

W. Master 131

Chapter 131

"Chi!"

Tang Huan focused his gaze and took a deep breath. The Crimson Flame Spear in his hand, like a streak of fiery red flowing light, once again shot towards the giant golden hammer with lightning speed.

Upon seeing this, Elder Zhu became even more excited.

Under the attentive gazes of the surrounding people, the distance between the spear and hammer rapidly shrank ...

But after a moment, just as the two were about to clash, Tang Huan's figure suddenly flashed to the side weirdly, the spear in his hand swept past the body of the hammer.

"Hu!"

At this point, there was simply no time for him to change his move. The giant golden hammer smashed into thin air. The stifling feeling of having no place to exert force made him feel so uncomfortable that he was about to go crazy.

However, the reason why public loss and love could cause Gu Ying to fear was not only because of brute force.

The moment he missed his first strike, he immediately realized that the situation wasn't good. He stepped to the side without hesitation, and abruptly swung his giant golden hammer that was about to sink to the ground.

"You reacted quite quickly." Tang Huan laughed out loud, and the Crimson Flame Spear that was trying to avoid the golden hammers and pierce towards Elder Liu's face immediately retreated.

"Tang Huan, again!"

Gong Zhui, on the other hand, was a little angry. With a loud roar, he brandished his hammer again and smashed it towards Tang Huan. The long spear in Tang Huan's hand also welcomed it at the same time.

However, before long, the scene from before appeared once more.

The moment the giant golden hammer and Crimson Flame Spear s touched each other, Tang Huan's figure weirdly dodged to the side once again, and the tip of the spear in his hand also went through the hammer's body like how it was last time.

With the previous experience, this time Elder Gong's reaction was even faster, he forcefully stopped the falling momentum of the golden hammers, and swept towards the Crimson Flame Spear.

Seeing the incoming hammer, the long spear backed off again without the slightest hesitation.

The Elder lost so much love that he was driven mad, but he quickly discovered that the golden hammers that had failed twice was only the beginning. What followed was a scene that was repeated over and over again.

In Stage 4, Tang Huan moved like a ghost, constantly flashing and the Crimson Flame Spear in his hands moved like a spirit serpent spitting out its tongue, it's size increasing. The Elder of Heavenly Secrets could still endure it at first, but not long later, his roars and growls started to reverberate nonstop outside the Phoenix Spirit Valley.

"What movement skill did Tang Huan use that is so strange?"

Within the resting area on the left, Gu Fei was beaming with joy as he watched. The worry in his eyes had completely disappeared, but Gu Ying and Tang Si were looking at each other in dismay.

In the battle at Arena Number Four, other than the first intense clash, the weapons of both sides had never been used again.

Although Tang Huan and Gong Dian's battle of love only lasted for the span of twenty to thirty breaths, for a battle of this degree to occur, it was extremely strange. The sounds of weapons colliding never stopped for the other thirty-one arenas.

"Tang Si, your observation skills are stronger than mine, did you see through the secrets of Tang Huan's movement technique?" Gu Ying could not help but touch Tang Si's arm.

"Do you take me for a god?"

Tang Si rolled his eyes in annoyance, but he couldn't help but say, "However, I did gain something. If I'm not wrong, Tang Huan's movement technique has eight different forms."

"Eight? "I only saw six ..."

"For a fool like you, to be able to see six is already quite good."

"..."

"Looks like I've met my match."

Not far away, the white-robed, white-haired Mo Shang could not help but laugh, "When he spars with others, he always likes to take advantage of his innate advantage in strength. But now, encountering an opponent who does not even want to fight him, and also has the ability to dodge his attacks, he immediately becomes blind."

Meng Zixuan, who was at the side, couldn't help but laugh as well. "During this period of time, the official loss has indeed gone astray. It would be good if he suffered a little this time."

Mo Shang slightly nodded, and then said, "Zixuan, can you tell the origin of Tang Huan's movement technique?"

"This is the first time I've seen such a movement technique. It's so agile, yet so unpredictable." Meng Zixuan first shook her head, but then her lips revealed a mischievous smile as she abruptly

said, "However, if you give me a little more time, perhaps I might be able to break through his movement technique."

"Oh? "That will depend on whether this guy, the male loser, can hold on for so long."

"..."

In the resting area on the right, Tang Long and Hong Tao had dark looks in their eyes.

The situation at Arena Four was completely out of their expectations. They suddenly realized, if they were to fight with Tang Huan now, they might not even be able to kill him.

It was also at this time that Tang Long suddenly came to a realization. After killing Tang Yu and walking out of the martial ground, why Tang Huan did not react to his ferocious attacks. It was not that Tang Huan predicted that Lei Ming would attack straightforwardly, but rather that Tang Huan was confident of avoiding his fierce attack at the last moment.

Hong Tao also understood what was going on. The reason why he had walked out from behind and confronted him when he was looking for him was because he had the power to fight him!

Realizing this point, Tang Long and Hong Tao were both startled and angry at the same time. They started to stare at Tang Huan's figure, trying to figure out the profoundness of his movement technique.

"I really didn't expect that Tang Huan would actually have such a strange movement skill."

In front of the wooden shed, Lei Ming stared at Tang Huan and Gongsun Jianwu who were on Stage 4. There was a trace of unconcealable joy in his eyes. Originally, he thought that it would be extremely unlikely for Tang Huan to win this time round. However, he didn't expect Tang Huan to quickly give him such a huge surprise.

At almost the same time, outside of Phoenix Spirit Valley, many of the observing Martial Warriors looked at Arena Four with more or less surprise.

"Tang Huan, if you have the ability, then don't just hide around!"

In the arena, public loss was so intense that he wanted to vomit blood.

His weapon was different from Tang Huan's long spear. If his long spear missed, then it would be useless, and if his giant hammer missed, then it would more or less cause him some damage, especially when he forcefully stopped the falling giant hammer, which would cause his body more or less damage.

As the battle progressed to this point, his internal organs had already suffered quite a bit of backlash before the giant hammer, which was used by the official loser, had even hit its target a second time.

However, what made him feel the most was not this, but the feeling of his fist hitting cotton continuously circulating. At this moment, he was about to go crazy.

"Childish!"

Tang Huan softly spat out these two words, as the corner of his mouth lifted into a faintly discernible smile.

In the first round of battles, Tang Huan had only been testing the waters with his saber, but when he was facing Elder Gong Dian's love, Tang Huan had used this kind of movement skill to dodge attacks, and had become more and more proficient in it.

However, Tang Huan was very clear, under everyone's watchful eyes, this kind of movement skill could not be used continuously for a long period of time.

It was about time for this battle to end!

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C132 Three shots!

"Tang Huan, you bastard, you actually called me childish?"

After another miss, Gongsheng Pao You could no longer hold back the anger in his chest as he roared loudly, "If I were naive, then you would be a complete coward! You're still talking about Tools Method Genius or Martial Arts Genius? Pah! You might as well just call them "Escaping Genius"! "

"Escaping genius? Not bad, not bad, thank you for your praise. "

Not only did Tang Huan not feel offended, he smilingly nodded his head.

But right at this moment, Tang Huan's tone changed once again, "However, since you want to fight me so much, if I don't fulfill your wish, then I am truly sorry. This is how it is! You just have to use three spear strikes. If you can take them, then this battle will be my loss! "

"Good!" Tang Huan, you said it yourself! "

He was furious just now, and cursed at Tang Huan a few times. However, he did not expect Tang Huan to not be able to take the provocation, and immediately changed his previous attitude, wanting to have a true battle with him.

