

Three Realms 321

Chapter 321: Jiang Chen Demonstrates His Power

As he felt the explosive enmity from the yard, there weren't that many ripples that rocked Jiang Chen's heart.

It was said that dragons did not cohabit with snakes.

According to Jiang Chen's personality, these fourth level candidates didn't warrant the slightest attention from him. If it wasn't thanks to the rules, how would he share the same roof with them?

Given the circumstances, although he was unwilling, he didn't turn his face away.

Besides, how could the enmity of these fellows scare him?

He pointed his foot forward and kicked the door open. Jiang Chen's eyes swept the inside and noticed that the yard was rather spacious.

There were two rooms on each side of the courtyard, with eight in total. It was obvious that each candidate would have their own.

He was about to set foot into the courtyard when a wide figure came walking over. The figure immediately asked unceremoniously, "Who the hell are you to dare barge into where cultivators live?"

The voice was crude and gruff, belonging to that Brother Tiger that the others had mentioned earlier.

Jiang Chen flicked a faint glance around and noticed the other five living in this residence had all gathered. The others were split into two sides and had fanned out, subtly preventing them from advancing.

"Are you deaf? I'm speaking to you!" A sect disciple's superiority complex made Brother Tiger feel like he'd been gravely insulted when he saw that Jiang Chen's gaze was distant, as if the latter couldn't even be bothered to look at him.

"And who the hell are you? Haven't you heard of the saying that good dogs don't get underfoot? With you blocking the door like this, those who know will know you live here, those who don't will think you're the guard dog." Jiang Chen smiled coolly.

Jiang Chen then creased his brow and flourished his sleeves like he was shooing away irritating flies in front of him, shouting, "Move, get out of my way!"

Brother Tiger was quite stalwart, big, and tall. When he saw Jiang Chen flourish his sleeves, the former leered and prepared to teach Jiang Chen a lesson.

However, in the moment that Jiang Chen's sleeves waved, Brother Tiger only felt that a mountain seemed to be pressing down on him. His breathing became labored and he subconsciously moved to the side.

This movement had seemed to be in accordance with Jiang Chen's words. Jiang Chen had told him to move, so he'd moved.

Jiang Chen passed by him and smiled faintly, "Seems like you've got a brain."

Brother Tiger's face flushed beet red as he exhaled explosively before finally recovering his breath. He was utterly baffled by what had just happened.

He roared out, "Brat, stop right there!"

Jiang Chen took a few more steps forward and saw that the other five sect disciples were still standing in front of him, blocking off all directions. It looked like they had no intention of letting Jiang Chen by.

Jiang Chen suddenly paused and stood in the center, a smile playing about his lips as he surveyed his surroundings.

He crossed his arms in front of his chest, smiling faintly. "Alright, out with it. Who's the boss here?"

Jiang Chen could also tell that this Brother Tiger was a minion. He'd been egged on by others to stick his head out.

In actuality, this fellow was absolutely not the boss of this residence. Someone who was all brawn and no brains would never be the boss.

Jiang Chen looked around and locked his gaze on a fair skinned young man standing to the south.

This person had had a remote expression with some traces of a smile on his face the whole time. The hint of restraint and pride in his eyes was the epitome of a sect disciple.

It looked like this person was the true boss of the courtyard.

Indeed, when Jiang Chen looked to him, everyone else's gaze also flitted to him.

This made Jiang Chen even more certain that he was the true leader of this residence.

The young man's brow creased slightly as Jiang Chen locked his gaze onto him, seemingly quite displeased with Jiang Chen's gaze. He seemed to feel that this was a deep offense to him.

"An ordinary practitioner dares to size me up in this manner?! What a country bumpkin, completely lacking in manners!"

Snorting softly, the young man said lightly, "I've heard that the top ten of the secular disciples have been assigned to the mystic quadrant. They were rather lucky. However, didn't the overseer of the first selection teach you what to do once you entered? Didn't he teach you that you needed to keep your head down in front of the sect disciples?"

"It looks like you had moved the winds and rain in the first selection and brought that feeling of superiority into the second selection, hmm?"

The young man smiled coldly and stared frostily at Jiang Chen, his tone remote.

"Listen up! This young sir will represent the sect disciples and give you a lesson. Ordinary practitioners will always be ordinary practitioners. You're destined to roll around in the dust of the mundane world. Even if you're lucky and enter the sect, you'll only be at the bottom for others to step on, order around,

and act as a background for. Remember, whether here or within the sects, you're always lower than others!"

The young man stretched out a hand and said, "Now, I'll announce the five rules of this residence."

"One, the two of you will live in the two rooms to the north. You are to never approach the other rooms without our orders."

"Second, the two of you will be in charge of all the errands in this residence."

"Third, you will hand over to me your monthly stipend and rewards."

"Fourth, you are servants here and will answer when summoned. You will be punished with kneeling the first time you are remiss, a beating the second time, and death the third!"

"Fifth..."

Jiang Chen suddenly laughed and interrupted the other person's flowing speech, smiling faintly, "Does this mean you really are the boss of this place?"

Someone immediately cried out next to him, "Kid, what bullshit are you spouting? My senior brother Cheng is of the fourth level spirit realm! If it wasn't for the fact that he only recently broke through, he'd absolutely be able to be worthy of the earth quadrant with his current level of cultivation."

"Heh heh, kid, recognize the situation you're in. If senior brother Cheng says something in this residence, no one else dares to say anything else. If you understand the rules and play your part as a servant well, you'll be able to weather the next three months well. If not..."

Jiang Chen spread out his hands and asked, "Senior brother Cheng is it? Which room do you live in?"

The young man frowned, seemingly above answering Jiang Chen's question.

Someone immediately toadied up to him and said, "The south side is king. Senior brother Cheng lives in the southern room, of course!:"

Senior brother Cheng had a face full of lofty self pride and didn't speak up otherwise.

Jiang Chen nodded and said to senior brother Cheng, "Go and pack your things. I'm commandeering the southern room."

The scene quieted down instantly when he spoke.

Everyone had flabbergasted expressions, wondering if they'd misheard.

What? He'd told senior brother Cheng to pack his things because he was commandeering the room? Had... had this brat gone mad?"

"Kid, are... are you crazy? Senior brother Cheng has just explained the five rules to you, are you deaf and didn't hear them?"

"Ordinary disciples and country bumpkins have no idea of the immensity of the universe. Senior brother Cheng, it looks like there's a need to make them understand the rules!"

Jiang Chen's face grew cold. "Rules? Who made the rules? I only have one rule. Whoever offends me will pay the price!"

Jiang Chen paid no mind to these idiots after he spoke, and shot into the southern room like lightning. His speed was so fast that no one caught a clear glimpse of him.

After a short while, the luggage within the southern room were all thrown out, landing heavily on the ground.

Jiang Chen walked out and waved at candidate number two. "The room has been cleaned, do you want to come live in it?"

Candidate number two had already seemed to know that Jiang Chen would be so fierce. He chuckled and walked towards the southern room without a trace of fear.

This scene completely shell shocked the six sect disciples.

Senior brother Cheng's pale face immediately flushed red. "Brat, you don't care when you die huh?!"

Jiang Chen smiled faintly, "Since the southern room is good, why can we not take up residence within it when you can?"

Senior brother Cheng shook in his rage, "You ordinary ant! You filthy dog! Are you fit to live in the southern room?! Inferior beings should live in inferior rooms. The northern rooms are where trash like you should live!"

"However, you've now deeply offended me. It's too late even if you want to live in the northern rooms. I now announce that you can only sleep in the courtyard!"

Senior brother Cheng's tone was highly arrogant, as if his every word and sentence could determine everyone's life.

Jiang Chen smiled faintly instead of growing angry when he heard these words. He advanced slowly towards senior brother Cheng.

"You're right, inferior beings should live in inferior rooms. Therefore, the northern rooms are really suited for you."

Jiang Chen's aura increased with each step he took.

He'd destroyed even a golem at the peak of the fifth level spirit realm earlier. What did he fear from a fourth level disciple?

Although Jiang Chen's level of cultivation was only at the fourth level spirit realm, thanks to a spirit ocean crafted by the Five Dragons Opening Heavens Pill and his various fortuitous encounters, Jiang Chen's current aura was likely even on par with a cultivator at the peak of the earth spirit realm.

That a minor character who'd just entered the earth spirit realm kept threatening him — this naturally ticked off Jiang Chen by quite a bit.

He might have been able to overlook provocation, but this fellow had been spouting off words such as "trash", "inferior", and "village bumpkins" one after the other. Although Jiang Chen didn't want to

actually fight with him, he knew that if he didn't put this fellow down, he'd been in for no end of provocation in the future.

As opposed to making concessions to keeping the peace, he might as well settle things once and for all today and set the tone for what's to happen in the residence. From today forth, he, Jiang Chen, would be the boss of this place, and his word was law!

Whoever ran afoul of him would be in for it!

As Jiang Chen advanced, senior brother Cheng only felt a slight pressure weigh on him. His breathing then became labored, and then he realized that his spirit ocean was being continuously compressed like a balloon, in danger of exploding at any moment.

"This!"

Senior brother Cheng's face changed greatly as great drops of perspiration dripped down from his forehead.

Jiang Chen was expressionless as he continued to speak noncommittally, "Senior brother Cheng is it? A sect disciple huh? Five rules huh? Out of all that, I only ask, whose word is law now?"

Chapter 322: Now Who's Boss?

No matter how incisive one's words were, they weren't as convincing as a pair of iron fists.

No threats were as direct as directly threatening one's life.

That senior brother Cheng, who'd been overweeningly arrogant just moments before, was completely frightened out of his senses. He felt that his spirit ocean would collapse at any time and was truly scared out of his mind.

When it dawned on him that this pressure came from the ordinary disciple in front of him, there was no doubt that he had been shocked senseless and almost peed his pants.

His face was ashen as he stammered, "Your... your word is law."

"Louder, I can't hear you!" Jiang Chen purposefully raised his voice.

Senior brother Cheng almost wanted to cry but had to raise his voice, "Your... your word is law. From today onwards, your word is law in this yard!"

"Who's going to live in the northern room?" Jiang Chen asked again.

"I'll live in it." Senior brother Cheng was completely humiliated, but he didn't dare not answer.

"Who's inferior? Who's the trash? Who's a dog?" Jiang Chen continued.

Senior brother Cheng completely broke down as he sobbed, "Me, it's me!"

This exchange of words completely stunned the other disciples in the yard. They were all shellshocked as they couldn't believe their eyes. Was this really senior brother Cheng?

He was this weak in front of a secular disciple and had lost his composure so?!

Was this still the senior brother Cheng that they admired and who was loftily on high?

Jiang Chen smiled faintly as he retracted his aura and shouted, "Get the hell out of here. Your five rules were quite nice, so now I'm commandeering those as well. The six of you are my servants starting from today. You must answer when I call for you. You can resist, but don't blame me for not reminding you that the price of fighting back will be ten thousand times worse than being a servant."

Jiang Chen smiled coldly and brandished his sleeves, walking back to the room on the left of the southern side.

Candidate number two also walked up and pointed his thumb up at Jiang Chen, smiling, "Brother Boulder is domineering alright. That's how you should treat bullies like these guys. You were too awesome. I'll follow you from now on!"

Jiang Chen nodded absentmindedly. "Your room isn't this one."

Candidate number two blinked and immediately understood that he was being told to leave. He rubbed his nose, "You're no fun Brother Boulder. Forget it, I'll go back to my room. Thanks to Brother Boulder today, I don't have to be a servant and can live in the southern room."

A complicated look appeared in Jiang Chen's eyes as he watched candidate number two walk out.

For some reason, he felt that this person was quite mysterious. There also seemed to be a power hidden within this person.

Jiang Chen even suspected that if he hadn't made a move, then this "Xiao Fei" would've able to take care of all the sect disciples in the courtyard himself as well.

Of course, this was just speculation.

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The six sect disciples standing outside were all as dejected as roosters who'd lost a fight. Some of them had obvious expressions of being unwilling to accept this outcome.

