

Sky&Earth 531

Chapter 531: Very Fierce!

"Plop!"

The young disciple had a really bad luck. He coughed up blood and was sent flying backward. He helplessly watched himself crash into the beast's shadow, unable to avoid it, and suffered a heavy blow.

The ferocious beast's shadow was also shattered by the impact, causing the young man to fall and stagger in his steps.

"Crackle!"

A streak of red light darted out, and Su Yi's figure appeared with a series of blurry afterimages. His fingers curled into a claw shape, and a red glow shimmered as it directly landed on the young man's shoulder.

His whole body erupted with a fierce and domineering aura. His black hair swirled, and faintly, one could hear the sound of bones breaking emanating from his shoulder.

"Go down!"

Su Yi shouted deeply, waved his hand fiercely, and unleashed a burst of red energy, which swept across the surroundings. The young man was directly sent flying, vomiting blood as he was thrown off the battleground.

On the battleground, only one young man remained. He had just been struck and was sent flying, coughing up blood as he crashed down. His sword had fallen to the side a while ago. As he struggled to get up, he suddenly saw Su Yi walking towards him, causing his heart to tremble for no apparent reason.

This direct disciple knew deep down that he couldn't possibly contend with him. Instinctively, he recoiled in fear, his face already pale as ashes.

Su Yi felt a surge of energy coursing through his body as he locked his gaze on the last young man in the arena. His hair fluttered, and his eyes emitted an intense red glow. He took three steps forward and positioned himself on the battleground, seemingly unconcerned with the presence of the young man.

All eyes in the arena were fixed upon Su Yi on the battleground, and in that moment, they were filled with awe and amazement.

Several direct disciples, each one of them being among the best disciples of this generation, possessed exceptional talent and potential.

But in front of Su Yi, the most talented among these direct disciples were completely defenseless, easily defeated in such a manner.

Many direct disciples who were watching felt a chill in their hearts.

Originally, many people were thinking that Su Yi's ability to defeat Zhang Diyun and others in the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords might have been exaggerated rumors.

Perhaps, it was with the help of the powerful demon beasts within the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords that Su Yi was able to roam freely and dominate.

But at this moment, they only truly understood when they witnessed it with their own eyes that Su Yi was indeed as terrifying as the rumors had described.

A teenager who was only fifteen or sixteen years old, and had only recently joined the Divine Sword School, yet possessed such unimaginable strength. If this is just the beginning, when he reaches the same age as them in a few more years, how much more powerful will he become?

The elders and Dharma Protectors on the high platform also had restless gazes.

"This guy, he's really fierce!" Elder Shangguan Hu exclaimed in awe.

"I missed it, I really missed it."

Beside Elder Shangguan Hu, there was an old man with an ethereal and wise aura. He constantly shook his head, with a slender figure, flowing white beard, and a kindly yet somewhat serious gaze. In this moment, it seemed like he was regretting something.

This elder is none other than Elder Ying Dang, whom Su Yi had encountered during his time at the Sword Hall. They had interacted before, leaving a strong impression on each other.

But at that time, Elder Ying Dang didn't pay much attention and didn't realize Su Yi's potential. Also, after spending some time outside the Divine Sword School, when he returned, he heard about what had happened to Su Yi.

In that moment, seeing Su Yi's performance with his own eyes, Elder Ying Dang felt a deep regret in his heart. He couldn't help but think how wonderful it would have been if he had taken Su Yi under his wing back in the Sword Hall.

"Is this young boy really Elder Su's disciple?"

Elder Ying Dang couldn't let go of his doubts and quietly asked Elder Shangguan Hu beside him, "Do you think this young boy is truly Elder Su's disciple? You know, Elder Su has never taken on any disciples all these years."

"There shouldn't be any lies."

Shangguan Hu forced a smile, knowing Elder Ying Dang's thoughts. Deep down, he also desired to take the young boy under his wing.

However, just a few days ago, Elder Su himself went to personally pick up the person. It's unlikely that it would be fake.

"Oh..."

Upon hearing this, Elder Ying Dang sighed. Observing the potential in Su Yi, he realized that even Elder Su, who had never taken on disciples before, might be considering accepting him as a student.

"Bang, bang, bang!"

All around the duel platform, the battle was equally intense.

Sixty-eight disciples, in the end, only sixteen remained on the sixteen duel platforms.

On each duel platform, only one person could remain, and everyone was each other's opponent.

The ones with slightly weaker cultivation strength teamed up with good coordination to surround and attack the strongest individual. However, this kind of cooperation was not always guaranteed.

Nan Liran, ranked seventh in the Sword Tower, wearing a flowing pale purple robe. His eyes sparkled brightly as he brandished her sword, making a resounding clang. With each step he took, his energy surged. He engaged in a fierce battle with his last two opponents, but he held his ground and didn't falter.

On Gu Chenyou's sharp and angular face, his eyebrows resembled a finely carved blade. His eyes flickered with a fiery red color, like flames dancing and shimmering. In his hand, his sword emitted a radiant light, sweeping through all directions. The sword's dazzling brilliance resembled a crimson wave, creating a surge like that of a raging sea.

The terrifying aura made the opponent tremble. They couldn't help but step back repeatedly, too afraid to confront it.

Among the direct disciples, Ying Qianqian, Gong Qi, Ou Luo, Qin Fang, and others, emerged as the pinnacle. They had an unspoken understanding, never before competing on a duel platform, but now their energy was unleashed.

The vibrant energy radiated like a shining sun, with waves of swordlight. Each of them clashed fiercely with their opponents, creating a resounding and awe-inspiring spectacle.

"They were all really impressive!"

Watching the intense battles on each dueling platform, the elders and Dharma Protectors on the elevated stage felt a sense of joy. They were pleased with the exceptional skills displayed by the disciples in this generation. It was a great fortune for the Divine Sword School.

On the dueling platform where Situ Muyang was, there were only two people left.

But Situ Muyang encountered an opponent, a cultivator with a cultivation level of Yuan Spirit Realm, at the fifth level. This opponent was ranked thirteenth in the Sword Tower.

Situ Liuyun's gaze also fell upon the dueling platform where Situ Muyang was. He felt a slight nervousness deep inside.

"Fight!"

The first one's sword glowed brightly, its power strong and constant. Situ Muyang wasn't afraid and skillfully dodged its sharpness. He wore the Wind Battle Armor, which had wings that fluttered, giving off an ancient aura. As a result, an unexplained force swept through the surroundings, causing fierce winds to howl and an overwhelming pressure to fill the air.

Under the protection of the Wind Battle Armor, Situ Muyang felt his entire body exuding a much greater aura. With this immense power, the very air around him seemed to tremble as he bravely charged towards his opponent.

As Situ Muyang's opponent, the young man's gaze was filled with seriousness. He never expected that such a young boy could be so strong and formidable.

He thought that no matter how talented Situ Muyang was, he was still a child. Considering he was the sect leader's son, all he had to do was defeat him and did nothing else that may hurt Situ Muyang.

But now, the young man realized that he had underestimated Situ Muiyang.

To his surprise, Situ Muiyang had become incredibly powerful and terrifying. He gave it his all, clearly surpassing his opponent in every aspect, yet he couldn't gain the slightest advantage.

"Great, let's continue!"

Situ Muiyang's fighting spirit soared, his lips curled, revealing his gleaming white teeth. A fierce smile of enthusiasm for battle formed at the corners of his mouth. With the Wind Battle Armor, his speed skyrocketed as he took advantage of his speed and low-altitude superiority, diving down like a hunting falcon, continuously launching ruthless attacks.

"Buzz..."

The wings of the Wind Battle Armor spread out, resembling countless sharp blades shining with a chilling and captivating light. It moved swiftly like lightning, accompanied by the howling of fierce winds.

"Zoom!"

The latter didn't hesitate at all. A radiant aura enveloped him, and the energy surged inside his body. The sword gleamed like a tide, as he put forth his full strength.

"Ding, ding, ding, ding..."

The golden spear kept striking unceasingly, creating sparks that flew through the air. A fierce gust of wind swept through, carrying blinding rays of light.

"Is this little guy so powerful?"

Right Dharma Protector was a little taken aback, considering Situ Muiyang to be an absolute prodigy, bordering on the realm of extraordinary.

Chapter 532: The Rematch With Jian Shiyi!

A smile emerged in Situ Liuyun's eyes, indicating that Situ Muiyang's strength was even stronger than he had imagined. With such an offensive onslaught, it seemed that the opponent wouldn't be able to hold on for much longer.

On the duel stage where Su Yi stood, the last young man's mouth had a trickle of blood flowing from the corner, and his body was in a disheveled state.

Su Yi picked up the fallen sword and planted it into the ground to support his body. The young man looked at Su Yi, his eyes filled with astonishment.

He didn't want to step down from the duel stage, but he couldn't bring himself to make another move. He was too weak to do so.

"Whoosh..."

Under the duel stage, a figure leaped into the air. It paused briefly in mid-air before gently landing in front of Su Yi.

This is a young man who appears to be in his early twenties. He is wearing a tight black battle suit that highlights his strong and well-proportioned figure. A gray cloak billows behind him, and his face has well-defined features, giving him a cold and stern expression.

Looking at the young man in front of him, Su Yi's eyes slightly raised, and a hint of a smile curled up at the corners of his mouth. This young man was none other than Jian Shiyi.

"I have always hoped to have the opportunity to truly fight in the Grand Swordsmanship Competition. I am very glad that you have made it this far, so that I will not have any regrets!"

Jian Shiyi looked at Su Yi, his eyes shimmering with a glint. He spoke in a soft voice, still carrying that coldness.

"You should go to another arena and maybe you can make it to the next round. Here, it seems like there's no hope!"

Looking at Jian Shiyi in front of him, Su Yi didn't waste any time. This was the moment Jian Shiyi had been waiting for: facing Su Yi in a duel.

And when it came to Jian Shiyi's abilities, Su Yi had a good idea within himself. Although Jian Shiyi lost the last time, there seemed to be some hidden cards up his sleeve.

At this moment, Su Yi sensed the aura emanating from Jian Shiyi's body. Su Yi suspected that in the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, this guy had also made some progress.

"Last time, I didn't give it my all!"

Jian Shiyi looked at Su Yi, and as he spoke, he shook his hand, causing a sword to appear. It was a three-foot treasure sword, shining in a mesmerizing black color, covered in ancient symbols. A faint glow emanated from the sword, creating a sense of pressure.

"Buzz buzz!"

The sword trembled slightly, and a subtle earthy energy fluctuated within Jian Shiyi's body. Suddenly, the sword burst with a resounding combination of wind and thunder, as if it had come alive. A tremendous pressure filled the air, causing the surrounding space to faintly tremble!

"If that's the case, then let's have a battle. I defeated you last time, and this time I'll defeat you again!"

Su Yi's expression remained unchanged, just as he had done in the previous encounter, he didn't fully exert himself.

And this time, inside the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, Jian Shiyi had opportunities for growth and improvement. He also experienced a stroke of luck.

"Jian Shiyi and Su Yi, it seems like they have already had a battle last time, right!"

As Jian Shiyi and Su Yi faced each other, the gazes of the entire crowd were instantly drawn towards them.

On the elevated platform, the elders and Dharma Protectors also had their attention captivated.

It was clear that those disciples who just appeared were far from being comparable to Jian Shiyi.

"This time, I won't give you another chance, take out your sword!"

Jian Shiyi looked at Su Yi and his precious sword started emitting a dark light. The ancient symbols on the blade moved mysteriously, and the shining light from the sword cut through the air, causing ripples in the surrounding atmosphere.

Jian Shiyi had a lingering fear from his previous defeat at the hands of Su Yi.

If this fear is not resolved, it may become a burden in his heart.

Feeling the energy emanating from Jian Shiyi at that moment, Su Yi's gaze shifted slightly. With a gentle smile, he said, "Last time, you were defeated by my sword. This time, do you think you can defeat me with your sword?"

As Su Yi finished speaking, he reached behind his back and pulled out a large knife. It appeared instantly in his hand.

The large knife emitted a radiant glow, but it was not ordinary. However, compared to the precious sword in Jian Shiyi's hand, it was clearly of a different level.

Just as Su Yi pulled out his knife, many onlookers couldn't help but gasp in astonishment.

"This is the Divine Sword School. Su Yi pulled out his sword and faced Jian Shiyi. Is he disrespecting Jian Shiyi?"

"The Divine Sword School is a place that treasures swordsmanship above all else. Su Yi, on the other hand, prefers using a knife instead. Does this mean that he looks down upon the sword techniques of the Divine Sword School?"