A head-on clash? Stage Five Martial Master, who was I afraid of?

At that moment, he couldn't help but feel a little pleased with himself because he thought Tang Huan had been hit by the goading method he had unwittingly used just now.

Seeing his expression, a smile that was not a smile appeared in Tang Huan's eyes, and he suddenly could not bear it anymore.

This public wager is not only a big one, but also a little bit ?

Innocent!

"Be careful, it's the first shot!"

However, with just a flash of this thought, Tang Huan was already tongue-tied. He roared out loud, and within the Dantian, the two layers of Spiritual Wheel and the cauldron started to circulate at a fast speed, and in an instant, a strong sense of Innate Qi enveloped the boundless Power of True Fire, rolling and surging like stormy waves into the spear body.

"Chi!" In the next moment, the Red Flame Spear that was blooming with a resplendent red glow was like a fire dragon as it roared.

"Come at me!"

A light of excitement flashed in the eyes of Gong Zhui. He took a big step forward and ruthlessly smashed the golden hammer in his hand. This hammer strike seemed to contain almost all the energy in the body that had been stored up for so long, and all the pent-up air in the body seemed to pour out along with it.

Of course, he did not completely trust Tang Huan either.

However, after the flick of a finger, the man's love for her was reassured and a smile of victory appeared on his innocent face.

At this moment, the golden hammer and the fiery red spear collided a second time.

The attack finally landed on the ground. This kind of feeling was incomparably wonderful, causing the man to feel as if he had drunk a mouthful of nectar and love. His entire body was brimming with contentment. At this moment, he felt so much love and joy that he wanted to roar out loud. He had even thought of how to retaliate.

Tang Huan, this bastard, is actually so despicable. I must let him taste the feeling of being chased and beaten up later on, and leave him with an unforgettable memory.

"Bam!"

A loud bird cry echoed out.

The extremely powerful Stong Qi spread out in all directions, and the air around the area where the spear and hammer had clashed against started to distort under such a violent impact.

"Hmm?"

But at this moment, Gong Zhui couldn't help but exclaim in a low voice, while the smile on his face suddenly disappeared.

The moment the weapon clashed with him, not to mention the heat that seemed to be able to burn his entire body, he even felt a powerful strength that was difficult to resist come from the spear body. Roaring, in the next moment, the giant golden hammer in his hand was knocked away, and he started to retreat.

Even though he had taken only two steps back, and he had already stabilized his body, this sudden turn of events made it hard for him to believe what he was seeing.

In this long-awaited fight, he was actually at a disadvantage.

"The second shot!"

Right at this moment, Tang Huan's loud shout suddenly shook the heaven and earth, and public loss love was suddenly awakened, only to see the Red Flame Spear once again shooting over like a fire dragon. That scorching heat swept over him like a wave, and caused him to immediately break out in a large sweat.

"Tang Huan!" Gong Zhui's eyes widened as he gritted his teeth and swung the hammer again.

"Bam!"

Amidst the loud noise, another huge force erupted from the spearhead. This time, Elder Destiny had been prepared for this, but he was still forced to retreat.

"Tap, tap, tap." He retreated four steps in a row before he regained his footing.

"The third shot!"

"Chi!"

It was at this time that Tang Huan's low shout and his sharp sound of breaking through the air sounded out at almost the exact same time. However, the Red Flame Spear had already penetrated through the air at a speed that was difficult to be seen with the naked eye, and arrived in front of Gongsheng Love.

"I definitely won't lose!"

The golden hammer in his hand whizzed forward like a thunderbolt. Even though there was a huge mountain in front of him, it still seemed to be able to be smashed apart by this hammer.

"Bam!"

In the blink of an eye, the hammers and spears crazily collided.

In the next moment after the deafening crash, the golden hammers were raised high, flying backwards. The handles of the hammers were actually separated from the palm of Gongsheng's hand, while the fiery-red long spear was moving straight ahead, the sharp tip of the spear straight towards his throat.

"Plop!"

The sound of a golden hammer hitting the ground echoed out.

By the time he finally recovered from the unfolding of his weapon, the fiery spearhead had stopped at his throat. Even though they were still an inch apart, the heat radiating from the tip of the spear made him feel as if he was on fire. It was unbearable.

"How did this happen?"

It was so hot that he could not help but perspire profusely. He swallowed a mouthful of saliva with much difficulty and stared straight at Tang Huan. His eyes were filled with unconcealable shock and disbelief, but he did not dare move an inch. Although he was a bit stubborn, he was no fool in the

end. He was very clear in his heart that if he were to slightly move the tip of Tang Huan's spear forward at this time, his own neck would be penetrated by a spear.

"How did this happen, it's not important. The most important thing is, you've already lost!"

Tang Huan smiled slightly and retracted his Red Flame Spear. He then stopped in front of his body.

However, after losing so many times in a row, no matter how strong his flesh body was, even if he had the love of a man, he would still not be able to withstand it. The current him, compared to when the battle had just started, was already like an empty shell.

On the other hand, Tang Huan didn't seem to lose anything. The two of them were in completely different states.

The public loss of love is only temporarily unaware of this point.

"Right, I've lost!"

He was like a deflated balloon, and his expression immediately became dispirited. Before he could finish, he spat out a mouthful of blood and lay on the ground on his back.

"This battle, number 369 wins!"

Immediately after, the referee announced the result. Almost at the same instant his words left his mouth, a white shadow flew into the arena like a ghost.

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It was a young man. He was wearing snow-white clothes and had a head full of white hair. However, he had a rather handsome face. He looked to be about the same age as the male loser who loved him dearly.

"Mo Shang?" Tang Huan smiled indifferently, as the image of Gu Ying introducing the white haired man flashed across his mind.

"Exactly."

After that, he sized Tang Huan up from head to toe, "Tang Huan, in all these years, during the sparring, you are the first Martial Warriors to have Gong Zhuang vomit blood and faint in his sleep."

"What, you want to help him win it back?" Tang Huan laughed as if he did not mind.

"No, no. Since he lost, it's only natural that he win it back." Mo Shang laughed and said, "Speaking of which, I have to thank you on behalf of the officials."

"Thank me?" Tang Huan's eyes flashed with a strange light.

"That's right. Right now, it has become the biggest obstacle in his martial path. If not for you suddenly giving him a blow on his head, he might have kept on relying on this power, but with this lesson, he believed that in the future, he would change his mind and spend more time to upgrade his Genuine Qi and sharpen his battle skill. At that time, not only will this power not be a hindrance, it will even be like adding wings to a tiger." Mo Shang smiled, his eyes full of sincerity, "Tell me, should I help him thank you?"

"If that's the case, then he should be thanking me."

Tang Huan smiled, but his heart trembled slightly.

The situation that Mo Shang was talking about, he had already felt it when he exchanged blows with the Minister. Not only could Genuine Qi not be compared with experts of the fifth step like Gu Ying and Tang Long, the use of battle skills were also very rough. When facing off against opponents, his greatest reliance was on the power of his flesh body.

With powerful strength and a swift speed, the destructive power of that enormous hammer, which weighed two to three hundred pounds, was extremely terrifying.

Therefore, if he couldn't dodge this attack like he did just now, then no matter how good the battle skill was, he could only suppress it. Tang Huan's "one power defeats all" in his previous life made sense, but if there was someone who could constantly dodge his attacks, he would be forced into a passive state.

If it was really like what Mo Shang had said, willing to spend time to upgrade Genuine Qi and improve his combat skills, Tang Huan would probably have another strong opponent for himself in the future.