"Senior brother Cheng, just what is going on? Why did you..."

Senior brother Cheng waved his hand and said dispiritedly, "Let's talk inside."

All of them surged into a room and one of the more hot tempered ones couldn't help but say, "Senior brother Cheng, you lowered your head to those country cultivators just now? Were... were you putting on the ruse of injuring yourself in order to win?"

"Yeah, senior brother Cheng, you're playing with that kid, right? Letting him climb high so that he will get a nasty fall down, right?"

"Haha, this must be the case. I knew that our senior brother Cheng would submit to mere ordinary disciples. This is quite creative, letting them soar to the clouds first and then slapping them down in a mess with one hand. Not bad, not bad. This new way of denying face and stepping on someone afterwards is creative indeed."

Senior brother Cheng had black lines running down his face as he cursed in his heart. Are all of you guys truly brainless? Or are you on being sarcastic on purpose just to jeer at me?

Injuring himself in order to win? Only bird brains such as these could possibly think up of this!

“Tiger and Sixie, the two of you pack your things and move to the northern rooms.” Senior brother Cheng said with a darkened face.

“What?” The stockily built Tiger immediately jumped up. “Why? Senior brother Cheng, are you joking? The northern rooms are the worst off, so why am I the one living there? Didn’t we agree that it would be those two ordinary disciples are staying there?”

Senior brother Cheng frowned, “I told you to go. What are you standing here blabbing away for?”

Tiger threw his head to the side, “I’m not going. You go if you want.”

It was likely that he’d seen senior brother Cheng’s cowardly display just now that Tiger had suddenly lost a lot of his usual respect towards senior brother Cheng, and his tone wasn’t that polite either.

Senior brother Cheng slammed his hand on the table, “What, do you think because I couldn’t take care of those two ordinary cultivators that I can’t do the same to you?”

Tiger’s temper also rose as well. “You were the one who arranged everything before, but now you’ve changed your mind. I’m perfectly happy in my room on the west side and I’m not going to the one on the north side, no matter what you say!”

Senior brother Cheng flew into a rage as someone said on the side, “Senior brother Cheng, just what’s going on here? Do you mean you weren’t acting just now?”

“The f*ck was I acting about!” Blood vessels once again popped out on his pale face. “I almost lost my life just now! Do you guys think you’re awesome and think I was shit just now? It’s not that I’m taking you down a peg, but all of you together wouldn’t put up enough of a fight against me, much less him! You’d be courting death!”

When had the fourth level spirit realm senior brother Cheng ever spoken such depressed words? This was obviously helping someone else become powerful and overlooking his own strength!

The entire room was shocked senseless when his words rang out.

They all knew senior brother Cheng very well. This fellow was a narcissistic, arrogant, cocky person who rarely complimented others.

However, he was actually voicing such words now!

What did this mean? This meant that all this cowardly actions and words just now were real and not an act!

Judging from his currently enraged expression, he was obviously not joking.

The faces of the five others finally changed at this moment.

“Senior brother Cheng, what do you mean you almost lost your life? Does that secular brat have some tricks up his sleeve?”

“Yeah, that kid looks crude beyond belief and he doesn’t look that strong. Not to mention, even if he is a genius among the ordinary cultivators, how can he compared to us sect disciples?”

The sect disciples were still too used to being on high, lofty grounds and having no respect for anyone at all. They viewed the ordinary world as shit and had never properly looked at anyone from there.

If it hadn’t been for that moment leaving such an impression just now, senior brother Cheng almost wondered if he’d been delusional and had been hallucinating just now.

But that kind of feeling of teetering between life and death would never lie to one.

In actuality, he wasn’t sure what had happened either. He’d only felt that he was a skiff in the midst of raging oceans, likely to be devoured at any time.

In that moment, it was as if someone else was controlling his life and death, consciousness, movement, and everything was outside of his control.

Otherwise, with his cultivation and mentality at the earth spirit realm, how would he have lost his composure thus?

Senior brother Cheng was also extremely irate with his companions repeated questions. He snorted, “You guys are welcome to try if you don’t believe me. I’ve already said this much, so if any of you want to die, go ahead. I won’t stop you.”

No matter how much the others were skeptical, they all somewhat believed after seeing senior brother Cheng thus.

“But...” There was still someone reluctant, “Senior brother Cheng, does this mean that this fellow is the king of this residence in the next three months? We have to listen to his commands and become his servant? Isn’t this a colossal joke?”

“Right?! We’re still sect geniuses at the end of the day, and where will our face be if word gets out that we obeyed the commands of an ordinary cultivator?”

“Indeed, us sect disciples would rather die and be humiliated. I can’t afford the loss of face that comes with being ordered about by a mere mundane ant.”

Senior brother Cheng rolled his eyes and said woodenly, “I’m not repeating myself. You guys can go try for yourselves if you don’t believe me.”

The others in the residence had all looked to him as their leader. Now that he was surrendering all of a sudden, the others felt a bit put off and didn’t know what to do.

They discussed for quite a while but couldn’t come up with a plan.

They could only surmise from senior brother Cheng’s words that this ordinary cultivator was incredibly strong to the point where even the former couldn’t make a stand.

Senior brother Cheng would’ve never given up so easily if this wasn’t the case.

When everyone saw their leader accept his lot, they knew that it was impossible to expect him to make another move.

If even their leader at the earth spirit realm didn't have the courage to challenge him again, then how would they, whose cultivation was far less, have the guts to?

All of them sighed as they weren't willing to accept things, but had no ability to change the situation.

The results of the first selection hadn't been revealed to the sect disciples, so these fellows naturally didn't know how strong these mundane cultivators were.

If they'd known that a freak genius with a boulder's heart had appeared in the first selection, then this show likely wouldn't have played out today.

Jiang Chen was sitting in his secret chamber at this moment. He'd used the Ear of the Zephyr to listen in on those other fellows just now.

It seemed that senior brother Cheng had accepted the results, but for the others, not so much.

However, with Jiang Chen's observation of that sect disciple, would he truly have submitted that easily? I don't think so!

This person was quite shrewd and had likely already guessed that it wasn't safe to speak in the residence, so he hadn't dared say anything at all and could only stammer inconclusively.

Jiang Chen understood that the more someone was like this, the more dangerous he was. Although he appeared to have accepted his lot on the surface, he was actually cooking up some sinister plot in the shadows.

"Humph. Dancing buffoons who aren't even able to take one hit! How would I, Jiang Chen, be afraid of some clowns? Whether this senior brother Cheng accepts things or not, I have hundreds of ways to take his life if he irritates me again." Jiang Chen thought and paid no more attention to the reactions in the outside world.

He was in the mystic spirit quadrant now and had entered the territory of the second selection. He was facing all the sect geniuses.

If even the fourth level mystic quadrant disciples were fourth level spirit realm, then what of the first level?

There were also the geniuses in the earth and sky quadrants...

"It looks like the four great sects have indeed kept some young talent in reserve." Jiang Chen thought.

Chapter 323: Increase in Armor Level, Art of Refining the Body

However, Jiang Chen wasn't scared by these circumstances. On the contrary, he was rather excited. He'd previously been worried that the sect disciples would be too incompetent, and wouldn't present him any challenge at all.

It looked like he'd thought about it too much.

Since there were already fourth level spirit realm disciples in the mystic quadrant, then there were surely geniuses with astounding talent in the higher levels.

Jiang Chen's blood boiled slightly when he thought about the challenges ahead of him.

He also looked forward to this kind of a feeling. This was an experience that he hadn't had in his past life; it was something unique to cultivators. And although he was well read in theories and knowledge, he'd still only been a bystander on the path of the martial dao.

"I used my aura to suppress senior brother Cheng just now, and also deployed some techniques to control one's consciousness. It looks like the effects were quite good. Senior brother Cheng lost his sense of self, and wasn't able to control both his motions and his words. That means this technique wasn't just meant to suppress someone else's aura, but could also control their consciousness as well. It looks to me like I truly need to practice the techniques of both the mind and the heart."

Thus far, Jiang Chen hadn't trained in any techniques that could control the mind. However, in the course of practicing Boulder's Heart and Psychic's Head, it was inevitable that he'd encounter this field.

He'd simply dipped a toe into this area just now, and had been surprised by how good the effects had been.

Of course, this had only pointed out a general direction for him. He didn't have the time to specifically practice this kind of technique during the selection.

He'd received quite a bit from the five trials of the initial selection.

His two attributes of fire and water had, thanks to the Lotus, advanced rapidly during the trials.

However, for a genius of all five elements like Jiang Chen, although simultaneously training in both the fire and the water attributes put him above the majority of the other cultivators, it was still a bit unbalanced for him.

The Five Dragons Opening Heavens Pill had crafted his spirit ocean, and expanded his domains, equipping Jiang Chen with potential in the five elements that most lacked.

Ordinarily speaking, only someone born with an innate constitution would possess the ability to simultaneously train in all five elements at the same time.

Even though the advantage conferred to him by the Opening Heavens Pill wasn't as superior as having an innate constitution, it was still the equivalent of thoroughly re-molding him.

Although his progress in the other three elements was relatively slower, it didn't impact his strength, nor the advancement of his combat abilities.

However, if his efforts were to bear fruit in all five elements, then both his strength and combat abilities would naturally be even more stunning.

"So the saying goes, and goes well, that ideals are full and lofty, but reality is scarce and lacking. Although I've benefitted from the Opening Heavens Pill in crafting my spirit ocean, I lacked the fortune to develop all five elements at the same time, due to a lack of resources. The Lotus speaks to my water and fire meridians, while the golden magnetic mountain is a treasure trove for my metal meridian."

Jiang Chen's concentration had finally arrived upon the golden magnetic mountain.

It was undoubtedly an enormous treasure vault, as it could form a forcefield that could decrease his opponent's speed, restrain his opponents, and protect himself. It could swallow everything when it formed a magnetic storm, and could churn up everything in its path.

Its metallic spirit power could also help Jiang Chen coalesce a spirit vein of metal. If he then trained in a body-refining technique and crafted an indestructible body, then could then make it so that his body was as strong as both metal and rock; undefeatable, and impervious to blades and spears.

If he could fully control the magnetic golden mountain, then he'd also be able to summon the golden, weapon-shaped monsters at any time. They weren't that strong in single combat, but their powers of destruction en masse were quite strong and stunning.

That Evil Golden Eye was even more frightening, as it could petrify people with a single glance, turning them into golden colored sculptures.

Of course, the most terrifying thing was the awakened Master of the Golden Seal. If he could thoroughly control the mountain, and fully awaken the Master, then its battle strength would simply be beyond Jiang Chen's imagination.

He'd met a Master of the Golden Seal that had had only a fraction of its power available to it, and it had used only 10% of that fraction to attack Jiang Chen, but he'd still felt that it'd been difficult to defend against.

If a Master of the Golden Seal struck with its full strength, Jiang Chen strongly believed that even the combined efforts of the four forefathers would be hard-pressed to defend against it.

Of course, a peak Master of the Golden Seal wasn't simply available at his beck and call. That was just a lovely daydream before he'd fully mastered the mountain.

Jiang Chen also hadn't forgotten that there were still the Thundercloud Cicada and Thundercloud Tree on the ninth floor of the mountain.

Whether it was the beetle's bloodlines, or the tree itself, they were both great treasures.

Apart from that, Jiang Chen had gained even more from the Valley of Destruction.

The cores of the Fire Raven King and the Fire Ravens were all valuable fire attribute items. The Raven King's tail feathers were also prime material to refine into weapons.

The Red-scaled Firelizard was even more of a treasure trove. Although the Goldbiter Rats had made off with its flesh and blood, the scales of the Firelizard had heaven defying powers of defense. Its bones were so hard that even the Rats hadn't been able to nibble on them. It was thus apparent how strong they were, and how crucial they were to crafting weapons.

Jiang Chen took out two scales at that moment, and held them up. The two of them together would just barely cover the upper half of an adult's body.