Whispers filled the air as some people commented, "This is the Divine Sword School, and yet, here is Su Yi, unsheathing his knife in front of Jian Shiyi."

Is Su Yi disrespecting Jian Shiyi or underestimating the sword techniques of the Divine Sword School?

"Well, well."

Jian Shiyi's eyes widened slightly, showing his disbelief. As the words slowly sank in, a deep, mysterious glimmer flickered in his eyes. His entire demeanor changed, emanating a strong and intense aura.

A person with a sword stood there, unshakable and immovable!

"Senior Jian Shiyi is going all out with this attack!"

"Brother Jian Shiyi lost unexpectedly last time, but this time, he won't let that Su Yi take advantage again!"

"Brother Jian Shiyi, you can do it! Defeat that arrogant person!"

Amidst the chatter and discussions all around, a voice suddenly rose in a loud cry.

After all, among the direct disciples and inner disciples present, there were very few who didn't hold a grudge against Su Yi.

They were unable to seek revenge anymore, and now they could only place their hopes on Jian Shiyi at this moment.

"Although Su Yi is arrogant, but after all, senior brother Zhang Diyun, ranked ninth, also lost. Although he was defeated by Su Yi and Situ Muyang working together, that Su Yi is indeed very powerful. Who will win or lose is still unknown."

Some disciples whispered, but they didn't dare to provoke anger, speaking in hushed tones.

Even the Dharma Protector and elders on the high platform, as well as the gaze of the sect leader Situ Liuyun, were now focused on Su Yi and Jian Shiyi, showing great interest.

The sword in his hand vibrated, and Jian Shiyi fixed his gaze on Su Yi, his eyes filled with intense determination. A surge of battle intent emanated from his deep eyes, engulfing his pupils, and a flickering darkness shone within.

He is Jian Shiyi, the last time he failed, it had become a burden in his heart. If he couldn't defeat the young man in front of him this time, it would become an obstacle on his journey of cultivation, a constant worry.

In this battle, he wants to win and unravel the burden in his heart!

"Fight!"

In the next moment, a loud shout came from Jian Shiyi's mouth, and a burst of light emerged from his sword. He swiftly shifted his energy and forcefully planted his feet on the ground. Then, with a sudden leap, his figure soared into the air, with the sword radiating a sparkling glow.

At the same time, from within Jian Shiyi's body, a powerful aura of cultivation at the Yuan Spirit Realm's fifth stage, even approaching the later stages of the Yuan Spirit Realm's fifth stage, was completely unleashed, causing a powerful surge that swept through with a loud boom.

"Not bad!"

Feeling the aura emanating from Jian Shiyi, many elders and Dharma Protectors on the high platform secretly admired him.

Such a disciple, with exceptional talent, had a promising future ahead of them!

"Whizz..."

As Jian Shiyi dashed forward, his figure appeared like a blurry shadow, swiftly skimming through the air at a low altitude. At the same time, the sword in his hand trembled with power.

In an instant, the gleaming swords transformed into blurry lights, slicing through the air with extraordinary sharpness. The movement was so swift that it caused ripples in the air, like the ripples on water, making a whizzing sound.

Suddenly, beams of radiant sword light burst forth, plunging downwards. In an instant, they swept over Su Yi's head, unleashing a formidable and fierce presence.

Chapter 533: The Sixteen!

A series of sharp sword energies spread out in all directions, sweeping through the area, causing many onlookers to tremble with anticipation.

"Jian Shiyi, a smart and clever boy, couldn't believe he had ended up in such a situation!"

Dharma Protectors and elders secretly held an expression of astonishment as they witnessed Jian Shiyi's remarkable sword strike.

Xu Jiahui, Zhang Qing, Qing Chao, and the others had already stepped back from the arena where the duel was taking place. They glanced up at Su Yi on the stage, their expressions filled with a hint of concern.

They were standing below the arena, and all of them could feel the unmatched sharpness of those sword lights.

The sword radiance enveloped them, and a fierce presence filled the air.

But in that moment, Su Yi activated the blade technique in his hand. Energy surged through his body, eventually gathering on the large knife.

"Buzz!"

In an instant, atop Su Yi's large knife, there seemed to echo a faint dragon's roar. A brilliant blade light shone forth, striking forward with unrivaled ferocity.

"Boom..."

"Ding dong..."

In an instant, a frightening aura erupted, causing a deafening thunderous sound. Along with the echoing sound of clanging, the clash of gold weapons reverberated. A powerful gust of wind and waves of energy surged, spreading in all directions. It was an awe-inspiring sight, even from a distance, causing intense excitement and trembling.

"Clomp clomp!"

The strong wind swept in forcefully, causing Su Yi to stumble back three steps. As he moved, the ground beneath him trembled slightly, but it remained incredibly sturdy.

"Swoosh..."

But Jian Shiyi was not like this at all. His body slid along the ground, retreating several meters in a straight line. A look of shock quickly replaced the expression on his face.

"It's my turn now!"

Su Yi, who was prepared beforehand, managed to steady himself after the third step. With a stomp of his foot, his inner energy surged from the sole of his foot, and he dashed forward with a flurry of afterimages.

"Tyrant Dragon Whirlwind Slash!"

Su Yi's inner energy surged through his meridians, gathering into the blade. At the same time, he unleashed the second strike of the Three Sabres of the Raging Dragon, the Tyrant Dragon Whirlwind Slash, with a powerful swing of his knife.

The blade spun around, like a flash of lightning, resembling a curved moon cutting through the empty sky.

The terrifying pressure was fiercely violent, as if a raging dragon was dancing. The light shone brilliantly, the sound of the blade was piercing, causing one's soul to tremble!

This scene caused the gazes from the entire audience to change color.

The one whose expression changed the most was Jian Shiyi. The fierce power of that strike made him feel uneasy.

When it happened quickly, Jian Shiyi's gaze turned serious, and the speed and power of that strike made it impossible for him to dodge.

Infused with energy, Jian Shiyi swung his sword using complex sword techniques. The sword hummed and vibrated as Jian Shiyi held it with both hands, and then he unleashed a powerful strike.

In that moment, Jian Shiyi's face turned pale as if all the strength in his body had been drained by that single strike. It felt as if he had put forth his utmost effort!

"Whoosh..."

With a single strike, the black light surged like lightning, causing dark sword energy waves to ripple and surge around him, as if it awakened the very essence of the void.

This mighty strike from Jian Shiyi showcased his terrifying power, unstoppable bravery, and the ability to cut through anything.

"Sword King Mighty Strike!"

On the high platform, the elders exclaimed in astonishment, their faces turning pale.

The Sword King Mighty Strike, known as King Grade advanced sword skill of the Divine Sword School, requires remarkable understanding to practice it successfully.

Moreover, it is highly unlikely for practitioners in the Yuan Spirit Realm to successfully cultivate it, but Jian Shiyi before us has indeed succeeded.

Among the elders present, Elder Mei Huaye couldn't help but smile to himself at this moment. He absentmindedly stroked his small goatee, which was nestled in his eye-catching brown eyes, with a sense of satisfaction.

Jian Shiyi was his direct disciple. Although Su Yi couldn't become his disciple, at the moment, it seemed unlikely that Su Yi would surpass his own direct disciple.

"Ding!"

On the dueling stage, the clash of weapons was loud and sharp. Sparks flew and a radiant aura of energy soared, shaking the entire dueling platform.

For many onlooking disciples, the dueling platform was engulfed in strong gusts of powerful energy, making it difficult to see the outcome between Su Yi and Jian Shiyi.

"I told you, you are just as defeated!"

On the dueling platform, Su Yi's shout rang out, accompanied by a fierce heatwave that made people's hairs stand on end, accompanied by a crimson glow.

In the shining red light, Su Yi emerged, his hair swaying backward. A smile curved at the corner of his lips as he swiftly moved. In the blink of an eye, Jian Shiyi's face turned pale and he staggered backward. A palm imprint landed directly on Jian Shiyi's body.

"Boom!"

The palm imprint crashed and a muffled sound echoed, with a glow of red filling the air.

"Plop..."

Without any chance to turn back, Jian Shiyi spit out a mouthful of fresh blood and his body was sent flying backwards. He flew in a straight line, crashing heavily outside the dueling platform and landing with a thud beneath it.

"Bang!"

The ground shook as Jian Shiyi fell down, sword and all. His mouth and chest were covered in vivid red blood, and his face turned as pale as ashes. In his deep, intense gaze, a profound sense of shock surged up from within.

The gazes of those present in the room changed color, filled with astonishment and shock.

"Jian Shiyi lost!"

The disciples around took a while to recover their senses, realizing that Jian Shiyi had indeed lost.

This time, Jian Shiyi was defeated directly. In just a few moves, he was forcefully knocked off the stage, suffering a heartbreaking loss.

On the high platform, the elders and Dharma Protectors gazed at Su Yi, their eyes filled with a revealing expression, indicating everything.

Elder Mei Huaye's face showed a mix of emotions. His most proud disciple had unexpectedly suffered such a clear and decisive defeat.

In Situ Liuyun's eyes, there were sparkling lights, shimmering and flowing within his gaze.

"Boss Su Yi won!"

Underneath the battle stage, Zhang Qing, Qing Chao, Wang Fan, Xu Jiahui, and others were filled with joy. They were even more excited than if they had won themselves.

For themselves, being able to stand here today, they were already content and satisfied.

On the battle stage, Su Yi sheathed his large sword, his body radiating a hidden power of vibrant red energy.

In a land far away, there was a young boy who carried a sword on his back. He had black, shoulder-length hair and a handsome face. His slim and upright figure somehow made people's hearts tremble for no reason.

Defeating Jian Shiyi, everything went as Su Yi had expected. Jian Shiyi had indeed achieved another breakthrough, reaching the fifth level of the Yuan Spirit Realm. But even so, Su Yi had also advanced within the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, reaching the fifth level of the Yuan Spirit Realm. In terms of cultivation level, Su Yi had the advantage.

His gaze swept across the battle stage, and it seemed like there were not many people left. Many had already been knocked off the battle stage.

"Bang!"

Not far away, there was a muffled sound, and a figure coughed up blood before flying backwards and falling from the battle stage.

On the battle stage, there was only one young boy left. The brightness of his white battle armor had dimmed a little, and there was a slight trace of bloodstain at the corner of his mouth. However, he still exuded an extraordinary aura from within, unchanged in temperament. His face carried a satisfied smile, and his gaze immediately turned towards Su Yi. It was Situ MUYANG.

Su Yi nodded in agreement. He wasn't surprised by Situ Muyang's victory. As long as Situ Muyang didn't encounter opponents ranked within the top ten of the Sword Tower, he would have no problem advancing to the next round.

Last time Situ Muyang fought against Zhang Diyun, who ranked ninth in the Sword Tower, he didn't suffer much loss.

"Plop..."

"Boom boom..."

On each battle stage, there were figures falling down, spitting out blood. Many of the battle stages were left with only one person.

Su Yi's gaze swept across and he saw many familiar figures - Nan Liran, Qin Fang, Gu Chenyou...

Suddenly, Su Yi felt several pairs of eyes landing on him, carrying a sharp and cold gaze.

Chapter 534: The Battle of the Front Eight!

Following an invisible sensation, Su Yi's gaze wandered and he saw several graceful figures - Mu Yao, Gong Qi, Ying Qianqian...

There was a man whose eyes gleamed with coldness, looking at Su Yi. He gave a faint and cold smile, then lowered his gaze. He had a tall and slender figure, accentuated by his white clothes, resulting in a calm demeanor.

Su Yi smiled faintly, it seemed that Yun Lingfeng had completely set his sights on him. It would be best if he didn't provoke him, otherwise there would be no need to be polite.

"Bang!"

On the final showdown stage, the last figure was sent flying. Only sixteen people remained on the sixteen showdown stages.

"Ding..."

When the last figure landed on the showdown stage, the sound of a bell resonated throughout Spirit Sword Peak.

"The first round is over!"

The voice of Dharma Protector Hou Changming resonated across Spirit Sword Peak. His gaze swept over the sixteen disciples on the showdown stages, and he couldn't help but feel moved. He said, "The sixteen disciples advancing to the next round may take a brief rest right here, tending to their wounds. After half an incense stick's worth of time, they will proceed to the next round of duels. As for the defeated disciples, they shall leave the inner area."

The sound echoed, and the entire place buzzed with talk, gathering together in a loud and bustling manner.