"I'm going. If we have the chance to meet again in the next few rounds of Martial Competition, we can have a good spar and see if it's your spear or my sword." Mo Shang smiled and waved his hand at Tang Huan, then turned and left. A moment later, he picked up the golden hammers that he loved dearly and walked out of the martial arena.

"This guy is probably even harder to deal with than public loss and love."

As his gaze swept across the flexible sword at Mo Shang's waist, Tang Huan's mind raced as he turned to leave. When he walked out of the martial arena, the clamouring sounds coming from the surrounding people immediately became even louder, and when many Martial Warriors looked at Tang Huan, their eyes had become somewhat respectful.

"I really did not expect that Tang Huan would actually win against Young Master Gong Dian. This fellow's strength is truly terrifying, I heard that even Gu Ying is not his opponent."

"I wonder what movement skill Tang Huan is using to actually be able to make use of the public loss love to play with?"

"Tsk tsk, saying three shots is really three shots. No wonder public loss of love was so infuriated that you vomited blood."

"..."

All kinds of discussions could be heard from the spectating Martial Warriors.

"What's the situation?" Within the resting area on the left, Meng Zixuan could not help but ask as she watched Mo Shang place the Elder Gong Dian on the ground.

"It's just that his internal organs are injured, it's not a big deal. This guy is as strong as an ox. Even if he doesn't take any medicine, he'll be able to fully recover in a few days." Mo Shang smiled slightly. Even though he said that, he opened his mouth wide and put a green pill in.

"How much of that movement technique did you see?" Mo Shang raised his eyes and asked.

"That movement technique is too mysterious. It's a pity that time is too short. He's probably worried that someone will see through it. When the time comes, he'll quickly finish the battle." A trace of helplessness appeared on Meng Zixuan's beautiful face.

"..."

"Tang Huan, you truly surprised me!"

In the resting area on the right, Hong Tao's eyes were dark and cold. There was a faint trace of surprise in his eyes.

When he saw Tang Huan play Gong Zhuang Pao, he had expected that it would be such a result. But even so, when he saw the scene of Gong Cheng Pao vomiting blood and fainting, he was still surprised. After all, Gong Zhui's reputation in Feng Ming's sect was too resounding.

After a short moment of surprise, Hong Tao was overjoyed.

Tang Huan's victory, meant that in the future, he would still have the chance to meet Tang Huan and kill him in broad daylight.

If it was just an ordinary exchange of pointers, he might not be the one who liked Tang Huan the most, but if it was a life and death battle, he was absolutely confident that he could turn the love into his own spirit, and Tang Huan was naturally not an exception!

While thinking, Hong Tao could not help but look towards Tang Long who was not far away.

As if she had noticed his gaze, Tang Long also looked over in a blink of an eye. Their four eyes met, and both of them coldly snorted from the nose as they simultaneously shifted their gaze away.

"I seem to have made a mistake."

Inside the resting area on the right, Gao Ling crossed his legs and leaned his back against the cliff as he crossed his legs. He hugged his spear against his chest and held a blade of grass in the corner of his mouth as he muttered, "I didn't expect this kid to be so strong."

In an instant, Gao Ling seemed to have discovered something. He abruptly raised his eyes and grinned, baring his teeth.

Tens of metres away, Tang Huan, who had just returned to the resting area, looked away, then sat down next to Gu Ying, Tang Si and the others.

Time flew and the sky gradually darkened.

Unknowingly, there were already many torches outside of Phoenix Spirit Valley. All thirty-two of the arenas were illuminated by the red light.

The third round of the martial arts competition was far more intense than the first two. On average, each battle would last longer.

When both sides were on the same level of strength and were evenly matched, it would be even more difficult to determine the victor. Even when the two sides were at a stalemate for half an hour, they still could not determine the victor, and in the end, they were completely exhausted and had no choice but to withdraw from the battle, missing the fourth round of the Phoenix Spirit Martial Meeting.

After nearly an hour, the entire Feng Ming Mountain was shrouded by a pitch-black curtain of night.

"Everyone, the third round of 'Phoenix Spirit Martial Meeting' is over. The two hundred and eighteen participants will be able to participate in the fourth round of 'Phoenix Spirit Martial Meeting' tomorrow. Everyone, rest well tonight, recuperate, and wait for tomorrow's battle to resume! " In front of the wooden shed, Lei Ming's voice was as loud as a bell, shaking the air.

As soon as Lei Ming finished speaking, the noise outside the Phoenix Spirit Valley continued to shake the sky. After an entire day, the curtain had finally fallen.

However, everyone knew that Martial Competition would be even more intense tomorrow.

Because many precious gems, as well as the even rarer "Phoenix Flame Essence", would belong to him tomorrow!

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It was a deep night outside the Phoenix Spirit Valley and the fire outside the Phoenix Spirit Valley continued to soar into the sky. The wide grounds, however, gradually quietened down and numerous tents of various sizes and sizes appeared one after another like bamboo shoots after a spring rain.

"I wonder how is Xiao Budian doing?"

Inside the tent, Tang Huan sat cross-legged on the ground, suddenly missing the little fellow.

Outside of Phoenix Spirit Valley, there were many Martial Warriors and even more so, there were many Stage Six Martial Master and Stage Seven Martial Master. As a result, when Tang Huan rushed over, he left Xiao Budian and the box containing all the "Phoenix Stones" and "Phoenix Feather" inside the pile of rocks outside the Phoenix Nest.

During the day, when he was participating in the Martial Competition, Tang Huan didn't really feel it much. Now that he had calmed down and didn't hear the familiar babbling sound of Xiao Budian, Tang Huan, who was used to Xiao Budian's existence, felt somewhat uncomfortable.

Tang Huan really wanted to go over and take a look at the situation right now, but in the end, he managed to suppress his strong urge.

At this moment, although it was quiet outside the Phoenix Spirit Valley, Tang Huan knew clearly that there were many people staring at the tent he was in.

As long as there was the slightest movement, it would immediately attract the attention of the Martial Warriors.

Moreover, this was still Gu Ying's tent. Inside the tent, not only was he there, there was also Gu Ying, Tang Si and Gu Fei.

"I can only wait until tomorrow when the Martial Competition ends."

Tang Huan sighed inwardly.

After a day of intense fighting, there were still more than two hundred people left in the "Phoenix Spirit Martial Meeting" that had come out of the three rounds. After a few more rounds tomorrow, they would be able to decide on the final victor.

Tang Huan could completely imagine that tomorrow's battle would definitely be even more intense, to the point of it becoming more tragic.

The Martial Warriors participating in this "Phoenix Spirit Martial Meeting" could be said to be hiding their strength. From what Tang Huan had observed today, out of the two hundred plus people, many were actually concealing their true strength.

Even the two people he was familiar with, Gu Ying and Tang Si, held back when fighting with each other. It was obvious that they planned to use their killing techniques when they met an opponent that would catch them off guard.

Tomorrow at Martial Competition, there will be a gathering of experts.

Tang Huan was not completely confident that he would obtain the final victory, but he would definitely give it his all. Even if one didn't get first place, being able to get into the top three, or even the top ten, wouldn't be too bad.

Thinking of this, Tang Huan could not help but rejoice.

If he had not accidentally entered the "Phoenix Nest" before the "Phoenix Spirit Martial Meeting" began and obtained the "Flamewing Phoenix King" ...

He had hidden many treasures within his bag, and he had even found the Triple Layered Phoenixes, an extremely mysterious movement technique. It was not certain that he would be able to defeat the innate love and love of that innate divine strength.