The Firelizard's enormous size also meant that there were roughly two hundred scales on its body.

Jiang Chen also had armor on his body now; it was the skysilk soft armor that Princess Gouyu had given him while they were in the Eastern Kingdom.

This armor was truly invincible in the true qi realm, but now that he'd entered the spirit realm, its protective effects had become negligible.

"A good piece of armor represents half an extra life in crucial moments. If I don't use these Firelizard scales well, it'd be a reckless waste of a good gift."

Jiang Chen decided to personally reforge the skysilk armor, and incorporate the two Firelizard scales into the soft armor.

The two scales would instantly increase the defensive capabilities of the armor by at least ten times.

The Red-scaled Firelizard had even been able to defend against the Fire Ravens at a time when its cultivation had decreased to 20% of its original.

Of course, the scales were only able to display their strongest defensive capabilities when they were actually on the Firelizard, and combined with its spirit power.

As sophisticated as Jiang Chen's methods were, he'd likely only be able to deploy a third of the scales' original defensive capabilities if he refined the scales now.

However, a third of their original capabilities was already astounding enough.

If he could refine the core of the Firelizard one day, then he'd be able to fully deploy the scales' defensive capabilities.

However, Jiang Chen knew that it wouldn't be that easy to refine a saint ranked creature's core.

He didn't even dare to think of this matter before his cultivation had entered the sky spirit realm.

However, incorporating the two scales into the skysilk soft armor wasn't a difficult thing—not with Jiang Chen's experience.

He spent four hours fully incorporating the scales into the soft armor. When he was finished, the soft armor didn't look any different from the outside.

The only physical difference was that it'd become slightly heavier, there were no differences on its exterior.

However, the soft armor brimmed with a amount of faint spirit energy now, giving one the feeling that it was an uncommon item.

"The saying that 'those who specialize in civil subjects are poor, and the ones in the martial dao are rich' is true indeed. Even sect geniuses, much less ordinary disciples, would be hard pressed to find something like this soft armor for their own use. The path of the martial dao is intricately intertwined with both money and resources."

Jiang Chen had been born in a third rate kingdom, and had had no money or resources. He'd made it to this point completely due to the memories of his previous life, and the unending efforts he'd made in this life.

Use the armor of the Fire-scaled Lizard as an example—if it hadn't been for his decisive actions to follow the development of the battle, he likely wouldn't have had any gains in the end.

“With the increase in this armor's level, I feel that even earth spirit realm attacks will find it difficult to injure me. Of course, nothing is absolute in this world. Some strong attribute attacks are another matter entirely. However, it'll be impossible for any fire or water attacks below the sky spirit realm to injure me.”

The Firelizard naturally possessed the fire attribute, and was thus immune to it. Water attacks would also be greatly weakened under the defense of its scales.

Jiang Chen started to meditate after completing the modifications to his soft armor, rummaging through the memories of his past life. He wanted to locate a body-refining technique.

There were many such techniques, but he'd have to carefully choose one that was suitable for him.

“The Buddha's warrior attendants, nine variations of transformation? This art uses the essence of metal, along with the power of fire and water, to refine an indestructible body. This is the one!”

The “Nine Transformations of Demons and Gods” was also known as the “Nine Variations of Buddha's Warrior Attendants”.

This technique made his eyes light up.

Various experts before him had used this art to refine their bodies all the way from an ordinary mortal, to an undying legend beneath the heavens.

It was because of this that there were countless heritages and variations of this technique.

“There are nine levels of the Nine Transformations of Demons and Gods. The first five are to refine the skin, flesh and blood, tendons and bones, five organs, and true origin. The last four go beyond one's body, and begin to transform into the various forms of demons and gods, utterly unfathomable in their depth.

The first five steps were both simply just to lay a foundation, and to forge an indestructible body. The last four steps of the advanced art were something that he couldn't even imagine currently.

Jiang Chen knew very well that if he could lay down firm foundations, he'd be invincible in the spirit realm.

Even when he entered the origin realm, his indestructible body would make him peerless, compared to others on his level. If he could display the transformations of demons and gods, then that would be utterly incredible. He'd be able to easily trample opponents of the same level, and even those of higher levels.

“This is the one, the Nine Transformations of Demons and Gods! I have boundless metallic essence thanks to the golden magnetic mountain, and have an incomparable advantage in fire and water thanks to the Lotus. It's almost as if this art was tailored for me.”

Jiang Chen stopped searching, and decided to train in this particular technique.

Chapter 324: The Hundred Challenges Arena

A night passed. Jiang Chen opened his eyes to revel in the feeling of a new day as sunlight streamed into his room.

The morning sunshine and mountain breeze gave one a very homely feeling. However, each candidate also knew that the true challenge had arrived.

Jiang Chen had also seen some success after practicing the “Nine Transformations” for a night. When he had first called upon the essence of metal power and focused it onto his skin, he’d only felt a slight pricking pain.

This pain wasn’t noticeable at first, but as his training deepened, it felt like tens of thousands of embroidery needles were constantly stabbing into his skin.

Although this level of pain wasn’t enough to cause someone to break down, it still didn’t feel good by any means.

Jiang Chen was someone who could endure pain very well, and he didn’t even crease his brow when continuing to use the essence of metal power in order to further refine his skin.

As time went on, his skin grew used to the tempering from the essence of metal and the sensation of pain slowly decreased.

He knew that no art was easily trained. There would be countless inevitable trials and tribulations on the path of cultivation.

When it came to refining the body, there was a commonly accepted principle in the world of martial dao.

Those who lacked great determination would not be able to endure refinement of the body. Refining the body was a kind of self torture, and sufficient courage was needed to place oneself within the eighteenth level of hell.

There were those with ordinary potential who fought their way to the top, step by step, just through refining their bodies.

It could be said that the art of body refinement had cleaved a new path to attain the peak of martial dao for those with ordinary potential.

However, it was a path that was much more difficult than ordinary cultivation.

Those who could truly make it to the peak of body refinement were as rare as phoenix feathers and dragon scales.

However, once a cultivator made it to the peak of body refinement, their battle strength was, without a doubt, much stronger than their peers of similar cultivation levels.

Fierce battle strength, incredible explosive power, and a death-defying fighting spirit were all traits unique to body refiners.

The first level of Jiang Chen's "Nine Transformations of the Demons and Gods" was just to temper his skin. All the pain that he felt was just the smallest taste of things to come.

The higher his level grew, the tougher the trials would be on his body.

Jiang Chen was also well aware that since he'd chosen to refine his body, this meant that he would have to be prepared to accept the pain and suffering of eighteen levels of hell as well.

However, Jiang Chen wasn't an ordinary body refiner in this regard. He had many methods that could help him decrease his pain a bit in the process of refining his body.

Knock knock knock.

Knocking sounds came from the door. Judging from the footsteps, he knew that it was his neighbor, Xiao Fei.

He opened the door to reveal candidate number two's face.

"Brother Boulder, it's about time to assemble. We should go."

Jiang Chen nodded, as he knew the rules.

All candidates had to report to the Hundred Challenges Arena every morning during these three months.

The Arena was built in the core area of the mystic spirit quadrant, with a hundred rings built within. Each candidate had to take their place within the Arena every morning.

According to the rules, the successive sixteen hours starting from the morning¹ of each day were open for challenges. All candidates had to remain within the Arena and could not leave.

This was because each candidate was not only a challenger, but also someone to be challenged.

This rule did not apply after a candidate had been challenged three times in the same day, and they were allowed to leave first.

Their name would then be struck off the list and they would no longer be able to receive more challenges that day.

This was a type of protection for the candidates.

Otherwise, if one was unlucky and was selected seven or eight times a day, they'd die of exhaustion, even if they weren't beaten to death.

At the same time, each candidate had to complete one challenge a day.

By ruling that that each candidate had to complete a challenge a day, this ensured that the hundred challenges would be able to be completed within three months.

Jiang Chen exited his room and left the door unlatched. Although he hadn't left anything inside, he still didn't want anyone coming in to disturb his room. Therefore, Jiang Chen left a few marks around the doorway.

If anyone moved his door and entered his room, he'd find out when he returned.

“Brother Boulder, how are your preparations?” Xiao Fei asked probingly.

Jiang Chen smiled faintly, “Not bad, you?”

Xiao Fei barely mustered a smile, “My strength is far less than Brother Boulder’s. I’ll try my best.”

His attitude was quite humble, but Jiang Chen could tell that Xiao Fei’s true strength was absolutely not what he’d displayed thus far.

The two of them walked out to discover that the other six sect disciples had left quite early.

It looked like they’d slipped out early in order to avoid any awkwardness. They were deathly afraid of bumping into Jiang Chen and being ordered around like a servant.

As sect disciples, they couldn’t let go of the pride rooted in their bones.

Xiao Fei smiled, “These fellows look like they’re truly afraid. They left early and didn’t dare meet with Brother Boulder. What a vindicating feeling!”

Jiang Chen smiled slightly, and felt that although it was possible that they were scared, he didn’t feel that these fellows would accept their new lots quite so easily. It was likely that more developments were in store.

However, just as Jiang Chen had said, they could resist, but the price of resisting was far worse than the price of being a servant.

It took them fifteen minutes to make it to the Hundred Challenges Arena.

A hundred elevated rings stood in the vast expanse of the Hundred Challenges Arena, giving one an impressive and awe inspiring feeling.

Candidates of various levels were already sitting cross legged around the Arena.

As Jiang Chen and Xiao Fei wore the uniforms of secular disciples, they stood out greatly as they walked across the ground. Xiao Fei looked around and discovered that the other ordinary practitioners were all cowering within the corners. It looked like they’d been thoroughly whipped into shape by the sect disciples.

When they saw Jiang Chen and Xiao Fei appear, a strange light appeared in some of their eyes. It seemed that they were waiting to watch a good show, and that their hearts would be assuaged only when they saw Jiang Chen firmly driven into the ground.

Jiang Chen could discern their thoughts from their eyes.

“What a pathetic bunch. What are they doing in a selection if they don’t dare to retort against these sect disciples? Just because they’ve had some tough times, they want to see us go through the same. They don’t even have a bottom line of a decent human being. These people deserve to be stomped underfoot.”

Jiang Chen originally had a few traces of sympathy for these secular disciples, but that little bit of sympathy vanished completely when he saw the expression and looks in their eyes.

Xiao Fei also seemed to detect the enmity coming from them at all sides.

The sect disciples all had unfriendly looks on their faces. It was obvious that word of what had happened in their courtyard had spread amongst the sect disciples.

“Brother Boulder, it looks like we have trouble.” Xiao Fei said lowly.

Jiang Chen creased his brow, “You can go off on your own if you’re afraid of trouble. You can even kiss up to the sect disciples, I won’t stop you.”

Xiao Fei chuckled, “I don’t have much to my name, but I’ve got a stubborn temper. The more they want to suppress me, the more I won’t let them succeed. Brother Boulder, you want to get rid of me? Heh heh, I’m not moving!”

If it was in ordinary times, Jiang Chen wouldn’t have cared what this fellow was thinking. But in comparison to the other disciples all submitting to the sect disciples, at least candidate number two had some self pride and hadn’t bowed his head to the sect disciples.

Therefore, Jiang Chen didn’t feel any distaste towards him.

“You, kid. Come over here.” An impolite voice suddenly sounded from the left.

Jiang Chen didn’t even seem to hear the voice as he continued walking forward without the slightest pause in his footsteps.

“Hey! I mean you two! The two with the masks! I’ve heard you’re the first and second place candidates in the first selection? Tsk tsk, aren’t you cocky eh!”

If Jiang Chen answered these idiotic provocations every time they came up, he’d never have time to do anything else.

However, the more he ignored them, the more annoyed they became. A figure flashed as it blocked Jiang Chen’s way, with arrogance and domination written all over his face.

“Kid, you’re cocky! If a sect disciple is calling out to you, it means we are honoring you! Who the hell do you think you are to be so discourteous?”

“Piss off.” Jiang Chen had only two words.

