown amongst the sixty-eight disciples who obtained their spots promises to be a thrilling spectacle, evoking excitement at the mere thought of it.

Menial disciples, outer disciples, inner disciples, and even direct disciples emerged in various locations early in the morning, all heading towards Spirit Sword Peak.

Today's final pinnacle showdown, the true climax of the Grand Swordsmanship Competition, will take place on Spirit Sword Peak.

Su Yi returned to his room, fully aware that today was the ultimate showdown of the Grand Swordsmanship Competition. He was determined not to be complacent, preparing himself to stay in peak condition.

Exhaling deeply, adjusting his breathing to reach the optimal state, Su Yi opened his eyes. A trace of crimson light flickered in his gaze, while his aura gently rippled, causing his gray robe to sway.

Rising and sitting up, he stretched lazily, causing a series of "cracking" sounds to emanate from his bones, as if filled with an explosive sensation, as he felt the state of his body.

Su Yi's lips curled up with a satisfied smile, as today would be a true validation, allowing him to see to what extent he had truly progressed.

Suddenly, Su Yi's eyes flickered, and with his keen perception of spiritual power, he sensed the presence of someone approaching.

"Brother Su Yi," immediately, Xu Jiahui's voice came from the doorway.

Su Yi walked out of the courtyard and saw Xu Jiahui. It seemed that she was preparing for today. The young girl had changed into a light aquamarine tunic, accentuating her already exquisite figure with graceful curves. Her face was delicate, with a crystal-clear complexion. Her large, sparkling eyes resembled a pool of clear water, while her skin had a snowy radiance. There was even a small dimple on her cheek, and in her hands, she held several garments and a pair of cloud-patterned boots.

Upon seeing Su Yi, Xu Jiahui revealed a shy smile and said, "I can see that your clothes are already torn. Since we are heading to Spirit Sword Peak today, it would be better if you tidy up and look presentable. I have prepared two sets of garments for you. Please try them on and see if they fit. If they don't, we can make alterations later." "Thank you," Su Yi smiled and accepted the clothes from Xu Jiahui's hands. He didn't hesitate and was aware that his current robe was no longer suitable. He returned to his room to change into the new attire.

After a moment, Su Yi stepped out again, clad in a blue robe adorned with intricate patterns, and a pair of cloud-patterned boots, both fitting him perfectly as if they were tailor-made.

Su Yi was delighted; it was the blue color that he personally favored. It seemed that Xu Jiahui had put a lot of thought into it.

Behind him, the sword and the blade alternated, his black hair fluttered slightly. His face exhibited resolute angles, while his eyes displayed unwavering determination as he looked at Xu Jiahui. He said, "It fits perfectly, thank you." As Xu Jiahui gazed at Su Yi, her eyes seemed to be in a daze. It turned out that this notorious individual, after a slight transformation, appeared so handsome.

Upon hearing Su Yi's voice, Xu Jiahui finally snapped out of her daze. She smiled at Su Yi and said, "No need to thank us. If it weren't for you, we might not have been able to escape from the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords on our own. If anyone should be grateful, it's all of us who owe our current cultivation and transformation to you." Xu Jiahui was well aware that their current progress and metamorphosis were all thanks to Su Yi's various encounters and fortuitous opportunities that had the potential to change their lives.

"Let's dispense with the pleasantries," Su Yi smiled, observing Xu Jiahui in front of him. She was becoming more and more like Wan'er. Having been away for so long, he wondered how Wan'er was doing. At this moment, he had some concerns weighing on his heart.

"There was a chirping sound..." A hissing sound came from nearby as a fierce bird of prey flapped its wings and subsequently hovered in the low sky.

"Golden Eagle of Fierce Wind!" Su Yi exclaimed in astonishment. It was the same Fierce Wind Golden Eagle that was originally brought back from the disciple of the Court of Justice. He had assumed it would eventually return to the Court of Justice, so he was surprised to see it back again.

"We should depart now; everyone is waiting for you," Xu Jiahui said to Su Yi. Today, they were all headed to Spirit Sword Peak, and they couldn't afford to be late.

Su Yi nodded as Xu Jiahui departed. In just a short while, he had arrived at the place where Zhang Qing, Liu Ji, and the others were waiting.

"Boss Su Yi!" "Boss Su Yi!" Zhang Qing, Liu Ji, Wang Fan, and the others immediately approached, filled with excitement and anticipation. Today, they were going to Spirit Sword Peak, not merely to observe, but to challenge the most outstanding direct disciples of the Divine Sword School. It was something they had never dared to imagine before."

Chapter 523: Top Ten Rankings in the Sword Tower!

"Boss Su Yi." There were also about ten outer disciples present who warmly greeted Su Yi upon seeing him, following suit with Zhang Qing and others.

Su Yi was familiar with these disciples. He and Zhang Qing, Wang Fan, and others were originally outer disciples of the Thirty-Sixth Sword Peak. However, within the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, they had never crossed paths. They hadn't even managed to leave after the exit was opened, and it was only in the end that they were brought out by the experts of the Divine Sword School.

In every Grand Swordsmanship Competition, there are disciples who are unable to find their way out of the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords on their own, requiring the assistance of the Divine Sword School's experts to bring them out.

These disciples, upon seeing Su Yi, were filled with warm excitement, yet also carried an immense sense of regret.

They had all heard the news about Zhang Qing, Xu Jiahui, Wang Fan, and the others, and felt the overwhelming aura emanating from Zhang Qing, Xu Jiahui, and the rest. They knew that Zhang Qing and the others had always been with Su Yi, receiving his protection and care, experiencing continuous opportunities and making progress beyond imagination. In contrast, they didn't have such fortune, and felt an immense sense of regret.

Su Yi nodded to everyone as a gesture. He had initially been concerned about any unexpected incidents that might occur to these disciples within the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, but now it seemed that things were going well, at least no major mishaps had taken place.

"We should go, Elder Su probably won't go to Spirit Sword Peak," Xu Jiahui spoke up. Although there were several slots for duels on the Thirty-Sixth Sword Peak today, considering Elder Su's personality, he probably wouldn't go to Spirit Sword Peak either.

Su Yi had just been speculating in his mind whether Elder Su would accompany them, but it seems that he won't be going now.

After a moment, Su Yi summoned the Fierce Wind Golden Eagle that had been following closely behind him, and with Zhang Qing and a group of about ten people, they set off towards Spirit Sword Peak.

Spirit Sword Peak has always been the place where the grand events of the Divine Sword School take place. Normally, the events and duels between disciples within the mountain gate are held on Spirit Sword Peak.

It is said that there are restrictions set up by powerful individuals on Spirit Sword Peak, which cannot be damaged or destroyed by even the strongest of abilities.

Within the Divine Sword School's seventy-two peaks, there are Sky Sword Peak, Sword-hiding Peak, Spirit Sword Peak, Fifteen Profound Sword Peak, Eighteen Path Sword Peak, and the remaining ones are the Thirty-Six Sword Peaks.

Sky Sword Peak is the main peak of the Divine Sword School, while Sword-hiding Peak is the place where the school preserves martial arts techniques, swordsmanship, and precious swords. Fifteen Profound Sword Peak, with its abundant celestial and earthly energies, serves as the training ground for the elder disciples of the Divine Sword School.

The Eighteen Path Sword Peaks have always been shrouded in mystery. It is said that these eighteen mountains house the most elite and formidable members of the Divine Sword School. Only on rare occasions are the direct disciples of the Divine Sword School summoned to undergo secluded training there.

"Wow, it seems quite lively today!" Zhang Qing exclaimed from atop the Fierce Wind Golden Eagle, his gaze fixed upon the densely packed disciples of the Divine Sword School on the mountain path below, as well as the numerous disciples of the school who were riding flying demon beasts in mid-air. He couldn't help but express his admiration.

"Of course, today is a grand event that only occurs once every five years. I've heard that many senior brothers and sisters, as well as some disciples of the Divine Sword School who are currently away, will also be returning," Liu Ji said.

"Today is the ultimate disciples' duel of our generation. Each one of them is a prodigy of extraordinary talent. It is feared that the rankings on the Sword Tower will undergo a major reshuffle. However, it remains uncertain who will eventually claim the top position!" Qing Chao eagerly expressed, filled with anticipation.