Even if he won by a fluke, it would probably be a miserable victory. Whether or not he could continue participating in tomorrow's Martial Competition s, it was still unknown, how could he be as relaxed as he was now.

While he was thinking, Tang Huan's mind gradually calmed down and he began to circulate the "Art of Universal Truth". Inside the Dantian, the "Nine Yang Divine Furnace" and the two stages of Spiritual Wheel were quickly circulating and the "Pure Yang Pellet" was being refined bit by bit.

Time flew, unknowingly, the sky had already turned white, the area outside of the Phoenix Spirit Valley woke up from its slumber, and started to get lively, there were constantly Martial Warriors leaving the tents to train their techniques, after you finish singing, the cheers came one after another.

At dawn, the wooden hut at the entrance of the valley was once again filled with figures. Star Ocean Commerce Elder Lei Ming and the mysterious purple-clothed woman had also appeared in the hut at the same time.

Tens of thousands of observing Martial Warriors also gathered outside the thirty-two martial arena one after another.

"Among the three of us, I was already pushed out of the picture by that cunning and despicable bastard Tang Huan, Mo Shang ... There's definitely no hope. Zi Xuan, we'll have to depend on you next. You cannot lose again, if you lose, then we'll all be annihilated. "

At the side of Arena Number Four, Gong Luoshen was squatting on the ground, looking at the place where he was sad. At the same time, he was earnestly talking to the flirtatious Meng Zixuan beside him.

At this time, his face was pale. He looked depressed and dejected. There was no longer any trace of yesterday's spirit between his brows.

"It's really funny how much love you have as a public loser. You're so stupid, yet you're blaming others for being too smart. No wonder Tang Huan said that you're childish, he wasn't wrong at all." Hearing this remark, Mo Shang could not help but sneer.

"Mo Shang, what did you say?" "Mo Shang!" Gong LuoJiao was furious, jumping up, his two eyes staring fiercely at Mo Shang, spittle spraying all over his face.

"I said you're stupid!" Mo Shang curled his lips in ridicule.

"You ... "This is so infuriating ..."

"You're courting death!" Pang Zi was furious. He raised his huge fist and punched towards Mo Shang's head.

Mo Shang did not dodge, but looked at him mockingly. In the end, this punch of Gong Zhui's still stopped right in front of Mo Shang's nose, and did not go down.

Staring blankly at Mo Shang for a moment, Gong Luoye suddenly lowered his fist, "You're right, I was too stupid. If I lose, I lose. What's the big deal, if I lose this time, I can win it back. If I lose, I can't stop feeling sorry for myself. At the end, he laughed out loud in love.

"You've finally learned to be smart." Mo Shang smiled.

"However, what I said before wasn't wrong at all. The following Martial Competition can only rely on Zi Xuan. As for you, being able to enter the top hundred, you are under the protection of the heavens." The male official gave a disdainful glance at the flexible sword hanging from Mo Shang's waist, before waving his hand, "Alright, I'll take my leave first."

"Where are you going?" Mo Shang felt stifled, but he could not help but ask.

"My strength isn't strong enough, and my body isn't strong enough either. I can't withstand the backlash caused by the retraction of my body multiple times. I have to think carefully how I can improve my strength and body." He left with a hearty laugh.

"You have lost a lot of love, why aren't you stupid?"

Mo Shang was stunned, it was only until the loss of Gong Dian's figure that he realized what had happened, but he was so angry that he couldn't help but scold. He thought that after fighting with Tang Huan, he would be able to understand that he had made a mistake in his cultivation, and thus started to level up his Genuine Qi and sharpen his battle skills.

"Puchi!" Meng Zixuan, who had been silent at the side, suddenly covered her red lips and laughed coquettishly.

"Zi Xuan, what are you laughing about?" Mo Shang was surprised.

"Didn't you realize that the male loser was purposely teasing you?" Meng Zixuan said with a smile.

"What?"

When Mo Shang heard Meng Zixuan's words, he was stunned for a moment. Then, he looked in surprise at the place where the figure of the man who loved to lose was disappearing. Was this kid really that smart?

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"Tang Huan, do you think we will meet in the competition?" In front of Arena Number 16, Gu Ying looked around and suddenly asked.

"That's hard to say."

Tang Huan could not help but smile.

Right now, there were only two hundred people competing in the martial arts competition. If no one lost, the chances of them becoming an opponent were higher.

"What a headache." Gu Ying scratched his head a few times and said in distress.

"What's there to worry about? If I meet Tang Huan, I'll admit defeat right away." Tang Si said with a smile.

"Admit defeat?"

After hearing his words, not only Gu Ying, Tang Huan and the others also looked at him in surprise.

"If Tang Huan didn't have that kind of miraculous movement skill that can make public loss and love unable to distinguish north, south, east and west, I could still fight against him. However, if he were to use that movement technique, he would definitely be able to restrain me to the point where he would lose without a doubt. Since I already know that I'm going to lose, why would I waste so much effort on it? It would be better to have Tang Huan leave some Genuine Qi s to take part in the next round. " Tang Si smiled slowly.

"Big Brother Tang Si is so nice." Gu Fei beamed, her beautiful eyes bent like crescent moons.

"And if you meet me?" Gu Ying rolled his eyes at Gu Fei, and could not help but ask this of Tang Si.

"Meet you? Let's just fight for a few dozen rounds first! " Tang Si laughed mischievously, "I am very clear what path you have in mind. I sparred five times in the past few days, but I have beaten you twice.

"Tang Si, to think that this daddy had always regarded you as my friend, to think that you would even say such a thing!" Gu Ying was stunned at first, but soon after, he angrily blew his nose and glared at her.

"..."

Seeing Gu Ying and Tang Si bickering again, Tang Huan and Gu Fei smiled. In regards to this, the two of them were already used to it and were not surprised.

"Tang Huan!"

A hundred meters away, Hong Tao's pair of venomous cold eyes quickly swept across the crowd and landed on Tang Huan who was standing beside Arena Number Sixteen.

, Tang Si, only by using the blood of you two rascal can you wash off the shame of my Tang Family, I will not allow you two to walk out of Feng Ming Mountain alive! "Su Yun said in a low voice.

In the resting area on the right side of the arena, Tang Long who was seated as still as a statue suddenly opened his eyes, a cold light filled with killing intent flashed in his eyes.

"The final outcome will be revealed today. Tang Huan, just how far can you go? I'm really looking forward to it." In the crowd, a red-clothed female with a picturesque appearance sweetly smiled. Her expression was indescribably enchanting, causing many Martial Warriors at the side to be dazzled.

"I revealed Tang Huan's true identity yesterday, would this brat bear a grudge against me? If I were to meet him in the competition, it would not be much fun. " Gao Ling held the spear under his arm and rubbed his forehead helplessly.

"I guess this time, the chief of the Martial Competition must be among the four people, Hong Tao, Tang Long, Gu Ying and Gao Ling."

"That might not be the case, I think it might be that guy called Mo Shang, his ice flexible sword is truly superb, tsk-tsk, even a heavy weapon that weighs more than fifty kilograms could be easily sent flying, his strength is probably even stronger than the public loss that Tang Huan has beaten."

"..."

"The number of people is getting smaller and smaller. If Tang Huan meets with Hong Tao or Tang Long, it will be very interesting."

"If we really meet each other, Tang Huan is indeed in extreme danger. Hong Tao and Tang Long really want to kill him as soon as possible. If we meet him, they definitely won't show mercy."

