

W. Master 141

Chapter 141

Tang Huan had long understood the profoundness of this "Flaming Rainbow Spear Art", but this was the first time he was truly using it.

"What a heavy killing intent!"

Inside the wooden shed, the purple-dressed woman suddenly shot up, her beautiful eyes slightly opening, as she uncontrollably muttered out, "If I were to suppress the Genuine Qi to the level of the Stage Five Martial Master, even the Spear Saint Ye Chongshan from a hundred years ago could only execute the second style of this spear art, right?"

Even though he was already a Stage Six Martial Master, he could still feel a considerable threat from Tang Huan's spear.

Almost at the same time, cries of surprise sounded out from the surrounding Martial Warriors who were watching the battle from the sidelines.

When Tang Huan thrust out his spear, everyone's minds seemed to have been seized, as though they had suddenly been placed in a battlefield filled with the terrifying intent of slaughter. The heaven and earth churned, and a few Martial Warriors with weaker wills trembled in fear.

"This ..."

Hong Tao's expression suddenly changed.

In this instant, he felt as if his entire body had been locked on by the long spear that was shooting towards him. At this moment, he even had a strange premonition that no matter which direction he dodged in, it would be difficult for him to avoid the blazing spear tip.

The fiery red tornado caused by the longblade instantly became even more ferocious and frightening. A terrifying heat spread out, and it seemed as if the tornado had condensed into a flame. The surrounding space was ignited into a crackling sound.

Almost at the same time, the long spear in front of him also became like a dazzling stream of fiery red light as it ruthlessly stabbed into the rapidly spinning tornado.

Outside of Phoenix Spirit Valley, deafening cries immediately sounded out, the extremely tyrannical Strength Qi also started to wreak havoc at the same time.

In a split-second, the red light shattered and the fiery tornado surrounding the blade was torn into pieces. Hong Tao violently pulled back the saber in his hand and his body seemed to be pushed back by an irresistible force. His face turned as white as paper.

"Bang!" "Bang!"

Tang Huan was also retreating.

Every time his feet landed on the ground, the ground would tremble violently. Dust rolled as his feet sank into the ground at a speed that was hard to see with the naked eye. In an instant, it had reached his calf. After retreating two steps, Tang Huan was able to stabilize his body, but his cheeks quickly flushed red.

"Humph!" Tang Huan pursed his lips and let out a heavy snort. His body immediately rose into the air, and the long spear in his hand first rose up, then smashed downwards from above at the retreating Hong Tao.

"Pah!"

Right at this moment, a strange cracking sound came out, the red light from the Crimson Flame Spear dissipated, and the entire body of the spear actually burst apart. In a moment of effort, the two meter long spear in Tang Huan's hand turned into a short rod that was not more than two feet long.

This sudden change of events made Tang Huan, who was still in the air, startled. His mind suddenly remembered Tang Si's reminder before the battle.

This guy's weapon was even better than he had expected.

The Crimson Flame Spear forged from hematite was already considered pretty good amongst middle tier weapons, but it had been completely destroyed so quickly. However, he didn't know what material was used to make this long blade.

"Thump!"

As his feet touched the ground, Tang Huan suddenly woke up. With a quick leap, he had already appeared in front of Hong Tao, the short rod in his hand stabbing towards his chest at the speed of lightning.

"Haha, Tang Huan ..."

Seeing Tang Huan's weapon exploding, Hong Tao laughed wildly, but before he could finish, his bloodless face revealed an expression of shock and anger. In his eyes, Tang Huan's figure was quickly approaching, and the momentum of the short rod in his hand caused his entire body to turn cold.

However, at this time, Hong Tao's long blade, which had been lifted high due to the fierce impact, did not have time to strike down.

"En!"

Hong Tao desperately twisted his body, trying to avoid the short stick. However, the next moment, he couldn't help but let out a painful groan as his body flew backwards like a cloud and landed heavily on the ground. His body twitched and he spat out blood.

Looking at the location of the dagger, he knew that Hong Tao's heart had already been pierced through. Even the Great Firmament Golden Immortal would not be able to save him.

"Hu!"

Tang Huan let out a light breath and walked to Hong Tao's side step by step. With a flick of his feet, the long blade left Hong Tao's right hand and floated into the air, which Tang Huan grabbed.

Hong Tao was like a fish lacking water. He opened his mouth wide but was unable to say anything. His widened eyes were filled with disbelief.

"Congratulations, you can go and reunite with your brother now."

Tang Huan looked down at Hong Tao, and laughed, but Hong Tao was unable to endure it any longer, he spat out a mouthful of blood, and immediately stopped moving.

"Number 369 wins!"

After staring blankly for a while, the referee at the side seemed to have awoken from a dream and loudly shouted. His gaze towards Hong Tao was filled with regret.

Outside the martial arena, after a short period of silence, a world-shaking noise suddenly exploded.

"Victory? Tang Huan actually won? "

"I really didn't expect that not only did Tang Huan defeat Hong Tao, he even killed him!"

"Hehe, I already knew that Tang Huan would definitely win this battle."

"What a hindsight, who said just now that Tang Huan was going to lose without a doubt?"

" ... "

"Tsk, tsk, Tang Huan's weapon is actually damaged, without a weapon to use, in the next round, Tang Huan will probably lose for sure."