“What? You... you told me to piss off?”

Jiang Chen said no more and reached out a hand, grabbing the other’s shirt with incredible speed and sending out extreme strength with the shake of his hand. He flung the other out twenty or so meters, like he was throwing away a dead animal.

The person didn’t even have time to react before crashing down helter skelter over the ground, the very epitome of bedraggedness.

If it wasn’t for the rules, Jiang Chen would’ve sent him flying with one slap.

Although the person was in a sore state, he wasn’t injured. His face was beet red as he’d just been tossed aside like trash beneath the stares of everyone assembled. This was howling shame!

To add insult on injury, Xiao Fei actually started applauding, as if craving nothing more than to stir up chaos.

“Wonderful, wonderful! What a nice Tripped Dog Form, right on!”

The sect disciple almost spat out blood when he heard these words. Tripped Dog Form! This was insinuating that he was a dog!

“Brat, who are you calling a dog?? The sect disciple flew into a rage but was still wary of Jiang Chen and so didn’t dare to charge forward.

Xiao Fei chuckled, “Whoever blocks the way is the dog, do you need me to teach you that?”

The sect disciple howled with indignation as another disciple stepped out at this time. His expression was remote as he actually looked a bit similar to senior brother Cheng.

“Let me introduce myself, I’m Cheng Zhen. I heard from my younger cousin that you were quite arrogant in the courtyard yesterday. I don’t know what you, a mere secular disciple, have to be arrogant about. I warn you, if you dare do anything to my cousin, I will make you regret arriving in this world.”

Threats upon threats! To blatantly threaten another in front of the Hundred Challenges Arena, these sect disciples were truly unbridled.

1. TN: precise time given is 7am - 9am↔

Chapter 325: The Challenges Begin

Jiang Chen didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. He didn’t understand where these sect disciples got their confidence and their feeling of superiority from.

Although Cheng Zhen was much stronger than his cousin, it seemed from his tone that he was assured that he would have complete domination over Jiang Chen.

Stupefied, Jiang Chen raised an eyelid and said faintly, “That sounds like a threat?”

“Yes, I’m threatening you.” Cheng Zhen smiled coldly. “Secular disciples should have the self awareness of being ordinary dirt. Since no one has taught you how to act in front of a sect genius, I’ll trouble myself to teach you about how you should act and behave yourself.”

Jiang Chen sighed lightly and shook his head, “What a pity.”

“Pity what?!” Cheng Zhen flew into a rage.

“It’s a pity that the rules don’t allow personal fighting. Otherwise, I’d be able to teach you right now that you need to be able to back up your lofty words with real ability, or you’ll find that you’re actually just full of hot air.”

Cheng Zhen’s face darkened as his expression grew long.

“Slow witted brat, this means that you’ve made up your mind to go against me?”

Jiang Chen said faintly, “You’re thinking too much. Going against you? What makes you think that you’re worthy?”

To be honest, the Cheng brothers really weren't worth Jiang Chen going to any effort for them.

As a sect disciple, Cheng Zhen's arrogance knew no bounds. The sense of superiority when facing ordinary practitioners was even more full blown.

In his eyes, so-called ordinary geniuses was just selecting a tall person from a crowd of shorties. They weren't worthy of being put side by side with the sect disciples at all.

He felt that he was a proud phoenix when facing ordinary geniuses, and they were just base hens.

Hens were supposed to lower their eyes and heads in front of noble phoenixes and bow to their every wish.

So when he heard Jiang Chen's words, Cheng Zhen wanted to explode with rage. He was arrogant, but he didn't think that there'd be someone even more arrogant than him in the mundane world!

The rage in his chest was almost to the point of erupting.

As the two faced off against each other, a stern yell suddenly came from the Arena. "The hour has arrived, all cultivators be silent and welcome the main examiners!"

The examiners had finally arrived.

With their arrival, the candidates naturally didn't dare to make a fuss. These were people who would decide their fates.

Cheng Zhen ferociously glared at Jiang Chen, "You're lucky kid. You better pray that you don't get me or I don't pick you, or else, I'll make it so that you don't even have the ability to get off the ring yourself!"

"Is that so? Then I should really thank you for letting me know how hard I should punch you." Jiang Chen shrugged and he had a careless expression on his face.

Such empty threats were unamusing jokes to Jiang Chen.

The keeper of the mystic quadrant, the man surnamed Fang, was standing in front of the Hundred Challenges Arena. Roughly two hundred supporting examiners were standing beside him.

The Arena needed to record wins and losses and scores, so naturally, a lot of helpers were needed.

Master Fang's presence was stately and wherever he swept his gaze, all candidates sitting cross legged stood up. No one dared put on airs and remain seated.

Master Fang's cold gaze paused briefly between Jiang Chen and Cheng Zhen, leaving behind a meaningful look. *nDve/lB*)In

His gaze then immediately swept in another direction.

Cheng Zhen's neck shrunk a bit as he felt the back of his head grow cold and fear rise in his heart.

Had Master Fang noted his movements just now?

Jiang Chen however, was rather open minded about it all. Everything had resulted from Cheng Zhen's provocations. He didn't have a guilty conscience and he didn't even fear anything even if this keeper sided with the sect disciple.

However, it appeared for the moment that Master Fang didn't intend on sheltering anyone. He didn't even seem prepared to get involved.

"The hour is almost here. The challenges begin from this moment on. We will select the list of challengers at random and without order. The first batch of one hundred to be chosen will take their place in the rings."

No matter a cultivator's level or ranking, everything was random. Cheating could be thus avoided in this manner.

"Remember, the victor of the challenge can continue to battle today. Theoretically speaking, we have no restrictions on the victor. You can continuously challenge others until you fall or you no longer wish to battle for the day. As for those who fail in their challenge, you won't have the right to challenge others for the rest of the day."

"Those who have failed in their challenge must leave the ring. We will select others to fill empty rings."

These challenges only counted the score of the challenger. As for those who had been challenged, they had to leave the ring no matter if they won or lost.

Jiang Chen had to admit that there was quite a bit of difficulty to these challenges. If someone had just been challenged and was selected to challenge someone else in the next fight, then that meant they would fight two times in a row.

If a challenger kept winning, then theoretically speaking, they could continue battling.

This was very advantageous to the candidates with extraordinary strength, particularly the first level ones. They would be able to fight several times a day if they had overwhelming strength.

Jiang Chen was rather filled with anticipation at this thought.

"Remember, each fight can only last 30 minutes. If no one has beaten their opponent or neither side has conceded the match during this time, it will be up to the judges to determine who has won. Victory will be awarded according to the development of the battle. The side that is deemed to be the passive one will be denoted the loser. Remember, there are no draws. If you cannot defeat your opponent, at least strive to suppress them in the ring."

There were no draws. Every battle had to have a conclusion.

That was the harsh reality of the challenges. Jiang Chen believed that this rule would make everyone strive to their utmost, because if you didn't knock your opponent completely down and fought for the full 30 minutes, the drain on your body's resources would be enormous.

Therefore, each candidate had to think of all ways possible to defeat their opponent as fast as possible.

With sixteen hours a day for battling, there would be four matches every two hours. This meant that each ring would host 32 matches a day.

The one hundred elevated rings could host 3,200 matches.

With the three thousand total candidates in the mystic quadrant, there would be three thousand matches if everyone submitted one challenge. The facilities would be enough to accommodate all the activities.

“The challenges now officially start. I will now draw the first batch of challengers. Those who are selected must immediately take their place in the ring. Your opponents will also be selected at random.”

Everything was at random, but there would certainly be some coincidences.

But regardless, this process was fair overall.

The first batch of a hundred competitors was quickly selected, but Jiang Chen’s name wasn’t part of it. Some of those selected were delighted and others were incredibly nervous. There were also those who were calm, and some who were expressionless.

“It’s a pity that I wasn’t in the first batch.” Jiang Chen actually really wanted to go up early. Sadly, it was rather normal that he hadn’t been selected in the first hundred.

Xiao Fei on his side also sighed, “We weren’t selected. Eh, wasn’t that fellow ranked number 7 in the first selection? He was selected.”

Indeed, in of the first batch, there was one secular disciple.

There were only ten of them in the mystic quadrant, and one of them had been selected in the first hundred!

“I wonder how the fighting competencies of ordinary practitioners measure up in the mystic quadrant?” Xiao Fei seemed to be murmuring to himself.

All of the selected cultivators quickly entered the rings, and their opponents were also swiftly selected.

Xiao Fei seemed quite excited as he pulled Jiang Chen in various directions, walking to and fro.

It was obviously unrealistic to watch all one hundred rings at the same time. Xiao Fei wanted to pick a few of the more exciting fights to gain a better understanding of the strength of the sect disciples.

Jiang Chen wasn’t quite as fervent as Xiao Fei, and his Psychic’s Head could be deployed to cover the entire Arena if he wished.

However, he was resigned to being tugged about by Xiao Fei.

They hadn’t gotten far before an examiner stopped them, saying, “Wandering is not allowed during the fights. Go back and observe from where you are. Prepare to enter the ring at any time.”

It wasn’t that the examiner was purposefully being mean, but that it was true that a victory could be determined at any time on this stage. If a challenger failed, they would immediately need another candidate to take their place.

If the selected replacement couldn’t be found, then that would delay the proceedings and affect operational efficiency.

It was a good thing that there was some higher terrain around the rings, and one could get good line of sight when they stood on the high terrain. Xiao Fei was enraptured as he kept commenting on the matches, he was quite caught up in everything.

Jiang Chen watched for a bit and more or less, he had gained an understanding of the situation.

Most candidates were at the third and fourth spirit realm in the mystic quadrant, with almost no fifth level spirit realm.

Although there were four levels with this quadrant, there wasn't much difference between the various sect disciples.

Jiang Chen also knew that strength was a factor in assigning levels, but there were certainly other factors as well. Potential for example, battle strength for another. Strength of the heart or family background... those were certainly all taken into consideration as well.

With the mundane practitioners for instance, no other factor was even considered for them. Their births had determined that they would only be fourth level.

Results started appearing on the rings after fifteen minutes roughly.

Around thirty rings were emptied and new challengers quickly chosen.

Jiang Chen was full of anticipation as he kept waiting for himself to be chosen.

However, he and Xiao Fei were never selected. They weren't in the list of challengers, nor were they selected to answer the call.

He felt quite bored after a while. As of now, no strong match ups had occurred yet.

The secular disciple that Xiao Fei had been keeping an eye on still lost in the end after a hard fought battle. His first challenge was a loss!

As Xiao Fei watched the candidate leave the ring with weariness written on his body, he couldn't help but sigh, "It's truly difficult for a mundane disciple to rise above the crowd."

Although Jiang Chen agreed with this viewpoint, he merely smiled faintly and he didn't say anything.

Chapter 326: [Title at the End]

Jiang Chen remained where he was, but that didn't mean that he wasn't paying attention to the outside world.

His Psychic's Head had been in continual operation all along, and he could feel unfriendly looks shoot towards him from all directions.

He didn't even need to look to know that it was the Cheng brothers and their henchmen.

Suddenly, Jiang Chen heard Master Fang announce a name that he was more familiar with — Han Xianke.

Han Xianke was one of the disciples of the Precious Tree Sect, and he had even fought with Jiang Chen for a bit regarding the matter of the Five Winged Lesser Dragon during Ye Chonglou's birthday banquet.

However, friendship grew from an exchange of blows and Han Xianke had actually become quite loyal to Jiang Chen. He'd even wanted to become Jiang Chen's follower.

When they met again in the capital of the Skylaurel Kingdom, Han Xianke had even helped Tang Long's little brother, making his symptoms vanish with medicine.

Although Han Xianke had the temper of a sect disciple, he wasn't a bad sort and he at least was someone who kept his word.

He said, that day during the banquet, that if he lost to Jiang Chen, he would become Jiang Chen's servant.

He didn't deny this matter afterwards or refuse to owe up to it. Instead, he'd waited in the capital for Jiang Chen to fulfill the terms of his bet.