"You are underestimating Tang Huan. Even public loss and love were not Tang Huan's match, it showed just how strong Tang Huan was. Even if Tang Huan can't compare to Hong Tao and Tang Long, preserving his life is definitely not a problem. It's impossible for him to not even be able to admit defeat, right? Once he admitted defeat of his own accord, it would mean that the battle was already over. The Star Ocean Commerce would definitely not allow them to pursue and kill someone who had already admitted defeat. At that time, if they want to kill Tang Huan, they can only wait until after Martial Competition. "

"..."

Outside the competition grounds, many of the Martial Warriors were in high spirits, either speculating about the outcome of the competition, or discussing the grudges between the young experts.

After a long while, Lei Ming finally walked out of the wooden hut under the watchful eyes of tens of thousands of people. At this moment, the originally noisy space suddenly turned quiet.

"Everyone, the fourth round of Martial Competition is about to begin. Just a moment ago, another two heavily injured friends had retreated, so there were only two hundred and sixteen people participating in this round of Martial Competition. The method of choosing opponents was the same as in the previous two rounds. I shall now invite these thirty-two friends to come and draw lots. "

"Number one ... Number thirty-one ... One hundred and nine ... Number 369! "

Lei Ming spoke very quickly, her voice sounding like thunder.

In an instant, only his voice resounded outside the Phoenix Spirit Valley.

Every time he announced a number, a figure would emerge from the crowd and head towards the wooden shed. There was a smile on his face, and he had confidence in himself, or a look of worry on his face.

"369? Just me? "

Suddenly, when he heard the number plate that Lei Ming had announced at the end, Tang Huan was stunned for a moment before realizing that it was his turn to draw the lots for the fourth round.

With that thought in mind, Tang Huan stopped thinking further. Taking a light breath, he quickly walked forward ...

Not long after, Tang Huan and a youth dressed in black with the number plate "1717" walked into the arena at almost the same time.

The youngster was rather thin, not even 1.7 meters tall. His face was sallow and he looked like he was suffering from malnutrition. However, his eyes were so bright that they were dazzling.

"Tang Huan..."

The thin youth quickly licked his lips as his eyes became even brighter. "A thousand year old rare weapons crafting genius and martial arts genius is about to be defeated by this young master. What a pity!"

Even though he said that it was a pity, his expression did not contain the slightest bit of regret. Instead, he revealed a teasing expression, as though he was a lion baring his fangs and brandishing his claws at a fat antelope, "Tang Huan, why are you not asking me for my name? Don't you want to know who you're going to lose to? "

"Why should I know the name of a supporting role that is destined to be just a foil?" The corner of Tang Huan's mouth lifted as a ridiculing smile surfaced on his face.

"Tang Huan, you really boast too shamelessly. Very soon, you will pay an extremely heavy price for your words. " The skinny youth laughed coldly as a proud expression appeared on his face.

"You talk too much nonsense."

Tang Huan squinted his eyes, "The previous Tang Yu that spoke so much nonsense has already turned into a corpse yesterday, I hope you won't be the next one!"

"Chi!"

Before his voice fell, the sharp whistling sound had already drifted out in a zigzag fashion. The Crimson Flame Spear in Tang Huan's hands howled forward with a wild and violent heat, and moved swiftly like lightning.

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"Tang Huan, still talking, you suddenly made a move, you truly do not know how to be courteous at all, you are truly worthy of being the abandoned son of the Furious Waves City, your education is truly lacking. "

"Today, I will properly teach you how to conduct yourself."

The weak looking young man retreated, the black whip in his hand shook quickly, the whip that was a few metres long suddenly stretched straight, as though it had turned into a hard rod, directly sweeping down towards Tang Huan's Crimson Flame Spear.

Tang Huan's mind was calm like water, and was not angered by the skinny youth's sarcastic remarks.

When the youth spoke, his eyes revealed a cunning look, allowing Tang Huan to understand that he was not as arrogant and proud as he was. The reason why his words were so annoying was only because he wanted to enrage.

This guy had succeeded, Tang Huan was indeed a little angry.

However, this guy did not know that if he did not have enough strength to ensure his victory and infuriate his opponent, his end would become even more miserable.

"Bam!"

In a split-second, the long whip that was as hard as iron struck the spearhead, causing an ear-piercing sound similar to the sound of metal colliding. But just as the voice came out, the hard braid suddenly softened without any warning, and borrowing the force of the impact, it spiraled rapidly, looping itself around the Crimson Flame Spear's spear head.

"Come here!"

The thin youth could not help but reveal a hint of joy in his eyes. As he shouted, his right foot that was retreating kicked the ground and his right arm that was holding onto the long whip jerked back.

However, the spear in Tang Huan's hand did not move at all. A few meters away, Tang Huan was still sneering mockingly.

When the thin and weak youth saw this, his expression changed greatly.

In less than half a blink of an eye, the long whip had already started vibrating. The whip immediately loosened up, as if it wanted to break away from the tip of the spear.

"Do you think I can just let it go if you want to?"

Tang Huan suddenly snorted coldly, and the body of the spear immediately twisted, releasing an exceptionally intense buzzing sound, while the tip of the fiery red spear also started to spin quickly, not only did the whip not break free, it actually entangled itself even more tightly with the tip of the spear.

"Come here!"

While he shouted lowly, Tang Huan also lashed out ruthlessly like a skinny youth. He moved the Crimson Flame Spear along with his arm, and the Crimson Flame Spear pulled the long whip.

In an instant, the huge pulling force extended to the end of the whip.

"Aiya!"

The youth cried out in alarm. His thin and weak body was carried by the long whip, and he flew out uncontrollably.

He obviously did not expect that his whip would be entangled by Tang Huan's Crimson Flame Spear, nor did he expect that Tang Huan's power would be so strong and ferocious. He was so frightened by the sudden turn of events that his face paled, and quickly let go of his whip.

Even so, he still staggered forward a few steps before regaining his balance.

"Chi!"

Tang Huan swung his spear, causing the whip wrapped around the tip of the spear to fall to the ground, following that, the Crimson Flame Spear pierced through the space once again, heading straight for the weak looking teenager's chest, the terrifying heat spread out like a stormy wave, enveloping him and causing his entire body to be completely engulfed.

"Tang Huan, wait, wait, I was just joking with you." The thin youth's face turned pale. He quickly retreated while waving his hand.

"I'm just joking with you!"

Tang Huan scoffed, the Crimson Flame Spear in his hand did not slow down at all, and in an instant, the distance between him and the skinny youth was less than half a meter.

Is there a need for you to joke like that?

The weak looking young man's face was drained of blood, he cursed in his heart, and his body spun quickly like a top, barely dodging the terrifying spear attack. Then, he ran out of the competition grounds with all his might, roaring out, "Tang Huan, don't do it, I admit ..."

"Ahh ..."

The youth's "lost" word had yet to even leave his mouth when it was replaced by a miserable scream. It was Tang Huan's Crimson Flame Spear sweeping over from the back, and directly striking his back with lightning speed.

"Bam!" The youngster's frail body was immediately thrown into the air like a piece of leather. He flew through the air like a cloud and landed heavily outside of the martial arena. He lay on the ground spitting out blood, unable to get up.

"Road boy!"

The moment the exclamation was heard, two young men around the age of twenty ran out of the crowd and helped the thin youngster up.

After a quick survey of the skinny youth's condition, one of the young men wearing a light green robe glared at Tang Huan and shouted in anger: "Tang Huan, you're too ruthless! Even Lu Tong is about to admit defeat, how dare you hit him with such a heavy blow!"