The whole place erupted in commotion as people discussed the sixteen individuals standing on the showdown stage at that moment.

On the elevated platform, some of the elders felt joyous while others felt disappointed. The elders who didn't have any disciples advancing to the next round couldn't help but feel unhappy.

"Liu Yunchuan is unbeatable!"

"Gong Qi!"

"Senior Brother Qin Fang"

"..."

Among the disciples watching, some cheered for the person standing on the dueling platform. At this moment, every disciple still able to stand on the platform was already a reputed figure within the Divine Sword School, having a following of dedicated followers.

Of course, Su Yi, Mu Yao, and Situ MUYANG were exceptions, as nobody in the crowd seemed to be cheering for them.

Especially Su Yi and Situ MUYANG, there were quite a few disciples in the crowd who held a grudge against them.

"Boss Su Yi, we'll go down first," said Zhang Qing, Qing Chao, Xu Jiahui, and others to Su Yi from a distance. They walked out of the inner field, knowing that the next match had nothing to do with them anymore.

Those who were seriously injured and unable to leave the inner field were helped by other disciples from the Divine Sword School.

Su Yi nodded at Xu Jiahui, Zhang Qing, and others, then glanced around the surroundings.

At this moment, on the sixteen duel platforms, almost all of the familiar figures could be seen. Situ MUYANG, Mu Yao, Ying Qianqian, Gong Qi, Yun Lingfeng, Liu Yunchuan, Ouluo, Gu Chenyou, Nan Liran, Jiang Xiwen, Qin Fang...

To Su Yi's surprise, he hadn't expected Zhang Diyun to be among them. It was likely that this guy had obtained quite a few Sword-patterned Stones later on, which allowed him to enter the top sixty-eight.

There were also three young individuals, and Su Yi had seen them before in the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords.

From the shouts of the disciples who were watching around, it seemed these three young individuals were called Ouyang Ran, Xia Changqing, and Yue Shanhe. These young individuals themselves were likely to hold high ranks in the Sword Tower.

On the duel platform, among the remaining sixteen people, many took advantage of the brief break to quickly consume pills, closed their eyes slightly, and focused on cultivating and restoring their energy, aiming to achieve their best condition.

In the recent battle, although only the strongest remained, some participants were still injured to varying degrees and had expended energy. No one dared to be careless during the fierce competition.

Everyone knew deep down that those who had survived until the end possessed greater strength compared to those who had just been defeated. In the next round, regardless of the opponent they would face, it would be a fierce battle and far from being easy.

Situ Muyang's Wind Battle Armor closed up, conserving energy. He hurriedly consumed a pill and secretly meditated to restore his strength. His young face showed determination, without any hint of carelessness.

At this moment, Situ Muyang also realized that these direct disciples of the Divine Sword School were not weak either.

In the distance, on top of Spirit Sword Peak, a tall mountain, a slender figure appeared silently. The lush green face and the small, child-like physique seemed mismatched, but there was an invisible aura emanating from the figure, causing an inexplicable shiver in anyone who felt it.

It was Elder Su Kuangge who arrived, and he looked towards Spirit Sword Peak in the distance. His eyes shimmered with a glint as if he was trying to see something hidden.

On top of Spirit Sword Peak, shouts, calls, and discussions echoed, creating a bustling and lively atmosphere, reaching up to the heavens.

"Ding..."

The melodic chime echoed once more, silencing the bustling noise once again.

On the stage of the duel, many half-closed eyes suddenly opened, shimmering with radiance.

"Boom..."

In that very instant, on all sixteen dueling platforms, a sudden shimmering light appeared, causing the ancient and weathered platforms to come alive. Glowing patterns resembling mysterious symbols emerged, spreading an overwhelming aura.

"Rumble, rumble..."

The entire square trembled, as if dancing to a magical tune. The dueling platforms glided across the square, emanating a radiant glow and filling the air with an enchanting energy. They rumbled incessantly, as if whispering secrets to the wind.

Sixteen dueling platforms moved within the arena, like chess pieces being pushed by invisible hands. They crisscrossed and changed positions, creating a mesmerizing sight.

Su Yi was surprised, as if witnessing some kind of magical technique.

Stepping onto the dueling platform, Su Yi stood tall and unwavering. Around him, the dueling platforms shifted and transformed, creating a mesmerizing spectacle. Figures darted and vanished before his eyes, like fleeting shadows.

"Boom..."

Suddenly, the sixteen dueling platforms collided, each one crashing into another, completely merging and connecting together, transforming into eight dueling platforms.

On each of the eight dueling platforms, there were two figures standing.

Su Yi looked up and before him, on the merged dueling platform, stood one of the three direct disciples called Ouyang Ran, Xia Changqing, and Yue Shanhe.

The young man, appearing to be around twenty or twenty-one years old, wore a bright red robe. He kept his gaze lowered, as if lost in his own world, completely unaffected by the commotion on the

Heavenly Stairs. His slender and graceful fingers lightly held a precious sword, while long eyelashes formed an attractive curve on his lowered eyelids.

Su Yi simply glanced at it, not paying much attention to it and not being careless either. His eyes then curiously scanned the surroundings.

On the other dueling platforms, at this moment, Mu Yao was facing Nan Liran, Yun Lingfeng was facing Jiang Xiwen, Ying Qianqian was facing Zhang Diyun, and Gong Qi was facing Qin Fang.

And Ou Luo and Gu Chenyou, in turn, faced two of Ouyang Ran, Xia Changqing, and Yue Shanhe.

Finally, Situ Muyang found himself facing Liu Yunchuan, who was ranked first in the Sword Tower!

As Situ Muyang faced Liu Yunchuan, Su Yi furrowed his brow with a hint of concern.

"Boom..."

When the eight dueling platforms merged successfully, the energy on the dueling platforms dissipated, the light faded away, and everything returned to calm.

"Before each of you is your opponent for this round, everything depends on luck!"

Dharma Protector Hou Changming stood in front of the high platform, his voice filled with energy, echoing throughout Spirit Sword Peak as he said, "The second round, begins now!"

The sound echoed, like a booming thunder that resonated, shaking the empty space!

Chapter 535: Ouyang Ran's True Trump Card!

"Boom!"

As the sound spread, the whole place began to tremble.

One by one, the disciples watching closely fixed their gaze on the stage of the duel, feeling their breaths quicken with nervousness. It seemed that they were even more nervous than when it was their turn to step on the stage.

"Liu Yunchuan, go for it!"

"Elder Brother Yun Lingfeng! Cheer up!"

"Martial Sister Ying Qianqian is unbeatable!"

"..."

Various shouts erupted in an instant, creating a burst of excitement that soared into the sky!

Among the crowd, Zhang Qing, Xu Jiahui, Qing Chao, and several other disciples from the Thirty-Sixth Sword Peak, who were mixed in with the crowd, had originally intended to cheer and shout for Su Yi and Situ Muyang.

But they also knew how much Su Yi and Situ Muyang were resented by others, especially by inner disciples and direct disciples. They didn't dare to shout loudly, so they could only silently support them.

Shouts erupted and the excitement soared into the sky!

On the stage, the sixteen participants were young and full of energy. They had the natural desires for recognition and pride that come with youth. They were immediately influenced by the atmosphere and felt a surge of excitement in their veins.

"Boom!"

On each dueling platform, a wave of energy suddenly surged forth.

They were all fellow disciples from the same generation. They had trained together and gotten to know each other well. There was no need for them to be cautious or reserved with one another.

"Fight!"

"Zoom!"

In an instant, someone made a sudden move.

Nan Liran forward and attacked. His light purple robe fluttered in the wind as his sword sliced through the air, leaving a trail of shining light.

A young man also stepped forward, filled with power. His sword, a deep red color, seemed to pulsate with vibrant energy, resembling flowing blood. A fierce and intimidating aura surrounded him as his sword unleashed a sweeping wave of radiance. With immense strength, he aimed the sword towards Ou Luo and swiftly struck.

"Come on!"

Ou Luo calmly spoke, his face still displaying elegance and handsomeness. His eyebrows resembled sharp sword blades, emitting an inexplicable force. He lightly tapped the ground, leaping down with grace. Drawing his sword from its sheath, he displayed unmatched strength. Instantly, he engaged in a fierce battle with the other person.

In an instant, on each duel platform, there was a sudden clash.

"Bang, bang, bang..."

The clash of energy resounded, the sound was deafening, as if golden weapons clashed, creating a powerful and melodious thunderous sound.

The energy was like waves, crashing and sweeping over everything in all directions.

In front of Su Yi, the young man also looked up, revealing a handsome face in Su Yi's eyes. However, the shining sparkles in his eyes were not to be underestimated.

"Boom!"

In just an instant, the young man's aura of being at the fifth level of the Yuan Spirit Realm burst forth without holding back. He slightly tilted his head, his expression becoming a bit serious, and looked directly at Su Yi. He said, "I am Ouyang Ran, ranked fourteenth in the Sword Tower!"

As the words fell, Jian Shiyi fixed his gaze tightly on Su Yi. He had noticed Jian Shiyi's defeat just now.

Although Jian Shiyi was ranked just below him, Ouyang Ran was well aware of Jian Shiyi's strength.

That ranking has been unchanged for a long time. If he were to face Jian Shiyi again, there is no guarantee that he would be able to win once more.

"Ouyang Ran."

Su Yi nodded and smiled slightly, saying, "I will remember!"

"I heard that you are a disciple of Elder Su, but I won't hold back either!" Ouyang Ran said, looking at Su Yi in this way.

"No need to hold back, anyway I won't let you win!"

Su Yi said seriously, "I heard that the reward for the champion of the Grand Swordsmanship Competition held by the Divine Sword School this time is said to be very generous, with numerous great benefits. Naturally, I cannot afford to take it lightly."

"Okay, I also want to personally give it a try and see for myself whether you are as strong as the rumors say!"

As Ouyang Ran finished speaking, his hand seals quietly formed, and a powerful surge of inner energy burst out from within him. It seemed as if a fiery red mist had formed in front of him, releasing an intense heat that filled the air and shook the empty space!

"Swoosh..."

Su Yi's heart raced as Ouyang Ran made his move. Ouyang Ran's feet lightly touched the ground, and in an instant, his figure shot forward, moving as if stepping on a trail of fiery red mist. A fierce and mighty aura surged from him, while his sword gleamed like lightning, piercing through the empty space towards Su Yi's forehead.

His speed was incredibly fast, with a combination of fierceness and sharpness, moving swiftly and with unmatched agility.

In the Sword Tower, Ouyang Ran holds the impressive rank of fourteenth. It's clear that his reputation is well-deserved and not just for show.

Being able to stand on the stage of the duel at this moment is enough to prove the true talent and ability of Ouyang Ran.

"Not bad!"

On the elevated platform, many elders and Dharma Protectors had been keeping a close eye on Su Yi. In this moment, as they observed Ouyang Ran's relentless attacks, they couldn't help but be filled with admiration.

"Ha ha..."

This sword was so fast that Su Yi couldn't even dodge in time.

Feeling a swift sword approaching his forehead, Su Yi's eyes widened in alarm. With a radiant glow beneath his feet, he quickly stepped back, his figure rapidly retreating.

"Whoosh!"

The dazzling sword radiated a fearsome light, causing the air to ripple and filling it with a whooshing sound.

Su Yi's pursuer, Ouyang Ran, closely shadowed his every move. Suddenly, the tip of Ouyang Ran's sword quivered, and a surge of intense heat split it into two, resembling fiery serpents. One aimed directly at Su Yi's forehead, while the other swiftly lunged for his chest.

Su Yi was quite astonished by the unexpected and mysterious changes in Ouyang Ran's sword.

After a brief moment of surprise, Su Yi's radiant energy beneath his feet became even more dazzling. His energy flowed through his veins like a rushing river, increasing in speed exponentially. In an instant, he transformed into a blur, swiftly dodging the two fiery serpent-like sword lights, narrowly escaping to the side.

Seeing that Su Yi managed to evade his own attack in the blink of an eye, Ouyang Ran was astonished. He seemed surprised that Su Yi's speed could be so incredibly fast.

But then Ouyang Ran's face lit up with a smile, as if everything had gone just as he had expected.

Ouyang Ran swung his sword with all his might, yet this was not his true secret move.

He knew how formidable Su Yi was. The fact that Su Yi had already defeated Jian Shiyi proved everything. How could he not have a plan?

In that very moment, Ouyang Ran felt a powerful surge of heat coursing through his left arm. It was as if there was a blazing flame ready to engulf his entire arm.