From this perspective, Han Xianke's character was quite decent.

However, Jiang Chen had erupted in open hostilities with the Precious Tree Sect after Han Xianke had returned to the sect and Jiang Chen hadn't had the opportunity to get in touch with him again.

To think that they would meet again in the mystic quadrant!

Since he was familiar with this name, Jiang Chen naturally paid a bit more attention.

The odd thing was, when Xiao Fei heard Han Xianke's name, he actually looked at Jiang Chen and he saw the latter open his eyes, casting a glance at Han Xianke's ring. Xiao Fei's heart trembled slightly.

"He... he hadn't been paying attention to the matches earlier, but he immediately opened his eyes when Han Xianke appeared. This means he knows Han Xianke. Indeed... if I'm not mistaken, this freak genius is Jiang Chen!" Waves of emotion rose in his heart.

However, none of this was revealed behind the mask.

"I know he's Jiang Chen, but he doesn't know who I am. Sigh... he probably doesn't know either that I can thoroughly determine who he is thanks to Han Xianke." Xiao Fei's heart was in a turmoil.

Behind the mask, Xiao Fei was actually Dan Fei.

She hadn't even told the old tutor when she signed up for the selection. She herself didn't even know why she was here.

It wasn't that she aspired to the sects, but there was something that she couldn't give up in the depths of her heart. It weighed down and occupied her whole heart.

She actually knew full well that all of this was because of Jiang Chen.

However, she had been afraid and hadn't dare to face this reason.

She kept deceiving and comforting herself that she was only very competitive and she wanted to prove herself against the so-called sect geniuses.

However, she was well aware of the true reason, and that was that she wanted to witness the journey of Jiang Chen's rise.

Jiang Chen hadn't disappointed her. He easily stomped all the obstacles along the way and he had become the champion of the first selection.

Other people may not know who the champion is, but Dan Fei had spent many days with Jiang Chen and she could deduce his identity from the various details.

The most critical was that she had absolute confidence in Jiang Chen. She'd always felt that Jiang Chen would absolutely emerge from the masses with unstoppable momentum.

It was because she was thus predisposed that she was more certain than anyone that the freak genius was Jiang Chen.

She'd been ninety nine percent sure of her hunch, and the last bit of uncertainty had been dispelled after Han Xianke had appeared.

This was because she had witnessed all the various grudges between Jiang Chen and Han Xianke as she'd been a participant in the old tutor's birthday banquet!

Many of the Precious Tree Sect disciples had been selected, with Jiang Chen not reacting to them at all.

He only opened his eyes when Han Xianke had been chosen.

That was enough to explain everything.

As the old tutor's direct disciple, Dan Fei had never fully revealed the depths of her cultivation. She'd advanced rapidly in the last two years thanks to the honored tutor's efforts and her potential had been fully developed.

In terms of cultivation level, she could absolutely rank in the top ten of the mystic quadrant.

However, she hadn't wanted to expose her identity. She'd wanted to fully witness Jiang Chen's rise first.

At the moment, Jiang Chen's thoughts were all on Han Xianke's battle. He had absolutely no idea that it was Dan Fei by his side.

"Han Xianke's fighting skills aren't too bad. It looks like he should be able to win this fight."

Indeed, Han Xianke defeated his opponent before too long, just like Jiang Chen had predicted, claiming his first victory.

If a challenger won, they could continue to accept challenges.

Han Xianke obviously had some ambitions as he decided to continue after thinking for a short while.

However, Jiang Chen smiled ruefully when his opponent appeared. The new opponent was obviously a first level candidate, and judging from his appearance, he was a Purple Sun Sect disciple like the Cheng brothers.

"Things aren't looking good for Han Xianke." Jiang Chen sighed in his heart.

One had to say, Jiang Chen possessed quite a keen eye. Han Xianke's earlier advantages were all almost restricted to a fault in this battle. He couldn't hold on in less than fifteen minutes and he was defeated.

In this regard, his chances were over today. Completing two challenges in a day and having one victory and one loss wasn't too bad.

However, for someone who wanted to make it into the top ten, this was only a middling result.

Jiang Chen could subtly see that amongst the four sects, the Purple Sun Sect was the most domineering. The matches were even more intense when they faced Precious Tree Sect disciples.

The other two sects seemed to have ordinary relations with the Purple Sun Sect.

However, the fighting strength of the Purple Sun Sect disciples were a bit stronger indeed. Their win rates were obviously higher.

"It looks like the Purple Sun Sect does indeed have more of an advantage in the area of martial dao. The four sects all have their specialities, but this selection focuses on fighting and so it's understandable that the Purple Sun Sect has a bit of an advantage."

Although these were Jiang Chen's thoughts, he didn't have any longing for this sect.

In terms of martial dao heritage or foundations, even ten Purple Sun Sects wouldn't measure up to even one tenth of Jiang Chen's memories. In terms of martial dao, he'd be the last person who needed to kiss up to anyone.

Just as he was lost in thought, his name was called.

Another batch of rings had been emptied and new challengers were being picked. This time, the champion of the first selection numbered amongst them!

"Brother Boulder, it's your turn!" Dan Fei couldn't help but cry out. Emotions rippled through her heart. She'd been anticipating all along to see Jiang Chen shine and dominate the selection.

And now, this moment was finally here.

Jiang Chen smiled faintly and nodded, walking towards the elevated rings.

An examiner guided him to the appropriate one.

"According to the rules, you are to select your own opponent. All opponents will be selected at random."

Jiang Chen nodded. He didn't care who his opponent was or their level. The hundred challenges would be spread out evenly in the end, and he'd face twenty five candidates from the four levels.

Although it was at random, this distribution would never change.

Jiang Chen's luck was quite good as his first opponent was a third level opponent from the Flowing Wind Sect.

The person selected was obviously not too happy. After all, the matches in which one was selected were the most meaningless. They wouldn't count as part of your win rate no matter the result.

However, when he saw that Jiang Chen was wearing the uniform of a secular disciple, his expression became quite lively.

“My luck’s not bad to get an ordinary practitioner, hahaha!” The person rejoiced. “Although this won’t count in my win rate, if my scores are the same as someone else in the end, I will rank further ahead since I was challenged often. Although this won’t count, it’s nice to add a notice to the number of times I’ve been challenged. Perhaps this will become the defining fight in determining my ranking? I wish that these ordinary practitioners would pick me everyday!”

It was more than apparent that the sect disciples had an overwhelming amount of prejudice against the secular disciples. ~~no~~ ~~17~~ ~~e~~ ~~1b~~ ~~In~~

They all felt that the secular disciples wouldn’t stand up to a single blow at all.

Jiang Chen’s opponent wasn’t immune to this mindset either, traces of his mentality could be gleaned from his proud mindset.

“Secular practitioner, it’s an affront to the eyes that you stand in this ring. Recognize the greater situation that you’re in and concede the match.” The Flowing Wind Sect disciple said arrogantly.

Jiang Chen crossed his hands in front of his chest and stood to the side of the ring.

He paid no attention to who his opponent was once he set foot in the ring. His only thought was to defeat them!

“Make your move.” The Flowing Wind Sect completely dismissed Jiang Chen and puffed his chest out.

Jiang Chen nodded and he didn’t waste time in talking. He lifted his feet and his body moved like lightning. He formed a hand seal that transformed into a ball of flame, as ferocious as a tiger, slapping it at the Flowing Wind Sect disciple.

“Pfft. Tricks and foolery.” The disciple couldn’t help but laugh when he saw this move. It was the most basic and crude of moves — the “Obscure Seal of Life and Death”.

“Haha, it’s the ‘Obscure Seal of Life and Death’. That secular disciple is so pathetic. He doesn’t even possess a decent method. If I recall correctly, this technique is the basic technique that everyone has to practice for the entrance exams to the four great sects?” Those watching beneath the stage also started jeering.

“The ordinary world is a poor and desolate place. It’s normal that they don’t have any good techniques. Tsk tsk. To think that I thought that the first amongst the ordinary world disciples would possess a certain level of skill. It looks like he was quite disappointing indeed.”

“Then this is your fault, you shouldn’t have had any expectations in the first place. If he truly was a genius, why would he have floundered about in the ordinary world?”

“True that, a real genius wouldn’t be buried even if he was born in the ordinary world. Our junior sister Long Juxue for example. She was born in the ordinary world, but she is a phoenix amongst men, destined to soar into the skies!”

Chapter 327: Defeat with A Single Blow, a Dominating Jiang Chen

The jeers and mockery continuously rang out from beneath the ring. They all harbored extremely malicious intentions, using techniques to directly transmit their jeering to Jiang Chen’s ring.

It was obvious that they were doing this on purpose to Jiang Chen. Their goal was to strike a heavy blow to his confidence and destroy his dao heart as a champion of the first selection.

These sect disciples were mostly unkind folk.

As the champion of the first selection, Jiang Chen did indeed have a very eye catching title and naturally became the sect disciples' primary target.

The Flowing Wind Sect disciple truly did laugh when he saw Jiang Chen use the "Obscure Seal".

He knew that secular disciples were pathetic, lacking in resources and techniques, but he hadn't thought that they'd be this poor.

The "Obscure Seal" was akin to the most rudimentary technique for a three year old, something that everyone had to learn.

You're using such crude techniques against me, a sect disciple?

The Flowing Wind Sect disciple was already figuring out how to use the most devastating method possible to torture this secular champion out of the ring.

However, these thoughts didn't remain in his head for long, as in the next moment, his expression changed.

The flaming hand seal actually became a sea of flames within the span of a breath, roaring at him from all sides.

When he wanted to strike a stance and defend himself, he discovered that the air around him had suddenly all seemed to be set afire, all burning up in flames.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh.

No matter how far he backed up, he found that he was unable to fully retreat out of the range of this ocean of fire.

One move was enough to dominate everything beneath the skies.

Bam!

The frightening hand seal slammed into the the Flowing Wind Sect disciple's chest like a charging bull.

An arc was transcribed through the air towards to the ground in the next second, accompanied by a ghastly scream that ended in a thud.

One move. A vaunted sect disciple had been defeated in a second by a secular disciple, using the crude technique that they'd completely looked down upon.

Some of the other sect disciples in the audience were even midway through a jeer, but the battle scene in front of them stoppered their mouths up like a large mantou. They were left tongue tied, unable to voice a single word.

Face slapping, this was true face slapping!

The irrefutable truth in front of them was the most direct and harshest way of slapping their faces before their mockery had even finished.

These fellows all felt their faces burn. n/(0V**e**l**b**l**n**

As they burned with humiliation, they were also uncommonly shocked.

Was this an ordinary disciple? He'd used one move, a seemingly ordinary "Obscure Seal", to completely defeat a sect disciple.

Defeating a sect disciple wasn't anything out of the ordinary. The extraordinary part was that he'd used only one move in a single second. The impact of this absolute advantage was simply too great for the sect disciples beneath the stage.

Although that unlucky bastard had only been of the third level just now, how weak could any of those who had made it to this time's selection be?

There were countless disciples amongst the four great sects and only a few thousand had been selected to join. Which one of them weren't the cream of the crop? Which one hadn't triumphed over scores of opponents within the sects before receiving the right to come to this legacy territory of ancient times?

However, he'd been defeated, and been defeated in a very humiliating way.

There were many ways in which one could be defeated. This was without a doubt, one of the worst ways.

All sorts of jeering and mockery had flown Jiang Chen's way before the match, but they had all been silenced in a second. The obvious display of the enormous gulf between the two was a sure-fire way to lose the most face in defeat.

However, beneath the stage, Dan Fei was highly agitated, her heart pounding fiercely. She had simulated this scene in her mind countless times.

This scene had finally stepped out from the fantasies and taken place right in front of her.

"Jiang Chen, the lordmaster wasn't wrong about you alright. He once said to me that you would soar to the skies in this selection, and that all the sect disciples would bow their heads in front of you. I'd always felt that the honored tutor was overshooting the truth. But now, it seems that it was my vision that was limited compared to the lordmaster. You lifted an ordinary 'Obscure Seal' to new heights and gave birth to such a vision. What kind of perverse, gifted powers of comprehension are these?"