"I only taught him how to be a good person."

Tang Huan smiled indifferently, and returned the words that Lu Tong had said before back to him, "If he was truly ruthless, then he would already be a corpse now."

"You ... Tang Huan, we are not done with this yet. "

"Oh? "Welcome to take revenge on me!"

"..."

"Number 369 wins!" At the side of the martial arena, the referee's announcement resounded through the air.

... ..

Roughly half an hour later, at the 12th arena.

A loud sound exploded out. On the other side of Tang Huan, the muscular man seemed to be drunk as he staggered a few steps back, then sat down on the ground with his butt. The long axe in his hand fell to the ground at the same time.

"You lost!"

Tang Huan smiled slightly, he moved quickly, and the Crimson Flame Spear in his hands went straight in, the sharp and hot tip of the spear piercing towards the sturdy man's throat like lightning, but in the end, it only stopped in front of his neck.

"Number 369 wins!"

... ..

Another two hours later, in the eighth arena.

"Hu!"

A figure was rolling on the ground at a speed that even the naked eye couldn't catch.

However, every time that figure rolled around, there was a dazzling stream of fiery red light that seemed to graze his clothes and pierce the ground. It was incredibly thrilling.

"Bang!" Bang! "Bang ..."

After the fiery red light entered the ground, it immediately soared into the air and chased after the rolling figure. However, every time it moved up and down, a tyrannical power would leak out and blow up a large clump of sand, leaving behind many craters on the ground.

When the figure flipped out the red line, the extreme movement immediately transformed into tranquility. This extremely frightening scene seemed to have suddenly frozen in place.

"Senior is indeed powerful."

After a long while, Tang Huan finally pulled out the Crimson Flame Spear that was over a foot deep in the ground. He cupped his hands and smiled, and a trace of unconcealable admiration appeared in his eyes.

"Little bro, you are better than me."

Outside of the red line, the figure of a person lying on the ground also jumped up. It was an old man in his sixties with a head full of gray hair and a head full of white hair.

"Number 369 wins!"

At this moment, at the edge of Arena Eight, the referee's voice resounded above the area.

So far, Tang Huan had already won three rounds in a row today!

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At the end of the fourth round of Martial Competition, there should have been one hundred and eight contestants participating in the fifth round. However, there were a few battles that were too intense. In the end, both sides were heavily injured and had to retreat. Although there were still a few who had won, they were no longer able to continue and could only give up in the end.

In the end, only a hundred people from the fifth round of Martial Competition remained.

And after the fifth round, there were similarly forty-six severely injured Martial Warriors who had retreated, so much so that there were only forty-six people who participated in the sixth round of Martial Competition.

The 46 people were divided into 23 groups.

When Tang Huan defeated the old man in green, the victors of several of the groups had already been decided. However, there were a few groups that were exceptionally tragic, and it was estimated that after this round was over, with twenty or so people to continue participating in the following battles, it would already be considered very good.

"This Tang Huan's luck is too good, the opponents he met in three consecutive rounds were not very strong."

"The opponent that Tang Huan met in the fourth round is indeed not that great, but the fifth and sixth round opponents are already pretty strong, especially the old man in the sixth round who is definitely an expert at the peak of the fifth step. It's indeed very difficult for Tang Huan to win against him in this round."

"Really?" Why do I feel like Tang Huan is extremely relaxed? "

" ... "

"After this round of competition, the rest of the Stage Five Martial Master s will be the strongest, and the following seventh round will definitely be more exciting."

Although I was eliminated in the first round, but after observing so many battles between experts of the fifth step, my harvest is very big. Especially that Tang Huan. He did not use any battle skills for the past three rounds, but the spear in his hands seems to have come alive.

"Generally speaking, someone who has such means must have immersed himself in the way of the spear for over ten years or even dozens of years, yet Tang Huan is so young. It is said that he was an ordinary person who did not cultivate the Genuine Qi before, and if he did not see it with his own eyes, it would be hard for him to believe that this is true."

"..."

Tang Huan was already seated cross-legged in the resting area on the right, waves after waves of noisy sounds unceasingly entered his ears, but he was not moved at all. After quickly sweeping through the dozen or so arenas where the battle was still ongoing, he slowly closed his eyes and stood there, as motionless as a statue.

Even though he looked rather relaxed in the battle with the old man in green, he had already expended a large amount of Genuine Qi.

He had to restore himself to his peak state before the seventh round began. Fortunately, by refining the "Pure Yang Pearl", he was able to recover his Genuine Qi at the fastest speed possible.

"Everyone, it has been two hours and the seventh round is about to begin. Please come here quickly!" Suddenly, Lei Ming's earth-shaking shout resonated outside the Phoenix Spirit Valley, waking him up from his cultivation.

"It started so quickly!"

Tang Huan's eyes flashed, and he stood up.

At this time, the Genuine Qi s and the nine Spiritual Meridian s had already recovered long ago. Between mind instructs (in a second), the vigorous Genuine Qi was like a wave as it shuttled quickly through, filling to the brim.

Not long later, many figures had already gathered in front of the wooden shed.

There were two friends, Gu Ying and Tang Si. There was Tang Long and Hong Tao who viewed him as an enemy, Gao Ling, Mo Shang, Meng Zixuan, and the others who could call out their names. As for the rest of the Martial Warriors, Tang Huan had more or less seen their battles before, they were all experts.

Amongst them, the thing that drew Tang Huan's attention the most was a black-clothed man who remained expressionless the entire time, and a beautiful woman in a red dress.

The sword technique of the man in black was extremely tricky and strange, making it impossible for people to guard against it.

To the best of Tang Huan's knowledge, it seemed that no one had been able to withstand his second strike. Even the most powerful of powerhouses at the fifth step, he only needed one strike to achieve victory. Unfortunately, not to mention Tang Huan, even the surrounding people did not know of his name.

The woman in the red dress had a charming face and a seductive figure. She raised her hand and raised her foot, and her entire body emitted a bewitching aura. With every frown and smile, she gave off an intoxicating feeling. Amongst the surrounding onlookers in the Martial Warriors, there were quite a few of them who were completely captivated by him and full of love and admiration.

According to the information that Tang Huan had gathered from the crowd's words, the red dressed lady's name should be Mu Yan.

Compared to Mu Yan's appearance, she had an astonishing strength.

After today's three rounds, she had quickly finished the battle, while she herself had yet to be injured. From start to finish, she had been extremely relaxed.

"Everyone, there are a total of twenty-one people participating in this round of martial arts competition. So, there will definitely be one empty spot."

Lei Ming's eyes swept across the crowd, and said while smiling, "Now, let us invite everyone to come and draw lots, there are a total of 21 paper balls, and amongst them, one of the paper balls is blank, while the other twenty paper balls have the same number written on it. In this round of the competition, we will be fighting against each other, and the friends who draw the blank paper balls will be able to directly participate in the eighth round of Martial Competition s."

Hearing Lei Ming's words, everyone could not help but look at each other, exchanging glances.

Many Martial Warriors, especially the one who was injured in the previous round of competition, couldn't help but reveal an expression of anticipation when they heard Lei Ming's words.

If they could make this round empty, they would be able to get more time to rest compared to the other Martial Warriors. This would become a huge advantage in the eighth round of the competition.

But unfortunately, among the 21 people present, only one person was able to enjoy such benefits.

But who would be the lucky one?

"Everyone, let's begin." Everyone, let's begin.