In the next moment, Ouyang Ran's fingers clenched into a fist, glowing with a bright red light. The intense heat burst forth, causing his face to appear somewhat ethereal in the high temperature.

"I'm sorry to tell you, but this is actually my true trump card!"

A confident Ouyang Ran let out a proud and self-assured shout. His fist, blazing with fiery energy like swirling flames, directly pummeled towards Su Yi.

Seeing Ouyang Ran's movement, he quickly launched another attack. It was clear that he had prepared for this. The disciples watching around fell silent for a moment and then cries of astonishment erupted.

"The Flame Fist, Martial Brother Ouyang Ran is already prepared!"

"Ouyang Ran is deliberately trying to lure Su Yi, but Su Yi's battle skills and experience are still too inexperienced!"

Sounds of amazement filled the air, one after another.

"Su Yi, it looks like you have to stop now!"

In the crowd of onlookers, there were many eyes filled with spite, hoping that Su Yi would come to a halt.

These people, including Futeng Guang, Teng Ming, and others, who have been directly or indirectly affected by Su Yi, naturally didn't want him to proceed to the next round.

On the high platform, at this moment, many elders and Dharma Protectors also looked intently.

"Ouyang Ran is quite clever."

Some elders appreciated it. The showdown between the two was not just about strength, but also about battle experience and skills. It was clear that Ouyang Ran's skills and experience were showing their extraordinary nature at this moment.

Everything happened quickly, with changes on the showdown platform occurring in the blink of an eye.

As Su Yi watched the punch approaching with a hot and powerful aura, a glimmer of red light filled his eyes. He felt a surge of heat emanating from within him.

At the same time, Su Yi's mouth curved into a gentle smile, and a soft voice came out, saying, "I'm sorry, but it seems like your hidden card is a bit weak!"

As Su Yi spoke these words, he raised his arm and shook it. With a burst of fiery energy, he threw another punch.

In an instant, a terrifying aura surged above Su Yi's fist. It burst into a brilliant flame and unleashed a burst of wild power towards the empty space in front of him. It caused a fierce and intense explosion of heat and strength in the vacuum ahead.

"Splish, splash..."

To the naked eye, Su Yi's fist was filled with strength that resembled waves of fire. With a force that could overturn mountains and seas, it came crashing down, causing ripples to spread through the air.

Everything was happening so quickly, and it was clear that Su Yi was prepared as well.

When all of this happened, many gazes changed, and even the once confident Ouyang Ran found himself dumbfounded with a stunned expression on his face.

"Boom!"

At this moment, he had no choice but to release it. Seeing Su Yi, who seemed equally prepared, Ouyang Ran had no other option. He infused all his energy into his left fist.

Just as the two fists collided, within Ouyang Ran's left fist, the power surged even higher. The punching shadows became blurry, and the air around them felt as if boiling water had met with ice, creating a strange sound.

Above Su Yi's fist, before it collided, a dreadful force suddenly erupted.

This is the Flaming Shadow Fist, derived from the Heavenly Tiger Art within the Divine Demonic Ancient Verse. The Heavenly Tiger Art focuses on "force" as its core, harnessing the power to dominate throughout history. It has the ability to crush decay and overwhelm any enemy!

"Hmm..."

In that instant, the elders and Dharma Protectors on the high platform were visibly moved, as if they had sensed something.

Long story short, the two fists collided in an instant!

"Boom!"

In an instant, two scorching auras erupted like flames, splattering countless sparks. Accompanied by a thunderous explosive sound, a ring of fiery waves gushed out from the point of collision between the two fists.

Suddenly, a blazing wave of intense heat swept through, causing the surrounding air to become unbearably hot. Even the empty space trembled in response.

"Plop..."

In the blazing momentum, a figure suddenly flew backward, spewing out blood from the mouth. It heavily crashed onto the edge of the arena, and its body slid back nearly a dozen meters, uncontrollably falling off the arena.

As the force dissipated, on the arena, Su Yi staggered back two steps before steadying himself, and the overwhelming power around him dissipated completely.

Everyone in the room was amazed when they saw this scene. They couldn't believe their eyes.

"Boss Su Yi is amazing!"

Zhang Qing, Qing Chao, and others couldn't help but cheer as Su Yi once again defeated his opponent, securing his place in the top eight.

"This young man has such a strong presence, it can't be my Divine Sword School's cultivation method. Even I find him a bit hard to understand!"

On the elevated platform, Dharma Protector Zhu Chang stood prominently at the back. He gazed at Su Yi, who was currently on the arena, with eyes full of astonishment.

Chapter 536: Situ Muyang's Secret Weapons

"Elder Zhangsun, what do you think?"

Situ Liuyun's eyes were shining with a constant sparkle. He turned towards Elder Zhangsun who was standing on his left and asked in a soft voice.

"That's interesting!"

Elder Zhangsun simply uttered three words, his dark eyes shimmering with a mysterious glow.

Down on the dueling stage, Ouyang Ran struggled to get back on his feet. He looked disheveled, with blood trickling from the corner of his mouth. His eyes seemed blank and shocked, as if he couldn't believe he had been defeated.

As the one directly involved, Ouyang Ran could truly sense the terrifying power behind Su Yi's recent punch.

That momentum was incredibly frightening!

Su Yi stood on the dueling stage, his gaze sweeping across the surroundings. He realized that no matter who made it to the next round, they would all be his opponents. He believed that knowing his adversaries well would lead him to countless victories.

"Puff..."

Someone coughed up blood and flew backwards, crashing onto the dueling stage.

The person being sent flying backwards was Yun Lingfeng's opponent, Jiang Xiwen. His inner energy shattered upon impact, leaving him disheveled. He had several sword wounds on his body, with blood flowing steadily.

"I lost!"

Jiang Xiwen spoke, knowing that he was no match. The difference between them was too great.

Yun Lingfeng's expression was indifferent, as if everything was expected. Then, his gaze shifted towards the dueling stage where Su Yi was positioned.

As Yun Lingfeng caught sight of the young man in the blue robe still standing there, a slight curl of coldness appeared at the corner of his mouth.

"Bang!"

A faint purple figure was thrown backward from the dueling stage, crashing onto the ground. It was Mu Yao's opponent, Nan Liran.

"How is this possible? How could you be so strong!"

Under the dueling stage, Nan Liran stood up. His pale face lifted, and he looked at the young girl in the orange clothes, his eyes filled with astonishment.

"Squawk!"

Not far away, from the dueling stage came a fierce bird's cry, and a dazzling light burst forth. From under Situ Muyang's feet, there emerged a shadow of a black giant eagle, spreading its wings and soaring into the sky for a few meters. Its black light filled the air, and its fierce eyes resembled a small blood-red moon, giving off a menacing and intimidating aura.

"Roarrrr..." As the shadow of the black giant eagle appeared, radiating a powerful aura, it caused the whole arena to tremble in fear.

"Transforming from energy, is this the Dark Phantom Falcon?"

Some people exclaimed, "This is the Dark Phantom Falcon, a true demon beast."

"Fight!" Situ Muyang's eyes were filled with determination, shining brightly. His hair was already disheveled as he soared through the air on the Dark Phantom Falcon, emitting a powerful and fierce black light. He descended towards Liu Yunchuan, aiming to suppress him, causing even the surrounding emptiness to tremble.

"It turns out it was the Dark Phantom Falcon!"

Liu Yunchuan smiled gently, dressed in a simple cloud robe. His appearance seemed calm and elegant, but at this moment, his aura burst forth, completely transforming him.

"Boom!"

Liu Yunchuan, who possessed the power of the golden element, extended his hand. With a dazzling golden light emanating from his palm, he struck ahead.

His handprint expanded as it faced the wind, instantly growing to the size of several meters before descending from the empty space with a powerful strike.

Situ Muiyang faced off against the Dark Phantom Falcon. They collided with each other, causing a burst of light and a thunderous sound. A powerful wind swept through, shaking the empty space!

But the Dark Phantom Falcon was shattered by the impact. Liu Yunchuan's strength was simply too powerful.

"Boom!"

As Situ Muiyang's presence grew stronger, the Wind Battle Armor fluttered and lifted him into the air. A fierce wind whistled around him as a radiant light shone like the rising sun. With a forceful and sharp movement, he stomped down directly towards Liu Yunchuan with great power and determination!

This is Situ Muiyang's Stormy Wave Kick, which made the empty space boil. Light and storms gathered, creating a resounding and ear-shattering force that seemed to shatter the void, leaving people's hearts trembling with fear!

Liu Yunchuan's eyes showed a slight change, but at the same time, he didn't retreat. Instead, he punched directly upwards to clash head-on.

As he raised his hand, the punch unleashed a surge of electric energy that crackled through the air. It carried a fierce and dominating force!

The fists collided with a loud and thunderous bang, causing the residual energy to scatter and create powerful shockwaves. The howling gale swept through like a raging flood.

"Swoosh... clomp clomp..."

Situ Muiyang, wearing his Wind Battle Armor, was sent flying with a powerful impact. As he finally landed, he stumbled backward a few steps, his face turning pale. At that moment, the glow of his Wind Battle Armor also started to fade significantly

"Very strong!"

Su Yi's gaze fell upon Liu Yunchuan's figure. Su Yi had a clear understanding of Situ Muiyang's strength. With his cultivation at the fourth stage of the Yuan Spirit Realm, along with his natural talent and the powerful Wind Battle Armor, he could easily contend with most fifth-stage cultivators of the Yuan Spirit Realm without being defeated.

Liu Yunchuan, also known as Liu, seemed to be fighting without holding back, but Su Yi could sense that Liu had been holding back his true strength throughout the battle.

Situ Muiyang steadied himself, stopping his retreat. He planted his foot firmly on the ground and fixed his gaze upon Liu Yunchuan in front of him. His expression showed no trace of carelessness, but there was an unwavering determination in his eyes. He quickly formed hand seals in his hands.

"Boom!"

As Situ Muiyang formed his hand seals, his body started to emit energy waves. The Wind Battle Armor on his body shattered, but from within him, a profound black light emerged.

In an instant, a deep and mysterious black light enveloped Situ Muiyang, transforming into a protective armor that covered his entire body. His figure began to grow bigger.

"This little boy..."

On the elevated platform, Situ Liuyun's eyebrows slightly raised, and his gaze was fixed on the dueling stage. He felt a mixture of anticipation and concern, making him a bit nervous.

The entire crowd couldn't help but gasp as they witnessed Situ Muyang's body visibly grow larger. His once clear gaze turned icy and sharp while his body seemed to be covered in shiny black scales.

At this moment, Situ Muyang seemed to have transformed into a fierce humanoid bird. The surrounding energy surged, causing even the air to tremble with a mighty gust.

At that moment, mysterious patterns started appearing on Situ Muyang's body. These patterns were ancient and held tremendous power, connecting him to the energies of the heavens and the earth.

From Situ Muyang's body, faint echoes of ancient bird cries could be heard, resonating through the empty space and causing a harmonious response from all directions.

In a fleeting moment, the demon beasts living near Spirit Sword Peak seemed to sense something. They roared and trembled in response, echoing the unknown.

"Boom!"

On the stage of confrontation, a powerful surge of invisible energy from the heavens and earth flowed into Situ Muyang's body. It filled him with great strength, causing his presence to grow. The entire stage of the duel trembled in response.

The stage of the duel had already been prepared beforehand, otherwise, at this moment, it would surely crumble into pieces.

Su Yi's eyes flickered, and from a distance, he could sense the terrifying aura emanating from Situ Muyang's body. This must be his true trump card, he thought to himself.

At that moment, Situ Muyang emitted a strange aura, and Su Yi could still sense a hint of a supernatural presence coming from him.

This presence was eerie but not evil, ancient and vast, exuding a tremendous sense of awe!

"Fight!"

With a loud shout, Situ Muyang stood tall and his figure burst out like a majestic eagle spreading its wings. His right hand extended, fingers slightly bent, covered in thick black scales that gleamed with a mysterious darkness. It seemed as if they were made of a black divine metal, expanding and swelling in size.

"Haha..."

As the claws passed, the empty space bore five straight marks, leaving indents in the air. They tore through the atmosphere with a frightening force, astonishing everyone in the audience with wide-eyed amazement!

At this moment, Liu Yunchuan was completely surprised. His eyes dimmed, and his robe fluttered. A precious sword appeared in his hand. The sword crackled with an aura of wind and thunder. In an instant, countless sword glimmers shot out, twinkling and arranging themselves, eventually forming a small tide of sword glimmers.