This final duel is directly linked to the rankings on the Sword Tower, and as a result, there will be new changes in the Sword Tower rankings.

"The first place might belong to Boss Su Yi. Liu Yunchuan and Yun Lingfeng are indeed powerful, but Boss Su Yi is even stronger!" Zhang Qing said in this manner.

If we were to speak of a month ago, Zhang Qing would never have believed that Su Yi could be mentioned in the same breath as disciples like Liu Yunchuan and Yun Lingfeng.

However, now he no longer holds that belief. With Boss Su Yi's skills and abilities, he definitely has a fighting chance.

"Of course, Boss Su Yi has great prospects today!" Qing Chao, Wang Fan, Liu Ji, and others all agreed wholeheartedly, believing that Su Yi has the ability to compete.

Zhang Qing, Liu Ji, and others have been inside the mysterious space all along, unaware of everything that Su Yi and Situ Muyang have experienced and done afterwards. Otherwise, at this moment, they would not merely perceive Su Yi as having the ability to compete.

Su Yi remained silent, but smiled faintly.

Although Su Yi has been reincarnated, he was also a young person in his previous life.

In this life, although Su Yi is three or four years younger than those direct disciples, with the mindset from his previous life, he unexpectedly possesses a strong competitive spirit.

Today's grand event is primarily a youth affair, with the fiery vigor of young age. Su Yi, too, begins to feel the fervent blood boiling within him.

"Brother Su Yi, do you have a certain degree of confidence?" Xu Jiahui, with clear and sparkling eyes, filled with a hint of curiosity, looked at Su Yi and asked.

"I have said that I must claim the first place. The points you awarded me will be returned to you a hundredfold!" Su Yi said with a smile.

Initially, he borrowed Xu Jiahui's points to comprehend the Divine Sword Cliff. It was once said that when the time came, he would repay her a hundredfold.

"Definitely have to claim the first place..." Hearing these words and seeing the confidence in Su Yi's eyes, Zhang Qing, Qing Chao, and others couldn't help but feel somewhat helpless. Boss Su Yi really doesn't mince his words; does he truly believe that those abnormal fellows like Liu Yunchuan and Yun Lingfeng don't exist?

"What you have given me has long exceeded a thousandfold, ten thousandfold."

Xu Jiahui said to Su Yi, how many points did Su Yi use from her back then? Just the Sword-patterned Stones he gave her alone could earn her a substantial amount of points from the Divine Sword School. The points on over a dozen Sword-patterned Stones already exceeded a hundredfold, even a thousandfold.

Most importantly, everything that Su Yi has bestowed upon him inside the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords cannot be obtained through mere points.

"Boss Su Yi, with your strength, even if you cannot achieve the first place, you will definitely be able to secure a spot in the top ten."

Zhang Qing, Qing Chao, and others spoke up, afraid that Su Yi might not secure the first place and lose face. So, they decided to give Su Yi a way out first.

A group of about ten people chatted as they headed towards Spirit Sword Peak.

Subsequently, from the mouths of Zhang Qing and others, Su Yi also learned about the rankings atop the Sword Tower.

There were numerous rankings on the Sword Tower, and Su Yi paid attention to the top ten.

Qin Fang, ranked tenth on the Sword Tower.

Zhang Diyun, ranked ninth on the Sword Tower.

Jiang Xiwen, ranked eighth on the Sword Tower.

Nan Liran, ranked seventh on the Sword Tower.

Gong Qi, ranked sixth on the Sword Tower.

Ying Qianqian, ranked fifth on the Sword Tower.

Gu Chenyou, ranked fourth on the Sword Tower.

Ou Luo, ranked third on the Sword Tower.

Yun Lingfeng, ranked second on the Sword Tower.

Liu Yunchuan, ranked first on the Sword Tower.

Su Yi is acquainted with several of these ten people, having had interactions with them before. Among them are Zhang Diyun, Gong Qi, Ying Qianqian, and Yun Lingfeng, among others.

"It is Su Yi!"

"Also, there's Xu Jiahui, Zhang Qing, Liu Ji..."

Flying demon beasts passed by in the surroundings, and some disciples noticed Su Yi and others, their gazes changing, accompanied by murmurs of discussion.

"It seems like they are talking about us..."

Zhang Qing felt a little excited. At some point, he had fantasized about becoming the center of attention among the disciples of the Divine Sword School, hoping to be noticed. He never expected that such a day would actually come.

The towering peaks stretched endlessly, with layer upon layer of green-clad mountains rising straight into the sky. When looking from the foot of the mountain to the top, it was impossible to see the end.

Chapter 524: Dark Horse!

Sitting on the back of a flying demon beast, looking down from above, one could behold an array of magnificent peaks, each with its unique and diverse posture.

"Here it is, Spirit Sword Peak ahead!"

Zhang Qing spoke, and his gaze and expression instantly became somewhat nervous.

Today, they were not here merely to watch the confrontation, but to actively participate in it.

Following the gaze of Zhang Qing and the others, Su Yi's eyes also turned towards the front.

Amongst the cluster of peaks, a towering mountain stood abruptly, as if it had been cleaved in half, seamlessly connected to the surrounding range, creating a vast open plaza.

In the distance, several mountain peaks were partially engulfed and veiled by clouds and mist, leaving only their summits exposed. When viewed from afar, it resembled an ethereal realm.

"Boom boom..."

On one side of that enormous plaza, there were two colossal mountains. Amidst the lush greenery of the two mountains, a magnificent waterfall gushed through.

A colossal stone sword, towering tens of Zhang high, juts out from the rushing waterfall, resembling a thundering stampede of mythical beasts descending from the clouds. It crashes directly onto the massive stone sword, creating layers of colossal waves, akin to tens of thousands of untamed stallions galloping recklessly, causing towering crests to soar several Zhang high on the colossal stone sword.

The surroundings are splashed with water, unfolding like tens of thousands of pure white pear blossoms, truly a breathtaking sight!

"Cheep..."

The Fierce Wind Golden Eagle soars and circles around the edges of Spirit Sword Peak, while senior disciples of the Divine Sword School maintain order. Demon beasts as mounts are not allowed to approach.

After Su Yi, Zhang Qing, Xu Jiahui, and others descended from the Fierce Wind Golden Eagle, it flapped its wings and circled before departing, eventually landing on a nearby mountaintop.

On the densely-packed towering trees atop that mountaintop, numerous demon beast mounts are currently perched and lurking.

"It is Su Yi!"

"It is Xu Jiahui, Zhang Qing, and other outer disciples from the Thirty-Sixth Sword Peak. This time, they have acquired the Sword-patterned Stones, making it within the top twenty rankings!"

"It's them, the outer disciples have unexpectedly obtained so many Sword-patterned Stones and have entered the top sixty-eight!"

"They, like Su Yi, are all disciples of the Thirty-Sixth Sword Peak. Su Yi and that Situ Muyang seized so many Sword-patterned Stones and distributed them among them."

As Su Yi, Xu Jiahui, and others appeared, the surroundings were immediately filled with numerous intricate gazes.

Some individuals were engaged in discreet discussions, and with Su Yi's current reputation, the moment she emerged, she effortlessly became the center of attention.

"Is he Su Yi? He seems quite young, yet remarkably handsome."

Among the crowd, there were numerous female disciples whispering and giggling with lowered heads.

Many people had long seen Su Yi, but only from a distance, never up close. As they gazed upon Su Yi in this moment, it immediately captivated the attention of many graceful female disciples.

In this world where strength reigns supreme, coupled with Su Yi's handsome appearance, naturally, he possesses an irresistible charm to many of the opposite sex.

A young lad of tender age, possessing a graceful figure and an unlimited future, the allure he holds for these blossoming female disciples is beyond imagination.

Sensing the gaze of those around him with acute soulful power, Su Yi, however, didn't pay much heed. Instead, he immediately surveyed his surroundings.

The vast square, exceeding imagination in its size, could probably accommodate over a hundred thousand people. The atmospheric fluctuations in its surroundings indicated the presence of restrictive enchantments.

From Su Yi's perspective, he could only see a portion of the square.

In the center of the square, there is an open space that has been cordoned off, where disciples clad in armor stand in orderly fashion to maintain order.