Just as Lei Ming finished speaking, a sturdy man in his thirties ran over excitedly and quickly pulled out a ball of paper from the wooden chest. Unable to wait any longer to take a look, the muscular man slapped the back of his head in annoyance and gloomily shouted, "Thirteen!"

The second person who came up was a young woman who wore a white dress. Her delicate body was filled with curves, but her face was extremely ordinary.

She was not as anxious as the strong man in front of her. She unhurriedly pulled out a ball of paper and looked at it. Then, a calm smile appeared on her face. "Thirteen!"

"The two of us are opponents?" The tall and sturdy man's eyes opened wide in that instant.

"I didn't."

The woman faintly smiled and no longer said a word. However, the burly man next to her couldn't help but change his expression, as if he was extremely afraid of this woman in the white dress.

When the surrounding people saw the result of the draw, their eyes also showed a strange expression.

In the first two draws, a group of opponents had already been decided. It was unknown whether this was a good or bad omen. Just as everyone was thinking about this, Tang Huan was already the third person to walk in front of the wooden shed. He then took a light breath and placed his right hand into the wooden box.

"Four!"

After a while, Tang Huan opened the paper ball, and reported the number inside.

Before drawing lots, Tang Huan did not hold much expectation in his heart, nor did he manage to draw a blank ball of paper. Naturally, he was not disappointed in his heart.

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"One!"

"Twelve!"

"Eight!"

"..."

Martial Warriors stepped forward one after another, as numbers were continuously announced. From time to time, people with the same numbers would fight with each other in the seventh round of Martial Competition. These numbers were not drawn out completely from one to ten, but were randomly written down in ten numbers.

"Blank? No numbers? I got it! "

Not long after, an elated voice suddenly echoed in front of the wooden shed, immediately attracting everyone's attention.

It was a handsome looking yellow-clothed man with a face as white as jade. His body was slender and a long sword hung from his waist. He looked to be around twenty-five or twenty-six years old.

Seeing this guy whose face was filled with excitement, many people couldn't help but reveal traces of envy and jealousy in their eyes, while those Martial Warriors who had yet to draw their lots felt rather disappointed.

Now that the lucky person had appeared, the person who would draw the lots would no longer have any hope of winning.

"Congratulations, my friend."

Lei Ming could not help but smile at the yellow clothed man. The yellow-clothed man beamed as he waved to everyone and happily ran back to the resting area.

The drawing of lots continued. Following closely behind the yellow-clothed man was Hong Tao.

After unfolding the ball of paper he pulled out from the wooden chest, Hong Tao was initially startled, but after that, his face revealed an expression of unconcealable joy, and following that, he swept his gaze across Tang Huan. The killing intent in his eyes condensed into a solid substance, as if it was going to pierce through Tang Huan's body.

"Four!"

After taking a quick glance, Lei Ming couldn't help but let out a low growl. In the blink of an eye, when he looked at Tang Huan, his expression subtly changed.

"Four?"

Tang Huan frowned, then relaxed.

and Tang Si's faces couldn't help but change color slightly when they heard the number that Lei Ming had called out. Tang Huan had said "4", and Hong Tao had said "4", which meant that in the upcoming seventh round of the martial arts competition, Tang Huan and Hong Tao would become opponents.

It could be predicted that this was going to be a very intense and fierce battle.

"Hmm?"

However, Tang Long couldn't help but snort and frown deeply.

He truly wished that he could kill Tang Huan quickly, but he did not have any good impressions towards Hong Tao either. If there was an appropriate time, he would not hesitate to kill him. The two of them were about to fight in the seventh round. Regardless of who won or lost, it was a good thing for him.

Even so, there was still a trace of depression in his heart.

What he hoped the most was for him to personally take care of Tang Huan, and use Tang Huan's blood to wash off the enormous humiliation from his father's body, and even the entire Tang Family.

But now, Tang Huan and Hong Tao were rivals.

If Tang Huan were to be killed by Hong Tao in the seventh round of the competition, his wish would never be fulfilled again. However, since the opponent had already decided, forget about him not being able to change it, even Star Ocean Commerce would not interfere.

Instantly, Tang Long's complexion became even more unsettled.

"Tang Huan, we finally meet!"

Just as everyone had different expressions, Hong Tao had already walked in front of Tang Huan with large strides, baring his snow-white teeth, his face revealing a sinister smile, as if he was a hungry wolf that had seen fresh meat, the long-accumulated killing intent in his eyes also rapidly surged, as if it wanted to erupt like a volcano.

"Hong Tao, you will regret this. Do you know that the faster you meet me, the faster you will reunite with your elder brother?" Tang Huan laughed slowly.

"Regret?"

Hong Tao laughed loudly, and then gritted his teeth, as he squeezed out a few sounds from between his teeth, "Tang Huan, cut the crap, I will soon let you know what true 'regret' is!" Finished speaking, Hong Tao held his long blade and strode towards the third arena.

"Tang Huan, if there's really no other way, then admit defeat." Gu Ying could not help but lean close to Tang Huan's ears and whisper. Tang Si also nodded and gave him a look.

"Hmm?"

Although Gu Ying's voice was soft, it was still heard by Hong Tao. He suddenly stopped and turned around, staring fiercely at Gu Ying with an ashen face.

This was what he was most worried about.

If Tang Huan admitted defeat directly, he could win without fighting, and compete in the next round in an even better state. However, this also meant that he had been happy for nothing.

If they could not kill Tang Huan in the martial grounds, then they could only kill him after Martial Competition, and with that, there were too many variables, who knew if Tang Huan would immediately leave this place after admitting defeat. After he escaped, he drilled himself into Feng Ming Mountain, where could he go to find him?

At this moment, Hong Tao's heart was burning with anxiety. He almost wanted to pick up Tang Huan, drag him into the arena and start a war with him.

"I ..."

Tang Huan intentionally dragged out his tone until Hong Tao's face turned black and was about to rush over to him, then smiled and said: "... "Understood, you all have to be careful yourself."

Gu Ying's and Tang Si's opponents had also appeared, a middle-aged man and an old man respectively. The two of them were able to rush all the way here, their strength was not to be underestimated, even if they could not compare to Gu Ying and Tang Si. In the seventh round of martial arts competition, it would be extremely difficult for Gu Ying and Tang Si to win.

"You don't have to worry about the two of us." Gu Ying laughed.

"Tang Huan, that Hong Tao has an excellent weapon, you must be careful." Tang Si reminded her again.

Tang Huan nodded his head, then turned and walked to the third stage of the competition. When he glanced at Hong Tao, his eyes revealed ridicule.

Hong Tao snorted with a dark expression. However, he secretly heaved a sigh of relief in his heart.

"Tang Huan, do you really think you will have the chance to admit defeat and retreat once we start a fight? In this battle, I will definitely make you stay here forever! Your life is mine! "

Hong Tao sneered on the inside. Then, he quickly walked into the arena.

In just a few short breaths of time, Tang Huan had also followed behind Hong Tao, and leisurely walked into the same arena.

Seeing this scene, the spectating Martial Warriors finally understood.

"It can't be, Tang Huan really met Hong Tao?"

"Oh no, oh no, this time's' Phoenix Spirit Martial Meeting ', Tang Huan is going to stop here."

"Winning or losing is secondary. I'm afraid I won't even have my life left. Hong Tao shouldn't have used his full strength before, but this time, he definitely won't hold back."

"I hope that when Tang Huan is no match for him, he will be able to admit defeat. With such an outstanding genius in the Martial Dao and Tools Method, it would truly be a pity if he were to fall just like that."

"I'm afraid that Hong Tao will not even give him the chance to admit defeat."