Dan Fei's martial dao potential was actually quite strong. Although it wasn't up to Jiang Chen's level, but given the old tutor's personal tutelage, her comprehension of martial dao was naturally not weak.

She naturally knew that those could give rise to such phenomena from an ordinary technique were all geniuses with perverse levels of comprehension.

In the levels of martial arts techniques, this was the legendary realm, the highest level of comprehension.

If Dan Fei could understand this, then the other cultivators present could also understand this. Therefore, the examiner was also greatly shocked.

In that singular move, the examiner seemed to see the shadow of a genius move in front of him.

This kind of comprehension ability was absolutely at the legendary realm.

“Indeed, the ordinary world isn’t as worthless as rumored. First, there was Long Juxue’s constitution, and now this champion of the first selection who lives up to his reputation. His comprehension of the ‘Obscure Seal’ alone is far in excess of the usual sect disciples’. This champion is worthy of expectation.”

The examiner also came to this initial conclusion in his mind.

“Do you wish to continue your challenge?” The examiner asked Jiang Chen.

Jiang Chen nodded. He’d finally received this chance and would naturally continue.

“Alright, your second opponent is of the second level, Iron Chuanfeng from the Precious Tree Sect.”

Iron Chuanfeng? Precious Tree Sect?

The corners of Jiang Chen’s mouth twitched. Could it be such a coincidence that he’d run into an Iron family disciple? This was enemies seeing red when they met!

Although his opponent didn’t recognize him, Jiang Chen grew irritated when he thought of Iron Can’s ugly face.

Dan Fei also couldn’t help but smile beneath the elevated ring. What a small world that he’d run into the Iron family disciples in the ring.

It looked like Iron Chuanfeng’s unlucky day had arrived.

However, he obviously didn’t feel this way at the moment. Although he wasn’t in the direct line of descendant in the Iron family, he was still of a notable family in the Precious Tree Sect and so thought quite highly of himself.

“Kid, I don’t know what methods you used just now, but there’s no prestige in defeating a useless trash of the Flowing Wind Sect. I, Iron Chuanfeng, am from an aristocratic family in the Precious Tree Sect. I’m on a different level compared to that riff raff. You’re unlucky that you got me!”

Jiang Chen smiled coldly, “So noisy!”

The Iron family all seemed to have a bad habit, and that was a love for running their mouths.

This Iron Chuanfeng was obviously a stellar member of his family, he also couldn’t stop talking. He’d also learned the arrogance and surefire cockiness of his family in spades.

However, Jiang Chen had even given Iron Dazhi a beating. What did he care about an Iron Chuanfeng?

He took a step forward and raised his arm, creating another flabbergasting scene.

Jiang Chen repeated his move from earlier and sent out another “Obscure Seal of Life and Death”.

He'd used the same move in the same ring with a different opponent. He'd even used the same posture and aura when delivering his blow.

This made all those observing the match so surprised that their eyeballs almost fell out of their sockets.

Everyone knew that in matches between cultivators, the biggest taboo of all was using the same move repeatedly.

Particularly in fights between experts, if one used the same move too many times, it would certainly be seen through by the opponent. This was akin to picking up a rock to smash it down on one's own foot.

He'd used that move to defeat the Flowing Wind Sect disciple just now, and had repeated himself when faced with the even stronger Iron Chuanfeng.

As crude as the techniques the secular disciples had, they shouldn't be this poor, right? He didn't even have another technique to use?

The sect disciples started hollering and booing again.

Those who had been mocking before once again ran their mouths. Although they really wanted to hold things in and not say anything, they still couldn't help but say a few sarcastic things.

"He's got no more tricks to play, how laughable!"

"So pathetic. I thought he was really something when he defeated the Flowing Wind Sect disciples, it looks like that's the only thing he knows."

"When one repeats a technique too often, it will always be seen through. It seems this is all the secular champion is good for. I'm going to predict that he'll be thoroughly tortured into defeat by Iron Chuanfeng."

"Heh heh, so this means that the differences between the secular disciples and the sect disciples are all encompassing. Not only are they poor in resources, but the difference in methods and knowledge are also fatal as well."

Even the examiner frowned when Jiang Chen made his move.

"Has the secular champion not practiced any other techniques before? Has no one ever taught him anything? The greatest taboo of all is to repeat the same technique."

Beneath the stage, Dan Fei was at ease and indifferent. If there was anyone fully confident in Jiang Chen right now, that was Dan Fei.

This was because she knew his identity and knew of his past glories. Even a genius like Iron Dazhi had tasted defeat at Jiang Chen's hands, much less than an Iron Chuanfeng of a collateral line?

With her knowledge of Jiang Chen, there was meaning to him repeating the same method. This was to awe his opponent as well as express his contempt.

This move embodied the disdain that Jiang Chen had for the Iron family.

Iron Chuanfeng was also greatly enraged as he charged forward, “Kid, you’re looking to die by repeating the same move!”

The words “same move!” had just sounded when Jiang Chen’s hands suddenly moved as gently as the willow tree’s branches.

Iron Chuanfeng suddenly felt like he was enveloped in an irresistible whirlpool, tugging him to and fro, making him stumble over his feet.

How would he know that Jiang Chen had combined magnetic power into this whirlpool? A seal disturbed the air and formed a forcefield.

Iron Chuanfeng was like a marionette in this regard, his body no longer under his control.

Such an incredible scene was painted right in front of everyone’s eyes.

Iron Chuanfeng’s body seemed to move towards Jiang Chen of its own volition, sending himself right into that enormous hand seal.

The seal deeply indented itself onto Iron Chuanfeng’s chest, leaving behind a large imprint on his chest.

The enormous force surged forward relentlessly and Iron Chuanfeng fell helplessly down from the ring like a broken kite.

Bam!

The incredible thud when his body crashed into the ground shook everyone as well, making their hearts spasm violently.

The same ring, the same move. Another unlucky bastard had been sent off stage.

Everyone in the audience sucked a breath in as a look of shock and contemplation appeared on even the examiner’s face.

Chapter 328: A Small World Between Enemies

When the Flowing Wind Sect disciple was thrown off stage, one could have argue that it happened because he’d underestimated his opponent and hadn’t been fully prepared.

But the same couldn’t be said about Iron Chuanfeng, and what of him? The same result!

The same fate had befallen him without any tricks, or any beating about the bush. It’d even looked like Iron Chuanfeng had put himself forth willingly to accept the blow.

This scene was simply too bizarre.

Those who couldn’t keep themselves from jeering earlier found that they’d once again been slapped in the face. Pa pa pa. Clean and crisp slaps.

They all felt as disgusted as though they’d eaten flies.

They could curse at the Flowing Wind Sect disciple as trash, but Iron Chuanfeng was a second level candidate and of the Iron family in the Precious Tree Sect. He absolutely wasn’t trash.

The disciples who had been irresponsibly making sarcastic remarks all had to admit that they likely truly had underestimated this secular disciple.

It looked like they needed to sincerely reflect on their prejudices towards secular disciples as a whole after this. Put another way, would they have done any better than Iron Chuanfeng if they'd taken the stage?

When their thoughts arrived at that point, all the candidates who'd been booing silently faded back into the crowd, a bizarre fear rising in their hearts.

They didn't want to admit that they were afraid, but one had to say, after two dominating victories, Jiang Chen had stoppered their mouths.

Dan Fei couldn't help but applaud and cheer when she saw this scene.

This cheer stood out quite a great deal. All the sect disciples casted exceedingly complex, if bearing slight traces of hatred, looks at her.

Dan Fei knew that she was inviting hatred and grudges with her actions. These sect disciples would hate her from the depths of their hearts.

However, she didn't care in the slightest. She liked seeing Jiang Chen show off his might and glory. She couldn't stop herself from applauding him.

Not only did the looks shooting at her from all around not give her any pressure, but they made her more excited instead.

All the other secular disciples quite admired Jiang Chen's performance, and were a bit jealous at the same time.

However, his performance gave them a bit of confidence. At least he'd won some face for them.

Up until now, even very few sect disciples had achieved two wins, much less than secular disciples.

There were also none who had won so easily and cleanly.

That Jiang Chen had swept his matches so easily naturally won him a lot of attention. Even the sect disciples who wouldn't previously spare another thought for secular disciples began to silently size up Jiang Chen.

Some of the first level disciples had previously felt their identities were too lofty and so hadn't even bothered to observe the situation in the Arena. Only the quickly spreading whispers in the crowd disturbed them.

"Two in a row and in one second? Is it that his opponents are too weak or that this secular champion possesses strength well above the norm?" These kind of questions rose in a first level candidate's heart.

"Humph. When has such a perverse genius appeared in the ordinary world? This fellow is spending too much time in the limelight. He better pray that his luck holds and that he doesn't get me, or I'll take him down a few pegs. Otherwise, these secular disciples will truly think that the sect disciples are all trash!"

Even some of the first level practitioners with otherworldly mentalities were disturbed from their meditations and began to notice Jiang Chen.

Jiang Chen actually also knew that his moves would arouse attention from many sides.

However, since he'd chosen to stand in the ring, he no longer had any hesitation.

Since he'd chosen the way of perverse strength, then he would fully demonstrate it to his heart's content on this stage.

"Do you wish to continue your challenge?" The examiner looked at Jiang Chen and asked.

"Continue." Jiang Chen didn't even hesitate.

The examiner had also seemed to guess that he would choose to continue as he nodded and selected the next opponent.

His next opponent was a fourth level practitioner from the Flowing Wind Sect. Although this fellow didn't wish to accept the situation, he was much more cautious compared to the two before him.

He seemed to guess that he would be defeated as well, but he didn't want to be as bedraggled as the two before him. He didn't want to become the backdrop for the secular champion's victory. Therefore, he immediately put up his defenses when he set foot into the ring, putting on the posture of defending himself with everything he had.

Jiang Chen smiled faintly and moved forward, surprising everyone again with the same move.

This move seemed to have some kind of endless magic to it as no matter what they did, they couldn't avoid it.

Even though this third opponent had struck a posture of hard defense, he still had nowhere to go in the face of this move and was hurled off the stage with a look of despair.

"Can you not be this cruel?" He was thrown off the stage with this sad sigh.

However, he was rather lucky in that he actually found himself landing on his feet, and landing solidly at that.

With this, it looked like he had voluntarily jumped down.

This fellow may have had a thick face, but he knew that this was a result of the other person showing mercy. He grinned and suddenly had a feeling of wanting to hold his head up high.

Damn straight, I lost too.

I was also defeated with one move. ~~no~~ ~~Ve~~ ~~lb~~ ~~In~~

But I looked good and lost with flair. At least I landed with both feet and my landing pose was damn elegant.

Weren't those two fellows before, a third level and a second level, also thrown off stage? They were so pitiful looking. How could they compare to me, someone who landed so dashing and with such poise?

This fellow actually started beaming when he thought about this and strolled back to his own camp. He was rather unique to be able to hold such a mentality in defeat.

However, he was also well aware that this secular champion hadn't relegated him to the same fate as the two before him because he'd maintained a humble posture after setting foot in the ring and hadn't spoken arrogantly. Perhaps it was this attitude of someone on the weaker footing that had enabled him to save this little bit of face?

As his thoughts travelled here, not only did this sect disciple not hate Jiang Chen, but he slightly admired and even felt grateful towards him. He felt that although he had been defeated, there was a lot more face retained in his defeat compared to the two poor sods before him.

In this regard, those with discerning eyes grew even more shocked.

They finally understood that there had been great meaning behind this secular disciple using the same move all along. And, judging from their posture, it was obvious that he was doing so with skill and ease. Everything was under his control.

When looking at his third opponent, it was obvious that the champion had shown mercy. Otherwise, with a mere fourth level candidate, how was it possible that he hadn't suffered any harm after being thrown off stage?