These armored disciples of the Divine Sword School exude a formidable and solemn aura, indicating that each of them has undergone genuine baptism in blood. Their presence alone evokes an inexplicable sense of trepidation.

Within this spacious area, there are already dozens of disciples present at this moment. They stand tall and straight, emanating an extraordinary presence, with their eyes slightly closed.

On the square, there is initially a raised platform, adorned with numerous seats, laid out with fresh fruits and precious elixirs. These provisions are undoubtedly intended for the elders who have gathered here in person today.

At this moment, with the sun climbing high in the sky, there are already numerous disciples who have arrived at Spirit Sword Peak. The densely packed figures amount to no fewer than forty to fifty thousand.

The bustling and clamorous sounds, fueled by discussions about today's final showdown, gather together into a resounding wave that pierces the sky.

In such an atmosphere, the blood within Su Yi's body couldn't help but boil even more.

Surrounded by mountains, the plaza of Spirit Sword Peak is ancient and weathered, with the entire expanse covered in a floor of massive stones, intricately adorned with mysterious patterns.

However, at this moment, the lineup of tens of thousands of people drowns out the ancient tranquility, filling the air with a lively clamor that brims with various passions and expectations.

"Today's true pinnacle duel is undoubtedly a clash of the top ten rankings in the Sword Tower!"

There are disciples who are eagerly anticipating the real showdown, which will feature disciples from the top ten rankings of the Sword Tower, providing a great opportunity to broaden their horizons today.

"Don't forget, there are also some dark horses emerging, such as Su Yi, Situ MUYANG, and Mu Yao. The Sword-patterned Stones they obtained are among the top three!"

A disciple spoke up, stating that based on the ranking of the quantity of Sword-patterned Stones this time, there have been quite a few dark horses emerging.

Among them, Su Yi, Situ MUYANG, and Mu Yao emerged out of nowhere, making a stunning debut!

"The representation of Sword-patterned Stones is not exhaustive. While obtaining a large number of Sword-patterned Stones does indeed reflect strength, it cannot completely encompass it. Otherwise, this pinnacle duel would be unnecessary, and the ranking in the Sword Tower could simply be based on the quantity of Sword-patterned Stones!" A disciple made a fair comparison, stating that the quantity of Sword-patterned Stones obtained within the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords does, to a certain extent, represent strength, but there are various factors involved, which prevent drawing absolute conclusions.

"I heard that Senior Liu Yunchuan only managed to secure a spot within the top sixty-eight with the Sword-patterned Stones he obtained this time, so the quantity of Sword-patterned Stones cannot truly represent one's actual strength!"

A disciple attested that Liu Yunchuan, who is currently ranked first in the Sword Tower, only managed to secure a spot within the top sixty-eight with the Sword-patterned Stones obtained from the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords this time. Liu Yunchuan even emerged from the battlefield at the very end. Does this imply that Liu Yunchuan's strength is merely marginal?

"It is said that Situ Muiyang is the son of the sect leader!" Someone mentioned Situ Muiyang's identity, and this rumor has long spread within the Divine Sword School, causing quite a commotion.

It is not surprising that Situ Muiyang possesses such formidable strength at such a young age; after all, he is the son of the sect leader.

At the forefront of the crowd, several mature young disciples of the Divine Sword School are standing, ranging in age from their mid-twenties to early thirties.

They are all disciples from the previous term of the Divine Sword School, but they have chosen to remain within the school for further cultivation.

These disciples are also attracted to such grand events, wanting to see how strong the junior disciples of this term are.

"The identity of Mu Yao is also extraordinary. It is said that she is a direct disciple of a senior elder, with a very high seniority, even higher than that of the sect leader."

A senior disciple whispered, having spent a long time in the Divine Sword School, they are aware of far more things than the disciples of this term.

They heard many rumors, one of which was that the remarkable Mu Yao is a disciple of a senior elder, with a seniority surpassing even that of the sect leader.

Chapter 525: Liu Yunchuan!

"If Su Yi is also a disciple of Elder Su, then their seniority would be the same, even higher than that of the sect leader."

"That is quite interesting."

"..."

Amidst the hustle and bustle, voices of various discussions could be heard everywhere. There were even several disciples who secretly organized gambling activities, placing bets on the ranking of the sixty-eight disciples who would ultimately compete in the final showdown on Spirit Sword Peak. The odds varied depending on the disciple.

Of course, the largest amount of bets were placed on Liu Yunchuan, Yun Lingfeng, and others.

Su Yi, Xu Jiahui, Zhang Qing, and others dismounted from the Fierce Wind Golden Eagle, surveying the surroundings, all astounded by the bustling atmosphere around them!

Today, their identities were different. Arriving in such a place, under the influence of such an atmosphere, each of them felt a surge of passionate blood in their hearts.

Especially Zhang Qing and others, they were also one of the main characters today. Despite knowing that their strength might be insufficient, at this moment, under the influence of this

atmosphere, they inexplicably possessed the courage to challenge the outstanding disciples among the direct disciples.

"Boss Su Yi, we can go to the center first," Zhang Qing, Liu Ji, and others scanned the surroundings, their eyes shining with awe, and said to Su Yi.

They came today to participate in the pinnacle showdown and can go to the center of the square first.

In the center of the square, an empty and isolated area, only the sixty-eight disciples who participated in the final pinnacle showdown of the Grand Swordsmanship Competition today are allowed to enter.

As for the onlookers, they can only be around the periphery.

Su Yi nodded, then he along with Zhang Qing, Xu Jiahui, and others went to the center of the square. As for the accompanying outer disciples, they could only watch from the outside.

"It's Su Yi and his companions!"

As the group weaved through the crowds, in the bustling square, disciples who spotted Su Yi and the others quickly cleared a path, allowing them to pass unhindered.

However, in the midst of the crowd, many eyes were fixed upon Su Yi, but all with a glaring anger.

The owners of these wrathful gazes were all direct disciples and inner disciples.

In the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, almost all the inner disciples were plundered by Su Yi this time, naturally casting a disdainful gaze upon him.

Su Yi held his head high and chest out, disregarding the surrounding gazes. After all, he had already left the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, and these individuals were powerless against him.

Passing through the crowd in the square, Su Yi, Xu Jiahui, and a few others arrived at the secluded and spacious square.

Upon closer inspection, it was revealed that this isolated square was actually quite spacious.

The square is surrounded in a circular shape, with sixteen intricately designed and rustic stone platforms arranged on top, each spanning tens of square yards in size.

At a glance, the sight of the sixteen ancient stone platforms scattered and towering is truly awe-inspiring.

On the square, at this moment, there are already dozens of young men and women standing, with remarkable temperament, standing quietly with their eyes slightly closed.

Feeling someone approaching, someone slightly opened their eyes and took a glance. Upon seeing that it was Su Yi, their gaze subtly stirred with emotion.

However, more people remained steadfast, their eyes consistently closed, as they focused on inner tranquility.

Su Yi sensed a cold gaze, and followed its origin to see the person behind it. Upon seeing the owner of that gaze, his eyebrows subtly raised in curiosity.

The owner of those eyes is none other than Gong Qi, who ranks sixth in the Sword Tower. Her gaze twinkles with a chilling glimmer, as if capable of taking one's life, while her countenance exudes extraordinary beauty.

By Gong Qi's side stood the enchanting Ying Qianqian, her captivating beauty transcending words. The gaze in her eyes was filled with an indescribable allure as she glared fiercely at Su Yi.

"We will settle our duel on this very stage soon!"

Upon reaching this small square, Zhang Qing, Liu Ji, and others became even more excited and filled with a sense of anticipation.

They will soon compete on these stone platforms, for being able to ascend to these platforms represents a sense of honor and status.

Su Yi paid no attention to Gong Qi and Ying Qianqian, believing it best to keep his distance from these women.

Casting a gaze around the surroundings, Su Yi took in the sights. At this moment, in this secluded square, he spotted several familiar figures that he had encountered within the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords.

Subsequently, Su Yi also closed his eyes slightly, beginning to wait. It seems that the ultimate showdown of the Grand Swordsmanship Competition is still a while away.

Without a doubt, the atmosphere surrounding the square at this moment, coupled with Su Yi's presence within it, being in the prime of his youth, he may possess a superior state of mind and composure compared to his peers, but his blood still boils within him.