"Hmph, let's wait and see. I don't believe that Tang Huan will lose to Hong Tao! Hong Tao did not use his full strength, so do you think that Tang Huan has already used all of his techniques? "

"..."

In the ten battles, Tang Huan and Hong Tao's fight was undoubtedly the focus of attention. After all, Tang Huan's identity was indeed a little special.

Just as everyone was guessing, the twenty Martial Warriors s had already entered the top ten arenas.

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Within the arena, a heavy atmosphere gradually enveloped the area.

The Martial Warriors that was about to fight didn't move at all and stood still. The surrounding observing Martial Warriors also seemed to be affected as the noise gradually weakened.

In the most eye-catching third arena, two figures stood there quietly.

Tang Huan squinted and his expression turned solemn. He held the Crimson Flame Spear in his hands, and the robust Genuine Qi that was infused with the blazing energy of the True Fire weaved around inside the spear body quickly, the dazzling red light flowed along the red light like flowing water, and strands of green could vaguely be seen in the red light. It actually made the heat that continuously radiated from the Crimson Flame Spear become even more fierce and fierce, like waves or tides.

About two meters away, Hong Tao was also holding his long blade, pointing it at the sky.

Its strength fluctuated and fluctuated at an extremely fast speed. From afar, it looked like a long flame that was rapidly flickering and jumping. The extremely strong heat spread out in all directions like stormy waves, and the heat suddenly increased.

Between the two of them, not only did the heat constantly collide, stirring up small hot storms, the atmosphere between them was even more solemn than elsewhere.

After all, the other nine groups of Martial Warriors were merely the opponents of the Martial Competition. On the other hand, not only did Tang Huan and Hong Tao fight on Martial Competition, they also had deep grudges against each other.

Tang Huan stood tall and straight, with an imposing aura around him, Hong Tao's face was gloomy and cold, his killing intent overflowing.

Both sides were about to make their move!

The Martial Warriors that was closest to Arena Three could not help but hold their breaths as they watched with unblinking eyes. Their mood also became a little tense.

"Begin!" It was as if he had flicked his finger for an instant, and it seemed like several hours had passed before Lei Ming finally shouted explosively.

"Kill!"

The moment Lei Ming's voice came, Hong Tao roared, and the long blade in his hand swayed, transforming into a ray of dazzling red light and shot towards Tang Huan like a waterfall. Wherever it passed, a sharp whistling sound pervaded out, and even the air seemed to be cut apart.

"Chi!"

Seemingly at the same time, another sharp and ear-piercing sound of breaking through the air burst out in the arena. Tang Huan tilted his body and leapt forward, the spear in his hand like a dragon, surprisingly roared out with a heat that overflowed the heavens. With a speed that even the naked

eye could not catch, the tip of the spear pierced towards the broad blade that was rushing towards him.

"Ding!"

In the blink of an eye, the sound of the collision echoed in the air.

Blade and spear clashed, Strength Qi rolled, the two figures retreated quickly, but regardless of whether it was Tang Huan or Hong Tao, after stabilizing their bodies, they did not hesitate, they brandished their blades and spears again, quickly rushing towards their opponent, and in the next moment, the sound of the violent clash resounded through the sky.

Both of them were attacking crazily, like a hurricane and storm, their speed becoming faster and faster. After a while, it was already difficult to distinguish the two's faces, and standing in the distance, one could only see two strong and vigorous figures quickly moving and jumping around in the third stage of the competition.

"Ding!" "Clang ..."

In between the two silhouettes, the blade was like a waterfall, the spear was like a rainbow, the red light was dancing wildly, a scorching heat wave spread out as the Strength Qi continuously churned. Not long after, this third round of martial arena seemed to have turned into a gigantic furnace, the intense heat even spread to the nearby martial arts arena.

Outside of the competition grounds, most of the gazes were attracted over, causing all the Martial Warriors to be dazzled.

At this time, only a few very powerful Stage Five Martial Master, as well as experts of the fifth step and above, were able to catch the trajectory of the spear.

"Tang Huan and Hong Tao are really evenly matched!"

"Not long ago, there was someone who confidently declared that Tang Huan was going to lose, it was really too funny."

"Unfortunately, this Tang Huan's true cultivation time is too short. If he had started to cultivate Genuine Qi and sharpen his battle skills since he was young, Hong Tao would definitely not be his match."

"..."

The Martial Warriors who previously thought that Tang Huan would definitely lose, were now all dumbstruck and speechless.

At the entrance of the valley, in the wooden shed.

"Tang Huan, Hong Tao ... "This battle is really intense ..."

The purple-dressed woman's eyes had already narrowed into two small slits as she spoke softly.

Lei Ming, who was already standing beside her, laughed and said softly: "Hong Tao has not fought for a long time, and is becoming more and more anxious. As long as Tang Huan lasts a little longer like this, Hong Tao will definitely expose his weakness ... At that time, as long as Tang Huan Seizes the opportunity, he will be able to obtain victory. "

"Hm." The purple-clothed woman slightly nodded.

"..."

"Tang Huan, do you really think you can stop me?"

Not long after, a heaven-shaking, earth-shattering roar resounded from the third arena, "I've cultivated the 'Strong Gale Blade Art' for two years and have never performed it in front of anyone! Tang Huan, to become the first soul to die under my 'Zephyr Blade Art', is also your honor! "

"Flame Slash!" "Die!"

As soon as Hong Tao finished speaking, the force of his blade changed drastically.

The heavy long blade seemed as if it were a fairy jumping around in his palm, before even blinking an eye, Hong Tao had already brandished his blade nine times, and layers upon layers of blade images instantly condensed into a huge flame. Under the guidance of the red blade, it covered the sky and covered the earth, pressing towards Tang Huan.

"Prairie Flames!"

At the same time, the pike in Tang Huan's hand pierced forward, like a ray of light.

In just a split-second, the spear shadows bloomed and gathered into a raging prairie fire to meet the blazing flames.

Clang! Clang! "Clang ..."

With an abnormally intense and hasty sound of impact, the raging flames and raging flames dissipated with a speed that could be seen with the naked eye. When the sound of the ninth strike of impact rang, the swords and spears had already separated, but the even more violent and blazing waves of force were crazily rolling away with Hong Tao and Tang Huan who were continuously retreating.

Only after retreating a few metres did Tang Huan and Hong Tao stabilize their steps, and the two figures clearly entered the crowd's line of sight.

Holding the longblade, not only was Hong Tao drenched in sweat, his clothes were also soaked, and his face was as red as a fire. He was gasping for breath, gasping for air. Two to three meters away from him, Tang Huan was also sweating profusely. His face was flushed red, but his wheezing sounds were a little less than Hong Tao's.

"Flaming Rainbow Spear Art?"

An astonished look flashed past Hong Tao's eyes, but immediately after, an exceptionally strong sense of shame and anger emerged from the depths of his eyes, and he roared out once more, "Tang Huan, take another of my 'Wind Flame Slash'!"

Before he even finished speaking, Hong Tao had already brandished his long blade and leaped forward.

The moment the last rune in his mouth rang out, the longblade in his hand chopped towards Tang Huan once again, and the wide blade had already been surrounded by a blazing tornado of fire. Wherever the longblade went, a storm swept out, and even the surrounding space seemed to have been destroyed to pieces.

"Smoke from the beacon!"

Tang Huan's pupils shrank, the Crimson Flame Spear seemed to be able to quickly pierce through space, a terrifying killing intent spread out, filling up the void, it was precisely the second form of the "Flaming Rainbow Spear Art"!