To be able to extend and retract his strength so easily, this level of strength made all candidates present sink into deep contemplation.

The examiner sighed with admiration, "This secular champion is indeed a martial dao genius. To be able to use this technique to such a level, isn't something just anyone can manage. To be able to turn the foul and rotten into the rare and ethereal is absolutely the hallmark of a genius."

"Continue." Jiang Chen said only this when faced with the examiner's questioning gaze.

Another opponent came into the ring and was once again thrown out with one move.

The same thing repeated when the fifth person came up!

Five opponents, the same move, but no one was able to break through this nor avoid the awkward situation of being defeated with a single blow.

Dan Fei was incredibly excited and kept applauding madly.

In this moment, the sect disciples didn't even have the effort to spare on hating Dan Fei. They were all worried about one thing now.

That was — if I went up, how would I handle this move? How could I avoid the awkward situation of being defeated in one move?"

"Is this secular champion purposefully coming to the mystic quadrant to make a mess of things? This style of battle is simply too domineering? How will the rest of us live after this?"

"Damn it, this fellow must be purposefully slapping the face of the sect disciples. A secular village bumpkin cultivator who doesn't understand how to quit while he's ahead. The hell!"

The Cheng brothers also had an ugly expression on their faces.

They also felt slight regret in this moment as well. Judging from this secular champion's posture, it seemed that the strength of both brothers combined wouldn't be enough to fight against him.

If they met in the ring, they would be taken care of mercilessly. In the span of an instant, a sense of terrified fear filled their hearts. They continuously prayed that they wouldn't be picked to meet this guy.

However, sometimes this world was just that coincidental.

The sixth opponent selected for Jiang Chen was Cheng Zhen.

Cheng Zhen, Purple Sun Sect, first level in the mystic quadrant.

Although he was a first level candidate, he had the feeling of wanting to weep but being unable to shed a tear. When it came down to it, he was also a cultivator of the fourth level spirit realm.

His younger cousin Cheng Lan was also of the fourth level spirit realm, but that was because he'd had a fortuitous occurrence lately that had helped him break through.

But he, Cheng Zhen, had broken through a year ago and thus his strength was vastly stronger than his cousin's. But in this moment, he truly didn't possess any confidence.

It wasn't that his opponent was overwhelmingly strong, but that they were too bizarre.

He'd fought five matches up until now, but likely even the examiner had yet to figure out what this fellow's methods were.

He used that singular move from beginning to end, and it was such a domineering and strange move. To outsiders, it looked like there was nothing to it. It seemed quite ordinary.

But when one took to the ring, it seemed that all challengers were ripe for the picking and had no form of defense.

Cheng Zhen almost wanted to suspect that this fellow was using some sort of evil, fey way!

However, the victor was king in the ring. Who cared what methods were deployed? The methods weren't important, the results were.

Cheng Zhen walked up with a complex jumble of emotions. Although he didn't have a firm emotional footing, the mentality of a sect disciple was still strong.

Cheng Zhen suppressed his emotions with effort. He knew that he couldn't become timid. Once his presence became weaker than his opponent, it'd be even more difficult to win.

"I don't believe that there's no flaws to this guy at all! And, why do people always wait for him to make the first move? Why can't I act first?"

Cheng Zhen seemed to receive boundless inspiration in the span of a moment. That's right, why didn't he make the first move? He suddenly felt all the others were idiots. One knew full well that the secular champion's move was hard to resolve, then why not take the initiative and attack?

Jiang Chen stood to one side of the ring, looking at Cheng Zhen with a supercilious smile.

Enemies certainly lived in a small world. They had met in the ring in such a short amount of time.

Chapter 329: A Mad String of Victories

“And what are you laughing at?” Cheng Zhen was enraged by Jiang Chen’s smile. That a secular disciple would dare to display such a bizarre smile in front of him was the height of provocation and disdain.

“Karma. This indeed is karma. The cosmos always have some marvelous arrangements. Cheng Zhen is it? If I recall correctly, you wanted to teach me how to be a person just now? You crowed that I better not pick you, or you’ll beat me so hard that I wouldn’t even have the energy to leave the ring?”

Cheng Zhen’s face was stony, “What are you strutting on about? Do you really think that there are no opponents left in the mystic quadrant just because you’ve beaten a few minor characters?”

Jiang Chen laughed heartily, “You’re right, I’m quite proud. However, not because of my string of victories, but because I’ve finally found a right and proper excuse to beat you up.”

“Presumptuous!” Cheng Zhen flew into a rage and jeered. “From beginning to end, all you know is that one move. You may not think it’s embarrassing, but as an onlooker, even I feel that you’re embarrassing. Switch to another move if you have what it takes!”

“You’re not worthy.” Jiang Chen shook his head faintly.

Cheng Zhen wasn’t someone lacking in subtlety, but Jiang Chen’s arrogant attitude still sent his blood pressure soaring. He roared out angrily and infused his fists with boundless power, screaming raspily while leaping into the sky.

He yelled, “Die, you cocky kid!”

Cheng Zhen had actually struck out first! A sect disciple, a first level candidate in the mystic quadrant, had struck out first in an ambush!

Those watching the match, particularly the Purple Sun Sect disciples, all felt their faces burn hotly and had quite a guilty conscience. Sect disciples valued their face above all.

However, Cheng Zhen’s actions were setting aside his face for the purpose of winning. It’d be alright if he won, but if he didn’t, then he’d have to hide his face behind a mask when he went out in public in the future.

Cheng Zhen’s fists punched out continuously as streaks of boxing aura formed strong air currents and danced through the air. The air was filled with the shadows of these fierce punches.

“This... this is the Divine Corona Fist!”

“Tsk tsk, he is of the Purple Sun Sect alright. Their martial heritage is truly superb. The moves of the Divine Corona Fist are as if the corona of a sun itself has cast a divine glow through the air, devouring all, destroying all!”

Cheng Zhen grimaced savagely as his boxing aura erupted. Thousands of shadow punches congealed into an aura that held the intention to destroy all and twisted itself forward, hurtling towards Jiang Chen’s ribs.

A divine corona, a punch that destroyed all paths before it.

Cheng Zhen had spent ten years submerged in and contemplating this method. He'd long since trained it to almost the perfection realm. Now as he deployed it to the limits of his abilities, the power that he'd dredged up was even a bit stronger than his usual condition.

Jiang Chen smiled coldly. He had to say that Cheng Zhen's ambush slightly surprised him.

However, there was only surprise.

Under normal circumstances, Jiang Chen may have moved to the side and evaded the blow, before turning around to attack Cheng Zhen's weak point.

However, he'd been so arrogant before and had provoked him, stepped on him. Jiang Chen wasn't the sort to seek revenge for the slightest grievance, but he would also not allow this person to prance around in front of him like this.

Therefore, Jiang Chen didn't even look as he brought all the spirit energy in his body to bear, activating his shield and meeting that boxing aura head on.

Cheng Zhen held the initiative. Jiang Chen would find it impossible to win with a single move if he evaded the blow or tried to negate some of the boxing aura.

He was aiming for victory with one move.

Perhaps he could give up on this principle for others, but when faced with Cheng Zhen, defeating him with one move was both the best comeback and the greatest humiliation.

Therefore, he decided that he would throw Cheng Zhen out of the ring even with taking this blow to the face.

The boxing aura hurtled down like a raging storm, making all those around question if they were seeing things. Jiang Chen's body was akin to a butterfly flitting through flowers, moving against the current of the boxing aura.

Bam, bam, bam!

As countless strands of aura smashed into Jiang Chen, he raised his hand and flung over a hand seal that he'd been nurturing for quite some time.

When Cheng Zhen saw that Jiang Chen was actually rising to meet his boxing aura, he was privately delighted that the kid wasn't evading his blow. 'He's going to die!'

Therefore, Cheng Zhen gloated and prepared to admire the view of Jiang Chen's broken bones, shattered organs, and a ghastly death after spewing out blood.

However, this hotly anticipated scene didn't take place.

A shadow flashed in front of his eyes as Jiang Chen's large hand seal made its way to his chest.

"How is this possible!?" A despairing thought raced through Cheng Zhen's mind as a crisp breaking sound sounded from the middle of his chest in the next second.

The bones in his body seemed to break one after another as he fell off the ring in a dire fashion, fresh blood spewing wildly from his body.

The clear breaking sounds made all the candidates' teeth ache in sympathy. Although they weren't the ones injured, they all knew that these breaking sounds likely meant that Cheng Zhen had been completely crippled.

Bam!

Cheng Zhen fell down helter-skelter, dust flying in all directions.

"Brother!" His younger cousin Cheng Lan ran over in great fright. Cheng Zhen was dead to the world, his body limp and barely breathing, unable to dredge up even the strength to reply.

Cold gripped the hearts of all the candidates standing beneath the ring as sweat poured from their backs. They looked at Jiang Chen standing in the ring with fear in their eyes.

This secular disciple wasn't one to let grudges sit overnight alright.

Cheng Zhen had said earlier that he would beat up this candidate so badly that the latter wouldn't be able to make it off the stage. Looking at this, hadn't Cheng Zhen's words come true on him?

However, even though those assembled were afraid, they also lacked sympathy. The disciples of the Purple Sun Sect didn't have good relations with others in the first place.

In addition, Cheng Zhen was a strong rival in this quadrant. It wasn't necessarily a bad thing that he'd been sorely injured. There were even some who felt that it'd be best if Cheng Zhen died just like this. There would be one less competitor in the picture and the Purple Sun Sect disciples would hate this secular disciple. The two have them would sorely injure each other in their struggles.

Dan Fei clenched her fist lightly and cheered inwardly. She had reined herself in this time. After all, this person had been beaten to the point where blood was flooding out of him. It'd be a bit jarring if she were to applaud and cheer.

One move again!

The candidates in the arena, including even the first level candidates, all had to seriously consider Jiang Chen at this moment. They started contemplating this matter repeatedly in their minds.

Was this move truly infallible?

The most frightening thing was, the aura from Cheng Zhen's attack had already reached Jiang Chen. How could he have remained unharmed and counterattacked with that lethal blow?

All sorts of hard to resolve riddles made the candidates beneath the rings feel as if a large stone was resting on their hearts. It was uncommonly heavy.

Even the premier first level candidates couldn't help but list Jiang Chen as a strong competitor.

He'd won six matches in a row with one move. "Perverse genius" was insufficient to describe this type of momentum and method!

No matter how they simulated the match in their minds, they realized that this ordinary move of the “Obscure Seal of Life and Death” was an unresolvable dilemma for them.

“Continue your challenge?”

“Continue.” Jiang Chen had fought six matches in a row but wasn’t in the least bit tired. He’d won all of them quite easily and had barely expended any of his resources.

Cheng Zhen’s boxing aura had been quite strong, but the blow from a mere fourth level spirit realm could offer no harm whatsoever in the face of the scales of the Firelizard’s scales. It’d only made his breathing hitch for a slight moment.

However, Jiang Chen knew that it’d been because of the Firelizard’s scales protecting him. Otherwise, it would’ve been very difficult for him to truly slap out that seal.

Jiang Chen once again threw his opponent out of the ring in his seventh challenge.

The same thing happened in the eighth challenge. There were no ripples whatsoever.

A strange phenomena had developed in the mystic quadrant. No one was paying attention to the matches in the other 99 rings.

Almost all eyes were focused on Jiang Chen. Everyone’s attention was directed here.

Everyone was curious to know when this fellow would finally stop his challenges. Was there anyone who could stop him in the mystic quadrant?

The stampede continued in the ninth challenge, the tenth challenge.

Two hours had passed as Jiang Chen racked up an astonishing ten straight victories, and he was still continuing his matches.

Even the keeper Master Fang was shocked by now.

It wasn’t unusual to see ten straight victories, but these had come about through using the same move. This was a development that one couldn’t help but pay attention to.

They were all curious — did this young person know any other techniques? Or did he really know only one technique and was using it to dominate all?

Or was it that he had other techniques, but no one here thus far had been worthy enough for him to use the others?