The young individuals, each possessing a hint of pride and rebelliousness.

In such circumstances, it is time to compete and determine who is superior!

If we must describe it as a form of arrogance and insolence, it also belongs to the youthful audacity.

Do not waste your youth without audacity!

Time passes slowly amidst the bustling clamor, with an increasing number of people gathering on Spirit Sword Peak. The commotion grows louder and more fervent.

"It's Senior Brother Nan Li Ran!"

"Senior Brother Ou Luo has also arrived!"

On the isolated square, from time to time, figures approached, all of whom were disciples qualified to participate in the final showdown of the Grand Swordsmanship Competition.

Each of them, in ordinary circumstances, is a renowned figure within the Divine Sword School. Their appearance at this moment is enough to cause quite a stir.

With his eyes tightly shut, Su Yi, through the glimpses of his spiritual power, sensed the aura of these outstanding young talents. Yet, he didn't open his eyes, maintaining his current state.

"Senior Brother Yun Lingfeng, he has also arrived!"

In the midst of the crowd, the commotion reached a new height as a young man in white attire appeared, causing a fervor among onlookers from all directions.

In the eyes of the male disciples, there was awe, while many female disciples' gazes revealed ripples of fascination, stirring their hearts deeply.

Such a young man in white, with a delicate and indifferent countenance, beneath his long eyelashes, his eyes radiating brilliance. His fair complexion was akin to that of a woman, possessing a remarkable and distinct beauty unlike any other.

"Yun Lingfeng is incredibly formidable, his future knows no bounds!"

Within the crowd, there were also murmurs emanating from the ranks of the senior disciples.

Such a junior disciple, even among their cohort of disciples, is undoubtedly exceptional.

Su Yi felt a cold gaze cast upon him from his side and slightly opened his eyes, following the direction of that gaze.

The owner of that gaze was none other than Yun Lingfeng, who had crossed paths several times before, hailing from the Fifteenth Sword Peak.

The grudge between the Fifteenth Sword Peak and Su Yi has always been deep. Su Yi speculated that Yun Lingfeng, within the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, intended to cause trouble for him. It was likely connected to the confrontation he had with several disciples from the Fifteenth Sword Peak.

Within the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, Su Yi has never directly clashed with Yun Lingfeng. It is not that he fears this individual, but rather because there are too many direct disciples within the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords.

At this moment, atop Spirit Sword Peak, Su Yi is actually not worried. If he were to encounter Yun Lingfeng at that time, it would serve as a perfect opportunity for validation.

Yun Lingfeng walked onto the plaza, his gaze lingering briefly on Su Yi.

Su Yi, however skilled he may be, is not yet his true opponent today.

However, if by chance they were to encounter each other today, it would provide an opportunity to make them realize that all detours and tricks are in vain before absolute strength.

"Senior Brother Liu Yunchuan has arrived!"

Suddenly, the crowd surged again, and a young man emerged in the center of the inner courtyard.

The newcomer appeared rather young, seemingly in his early twenties, clad in a cloud-patterned robe. His black hair was fastened with a bamboo hairpin, and his attire, although simple, exuded an air of understated elegance.

Chapter 526: A Revisionary Gesture!

Su Yi's gaze immediately fell upon the young man, who had a clear countenance and lively, gleaming eyes, exuding a sensation akin to being embraced by a gentle spring breeze.

Seeming to have detected Su Yi's gaze, the young man turned his eyes towards Su Yi and even nodded slightly in acknowledgment. Subsequently, he positioned himself to the side, as if everything in his surroundings were inconsequential to him.

"Hiss..."

Two icy gazes came forth like flashing sword lights, causing Su Yi's eyes to flicker. A familiar figure appeared within his sight, adorning an elegant orange attire and displaying graceful posture.

However, that gaze carried a chilling intent, confirming that none other than Mu Yao could possess such a demeanor.

As their eyes met, the radiance in Mu Yao's eyes grew colder, as she fixed a fierce, penetrating gaze upon Su Yi.

Su Yi inwardly wryly smiled, finding it rather perplexing how this woman seemed to persistently stick around him, akin to an enduring spirit.

And within the presence of Mu Yao, Su Yi, in the depths of his soul's perception, consistently sensed an unfathomable sensation.

"I perceive that there seem to be quite a few women here who seem to find you intriguing."

The ethereal voice, tinged with a hint of innocence, resonated in Su Yi's ears.

Immediately, a slightly youthful visage approached Su Yi, demonstrating Situ MUYANG's presence.

Today, Situ MUYANG, donned in a black form-fitting garment, possessed a slender figure that exuded a youthful aura. Despite his tender age, he radiated a certain sense of heroism, with his arched eyebrows, phoenix-like eyes, refined nose, and thin lips. His clear gaze appeared devoid of any impurity or vulgarity.

But at this moment, as Situ MUYANG's gaze swept over Mu Yao, Ying Qianqian, and Gong Qi, it ultimately settled with a touch of sympathy on Su Yi.

"What does a little brat like you know?" Su Yi cast a disdainful glance at Situ MUYANG.

"I observe that those women definitely have an interest in you. Be cautious, my father has told me that the more beautiful a woman is, the more difficult she can be to handle," Situ MUYANG advised Su Yi with sincere concern.

Upon raising his gaze, it appeared that the sect leader Situ Liuyun was also a person with a story, Su Yi pondered.

"By the way, are you truly Elder Su's disciple?" Situ MUYANG suddenly inquired of Su Yi.

"This..."

Su Yi remained unfazed, as it was true that he was not Elder Su's disciple. However, Situ MUYANG is the sect leader's son, if he tells others that he was not Elder Su's disciple, it could potentially cause some trouble.

"Boss Su Yi is, of course, Elder Su's disciple,"

Zhang Qing gritted his teeth inwardly and said, the fact that Su Yi was not Elder Su's disciple must not be spread around.

"Yes, Boss Su Yi is indeed Elder Su's disciple," nodded Liu Ji and the others when they heard Zhang Qing speak.

"So, it turns out you really are Grand Tutor's disciple."

Upon hearing this, Situ MUYANG raised an eyebrow and, looking at Su Yi's somewhat helpless expression, reluctantly performed a respectful gesture and said, "Greetings, Junior Uncle."

Su Yi was somewhat astonished as he heard, "Junior Uncle..."

"You are my Grand Tutor's disciple. According to seniority, you naturally become my Junior Uncle. Besides, you are only slightly older than me, so it would be more appropriate to address you as 'Junior Uncle'."

Situ MUYANG felt somewhat frustrated. He had initially planned to have a battle with this guy after coming out, but little did he know that this person turned out to be Grand Tutor's disciple and his Junior Uncle. Although he was only a few years older than him, he belonged to a higher generation, which was quite disadvantageous for Situ MUYANG.

"Brother Su Yi, Elder Su's identity is quite unique as he is the sect leader's Junior Uncle, so..."

Observing the astonishment on Su Yi's face, Xu Jiahui explained.

Although Elder Su is located at the Thirty-Sixth Sword Peak, his seniority within the Divine Sword School is not ordinary. Even if the sect leader were to encounter him, he would still have to address him as Junior Uncle.

"This way, huh..."

Su Yi suddenly realized, no wonder when he first arrived at Spirit Sword Peak, he said that he was Elder Su's disciple, which caused the elders to change their expressions.

Three days ago, when he was on Spirit Sword Peak and Elder Su appeared, each and every elder showed a respectful attitude. It turned out that Elder Su's seniority within the Divine Sword School is remarkably high, as he is the sect leader's Junior Uncle.

"Hehe, no need to bow in the future."

Su Yi smiled at Situ MUYANG, feeling somewhat guilty. After all, he was not Elder Su's disciple. This little fellow is, after all, the sect leader's son.

"This seniority still needs to be clarified, we must respect our teachers and prioritize principles."

Situ MUYANG had a serious expression, he looked up at Su Yi and extended his hand towards him.

"What is this for?" Su Yi asked, perplexed.

"What do you think? I've already shown respect, and even called you 'Junior Uncle'. I can't possibly let myself be at a disadvantage," Situ MUYANG glanced at Su Yi disdainfully.

"Boss Su Yi, it seems like the Young Sect Leader is expecting a gift..." Zhang Qing raised the corner of his mouth and reminded Su Yi.