The wave of sword glimmers, fierce and powerful, collided with the ripples emanating from Situ Muyang's claw. They clashed with great force and then shattered at the same moment.

"Splash!"

The dazzling light and powerful waves of energy spread in all directions. A sword and a claw forcefully broke through the barrier, emerging from the gust of terrifying wind. Finally, they collided with a resounding impact.

"Ding dong..."

The sword glimmer and claw imprint collided, making a loud clang that echoed, and sparks flew in all directions.

On the high platform, at this moment, Situ MUYANG and many elders furrowed their brows with concern.

"Swoosh..."

Inside the claw imprint of Situ MUYANG, sparks flew and golden weapons clashed without stopping. Then, he stumbled back with unsteady steps.

With each step Situ MUYANG took back, the dark aura on his body and claw imprint dissipated, and his figure returned to normal.

When Situ MUYANG finally steadied himself and stepped back, he retreated to the edge of the arena. His face turned pale, with a hint of blood at the corner of his mouth. On the palm of his hand, a sword mark appeared, oozing fresh drops of blood.

Liu YUNCHUAN also took several steps back, his neatly tied black hair with a bamboo hairpin becoming slightly disheveled.

"Give me two more years, no, one year is enough, I will definitely defeat you!"

Situ MUYANG looked at Liu YUNCHUAN, using his sleeve to wipe away the blood from the corner of his mouth. He spoke seriously.

As soon as he finished speaking, Situ MUYANG turned around and swiftly leaped off the arena.

He already knew that he couldn't defeat Liu YUNCHUAN at present.

Watching Situ MUYANG's figure from behind, Liu YUNCHUAN's gaze shifted slightly, but at that moment, his heart was filled with astonishment.

Situ MUYANG, at such a young age, had already reached such a state.

At this tender age, he couldn't even compare.

At that moment, Liu YUNCHUAN couldn't help but start doubting his own natural abilities that he had always been proud of. Compared to the young boy in front of him, what were his own talents even worth?

"He truly lived up to his journey from there..."

On the high platform, the second elder, Changsun Liuren, and the third elder, Wu Chaoyang, both marveled and were overwhelmed by what they saw.

In Situ MUYANG's eyes, a hint of amusement emerged, quietly fading away, leaving him calm once again.

As the disciples gathered around, those who had just witnessed the battle between Situ Muiyang and Liu Yunchuan were still absorbed in astonishment.

Although Situ Muiyang voluntarily stepped down from the stage of the duel, at this moment, no one dared to doubt his strength anymore.

How many disciples from the entire Divine Sword School of this generation were capable of making Liu Yunchuan draw his sword?

What's more, Situ Muiyang was so young, yet he possessed such terrifying power!

No one would doubt that if they were the same age, Liu Yunchuan probably wouldn't be able to match Situ Muiyang. That's what truly makes Situ Muiyang exceptional!

"Plop..."

"Bang!"

The duels on the fighting stage around also reached their final moments, filled with intense excitement.

Zhang Diyun was defeated by Ying Qianqian. He had already suffered heavy injuries in the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords. Although he had made some progress in recovering over the past few days, he couldn't fully recover.

Moreover, Zhang Diyun's own strength is a bit inferior to Ying Qianqian's. In this moment, it is naturally difficult for him to proceed to the next round.

Qin Fang seemed to be having bad luck, and Gong Qi was filled with anger that she couldn't find a way to release. As soon as she made a move, she unleashed a relentless barrage, instantly blasting Qin Fang off the fighting stage.

Ou Luo and Gu Chenyou, both of them, defeated the young men named Xia Changqing and Yue Shanhe and advanced to the next round.

"Ding!"

The sound of bells rang out once again on Spirit Sword Peak.

"The second round of the competition ended, congratulations to the eight people who are still standing on the stage. They will have a break for half an hour, while the other eight people will move on to the next round of the competition. Good luck to all of them!"

The voice of Dharma Protector Hou Changming spread out once again, echoing all around.

Chapter 537: So Shameless!

As Dharma Protector Hou Changming's voice spread, a wave of excitement erupted all around. Cheers filled the air, resounding joyfully.

Such a competition opened their eyes and amazed them.

"Martial Brother Liu Yunchuan is unbeatable!"

"Senior Brother Yun Lingfeng will definitely win the championship!"

"Sister Gong Qi, keep going!"

"..."

The disciples on each peak and their respective followers were all cheering for the one who remained on the competition stage.

On the eight duel stages, there were still eight individuals at this moment.

They were called Ming Yao, Liu Yunchuan, Yun Lingfeng, Ying Qianqian, Gong Qi, Ou Luo, Gu Chenyou, and Su Yi, respectively.

"That kid actually made it into the top eight!"

In the crowd watching, Teng Ming's expression turned pale and his gaze became icy. His future was completely ruined in an instant. He had come to Spirit Sword Peak today with the sole purpose of witnessing someone take care of that kid firsthand.

"Don't worry, someone will naturally make that young boy pay the price and seek revenge for you!"

Futeng Guang's face also looked gloomy, as he watched the young man in a blue robe on the duel stage. Coldness filled his eyes. Inside the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, that young man had similarly ruined Futeng Guang's future.

The remaining few people on the duel stage were also not careless at this moment.

Though they only had half a joss stick's worth of time, they made sure to use it wisely to rest and recover.

The deafening cheers and shouts from all sides made one's eardrums ache.

Looking around, Su Yi had just been paying attention to the duels happening on the nearby duel stage. As for the remaining direct disciples of the Divine Sword School, he also felt a sense of seriousness in his heart.

Without a doubt, the Grand Swordsmanship Competition of the Divine Sword School was meant to test and select the most skilled disciples of this generation.

From the duels among these direct disciples, it was easy for Su Yi to see that the Divine Sword School truly lived up to its reputation as a prestigious martial arts school. The guidance given to the disciples within the school was far from being simple.

Su Yi, deep in thought, believed that even without a martial arts school to call his own, he could still surpass disciples from prestigious schools through his own training and perseverance.

From a certain perspective, it was indeed true. Su Yi had also achieved this step.

However, at this moment, Su Yi could clearly feel that the disciples of the Divine Sword School were definitely not the delicate flowers he had imagined in his heart. Instead, each one of them was experienced and had been through many trials and hardships.

Especially in the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, the training is intense and dangerous, with constant threats of danger and potential for harm.

This made Su Yi gain a new understanding of those prestigious martial arts schools.

Those prestigious martial arts schools could stand strong and earn the admiration of thousands of people. The disciples under their tutelage were considered the foundation for the future, and their training was extraordinary.

Those exceptional young talents, each and every one of them, were not delicate flowers sheltered in a greenhouse. They had all experienced trials and hardships, as it was necessary for them to become strong in the future!

The remaining seven people, at this moment, Su Yi estimated that no matter who he encountered, it wouldn't be too easy for him.

There is no doubt that the remaining seven individuals, each and every one of them, are the utmost pinnacle of excellence.

Of course, Su Yi wasn't afraid. Instead, he felt a strong desire to fight. His purpose for today was to prove himself, after all!

"Ding!"

Just as Su Yi's mind wandered slightly, the sound of a bell rang once again.

"Boom!"

On the eight dueling platforms, there was another resounding boom, and bright light dazzled as it shimmered and danced, causing the empty space to rumble. The entire Spirit Sword Peak trembled.

"Rumble, rumble..."

The eight dueling platforms collided with icy touch, combining into four, with each of the eight disciples facing each other in pairs.

Liu Yunchuan confronted Ou Luo.

Mu Yao faced Gu Chenyou.

Yun Lingfeng encountered Ying Qianqian.

And Su Yi faced a familiar figure, Gong Qi, who ranked sixth in the Sword Tower!

"The battle begins!"

The voice of Dharma Protector Hou Changming echoed through Spirit Sword Peak once again, resonating melodiously.

"Boom!"

In that moment, on the battle stage, a wave of energy surged!

No one was careless. Among the final eight, who would turn out to be the weakest?

In this moment, the expression on Gu Chenyou's face grew serious. His tall and slender figure stood like a benchmark, while his eyebrows were finely shaped and his nose was high and straight, giving him a handsome appearance.

Just as he gazed at the girl in the orange clothes, Gu Chenyou's expression showed a hint of helplessness. He seemed to be hesitating about something. He then bowed to Mu Yao and, with

tightly pressed lips, spoke, "I know who you are. In this battle stage, forgive me for not showing humility!"

"No identity, everything is based on strength. Let me deal with you first before saying anything!"

Mu Yao raised her delicate eyebrows and swung her arm, causing a radiant glow to emanate from her slender fingers like polished jade. In an instant, she directly struck out towards Gu Chenyou.

Gu Chenyou didn't expect Mu Yao to suddenly make a move. His pitch-black eyes briefly flashed a hint of crimson. In an instant, an overwhelming pressure emerged from his body for no apparent reason. He raised his hand and met her attack with a palm.

"Bang!"

As soon as they collided, an intense battle erupted.

"Fight!"

The atmosphere in the room was tense. But as soon as Gu Chenyou and Mu Yao started fighting, it was like a lit fuse on a bomb.

"Boom!"

Ou Luo, Ying Qianqian also simultaneously attacked Liu Yunchuan and Yun Lingfeng.

"It looks like you have bad luck!"

At the same time, Gong Qi had a smile on her face, making her even more charming. Her eyes were filled with joy, and she walked gracefully towards Su Yi.

Su Yi raised an eyebrow. It seemed that his luck wasn't very good as he unexpectedly encountered the woman who had been persistently following him.

"Where can you run away to this time? I won't hold back when it comes to you."

Gong Qi smiled. She had been waiting for this opportunity, and now she was determined to teach this arrogant person a valuable lesson.

"Hitting is love, scolding is affection, I understand."

Su Yi smiled softly and, in front of everyone's curious gazes, slowly straightened his body.

"Hmph! Even at this moment, you continue to be so annoying. Despite your young age, you are shamelessly indecent. Later, I will definitely cut out your tongue!"

Gong Qi scolded angrily, determined not to go easy on this youngster later.

"Shamelessly..."

Su Yi muttered to himself, especially considering that he wasn't young anymore. If he included his past life, he was pretty much on par with this young lady.

"Sister Gong Qi, teach that boy a good lesson!"

"Sister Gong Qi, please don't go easy on him!"

"Give Su Yi a good lesson!"

"..."

As Gong Qi faced Su Yi, the whole place erupted with cheering and shouting, like a powerful wave crashing onto the shore.

At this moment, all around the venue, countless people were hoping that Su Yi would be taught a lesson, as it would provide them with a sense of relief.

Just now, when Ouyang Ran was defeated, Su Yi entered the top eight. At this moment, many people's hopes were pinned on Gong Qi.

Even some people who weren't Gong Qi's followers, at this moment, joined in cheering for Gong Qi in order to see Su Yi being taught a lesson.

"Hmm, this young boy is really causing people to dislike him!"

In the crowd, Futeng Guang and Futeng Ming glared at each other menacingly, their eyes filled with icy coldness.

"This kid, he has surely offended a lot of people"

On the elevated platform, the elders and Dharma Protector listened to the uproarious cheers echoing throughout the venue, and couldn't help but smile wryly with a hint of resignation.

"In the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, Su Yi, this young boy, is really ruthless..."

The Right Dharma Protector was also astonished, with a hint of resignation on his face. Inside the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, that fellow Su Yi had almost offended all the inner disciples and direct disciples.

Listening to the cheers and shouts coming from all around, Su Yi also felt helpless.

"Seems like you're quite annoying!"

Gong Qi approached Su Yi and came to a halt just a few steps away. She was less than three meters from him. Hearing the cheers and encouragement from all around, she looked into Su Yi's eyes and raised an eyebrow, seemingly quite pleased.

"No choice, if everyone likes me and understands me, how ordinary would I be? They don't understand me, but I don't blame them," Su Yi said with a faint smile.

Listening to Su Yi's words, Gong Qi couldn't help but ponder for a moment, feeling that the words seemed quite profound.

But soon after, Gong Qi looked at Su Yi with a deep sense of disdain and said, "You have no shame!"

As Su Yi looked at Gong Qi's expression, a smile appeared on his face. This woman may have a fiery temper, but she is straightforward in character.

"I don't want to waste time talking to you, today I must teach you a lesson!"

As Gong Qi spoke, a burst of energy surged within her delicate body. A bright green light illuminated her, surrounded by a misty haze. Finally, it appeared as if a watery curtain had formed around her, enveloping her figure. From a distance, it looked like layers of waves boiling and surging.