Dan Fei was also selected as time passed on, and so began her matches.

However, she wasn’t as patently perverse as Jiang Chen. She began to feel the limits of her energy after three victories. Dan Fei managed to hold on until the end when she faced off against a first level candidate, but was ultimately deemed the loser. After this, her score was three wins and one loss.

Jiang Chen’s domination was still continuing at this time, and he’d already reached an incredible 18 wins.

Judging from his posture, he had no intentions of stopping.

Master Fang was also privately shocked. “To think that this secular champion has such martial dao potential? It’s a pity that he is showing his light too much and doesn’t know the importance of reining himself in. However, his appearance may not be a bad thing. These sect disciples have started to exude too heavy an aura of arrogance. It’s a good thing that someone can temper them. These sect disciples can taste an inkling of what it means to know that there is always someone stronger than you, despite how strong you may be. “

Master Fang actually had an enormous distaste for the arrogance that sect disciples comported themselves with.

Therefore, he was quite admiring of Jiang Chen’s dominance, and in fact was rather supportive of it.

Except, out of a mindset of treasuring talent, he felt that it wasn’t necessarily a good thing for a young man to show off his edge so much.

However, he didn’t understand Jiang Chen. The fact that he was doing so was because he had the ability to do so.

The 19th win, as well as the 20th win were also equally easy.

The candidates beneath the stage were even more subdued now. They could observe almost no flaws in Jiang Chen.

Was there any doubt as to the results of the challenges in the mystic quadrant if things continued like this? First place was absolutely earmarked by this secular champion!

If there were many amongst the sect disciples who was unwilling to accept this result, then all that was left in their hearts now was a prayer. A prayer that this fellow wouldn’t select them next!

Chapter 330: The Perverse Genius with 25 Straight Victories

According to the rules, someone undertaking a challenge would not be selected by other challengers.

Therefore, it was unrealistic to hope that he would be selected by others and leave the stage.

“Does this fellow know some kind of strange magic? I don’t believe that a mere ‘Obscure Seal’ could be so strong that no one can withstand it!”

“I too have my suspicions, but so what if it is? In the ring, the victor is king. If you’re that good, how about you go up!”

One had to say that the world of martial dao was indeed this wondrous. Jiang Chen had been subjected to almost unanimous eye rolls, disdain, and contempt ever since he appeared in the mystic quadrant as a secular disciple.

However, following the appearance of his resplendent win rate of twenty straight victories, many sect disciples unwittingly became his supporters.

The strong are the noble. In the world of martial dao, strength was what won respect in the end.

The Flowing Wind Sect disciple that had been Jiang Chen's third opponent earlier chuckled, "It looks like after all these matches, I seem to have given the best showing after all. At least I could retreat intact after meeting him in battle."

This fellow had no sense of shame at all in blowing his own horn. Everyone around him wanted to throw up.

Who doesn't know that you were just lucky? He didn't hit you with any strength at all! Your so-called retreating intact was successful just because you put on the best act of being useless, and that's why he didn't muster his strength behind his blow.

However, everyone could only think these thoughts and couldn't actually voice them.

All the practitioners were on tenterhooks as they tried to guess how many more victories this perverse genius was going to rack up. Jiang Chen however, stopped of his own accord after 25 straight victories.

It wasn't that his energy was flagging or that he was running out of steam, but that he felt that life would be too boring afterwards if he did everything that was meant to be done over three months in a single day.

Thus, it was best to stop while he was ahead, and so he stopped when he'd achieved 25 victories.

Everyone sighed a breath of relief when he stopped. At least today's torment was over and done with.

According to the rules, he wouldn't have any more chances to issue challenges today as soon as he stopped.

He could only wait to be challenged.

When Dan Fei saw Jiang Chen walk down from the elevated ring, what was a genius? Here was a true genius!

Compared to Jiang Chen, all those so-called sect geniuses were just ferocious in appearance but feeble in essence.

Before Jiang Chen had demonstrated his power, all of them had been overweeningly arrogant and felt that secular disciples were nothing more than ants.

Yet, once Jiang Chen had showed off his strength, all of these so-called geniuses became dejected and beaten, deathly afraid that they would be chosen next.

The contrast in these two attitudes made Dan Fei's impression of these so-called geniuses sink even more.

Jiang Chen on the other hand, was quite calm. This was all that these disciples amounted to since they'd been sent to the mystic quadrant. They were only of a third-rate existence in their sects as well.

Jiang Chen hadn't set his sights on these practitioners from the very beginning. However, such were the rules and it wasn't possible for him to soar to the sky quadrant from secular beginnings.

The mystic quadrant was just a stepping stone in his rise. Jiang Chen hadn't exerted himself at all.

“Nicely done brother Boulder!” Dan Fei stuck out a hand and slapped Jiang Chen’s in celebration.

Jiang Chen chuckled. “And how did you do?”

Dan Fei chuckled. “I won three and lost one, my results far less impressive compared to yours. Brother Boulder, you truly gained face for us ordinary practitioners this time. Our lives will likely be better after today, and they won’t dare to look down on us.”

Jiang Chen didn’t care if anyone looked down on him. He wasn’t here to pay attention to other people’s opinions.

The other secular practitioners all walked up to congratulate Jiang Chen at this moment as well, obviously wanting to take shelter in his shade.

Jiang Chen never did have much interest in forming cliques, and apart from Xiao Fei, he truly didn’t care for any of these guys.

Therefore, he didn’t reject their voluntary expression of interest, but neither did he respond enthusiastically. He only responded perfunctorily and sat down cross legged, focusing his attentions inwards.

He was selected once again in the afternoon, and won cleanly.

Jiang Chen wasn’t selected again for the remainder of the day.

The day was concluded with Master Fang’s announcement, and the first day of matches was over.

The fights were bustling this first day, and the hundred rings had hosted five thousand matches. This meant that each ring had hosted fifty matches or so on average.

“Brother, I’m Liu Wencai of the Myriad Spirit Sect. I’m hosting a party tonight, would you like to come and have a drink? It will be held at residence number seven of the first level.”

A Myriad Spirit Sect disciple with strange shapes tattooed on his face walked up to Jiang Chen with several others in tow, calling out heartily to him.

Dan Fei smiled faintly upon seeing this scene. She knew that because of his astonishing performance, people were beginning to cozy up to Jiang Chen.

Jiang Chen had always been the sort to return kindness tenfold.

Since Liu Wencai was quite polite, Jiang Chen wouldn’t face the other with a remote expression. He only smiled faintly, “Brother Liu, the mission for the hundred challenges trial weighs down heavily, and I dare not hold things up because of drinking. If we are lucky enough to meet again when we leave the legacy territory, I will certainly take the initiative to be host and drink with brother Liu.”

Although these were just pleasantries, Jiang Chen had delivered them so gracefully that no one’s face was lost.

Liu Wencai laughed heartily and clapped his hands together. “Brother speaks the truth. Drinking would indeed hold things up, this is my oversight. Brother’s exuberant display of glory today truly gives rise to

admiration from the depths of my heart. To be honest, I'd always thought that I could make it into the earth spirit quadrant, but after seeing your perverse performance today, I'm now a little uncertain!"

Liu Wencai's residence was number seven within the spirit quadrant, this meant that he was the seventh seed in this quadrant.

His words were half humble and half fawning up to Jiang Chen.

"That brother Liu is so full of humility that this means you are no ordinary disciple. There is surely great hope for brother Liu in making it to the earth quadrant."

Liu Wencai had won three matches today, which was not a bad showing. However, who would dare to boast about their scores in front of a perverse genius who had won 25 in a row?

When he saw Jiang Chen thus, Liu Wencai knew that it would likely be difficult to invite this secular genius to join him tonight.

He smiled dashing, "In that case, I will not disturb you brother. I just hope that we can be friends when we leave the mystic quadrant. To be honest, there aren't that many who I truly admire in this quadrant. You are definitely the first. Based on your beating of Cheng Zhen alone, I feel that you are a true man who clearly defines his grudges and boons. Frank and forthright, that suits my style alright! Hahaha."

Although Liu Wencai was just a candidate in the mystic quadrant, his demeanor was quite grand and magnificent, giving one an inexplicable feeling of goodwill.

Even though Jiang Chen hadn't agreed to his invitation, he had a rather good impression of this Liu Wencai.

Another group drew near as they were speaking. Judging from their dress, they were Purple Sun Sect disciples.

The leader had a red dot in his forehead like an eye. His long hair was thrown over his shoulders with quite a wild air to him.

His nose bridge was high and firm, eye sockets slightly sunken, giving his features a slightly different feeling from ordinary folk.

Liu Wencai's expression grew a bit unnatural when he saw this person. It was apparent that even the seventh seed Liu Wencai felt greatly wary with this person's arrival.

Jiang Chen wasn't that predisposed towards the Purple Sun Sect disciples and turned to leave.

"Hold." The loose haired man said faintly.

Jiang Chen's footsteps paused, but he didn't turn back. Dan Fei's eyes flitted over the newcomers, wanting to discern their intentions.

"You don't need to posture such. Since you've participated in the selection, at the heart of it all, you want to join a sect and pursue the boundless martial dao."

The person's voice sounded out smoothly and penetrated quite strongly.

“Allow me to introduce myself, I am Guo Ren, Purple Sun Sect disciple, living in first residence of this quadrant. Are you interested in coming to a gathering at my residence?”

This Guo Ren was obviously much more shrewd and possessed a better demeanor than Liu Wencai. At least, no traces of emotion could be gleaned from his tone.

Jiang Chen didn't turn back and said faintly, “Not interested.”

Guo Ren chuckled. “Purposefully moving by yourself, a lone wolf. If I guess correctly, you must be a wandering practitioner in the ordinary world? Since you are participating in the selection, that means you are interested in the sects. It's not that I boast, but if you seek to pursue martial dao, then my Purple Sun Sect is the lord of this realm amongst the four sects.”

Guo Ren was full of confidence after delivering these words. He was completely matter-of-fact and paid no attention to Liu Wencai who stood on the side.

Liu Wencai felt a bit awkward and could only shake his head and smile ruefully.

Guo Ren rolled his eyes, “Liu Wencai, what are you smiling about? Do you have any objections to my words?”

Guo Ren was the first seed of this quadrant and his cultivation level was even higher than Liu Wencai's. His very words were quite domineering when he opened his mouth.

Liu Wencai wasn't the sort to compromise out of consideration for the general interest as he smiled slightly, “You speak your bit and I smile when I want to. Aren't you trying to control too much?”

Guo Ren said proudly, “This truth won't change no matter how much you disapprove. In the path of martial dao and the sixteen kingdom alliance, it will always be the Purple Sun Sect at the peak. Your Myriad Spirit Sect can't change this, and neither can the Precious Tree Sect or Flowing Wind Sect!”

He lifted his chin slightly after speaking and said to Jiang Chen, “Brother, it's exceedingly rare for a secular disciple to have potential such as yours. I now represent the Purple Sun Sect in recruiting you. The grudges between you and the Cheng brothers were a result of them being blind and bearing inferior skills. If you nod your head and join my sect, then these small frictions can all be forgotten.”

Guo Ren was quite eloquent as he marketed the Purple Sun Sect. His words and their connotations were filled with a strong sense of authority.

However, he didn't know that of the four sects, the one Jiang Chen hated the most and was least likely to join was the Purple Sun Sect.

Jiang Chen lifted his chin and laughed softly, “In the arena, the victor is king. I don't know what friction and grudges are there? Are you recruiting me on behalf of the Purple Sun Sect, or representing it in threatening me?”

Guo Ren probably hadn't thought that Jiang Chen would respond thus and blinked, finally laughing.

“Whether it's threatening or recruiting, I would be reaching the same goal by different means. As long as your goals lie with martial dao, the Purple Sun Sect will always be your ideal choice.” Guo Ren brimmed with confidence.

He felt that he'd been polite enough already in speaking so much. He had been quite courteous and considerate. If this fellow still didn't know how to play the game, then he really didn't know how to appreciate favors.