"Gift..."

Gazing at the hand extended by Situ MUYANG, and at the seemingly pure eyes on his handsome face, Su Yi couldn't help but twitch his gaze. "What Junior Uncle? This little guy is clearly trying to take advantage."

"I'll pick a gift for you later."

Helplessly giving Situ MUYANG a disdainful glance, Su Yi clearly knew he was being taken advantage of, but he had no choice.

"Sounds acceptable, but I must say, if the gift is too cheap, it won't correspond to your status."

Situ MUYANG smiled contentedly and withdrew his hand. He knew very well that Su Yi had all his valuable possessions hidden in that peculiar space. It was indeed inconvenient to discuss such matters here.

Su Yi's facial expression twitched at the corner of his eyes. This time, at the Grand Swordsmanship Competition, he must come in first place. He couldn't possibly engage in a losing proposition.

"Master Uncle, it seems someone is here to see you."

Situ MUYANG suddenly raised an eyebrow and gazed ahead, where two graceful figures were approaching.

Su Yi glanced over and saw that the two graceful figures were none other than Ying Qianqian and Gong Qi.

As Su Yi observed the two women approaching, he felt somewhat surprised. Could it be that these two women were once again looking to cause trouble?

Ying Qianqian and Gong Qi, although different in temperament and appearance, both possessed qualities of both elegance and beauty that were enough to make many talented young men flock to them.

However, with their discerning eyes and pride, among the entire Divine Sword School, there were only a few young men who could catch their attention, let alone get close to them.

And at this moment, these two women, equally enchanting in beauty, both walked towards Su Yi, instantly capturing the attention of many.

Under the gaze of numerous onlookers, the two women walked straight towards Su Yi's side.

The coldness and frostiness in Gong Qi's eyes showed no signs of diminishing, but at this moment, it seemed that she was making an effort to suppress herself.

"Su Yi, how about we make a deal with you?"

Gazing at Su Yi, Ying Qianqian spoke, her eyes sparkling with radiance and a smile adorning her face.

Su Yi felt a sense of surprise within his heart and nodded slightly, asking, "What kind of transaction?"

Gazing at Su Yi, Ying Qianqian said, "I know that you have obtained all the Dark Spirit Fruits, and you surely still have some on you. To be honest, Dark Spirit Fruits are crucial to us. If you are willing to give us two Dark Spirit Fruits, we are prepared to exchange them for twenty star-grade pills. How does that sound?"

Chapter 527: Enduring No More, No Need to Endure Further!

In the hearts of the two women, even twenty star-grade pills wouldn't make Su Yi suffer any loss, as the Dark Spirit Fruits were originally possessions within the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords and didn't belong to this guy.

"I'm sorry, but I don't have any Dark Spirit Fruits."

Su Yi outright refused, although twenty star-grade pills were already of considerable value, the Dark Spirit Fruits, being such precious treasures, were priceless. It was unlikely that anyone would be willing to exchange one Dark Spirit Fruit for ten star-grade pills.

Furthermore, at this moment, the medicinal effects of the Dark Spirit Fruits in the mysterious space have greatly intensified, so Su Yi refused without the slightest hesitation.

How could it be possible to exchange the Dark Spirit Fruits, especially if they were actually exchanged for the two of them? It would undoubtedly bring even more trouble in the future.

"Su Yi, don't show no appreciation of favor!"

Gong Qi had been suppressing her anger in her heart, and at this moment, upon hearing those words, she immediately glared at Su Yi with indignation and scolded him angrily. This young man is really too much.

"I know you like me, but I really don't have any more Dark Spirit Fruits."

Su Yi is not someone who is easily frightened, and he dislikes being threatened even more. Women, including beautiful women, are no exception. Speaking of beauty, he has encountered many women before, but they are all slightly inferior compared to Gong Qi and Ying Qianqian.

"You..."

Gong Qi, in a fit of rage, exploded directly, his black hair cascading down, his eyes wide open, emanating a brilliant green glow and mist. His robe fluttered in the air.

"What, do you want to make the first move?"

Su Yi felt a surge of vital energy, and suddenly sensed a fluctuation in the surrounding space, causing it to become unexpectedly moist.

"Do you want to engage in a physical confrontation? I am ready to accompany you!"

Situ Muyang, undaunted, clenched his fists and gave them a slight collision. Determination surged in his eyes. He had also obtained the Dark Spirit Fruits, so naturally, at this moment, he was going to assist Su Yi.

"Do not act rashly, let's discuss it later," Ying Qianqian held onto Gong Qi, as it was not the appropriate time to take action now.

The sudden commotion immediately caught the attention of all the disciples present in the arena who were participating in the final showdown. They turned and looked inquisitively towards the source.

"I'm infuriated! I will definitely not let you off the hook!"

Gong Qi flew into a rage, while Ying Qianqian's cherry-like lips twisted in anger, her face fully displaying her wrath.

"Did that guy offend Senior Sister Gong Qi and Senior Sister Ying Qianqian?"

On the other hand, among the spectators surrounding them, there were a few gazes filled with intense passion, coming from some young talents who harbored certain fantasies about Ying

Qianqian and Gong Qi, who were also participating in the final pinnacle duel. These individuals cast covertly icy glares towards Su Yi, exhibiting a deep resentment as if they considered him their adversary.

For many young disciples, Ying Qianqian and Gong Qi are the fairies in their hearts, celestial beings to be admired from a distance and not to be trifled with. However, the seemingly intense interaction between Su Yi and Ying Qianqian, Gong Qi has already caused displeasure among these young individuals, regardless of the underlying reasons.

Feeling the displeased gazes cast upon him from all around, Su Yi subtly raised an eyebrow. It seemed that the saying "beauties bring calamity" held true no matter where he went. Perhaps it would be best to keep a distance from these women in the future, as he had unwittingly attracted unnecessary troubles.

"Hmph, presumptuous man!"

As Mu Yao observed Ying Qianqian and Gong Qi approaching Su Yi, a flicker of disdain appeared in her beautiful eyes. She spoke without much restraint, regardless of the reason, and her voice carried audibly to many bystanders.

Su Yi also heard it, his gaze shifting towards Mu Yao, his brows slightly furrowed.

"May you persevere until the end," Mu Yao gazed at Su Yi and spoke.

Su Yi remained silent, unsure of his own fortune. In just one month at the Divine Sword School, he had managed to offend not just one, but three women and not just ordinary women at that.

"It seems like you have offended quite a few people. I suggest you pray that you don't run into me later. Otherwise, all debts will be settled. Even if you are Elder Su's disciple, that status won't be able to protect you."

Suddenly, such a voice gently echoed in Su Yi's ears, its sound resembling a mosquito's buzz.

This is a secret language that can directly reach a specific person's ears. Only cultivators at the Yuan Spirit Realm cultivation level can achieve this. It must be the result of practicing some kind of special technique.

Su Yi knew the origin of this secret language, the voice was very familiar.

Su Yi followed his gaze and found a chilling stare fixed upon him. It was a gaze filled with coldness, indifference, and a hint of sharpness. It was none other than Yun Lingfeng from the Fifteenth Sword Peak.

Su Yi raised an eyebrow, it seemed that Yun Lingfeng's dislike towards him had reached a point where it was no longer concealed.

Su Yi's gaze turned serious, but he was not polite either. A faint coldness flickered in his eyes, and a hint of amusement curved his lips. He extended his right palm, clenched it into a fist, and slowly but firmly raised his middle finger towards Yun Lingfeng.

Soon after, Su Yi's gesture fell, as if nothing had happened, and he no longer paid any attention to Yun Lingfeng.

Su Yi initially had no intention to pay any heed to Yun Lingfeng, but this individual, starting from the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, repeatedly came to provoke him time and time again.

Su Yi, being a young man with his own arrogance, reached the point where he could no longer tolerate it. There was no need for him to tolerate any further, especially on an occasion like today.

When Su Yi's gesture fell like this, many eyes around him remained quietly undisturbed.

This is undoubtedly the most direct provocation, as Su Yi disregarded Yun Lingfeng, even though he is ranked second in the Sword Tower.

The atmosphere in the entire arena inexplicably became somewhat tense, even before it had begun, the fighting spirit had already started to permeate.