At this moment, Gong Qi completely focused her attention and stared at Su Yi without underestimating him. The previous time she was taken advantage of and teased, she realized that this guy was not weak either.

"Boom!"

From Su Yi's body, there was a flow of energy, like a breath that kept surging and enveloping him in a red energy shield.

Su Yi knew Gong Qi's strength. Last time, he was able to gain some advantages because Gong Qi was not being careful enough.

This time, the woman was fully prepared.

"Swoosh..."

The two sides faced each other briefly, tensions rising. Suddenly, both energies changed drastically.

In an instant, with many eyes watching from all around, they collided with a loud BOOM.

"Boom!"

Both figures moved so quickly that it almost made your eyes dizzy. Thunderous sounds and strong gusts of wind erupted from the center of their overlapping movements.

This kind of confrontation made many onlookers, including the disciples, only able to see two blurry figures intertwining.

The air all around shook from the continuous collisions, shining with brilliant energy. The two forces seemed equally powerful and imposing.

"Buzz..."

After a dozen moves, Gong Qi's beautiful eyes filled with seriousness. In her delicate hand, a precious sword appeared. The sword made continuous humming sounds, its radiance rippling with extraordinary layers, and its brilliance sweeping across with great force.

"Swoosh!"

In Su Yi's hand, a precious sword also appeared. The sword's gleaming light cut through the wind.

The precious sword in Su Yi's hand wasn't as extraordinary as the one in Gong Qi's hand. However, in Su Yi's hands, it still moved with great agility. With the infusion of Su Yi's energy, every swing and strike of the sword produced astonishing gusts of wind and dazzling flashes of light.

The sword's radiance tore through the air, and the sharp gusts of wind made people's hair stand on end!

"Hmm..."

Just as Su Yi wielded his sword, the elders and Dharma Protectors on the high platform all wore expressions of surprise and astonishment.

With their keen eyes, how could they not see that Su Yi's sword techniques were completely devoid of any martial skills? He relied solely on the basic sword moves of drawing, sweeping, lifting, blocking, striking, thrusting, poking, collapsing, swirling, pressing, cleaving, intercepting, chopping, flicking, and rubbing...

But strangely enough, it was these basic and simple sword moves that flowed effortlessly in Su Yi's hands, allowing him to effortlessly anticipate and neutralize each and every attack from Gong Qi.

Gong Qi's expression grew more serious, as a green glow shimmered around her. The sword in her hand moved like a swimming dragon in the sea, exuding an astonishing power that relentlessly engulfed Su Yi.

Chapter 538: Look From Afar, but Do Not Touch!

No matter how fierce and powerful Gong Qi's attacks were, even when they overwhelmed Su Yi, they could never completely suppress him.

Occasionally, the two swords would collide with a resounding boom, but it would also result in an immediate separation.

Su Yi never gave Gong Qi a chance to directly confront him.

Su Yi knew very well that the sword in his hand could not compare to the sword in Gong Qi's hand.

Directly colliding with it would be extremely unfavorable for him.

And at this moment, Su Yi was using the foundational sword technique from the book "Foundations of Swordsmanship."

These past few days, with guidance from Elder Su, Su Yi has learned a lot and now it's the perfect time to put it into practice.

All the sword techniques and moves are derived from these foundational sword techniques, and Su Yi is eager to refine his fundamentals.

"Teachable..."

In the far distance, on a peak called Spirit Sword Peak, a slender figure stood, his eyes shining brightly. He gazed upon the peak, muttering softly to himself.

On the dueling stage, the swords shimmered and clashed, while figures swiftly moved about.

The energy and sword light merged together, continuously surging and spreading, creating astonishing gusts of powerful wind ripples.

"This person has such strong force, is he using it to practice his sword skill?"

Gong Qi hinted in secret language, she sensed Su Yi's intentions. No matter how fast she moved, she couldn't touch his body. His strength was even more terrifying. Occasionally, when their swords collided, Gong Qi's sword seemed to be of a higher level, but it ended up numbing her hand from the impact.

Gong Qi observed, "This is the impact caused by that person's energy. It must require incredibly powerful energy." This made Gong Qi even more secretly alarmed.

"Zoom..."

With his sword shining like a bolt of lightning, Su Yi dashed forward. Green lights filled the air as his water-based energy surged. However, no matter how Gong Qi attacked, she couldn't completely suppress Su Yi.

"I can't continue like this anymore!"

Gong Qi's expression on her face was completely covered by seriousness. She had to be cautious in dealing with the strength displayed by Su Yi.

At this moment, she was completely certain that Su Yi's progress up until now was definitely not a coincidence.

"Swoosh..."

As the two figures collided, Gong Qi quickly took the opportunity to retreat, her face showing a serious expression.

"Puff!"

Gong Qi took a deep breath quietly. The green energy on her body started to change color, and the overwhelming aura around her transformed into something sharp.

In an instant, the sword in Gong Qi's hand was enveloped in a sharp golden glow.

As her energy shifted, Gong Qi's own aura became sharp, exuding a cold and deadly vibe. The golden elemental energy surged on her body, linking with the sword in her hand.

"Boom!"

Centered around Gong Qi, a powerful surge of sharp aura spread without restraint, filling the entire battle arena.

The golden light shone brightly, dazzling and radiant, emitting an intimidating aura!

"Golden attribute, the top level in the Yuan Spirit Realm!"

Su Yi's eyes widened in surprise as he discovered Gong Qi's main attribute was actually the golden attribute. No wonder she had such a fiery temper.

And the aura of Gong Qi has reached the peak of the fifth grade in the Yuan Spirit Realm was so powerful that it seemed like she was almost stepping into the sixth grade of the Yuan Spirit Realm. This amazed Su Yi greatly.

Although Jian Shiyi and Ouyang Ran had reached the fifth grade of the Yuan Spirit Realm, they were much weaker compared to Gong Qi.

Gong Qi remained silent, her phoenix-like eyes shimmering with golden light. Suddenly, she raised her arm and with a swift step, her figure dashed forward, unleashing a multitude of sword shadows with a mighty swing of her sword.

"Whoosh..."

Immediately, a sharp and fierce aura filled the air, causing the very fabric of space to tremble.

Feeling the opponent's overwhelming power, Su Yi's eyes became filled with a hint of alarm. He swiftly maneuvered his precious sword, causing bright and fiery sword lights to fill the air. A wall of swords suddenly materialized in front of him, creating a formidable barrier.

"Ding dong ding dong!"

The sound of ringing golden swords echoed, as the sword lights clashed and sparks flew.

With a fierce and scorching heat, an intense murderous aura filled the air. It radiated a dazzling brilliance, causing the entire arena to resonate with a thunderous roar.

Many eyes were fixed upon Su Yi and Gong Qi, watching the intense clash happening before them, causing them to feel awestruck.

This girl and young boy were incredibly powerful.

Gong Qi, of course, was a name that needed no introduction. She held the prestigious seventh position in the Sword Tower, making her an indomitable figure in the eyes of other disciples.

But Su Yi's current performance truly astonished everyone around him.

If we were to talk about Su Yi's consecutive victories over Jian Shiyi and Ouyang Ran, it left them completely stunned.

And at that moment, Su Yi's performance had already left everyone in complete shock.

Those doubting eyes would now come to know Su Yi's true strength.

Inside the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, Su Yi would often avoid direct confrontation and launch surprise attacks. However, it was simply because he had no intention of engaging in a direct fight.

"Ding dong ding dong!"

Swords clashed, illuminating what it meant to be a disciple of the Divine Sword School in this generation. Their exceptional skill and power were displayed through the collision of dazzling sword beams. It was an awe-inspiring sight that surpassed the imagination of many.

"Break now!"

Gong Qi raised her phoenix-like eyes and was surprised to find that she couldn't break through Su Yi's sword defense. In response, she twirled her precious sword, creating shimmering golden light and changing her sword technique. A sudden burst of golden sword energy shot out fiercely towards the center of Su Yi's sword defense.

"Whoosh..."

This sword, with intertwining golden light, is so radiant that it is difficult to look directly at it, unable to keep one's eyes open.

This sword carried a mighty force capable of piercing through anything, sharp and fierce!

Su Yi raised an eyebrow, realizing that Gong Qi was extraordinarily strong, surpassing even Ouyang Ran and Jian Shiyi. Realizing this, the sword in his hand moved even faster.

"Swoosh..."

A sword pierced straight ahead, with an overwhelming presence. A burst of golden light erupted, accompanied by a terrifying aura. With the sound of clashing weapons, like "swoosh swoosh", waves of sword light surged and engulfed the dueling platform.

The spectators were stunned by the sight, as anyone who witnessed such a confrontation was left in awe.

The duel between Su Yi and Gong Qi had reached such an unexpected climax!

"Click, click..."

Su Yi swung his sword, causing a crackling sound to emanate from the shimmering blade. Suddenly, it shattered completely, overwhelmed by the forceful impact.

"Dong dong..."

Su Yi stumbled, his sword showing several cracks, and he took a few steps back.

Su Yi was at a disadvantage in his swordplay. He had been using only the most basic and simple sword moves all along.

"Zoom!"

Gong Qi took advantage of the situation, showing no mercy. This was a rare opportunity, a clash between two strong individuals, where the outcome would be decided in a split second. The sound of swords clashing filled the air as Gong Qi's sword tip aimed straight at Su Yi. A dazzling golden light surrounded them, as a swift and lethal sword strike was directed towards Su Yi.

Su Yi's gaze deepened, and at that moment, a transformation surged through his body, even his aura instantly changed. The surface of his sword began to emit a radiant glow, accompanied by a sharp and fierce energy that swept through. A burst of icy coldness filled the air, colliding with the opposing force.

This is the Iced Shadows Sword Style, from the book called Demonic Spirit Truth Interpretation.

Demonic Spirit Truth Interpretation, mainly focuses on "spirit". It has the power to attract the strength of countless beasts, with attacks that harness the power of souls. By harnessing the mighty force of various beasts, it combines strangeness and power, sweeping away everything in all directions!

Su Yi knew very little about swordsmanship, but now he faced the opponent with the Iced Shadows Sword Style. His sword techniques carried a fearsome power within the attacks.

"Swoosh..."

The golden spear doesn't stop, bursting with dazzling light as a gust of strong wind sweeps through.

Gong Qi's expression changed, and for some unknown reason, it seemed like her very soul was also affected.

"Click click..."

In Su Yi's hand, the precious sword started cracking one after another, revealing gaps. The sword's quality suffered a lot.

Gong Qi couldn't take advantage as her sword was blocked. The force was terrifyingly strong, bouncing back and affecting her. She let out a muffled groan from her throat, feeling a surge of energy and blood.

"Swoosh..."

With a burst of energy from his feet, Su Yi swiftly moved forward, his figure appearing almost ghost-like as he approached.

Gong Qi was greatly shocked, her delicate face turned pale, and she quickly retreated in a hurry.

But Su Yi's speed, in that moment, was like a shadow sticking closely to him.

"Whoosh!"

In a state of panic, Gong Qi raised her hand, and suddenly a shining golden sword light emerged.

At the same time, Su Yi swiftly approached, and he had already arrived by Gong Qi's side. It seemed very risky, but he narrowly managed to dodge a sword.

And then, a sound of laughter echoed in the air.

As his body spun, in an unbelievable moment, Su Yi capitalized on the opportunity and swiftly brought down his hand. The heavy impact of his elbow landed on Gong Qi's radiant wrist, where she held the sword.

"Ding!"

With a powerful force, Gong Qi's precious sword dropped to the ground as her entire arm went numb, causing her to feel pain.

Gong Qi's beautiful eyes widened in surprise. Without thinking about anything else, she quickly retreated, her elegant figure fading away in a rush.

"Do not move, or you will ruin your appearance!"

Suddenly, a soft voice sounded right next to the ear.

Gong Qi instinctively stopped in her tracks, her gaze widening in surprise. She suddenly felt a sword, riddled with scars, pressed against her face. It emitted a chilling gleam, causing her skin to prickle with fear.

A hand also slipped around her delicate waist, barely fitting in a grasp, gently pulling her close.

Gong Qi's eyebrows furrowed suddenly, and her eyes widened with a mix of fear and discomfort as she felt the sword on her face. Simultaneously, the hand on her waist made her feel embarrassed and angry.

"Don't move, otherwise if you ruin your appearance, you won't be able to show your face in public anymore."