"The sect leader, elders, and Dharma Protectors are coming!"

Suddenly, a melodious voice resounded with a burst of vitality, soaring into the sky and overshadowing the bustling clamor of the surroundings, echoing throughout Spirit Sword Peak.

"Whoosh..."

At the same time, above the void, nearly a hundred figures swiftly swept over from the distance, arriving in the sky with just a single flicker.

As these nearly a hundred figures appeared in the sky, the radiance of their vital energy fluctuated dazzlingly, resembling falling stars, one after another.

A majestic aura descended immediately, causing the air on the entire Spirit Sword Peak to inexplicably solidify.

Under this aura, it felt as if the hearts of the people were suddenly crushed by boulders, causing a momentary sensation of difficulty in breathing.

Nearly a hundred figures appeared, promptly landing in front of the seats on the inner field podium. Their robes fluttered ever so slightly, yet not even a speck of dust was stirred in the surroundings.

Eyes gleaming with sharpness, figures interspersed with each other, gazed upon the vast crowd in the surrounding square.

In the center stood a tall middle-aged man, with a robust physique. He wore a black robe embellished with golden floral patterns. His lustrous black hair was neatly tied up on top of his head, bearing a resemblance to Situ Muyang. This figure was none other than Situ Liuyun, the sect leader of the Divine Sword School—a person whose mere stomp could send tremors throughout the entire Zhongzhou region.

Su Yi lifted his gaze and followed it, only to catch sight of numerous familiar figures.

The Right Dharma Protector, Elder Shangguan Hu, Elder Mei Huaye, Elder Duan Yuerong, and others were all present. Dharma Protector Hou Changming stood behind the crowd with a smile.

"Greetings, esteemed sect leader, and greetings to all the elders!"

The disciples in the venue cast reverent gazes, their eyes fixed upon the dozens of figures bowing and saluting before the elevated platform. The resounding voices echoed one after another.

Chapter 528: The Beginning of the Confrontation!

"No need for excessive courtesy."

Situ Liuyun, with a wave of his long sleeves, sat upright on a grand chair behind him. His profound eyes shimmered with radiance, unintentionally revealing the natural aura of a dominant figure. A mere glance at him would unconsciously induce a sense of pressure upon others.

The group of elders promptly took their seats in the front row, while the accompanying Dharma Protectors positioned themselves in the back rows.

The crowd stood up, their gazes raised with reverence and awe towards the figures on the elevated platform, their eyes filled with both reverence and passion.

Only on such a grand occasion like today would the sect leader and the esteemed elders appear together.

Su Yi's gaze also fell upon the seats on the elevated platform, ultimately settling on both sides of the sect leader, Situ Liuyun.

Su Yi had encountered two elderly figures seated there for the first time.

In the two previous occasions at the Great Hall of Sky Sword Peak, Su Yi had encountered numerous elders, but he had never seen these two individuals before.

Being able to sit on both sides of the sect leader is indicative of the high status of these two elderly individuals.

On the left side, there was an elderly man who appeared aged but dignified, with silver hair. He wore a plain robe, and his slim figure made the robe sway like a skirt. However, his face was remarkably ruddy, and his deep black eyes emitted a profound and vibrant light, gleaming brightly with a sharp gaze.

On the right side, there was an elderly man with thick black hair, and both his beard and eyebrows had turned partially white. He sat upright in his chair, with a slender frame even thinner than the elderly man on the left side, Situ Liuyun. However, his gaze was profound, resembling a dark abyss that one could not see the bottom of.

"Very strong."

Observing these two elderly individuals from a distance, Su Yi, in his imperceptible awareness, also sensed their unparalleled strength.

"Clang..."

As the sect leader and the various elders took their seats, on the elevated platform, a venerable bronze bell rang with a melodious chime, resounding throughout Spirit Sword Peak and echoing in all directions.

The whispers and clamor around, also immediately fell into a deep silence under the resonant chime, and all eyes from every direction were cast upon the elevated platform.

As the sound of the bell reverberated, the lean old man dressed in plain robes gradually rose from his seat. Though his body appeared somewhat unsteady, as if he could stumble at any moment, the Dharma Protectors and elders by his side gave no indication of believing that this old man would actually fall.

"He is Sun Liuheng, the second elder of the Divine Sword School, and the elder on the right side of my father is Wu Chaoyang, the third elder. They usually keep a low profile."

Situ Muyang approached Su Yi's side and whispered, "Those two elders are remarkable. They are the second and third elders of the Divine Sword School, holding positions above many other elders. It is only on such a grand occasion like today that they make an appearance."

"Second elder, third elder."

Su Yi was not surprised. No wonder they could sit on both sides of the sect leader; it was evident that their status was extraordinary.

Sun Liuheng, the second elder, stood up and walked to the front of the stage. His gaze swept across the surroundings, encompassing all the disciples within his sight.

At this moment, the disciples all around lifted their heads, their gazes respectfully fixating on the second elder.

"I'm delighted to meet the young generation of the Divine Sword School. You are the future and hope of the Divine Sword School."

The voice of the second elder was deep and resonant. Even though it wasn't particularly loud, it echoed throughout the square, making it audible to anyone with remarkable clarity.

In a mere sentence, it ignited a fervor in the hearts of all disciples, possessing the power to stir emotions.

With a sharp and piercing gaze, the second elder surveyed the disciples in all directions, while his resonant voice continued to resonate, proclaimed, "Now, I announce the commencement of the final duel of the Grand Swordsmanship Competition!"

The sound reverberated, echoing on Spirit Sword Peak, resonating throughout the entire Divine Sword School.

"Boom!"

As the final syllable of the second elder's words fell, the entire venue erupted in cheers, causing a flurry of excitement that reverberated and soared to the skies!

Listening to the resounding cheers that soared to the skies from all directions, observing the disciples in the arena who were jubilantly celebrating, the elders and Dharma Protectors present also concealed faint smiles in their eyes. From any aspect, it can be said that this generation of young disciples is truly remarkable.

The second elder was also very pleased. As he gazed upon the fervent crowd, he paused for a few moments before continuing to speak, his eyes carrying a hint of a smile as he said:

"The rules for the final showdown remain the same as in previous years for the Grand Swordsmanship Competition. The sixty-eight disciples who have secured a spot will compete on the dueling platforms until there is only one main participant on each of the sixteen platforms. Then, the sixteen platforms will merge in pairs until there are only sixteen remaining contenders. These sixteen individuals will rely on their luck to face their opponents, until only the last victorious champion remains. The ultimate champion of this Grand Swordsmanship Competition will also receive unparalleled benefits and rewards from the Divine Sword School!"

"Unparalleled benefits and rewards!"

"Boom!"

The arena was filled with excitement, with eyes burning passionately. The unparalleled benefits and rewards offered by the Divine Sword School held an irresistible allure for every person present.

However, the vast majority of them didn't have the qualifications to contend. While feeling envious in their hearts, being able to witness the birth of the champion of the Grand Swordsmanship Competition today already brought them considerable satisfaction.

"Unparalleled benefits, rewards," Su Yi's eyes flickered. These supreme benefits and rewards were also one of the main reasons for his participation in the Grand Swordsmanship Competition this time.

As he looked at the boiling crowd around him, the second elder's voice continued to resonate with a hint of amusement, saying:

"Of course, the sixteen disciples who can ultimately stand on the duel platform each have their own rewards, differentiated by the timing of their defeat. The higher the ranking, the higher the corresponding rewards."

"However, the disciples participating in the final duel must take note. It is prohibited to intentionally harm one's opponent during the duel. Surrendering or falling off the duel platform is considered a loss. The victor is also not allowed to continue attacking. Those who violate these rules will face penalties ranging from cancellation of their duel participation and severe punishments, to the abolition of their cultivation and expulsion from the sect. Remember this!"

When the second elder's voice fell, his emaciated figure also swayed unsteadily as if about to fall, and he settled back into his own seat.

"Now the sixty-eight disciples who have secured their spots can start preparing. When the bell rings again, you may ascend the stage for the duel. Make sure you all understand!"

Dharma Protector Hou Changming, at an unknown time, stepped forward to the forefront of the elevated platform. His voice, infused with spiritual energy, resonated clearly amidst the bustling and clamorous crowd, allowing all disciples present to hear it distinctly. This level of power is sufficient to attest to his extraordinary abilities.

"Understood!"

On the arena floor, the disciples participating in the final duel nodded in agreement, their voices resolute and powerful.

"Since that's the case, then let's get prepared!"

Hou Changming spoke, his face adorned with a smile. Lately, he seemed to be in a great mood and appeared very cheerful. The serious expression that used to be etched on his face has been replaced by a frequent display of smiles.

"Clang..."

The sound of the bell resonated once again throughout Spirit Sword Peak, reverberating through the entire Divine Sword School.

"Let it commence!"

As the sound of the bell rang out, Dharma Protector Hou Changming swiftly swung his hand downward, unleashing a resounding voice infused with primal energy, akin to the roaring thunder.

"Boom!"

At this moment, on the field, dozens of auras were released simultaneously, and the radiance of primal energy appeared like flames.

Several figures leaped out directly, ascending the carefully arranged sixteen massive and ancient stone platforms in the current arena.

At this moment, tens of thousands of disciples from all directions fixed their gaze on the arena, their hearts inexplicably trembling, feeling a surge of hot blood coursing through their bodies!

Chapter 529: You Shall Also Descend!

"Whoosh..."

On the field, figures released bursts of aura, enveloped in radiating primal energy, leaping onto the ancient and rustic stone platforms, fearing that someone might seize the advantage before them.

With sixty-eight individuals and only sixteen stone platforms, the competition is quite intense.

Zhang Qing, Xu Jiahui, Liu Ji, Qing Chao, and Wang Fan, the five individuals, are aware of their own abilities, fearing that they may not ultimately compete for the top spot. However, they still aim to step foot on the arena of confrontation. In retrospect, they can at least claim that they had once faced off with the outstanding direct disciples among them.

Some people swiftly ascended the confrontation platform, while others remained indifferent, quietly observing in secret.

Yun Lingfeng, Gu Chenyou, Gong Qi, Mu Yao, Nan Liran, and other prominent figures ranked high in the Sword Tower, seemed to lack urgency as they quietly observed in secret.

"Swoosh..."

However, soon enough, the remaining figures each quickly leaped up and ascended the confrontation platform.

The formidable individuals who consistently ranked among the top in the Sword Tower deliberately avoided standing on a confrontation platform.

The clash of two titans shall result in one's defeat!

Their goal is to at least reach the top sixteen, and even if they are confident in winning, they don't wish to encounter opponents who are too strong, as they want to minimize exertion.

The opponents towards the end will become increasingly formidable, and excessive exertion earlier on may render them unable to sustain themselves later on.

"Bang bang!"

On the sixteen confrontation platforms, as the disciples who ranked highly in the Sword Tower ascended, the others implicitly started cooperating to confront the disciples with the highest rankings.

However, this kind of cooperation is by no means absolute. Once an opportunity arises, anyone would unhesitatingly strike to knock their opponent down from the confrontation platform, as it ultimately affects their rankings.

The atmosphere on all the confrontation platforms was already tense. With someone making a move, it ignited a chain reaction akin to detonating a series of bombs. Suddenly, all the confrontation platforms were filled with surging energy, vigorous vitality, and shimmering fluctuations, and the confrontations were on the verge of erupting.

"Young man, you are not yet worthy to come forward!"

On the confrontation platform not far away, a direct disciple bellowed, and his figure, as swift as lightning, materialized directly in front of Zhang Qing.

The direct disciple clenched his five fingers tightly, and a fist had already reached Zhang Qing. The faint black earth elemental energy caused even the surrounding void to tremble, and the sound of whistling vibrations echoed in the air.

Under such speed, Zhang Qing unsheathed his treasured sword, but he didn't even have a chance to strike. In a panic, he swiftly retreated, dissipating some of the force, but still took a punch to the chest. His body instantly flew backwards and was sent soaring out of the confrontation platform.

"Bang, bang, bang..."

Almost simultaneously, Qing Chao, Liu Ji, and Wang Fan were each attacked by their respective opponents and were directly thrown off the confrontation platform.

Several individuals successively crashed onto the field, spitting out fresh blood from their mouths, clearly proving their incapacity to match their opponents.

Those disciples who can obtain the quota are at least at the cultivation level of the Third Grade or above in the Yuan Spirit Realm.

Although Qing Chao, Zhang Qing, and others have made astonishing breakthroughs in the past month, their entire bodies have been tempered, undergoing a transformation from within.

However, within such a short span of time, they are still far from being able to compare with these direct disciples.

The strength of Zhang Qing, Qing Chao, Wang Fan, and others is too weak. The direct disciples on the confrontation platform have no interest in teaming up with Zhang Qing and the others, nor do they deign to cooperate in dealing with their opponents. They are even too ashamed to share the same stage, and with one strike, they sweep Zhang Qing and the others off the stage.

As Dharma Protector Hou Changming watched Zhang Qing being swept off the confrontation platform, he was not surprised. As long as there were no major injuries, he knew well that Zhang Qing's cultivation strength was still insufficient to contend with the outstanding direct disciples.

"Swoosh..."

Not far away on the confrontation platform, Xu Jiahui also immediately came under attack.

A woman made a move against Xu Jiahui, her lustrous black hair swirling behind her as she executed unpredictable footwork. Her slender hand held a sword, but she disdained using it against Xu Jiahui, instead delivering a swift strike with her delicate palm.

Xu Jiahui's delicate face paled as she realized that, with her cultivation strength, she was unable to contend. She hastily retreated with utmost speed.

"Just an outer disciple, you are unworthy to come up and confront us!"

The woman spoke indifferently, her speed imperceptible. With a flick of her slender hand, her five fingers clenched into a fist, enveloped in blazing fire elemental energy. The fiery aura radiated vigorously, coloring her fist a crimson red. With a fierce and relentless momentum, she once again closed in.

Xu Jiahui evaded the punch aimed at her chest, but another fist promptly landed on her shoulder.

"Pfft..."

Under the overwhelming impact of scorching brute force, Xu Jiahui's delicate lips spurted blood, and her slender figure was immediately shaken away from the duel platform.

"Hiss..."

Just as Xu Jiahui was about to crash onto the ground, a figure quietly emerged, spreading its arms. A gentle force, akin to a vortex, lifted Xu Jiahui's body and gently lowered her down.

"Brother Su Yi."

Xu Jiahui's trembling soul was shaken, and in that moment, she gazed upon the figure that suddenly appeared before her. Who could it be other than Su Yi?

"Heal yourself."

With a faint smile, Su Yi loosened his arms and placed Xu Jiahui aside.

Regarding Xu Jiahui's falling from the platform, Su Yi was not surprised. Xu Jiahui's cultivation strength had greatly increased within the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords in the span of a month. However, when compared to these direct disciples, the disparity between them was still quite significant.

Xu Jiahui nodded, although feeling somewhat disheartened by being swiftly defeated on the duel stage, she had already anticipated it internally.

Su Yi's qi surged through his feet as he lightly touched the ground, his figure instantly stepping onto the duel stage where Xu Jiahui had just set foot.

"Boom, boom, boom..."

There were four people on the stage of the duel, aside from the woman who had just defeated Xu Jiahui, there were three young people engaged in an intense battle.

Su Yi's gaze swept across, finally settling on the woman's figure, a hint of sharpness flickering in his eyes.

The woman, in her early twenties, possessed a face that may not be considered breathtaking, but still held an exceptional beauty, albeit with a touch of indifference.

Sensing Su Yi's gaze, the woman's eyes trembled inexplicably. She could perceive the growing closeness between Su Yi and Xu Jiahui, and was well aware of Su Yi's recent reputation within the Divine Sword School.

"Hmph!"

However, soon after, the woman let out a cold snort. Her ranking in the Sword Tower was also within the top thirty, and with her cultivation breakthrough in the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, she had already reached the fifth level of the Yuan Spirit Realm. There was no need for her to fear this young man.

"Whoosh!"

The woman took the initiative and made her move, her black hair dancing in the air. She attacked with full force, wielding a treasured sword and executing profound sword techniques. The sword radiated a chilling light and unleashed a sweeping sword aura. Accompanied by the breaking sound of the wind, it struck towards Su Yi.