A soft voice, once again, came from Su Yi's mouth and reached Gong Qi's ears.

Su Yi gently cradled a warm jade in his arms, and beneath its faint, pleasant fragrance, he took a deep breath. It smelled quite nice, he thought.

"Su Yi, you jerk, we're not finished!"

Gong Qi snapped back to reality and slowly turned her head to look at Su Yi's face in front of her. She immediately became angry and shouted with a mix of exasperation and annoyance.

But as a girl, fearing the instinct of ruining her appearance, Gong Qi was truly hesitant to make any reckless moves.

"If you admit defeat, I will let you go. Otherwise, this sword will have to stay close to your face. In case I accidentally misstep, you might end up disfigured. Besides, I have been holding onto you like this, which might make your pursuers jealous."

Su Yi whispered as he observed the woman up close. Her delicate face was incredibly pleasant to look at.

Especially, her chest stood tall, seemingly restrained by a tight-fitting garment, revealing her truly remarkable assets. Below her slender waist, which was as flexible as a swaying willow, there was a curvature that caught Su Yi's attention, enticing him to explore further.

"Animal, what are you thinking about?"

Su Yi scolded himself silently, realizing that this was a crucial moment in the showdown. What was he thinking?

As this scene unfolded on the stage of the showdown, the entire audience was completely shocked and bewildered.

From a distance, everyone could see that Su Yi was actually holding Gong Qi in his arms. The way they were positioned exuded endless tenderness and sweetness.

"Su Yi, what are you doing? Release Gong Qi quickly! No, Sister Gong Qi!"

"Su Yi, we're not done yet. Let go of Senior Sister Gong Qi!"

"My heart is broken, Su Yi. You must not disrespect my Senior Sister Gong Qi!"

In the blink of an eye, many young people below regained their senses. They couldn't control themselves any longer and immediately started becoming restless and agitated.

Gong Qi, she was the goddess in their hearts, someone they admired from afar but could never approach intimately.

But now, surprisingly, Su Yi has been embraced by that guy in full view of everyone, and they were being so intimate. How could they bear it? Many young people's hearts were shattered on the ground.

Chapter 539: Endurance for Soaring to the Sky!

"Little rascal, I give up! Let go of me!"

Listening to the enraged voices around her, Gong Qi couldn't pay attention to anything else. Suddenly, a blush rushed to her delicate face.

"Did you give up? That's great!"

Su Yi smiled and immediately took a step back, retreating far away. It was better to stay away from this woman.

"You little rascal, you..."

Gong Qi glared at Su Yi with anger, and a trace of crimson bloodstain appeared at the corner of her mouth. Her eyes seemed about to pop out.

"We're not done, you and I!"

Hearing the many voices of indignation coming from all around, Gong Qi's face flushed with anger. She couldn't help but feel a deep resentment. With a determined heart, she turned around and leaped down from the duel platform.

On the elevated platform, at this moment, the Dharma Protectors and elders all looked at this direction.

Everyone could clearly see how Su Yi emerged victorious, which made them all the more astonished.

"Wow, such a skilled and mysterious little boy!"

The second elder whispered, his eyes shimmering with curiosity and intrigue. Even with his sharp perception, he couldn't quite grasp the true extent of Su Yi's abilities. This left him deeply moved and astonished.

"I am starting to believe that this boy actually reached the seventh level of the Heavenly Stairs, which caused the malfunction!"

Elder Wu Chaoyang slowly breathed out a sigh of relief and whispered in awe.

The third elder couldn't understand why he couldn't see through it. Su Yi, until now, had not yet unleashed his true full strength, keeping something in reserve!

The showdown between Su Yi and Gong Qi seemed intense and thrilling, but it appeared as if Su Yi were merely sharpening his skills.

A young boy like this, achieving so much at such a tender age, made him believe that a month ago, it was because Su Yi reached the seventh level of the Heavenly Stairs that the malfunction occurred, rather than the malfunction causing Su Yi to reach the seventh level.

"Senior Sister Gong Qi lost!"

Around the square, many people were stunned and amazed.

No one had expected it, but Su Yi emerged victorious, and it didn't seem particularly difficult for him. The one they had hoped for, Gong Qi, ended up in such a sorry state of defeat.

Many gazes were fixed on the dazzling young figure on the duel stage, where his swords crossed behind his back, making everyone tremble with awe!

In the past, when Su Yi defeated Huo Dongqiu and others, it not only amazed and surprised them, but also sparked great curiosity.

Inside the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, they finally realized the true might of Su Yi.

But many of these were just stories, and many people hadn't seen it with their own eyes, so it wasn't enough to truly astonish them!

On the top of Spirit Sword Peak, Su Yi once again defeated Jian Shiyi, and then emerged victorious against Ouyang Ran. This is when people truly began to realize how formidable Su Yi was he was a terrifying individual.

And now, in an unbeatable display, Su Yi defeated Gong Qi, leaving everyone in the room fully aware that from that moment on, Su Yi's name would hold a newfound status within the entire Divine Sword School.

No one would question Su Yi's abilities anymore. The fact that he could defeat Gong Qi at such a young age was truly remarkable. Within the Divine Sword School, there were only a few individuals who could match his talent.

In this battle, Su Yi defeated Gong Qi and all doubts vanished into thin air!

"Boom..."

Just as Gong Qi was being defeated, at the same time, on the side of the battle stage, a spirited four-winged earthfire beast shattered into pieces.

"Plop..."

In the midst of a powerful aura, accompanied by a dazzling glow, Gu Chenyou spat out blood and was sent flying. The precious sword in his hand fell down as he plummeted from the battle stage.

On the battle stage, Mu Yao looked dignified, with a radiant aura surrounding her. The sword in her hand emitted a humming sound like the wind and thunder, but soon it subsided.

Without paying attention to the defeated Gu Chenyou, Mu Yao glanced around and then intentionally or unintentionally fixed her gaze upon Su Yi. She gave him a quick look, and a hint of displeasure flickered in her eyes.

"Looking at this Grand Swordsmanship Competition, it seems like there will be an intense battle!"

On the elevated platform, an elder exclaimed with astonishment, a smile spreading across their face. The Grand Swordsmanship Competition this time was truly remarkable. The strength displayed by all the disciples surpassed previous years' competitions. It was a great blessing for the Divine Sword School.

Ying Qianqian, Ou Luo, were still engaged in intense battles with Yun Lingfeng and Liu Yunchuan respectively, the battles were extremely intense.

Yun Lingfeng and Ying Qianqian pulled out their swords for their duel. At that moment, Yun Lingfeng's presence became incredibly fierce, radiating an unparalleled aura of strength. His sword gleamed as it slashed through the air, creating gusts of wind that tore through the atmosphere.

Ying Qianqian's eyes filled with seriousness, and a glimmer of excitement shone in her beautiful eyes. The power of the wood element surged within her body. With her fair and delicate hand, she swiftly unsheathed her sword. Waves of swordlight surged forward, and she didn't shy away. Instead, she bravely faced it head-on.

"Boom!"

This battle was intense, and the swords gleamed brightly.

Yun Lingfeng's attacks were as powerful as a force of nature, overwhelming and defeating Ying Qianqian's attempts to defend herself time and time again.

Ying Qianqian's body was surrounded by a gentle green glow, making her look like a fairy. Her sword gleamed like raindrops, but even so, it still wasn't enough.

Finally, Ying Qianqian gave it her all. A powerful energy surged from her body, comparable to a sixth-level Yuan Spirit Realm. Her sword techniques became mysterious, accompanied by continuous palm strikes, unleashing astonishing power.

A gentle green light surrounded Ying Qianqian, transforming her into something extraordinary. She radiated a perfect blend of strength and grace, captivating everyone with her beauty and mesmerizing presence.

But Yun Lingfeng was even stronger. He swiftly moved, his sword gleaming brightly. Sword beams filled the air, wild yet graceful, shining brilliantly and stirring up gusts of wind.

Liu Yunchuan and Ou Luo's battle, too, was a fierce clash.

Ou Luo's body shimmered with dazzling sword beams, swift and mysterious.

Liu Yunchuan, being incredibly brave and unstoppable, kept colliding with his opponent as if he possessed invincible powers.

Ou Luo moved with great speed, darting back and forth with his body, leaving behind afterimages, displaying immense power.

But every time Ou Luo tried to attack, he was always blocked by Liu Yunchuan.

Both of them unleashed terrifying bursts of energy, as the thunderous clash of their powers echoed through the air, creating an intense and awe-inspiring spectacle.

Without a doubt, the battle between Ou Luo, Ying Qianqian, Liu Yunchuan, and Yun Lingfeng was much more intense compared to the clash between Su Yi and Gong Qi, Mu Yao, and Gu Chenyou.

The encounter between these four individuals left spectators astonished, as they continuously revealed various secret techniques and powerful moves.

"Wow, that's so powerful!"

The disciples in the room were amazed, and even some of the disciples from the previous year were feeling frightened at this moment.

A showdown like this, even if they were to step forward, would be difficult to stop.

Those four young people were not very old, yet their strength was incredibly powerful.

"Not bad, not bad..."

On the high platform, the elders and Dharma Protectors gazed at the remaining four people in the field, nodding in satisfaction.

Su Yi's gaze also fell upon the showdown between the remaining four people, silently amazed. Considering their level and strength, they were truly incredibly powerful. It was no wonder they were ranked so high in the Sword Tower.

"Ha ha!"

Finally, someone made a mistake. Ying Qianqian was overwhelmed by Yun Lingfeng's sword light, stumbling back in a graceful manner.

"Boom!"

Yun Lingfeng, with a burst of dazzling golden aura emanating from his body, courageously moved forward. His palm radiated a mysterious pattern and a breath that made people uneasy.

"This is the Heavenly Golden Seal, and Yun Lingfeng has actually succeeded in practicing!"

As the entire palm imprint appeared, the elders on the high platform were filled with astonishment.

The Heavenly Golden Seal is a powerful martial technique of the Divine Sword School. Only those with exceptional talent can practice it, as it requires great skill. However, its power is immense. Once unleashed, it has the ability to move mountains and seas.

Among the group of elders, Elder Bai Mingshan couldn't help but smile to himself.

Yun Lingfeng was his most proud disciple, and he took great pride in him.

Everything happened quickly. Yun Lingfeng's palm imprint fell down, and Ying Qianqian couldn't escape it. She managed to avoid its crucial strike, but the palm imprint landed on her shoulder.

"Plop..."

Ying Qianqian coughed out a mouthful of bright red blood. Her delicate body was immediately sent flying, crashing heavily at the edge of the dueling platform. Blood flowed profusely from her shoulder.

"I lost!"

Ying Qianqian struggled to get up, her face pale with distress. She had suffered severe injuries and could no longer muster any strength for another battle. She was aware of the gap between her and Yun Lingfeng. Continuing the fight would be pointless and only worsen her condition.

As Ying Qianqian finished speaking, she stepped down from the dueling platform with a look of regret in her eyes.

"Whoosh!"

Liu Yunchuan leaped into the air, hovering like a fierce mystical beast. The brilliance of his sword gleamed brightly, with an eerie mist swirling within the sword's radiance. It emitted a hazy aura, as if countless sword beams were spreading out, enveloping Ou Luo.

"Ding dong..."

In a startling and ear-piercing moment, the air filled with an intense surge of energy. The sound of wind and thunder resounded with a deep and booming echo, shaking the very atmosphere. The sheer spectacle of it all left everyone trembling in awe.

Visible to the naked eye, Liu Yunchuan's countless sword beams suddenly spread out in a radiant burst of light. They all converged towards the center, growing brighter and more dazzling, as if they were about to pierce through the very fabric of space.

The sight left everyone in the room feeling terrified. The mysterious aura made their hearts race, and they all understood that no one could stop such a powerful sword.

Ou Luo put forth his utmost effort, his expression becoming extremely serious, as he was enveloped in a luminous aura of energy.

But in the end, this sword destroyed everything, and also pierced through Ou Luo's protective energy shield, finally stabbing into his shoulder.

"Swoosh..."

Ou Luo spat out blood from his mouth, with blood flowing down his shoulder and his face looking pale.

"Thank you for sparing me. I have been defeated."

Ou Luo put away the sword in his hand and looked at Liu Yunchuan. There was a bitter smile on his mouth.

He knew very well that if Liu Yunchuan hadn't held back a bit just now, this sword wouldn't have only stabbed into his shoulder.

"Excuse me!"

Liu Yunchuan put away his sword and nodded at Ou Luo, with a smile in his eyes.

Ou Luo said, "If you win, you win. There's nothing to concede. I already knew I wouldn't be able to beat you." Then Ou Luo turned around, leaving the arena.

"Liu Yunchuan, Yun Lingfeng, truly worthy of being the top two in the rankings of the Sword Tower!"

On the high platform, the elders and Dharma Protectors couldn't help but sigh in awe.

Elder Bai Mingshan smiled with great joy, perhaps by the end of today, his proudest disciple's true strength would truly amaze all the elders.

After all, they had endured for so long, all for the sake of this Grand Swordsmanship Competition where his talented disciple would soar to new heights!

"Ding!"

"Congratulations, Su Yi, Mu Yao, Yun Lingfeng, and Liu Yunchuan, for advancing to the next round. From now on, there will be no more breaks. You will continue with the next round of matches. Each of you will face off against opponents, relying on luck!"

On the high platform, as the sound of the bell echoed, the voice of Dharma Protector Hou Changming resounded, filling the air.

After the completion of the first two rounds of matches, there was a time of half an incense stick to rest and make adjustments.

But in the upcoming matches, there won't even be any time for a break in the middle.

"Whoosh..."

As this round came to an end, the loud cheers and shouts reached the sky, deafening and overwhelming!

Liu Yunchuan and Yun Lingfeng made it to the top four, just as everyone expected, without any surprises.

Chapter 540: I Have a Bad Temper!

But Mu Yao and Su Yi also made it to the top four, leaving the onlookers amazed and astonished.

In the crowd, Futeng Guang and his brother Teng Ming couldn't hide their menacing expressions. Their eyes gleamed with coldness, and this was the outcome they dreaded to see.

"Boom!"

At the same time, the remaining four colossal battle platforms once again shimmered with radiant light.

On the ancient, weathered battle platform, intricate patterns resembling mysterious runes emerged once again. As they filled the air, a powerful energy enveloped the entire square, causing it to quiver and shake.

Four battle platforms moved across the square, making a constant rumbling sound. They crisscrossed and changed positions, creating a dynamic display.

With a loud rumble, the four battle platforms collided together and merged, transforming into two larger battle platforms that now faced each other from a distance.

On one of the battle platforms, Mu Yao and Liu Yunchuan stood facing each other from a distance.

On another battle platform, Su Yi and Yun Lingfeng gazed at each other from a distance.

This kind of battle made everyone in the audience quite surprised.

"It looks like Mu Yao is going to stop!"

"Su Yi is very strong, but he will also be defeated, right?"

Among the spectators, some were discussing that Mu Yao and Su Yi were facing Liu Yunchuan and Yun Lingfeng, who were ranked first and second in the Sword Tower. These two individuals were likely going to be stopped here together. Not many people believed that Mu Yao and Su Yi could defeat Liu Yunchuan and Yun Lingfeng, two terrifying beings who had always been the top two in the Sword Tower.

"Boss Su Yi, keep going!"

Zhang Qing, Xu Jiahui, Qing Chao, and others had already stepped aside and were anxiously watching the outcome on the battle stage. At this moment, they tightly clenched their fists, with nervous expressions, silently cheering for Su Yi. It seemed like they were even more nervous than if it were their own turn to go on stage.

"Now things are getting interesting."

On the high platform, many elders and Dharma Protectors at this moment showed expressions of anticipation. This kind of showdown seemed to carry some significance.

"What do the two elders think, who will be the two to proceed to the next round?"

On the highest platform, Situ Liuyun quietly asked the two elders beside him.

"It's really hard to say."

The second elder said, at this moment even he couldn't predict the outcome and couldn't come to a hasty conclusion.

"In my opinion," said the third elder, "all four of them are holding back. Who is stronger and who is weaker, may require a fierce battle to determine!"

"Hehe, this is not good now, that kid is asking for trouble!"

In the crowd gathered at the square, Futeng Ming and Futeng Guang couldn't help but smirk. They knew that Su Yi had put himself in grave danger by facing the one person he should never have crossed paths with.

"This time, Su Yi is in big trouble. Martial Brother Yun Lingfeng will definitely not let him off!"

On the Fifteenth Sword Peak, many disciples were now showing smiles of happiness.

The Fifteenth Sword Peak, we can say, was looked down upon by Su Yi and was unable to hold its head up high. It became the laughingstock of the entire Divine Sword School.

And now, only Yun Lingfeng could prove the true strength of the Fifteenth Sword Peak.

"You are older, please go ahead and take action!"

Amidst the buzzing discussions around, on the dueling stage, Liu Yunchuan bowed to Mu Yao. Despite standing tall, he still had a graceful yet frail appearance, like a leftover snowflake.

"You have always been the first in the Sword Tower, but there's been a lot of unnecessary talk."

Mu Yao spoke softly, her lips rosy and delicate. Her slender figure was adorned in an orange garment, radiating grace and elegance. At that moment, her face lacked a smile but still exuded a captivating beauty.

"Swoosh..."

As soon as the words were spoken, Mu Yao took immediate action. Her delicate hand swept through the air, and amidst the dazzling glow of her energy, a beam of sword light shot out.

But it was evident that at this moment, Mu Yao's expression showed no signs of carelessness.

Facing Liu Yunchuan, Mu Yao knew that this person was stronger than Gu Chenyou, whom she had just faced. Therefore, she took him more seriously and treated him with greater caution.

Liu Yunchuan's eyes lit up, and he stomped his foot on the dueling platform. Energy surged throughout his body, and suddenly, dazzling electric arcs burst forth, swirling around him. A sword appeared in his hand, and a radiant arc of sword light met the electric arcs head-on.

"Rumble, rumble!"

With a dull and thunderous sound, on the dueling platform, there suddenly appeared bright flashes of lightning and deafening thunder.

At this moment, Liu Yunchuan seemed to sense something. He was surrounded by lightning, and his every move exuded a terrifying aura. The air became filled with a menacing and powerful presence, sweeping towards Mu Yao.

Such commotion immediately caught Su Yi's attention.

"Lightning element..."

Su Yi was a bit surprised. Apart from the five known elements - gold, wood, water, fire, and earth - there were two recognized special attributes in the world. One was the lightning element, and the other was the wind element.

Rumors had it that warriors with these two special attributes were extremely powerful.

And after all this time, Su Yi was seeing someone with the lightning attribute for the first time. He never expected Liu Yunchuan to be a warrior with the lightning attribute.

Su Yi's gaze swept over Mu Yao and he noticed that despite Liu Yunchuan's domineering presence, Mu Yao remained calm as she fought him.

"Zoom zoom zoom..."

Liu Yunchuan swung his sword, and at that moment, the sword was surrounded by arcs of electricity. The gleaming sword seemed to unleash a series of lightning bolts, as the electric arcs burst open like flashes of lightning, creating a dazzling spectacle on the duel platform.

"Zoom..."

Mu Yao didn't back down at all, and the sword in her hand made a sound like wind and thunder. The sword's radiance filled the air as she skillfully blocked each and every attack from her opponent.

In this thrilling battle between this man and this woman, they moved like fierce beasts and graceful birds. One displayed dominating power, while the other possessed captivating grace.

Mu Yao remained calm, her orange attire fluttering as she swung her sword. Every now and then, her fair and slender arms would be revealed, with skin as white as snow. Her beautiful hair danced in the breeze, adding to her captivating presence.

"You have reached this step, which truly surprised me..."

While Su Yi observed the battle between Mu Yao and Liu Yunchuan from the side, such a sound faintly came from ahead.

With a glance over his shoulder, Su Yi saw Yun Lingfeng slowly approaching step by step, his eyes carrying a chilling darkness without much concealment.

Step by step, Yun Lingfeng walked closer, his cold eyes fixed on Su Yi as he said, "Well, it's for the best. At least now, you have nowhere to escape. Everything you owe will be publicly repaid on this duel stage!"

Su Yi didn't like Yun Lingfeng from the beginning, so he raised an eyebrow and said, "I don't remember owing you anything, and I don't think I've ever owed you anything!"

"Did you hurt Teng Ming's hand? He is my cousin."

Yun Lingfeng's steps were accompanied by twinkling lights. It seemed like he only took a few steps, but he had already reached the center of the merging duel stage. He paused slightly, a glimmer of coldness flickering in his eyes, and continued to speak to Su Yi, "The humiliation of the Fifteenth Sword Peak is also something you owe. Your actions in the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords will also come at a price!"

"Oh, so that's how it is!"

Su Yi smiled and realized that Yun Lingfeng and Teng Ming were actually cousins. They both wanted to stand up for the disciples of the Fifteenth Sword Peak.

With a calm gaze, Su Yi said, "Teng Ming and the disciples of the Fifteenth Sword Peak shouldn't blame others. It would be best if you don't provoke me either. I have a temper and won't be polite to you!"

Listening to Su Yi's words, Yun Lingfeng wasn't too surprised either. He subtly twitched his eyes at the corner without showing any trace.

Yun Lingfeng had originally wanted to stand up for the disciples of the Fifteenth Sword Peak and his brothers Futeng Ming and Futeng Guang. But inside the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, he was repeatedly toyed with by Su Yi. Even the Dark Spirit Fruits were taken by Su Yi. The resentment in his heart had changed from what it once was.

No matter what, he was determined to make sure this young boy was crushed beneath his feet today. He had endured for so long, all for the chance to soar to the top at the Grand Swordsmanship Competition. He truly believed he was unbeatable and wouldn't allow anyone to frolic in front of him. The Dark Spirit Fruits were also rightfully his to take.

"Boy, you do have some potential and power, but there are some people you cannot provoke. Even if you are Elder Su's disciple, they will not protect you today. However, don't worry, I won't kill you, but you will pay a price!"

Yun Lingfeng looked at Su Yi, his expression indifferent. He coldly said, "Of course, if you're scared, you can kneel down and surrender. Maybe I'll consider letting you go. But what I really hope for is that you dare to fight me. That way, I can defeat you!"

"Senior Brother Yun Lingfeng, please teach that little guy a lesson!"

"..."

In the crowd, the disciples on the Fifteenth Sword Peak shouted loudly. They vowed to reclaim the honor of the Fifteenth Sword Peak that had been tarnished.

"It seems that Yun Lingfeng will not easily let Su Yi go!"

"In the Battlefield of Ten Thousand Swords, Su Yi also played a trick on Yun Lingfeng. This might cause some trouble!"

"..."

Some people whispered among themselves, observing the situation on the duel platform. They could sense that Yun Lingfeng wouldn't easily let Su Yi off the hook.

"Boss Su Yi, keep going!"

Looking at Su Yi's opponent turned out to be Yun Lingfeng, who was ranked second in the Sword Tower. Zhang Qing, Qing Chao, Wang Fan, and others watched from a distance, their hearts racing in their throats.

On the elevated platform, Elder Bai Mingshan maintained a calm expression. There was a faint smirk in his eyes, barely noticeable, as it quickly disappeared.

With swords crisscrossed behind him, Su Yi stood quietly. The cheers and shouts from the surrounding crowd echoed clearly in his ears. It seemed that many people took pleasure in his misfortune.

When Su Yi arrived at the Divine Sword School, although he had never intended to join, he found himself in it for now. To avoid future troubles and seek tranquility within the school, he knew he needed to establish a powerful presence.

"As you wished, I will give you the chance to defeat me!"

Su Yi walked forward slowly, with a handsome face and a slight smile. However, in his deep and mysterious eyes, a glimmer of coldness and determination flickered.

In front of him stood Yun Lingfeng, the perfect embodiment for him to show his absolute awe-inspiring presence.

What's more, Su Yi had already made up his mind. If Yun Lingfeng truly intended to provoke him, he wouldn't hold back at all.

Su Yi could somewhat sense Yun Lingfeng's cultivation strength in his heart. Perhaps, Yun Lingfeng had already reached a cultivation level exceeding the sixth stage of the Yuan Spirit Realm.

But so what? There was nothing to fear. Su Yi had already reached a higher level, even if Yun Lingfeng had reached the seventh stage of the Yuan Spirit Realm, it wouldn't be a big deal to him.

"Good, at least you have a bit of courage, not running away like last time!"

Looking at Su Yi, who was approaching slowly, Yun Lingfeng's eyebrows furrowed with a hint of coldness. He subtly shifted half a step to the right with his right foot, causing his aura to gradually fluctuate. Suddenly, the surrounding wind howled and surged, enveloping the entire arena.

In an instant, the howling wind became as sharp as a blade, carrying a fierce gust that invisibly pressed against Su Yi.