Su Yi's vitality surged beneath his feet as his figure swiftly maneuvered, evading the strike. The sword aura brushed past his side, unleashing a fierce gust that sent shivers down one's spine.

This sword may appear simple, but it is, in fact, the woman's all-out effort, making it far from trivial.

However, as this sword missed its mark, a look of astonishment flickered across the woman's eyes, as if she had sensed something.

Indeed, the woman's intuition proved correct. In front of her, in a mere instant, stood the young man. Within his profound eyes, a glimmer of crimson radiance inexplicably sent a shiver down her spine.

"You also step aside!"

Su Yi spoke, his blue robe fluttering in the wind, as the vital energy surged within his body. The impact caused his black hair to scatter and flicker with crimson radiance. His eyes gleamed intensely, and with a mighty punch, he had already unleashed his attack.

Chapter 530: Ignorant of Cherishing Women!

"*Bang!*"

The scorching aura surged like turbulent waves, and the mighty punch landed firmly on the woman's body like a resounding thunderbolt.

Su Yi didn't show much mercy in his actions, and this woman also showed no mercy towards Xu Jiahui, which secretly angered Su Yi.

"Pfft..."

The woman's expression turned pale with shock, and a mouthful of fresh blood sprayed out from her mouth. Her delicate body, like a severed kite, was sent flying backwards, crashing heavily onto the arena platform.

At this moment, the woman finally realized the terrifying nature of this young man, far more terrifying than the rumors had suggested.

She unexpectedly couldn't withstand even a single move, and she could sense that it was her recent attempt to confront Xu Jiahui that had aroused the fury of this young man.

"That's Wang Yating, ranked twenty-ninth in the Sword Tower, and she was actually defeated with just one move, Su Yi really doesn't know how to appreciate the beauty!"

Among the disciples witnessing the scene, many were left astounded. Su Yi, this guy, seems to have no clue about the value of cherishing and treasuring beauty.

The Elder Dharma Protectors and Sect Leader Situ Liuyun, standing on the high platform, also witnessed this scene, their gazes quietly showing signs of deep emotion.

A cultivator at the fifth stage of the Yuan Spirit Realm, astonishingly unable to withstand even a single move in Su Yi's hands. What does this signify? With their discerning eyes, how could they not have a clue?

Moreover, many strong cultivators this time were already secretly keeping an eye on Su Yi because of the incident that took place on the Heavenly Stairs a month ago.

A direct disciple at the fifth stage of the Yuan Spirit Realm, being defeated with just one move in the duel arena, and yet, displaying such nonchalance. This kind of impact is even greater for the elders and Dharma Protectors present.

"Is he Su Yi, the disciple of Elder Su?"

On the high platform, the gaze of the two elders fell upon the duel arena where Su Yi was located, and one of them quietly asked Situ Liuyun beside them.

"Indeed, it is that young man."

Situ Liuyun responded in a low voice, his eyes filled with a flicker of intrigue.

"In this age, to achieve such a level is already rare. Perhaps this time, it is truly a stroke of fortune for our Divine Sword School."

Elder Wu Chaoyang spoke, his deep and dusky eyes shimmering with brilliance.

Su Yi swiftly knocked down Wang Yating below the duel arena, provoking an imminent clash among the three youths on the duel stage.

The three hot-blooded youths who were just engaged in battle, their six gazes instantaneously converged upon Su Yi. Three treasured swords emitted a resounding sword cry, revealing the unrestrained aura of their Yuan Spirit Realm at the peak of the fourth stage.

The three youths' faces instantly became solemn and serious.

Su Yi's strength, as rumored, is truly formidable. Even though Wang Yating's strength is clearly stronger than theirs, she couldn't withstand even a single move.

They had heard of Su Yi's reputation; like many others, they had their doubts in their hearts.

Perhaps within the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, Su Yi and Situ Muyang were able to rampage freely not necessarily due to their own personal strength, but rather by relying on their skills of ambush and control over the demon beasts.

They only realized at this moment that the Su Yi before their eyes was unquestionably as formidable as rumored.

The six pairs of eyes met and it instantly seemed as if a certain unspoken understanding had been established.

"Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh..."

As three figures leaped out, their vital energy surged from their feet, releasing a radiant burst of light. Instantly, two shadowy images of fierce birds and one of a soaring bird took shape beneath the three youths' feet.

"Roarrrr..."

With a thunderous beast-like roar, the three young disciples harnessed their vital energy, causing their presence to surge with immense power.

In perfect sync, the three youths swiftly surged towards Su Yi from different directions, each unleashing dazzling sword radiance from their hands. The sword lights gleamed with sharpness, interweaving with various vibrant energy beams, exuding an imposing and formidable aura.

Su Yi slightly raised his gaze, hands forming a seal, as vital energy surged through his broad meridians. Radiant crimson light burst forth from his body, eventually enveloping him in a halo of vital energy. It was as if he was cloaked in a dazzling sun, emanating a fervent aura.

"Boom!"

At this moment, with Su Yi at the center, the surrounding void trembled inexplicably, as if a mysterious force had emerged, capable of influencing the spatial fabric in its vicinity.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

Three silhouettes of beasts and three streams of sword radiance converged from different directions, all landing upon Su Yi's halo of vital energy. In an instant, a muffled sound resonated, and a gust of energetic force surged and howled through the air.

The halo of vital energy surrounding Su Yi's body only trembled slightly for a few moments, leaving indentations in several spots where the impact occurred, but ultimately there was no significant damage.

Thereafter, Su Yi made a move, stepping forward with swaying hair and the sound of his blue robe rustling. With unparalleled swiftness, he took a single decisive step.

He appeared directly in front of a youth and a fist had already formed, launching directly with a resounding impact.

A tremendous momentum emerged, causing even a glimpse of fear to appear in the ferocious beast-like eyes beneath the young man's feet.

"Rumble..."

Like a bamboo breaking through, the surrounding void trembled.

Beneath the young man's feet, the fierce beast-like shadow instantly shattered layer by layer. Under the impact of tremendous force, blood spilled from the young man's mouth, and his figure staggered as he retreated.

The remaining two young men, who were initially shaken, were not weak either. Upon regaining their composure, they promptly rushed to provide support and lend a helping hand.

Under the foot of one of them, the vital energy transformed into a ferocious roaring demon beast, its claws lunging forward. In his hand, a sword radiated with rainbow-like brilliance, its sword aura surging violently as it directly slashed towards Su Yi.

Another young man, underfoot, a menacing avian phantom swooped down, its wings stirring up a gusty wind, while his hand brandished a sharp sword that unleashed formidable sword radiance.

"Swoosh..."

An astonishing scene unfolded as Su Yi reached the side of the young man who had just staggered back. With an outstretched hand, he securely grasped the young man's shoulder, exerting overwhelming force to forcefully suppress him. Then, with a vigorous swing, he propelled the young man like a javelin, hurling him directly towards the young man whose vital energy had just transformed into a ferocious demon beast.

At the same time, Su Yi's foot released a surge of vital energy. Confronting the young disciple on the back of the swooping ferocious avian, he didn't retreat but rather advanced. With a single hand in motion, scorching fire-elemental vital energy surged forth. A terrifying aura erupted from his fist, causing brilliant flames to bloom upon it. A ferocious force exploded towards the empty space in front of him.

"Boom..."

In an instant, a blazing and ferocious force erupted from the vacuum. It was evident to the naked eye that layer upon layer of fiery shadows manifested upon Su Yi's fist, surging forth with unstoppable momentum, shattering the ripples in space.

The scorching waves of fire surged out like shockwaves, directly thwarting the onslaught of the young disciple, while simultaneously dispersing the ferocious avian and the sword aura.

The young disciple's gaze turned horrified and his complexion instantly became ashen. Blood traces adorned the corner of his mouth as he plummeted down.

"Bang!"

Su Yi's figure emerged, followed by a punch unleashed in one fluid motion. Accompanied by a muffled sound, the impact of his vital energy forcefully blasted his opponent off the arena.

Not far away, the youth with a phantom of a ferocious demon beast under his feet was startled by Su Yi's sudden approach, causing his complexion to change drastically. He had no choice but to wield his sword aura in defense.

However, the youth still collided with the ethereal manifestation of the demon beast formed by his vital energy.