"This is indeed a big problem. His spear seems to be extremely suitable for the Weapon Refiner to use. Even if they were to use the same spear art, the power of the borrowed spear would be greatly reduced."

"Even if he fails the next round, it doesn't matter. The victor of this round has already entered the top 11."

"..."

Amidst everyone's shouts, Tang Huan walked out of the third arena.

As soon as he left, dozens of young men ran out and rushed into the martial arena, carrying Hong Tao's corpse with them. But before they left, they looked at Tang Huan with murderous intent, as if they wanted nothing more than to charge forward and tear Tang Huan's body into shreds.

Tang Huan only pursed his lips, then returned to the resting area on the left, and sat down cross-legged.

At this time, in the ten different arenas, there were two that had already ended their battles. Other than him, there was also Meng Zixuan and the black clothed man who caught his attention and became the victors of the seventh round. The two of them sat cross-legged, unmoving, as if they were recovering their Genuine Qi.

"Tang Huan, this is for you."

A fair hand was extended in front of him, and a white pill that was about the size of his pinky lay quietly on the palm of her hand.

Immediately after, Gu Fei's beautiful face entered Tang Huan's line of sight, and from her brows, there was undisguised concern.

"Thank you very much."

Tang Huan did not argue and directly threw the white pill into his mouth and swallowed it.

Chapter 142

"Hu!"

After about an hour, in a clearing where there were few Martial Warriors, a black figure jumped and waved the fiery red long blade in his hand, causing a series of whooshing sounds.

He was Tang Huan, and the weapon in his hand was the weapon that he obtained from Hong Tao.

In his final battle with Hong Tao, Tang Huan's internal organs had also been shaken. Fortunately, Gu Fei had given him the pill, and the existence of the "Nine Yang Divine Furnace" had allowed him to absorb all the medicinal energy as quickly as possible.

Then, almost as soon as the Genuine Qi recovered, Tang Huan began to practice on the side.

He had to familiarize himself with Hong Tao's weapon as soon as possible. This way, he wouldn't be at a disadvantage in the upcoming battles.

Hong Tao's blade was also about two meters long. On the blade's blade, there were two words, "Shocking Rainbow".

Its style was extremely similar to Tang Huan's Guan Dao in his previous life, but its blade body was even wider. The entire blade was extremely heavy. Although it could not compare to Howling Firmament Wolf King's Tyrant Blade and the Golden Hammer that was given to him as a public loss and love, it was still around seventy to eighty kilograms.

This long blade was even redder than the Crimson Flame Spear. On both sides, near the edge of the blade, was a thin green line.

After a moment of careful observation, Tang Huan understood that this long blade should have been forged using "Blazing Iron", which was even more precious than "hematite". As for the two types of middle ranked gems that had been fused into the weapon, one of them was also "Green Fluorite", and the other should be "Flame Dragon Stone".

Even though the "Flame Dragon Stone" was not as rare as the "Heart Flame Stone", it was still quite precious.

Flaming iron ore, Green Fluorite, Flaming Dragon Stone, and their extremely high skill in forging, made the long blade the highest quality amongst medium-grade weapons. If Tang Huan's predictions were correct, it was most likely a Weapon Refining Master or even a Weapon Refining Grand Master that was forging this weapon.

Otherwise, Tang Huan's Crimson Flame Spear would not have been so thoroughly damaged.

"Hu!"

"Chi!"

"..."

The sound of something tearing through the air could be heard.

The long blade danced wildly as the blade's momentum rapidly changed. Slash, slash, wipe, lift, stab, block ... At this moment, Tang Huan was repeatedly practicing the movements of the most basic of blade type weapons. After almost half an hour, Tang Huan had become more familiar with the movements from his initial familiarity.

"Although all sorts of weapons can be used to communicate with others, but isn't this Tang Huan's improvement speed too fast?"

"It's only been half an hour or so. It looks like he's been learning for several years. Could it be that he's learned it before?"

"No matter how well he trains, it's useless. These basic movements can be practiced for a short period of time, but if it's a blade technique, how could he learn it so quickly?"

"Blade technique?" At this time, where would he go to find a blade technique battle skill?

"The eighth round, Tang Huan seems to have lost for sure!"

"..."

Amongst the surrounding crowd, many Martial Warriors who were paying attention to Tang Huan's movements couldn't help but point towards that direction.

At this point, even if they endlessly praised Tang Huan's performance, no one felt that Tang Huan would win the following martial competition.

If a spear wielder were to lose a weapon they were most familiar with and use a saber instead, the result could be imagined.

The best way was to find someone to borrow a gun. That would be even better.

However, not only did Tang Huan not do so, he even took out Hong Tao's weapon and started to train with it.

"It's a good thing that I'm not heavily injured, otherwise ..."

In the resting area, Tang Si exhaled, and slowly opened his eyes, only to find that Gu Ying was staring in a certain direction, and could not help but look over in a blink of an eye.

After a while, Tang Si was stunned, and could not help but say: "Tang Huan ... What is this? "

"Sword practice!" Gu Ying spat out these two words.

"Training in the saber?" Tang Si was dumbstruck, "At this point in time, if he does not hurry and find a gun to familiarize himself with, what blade is he going to train with?"

"You're asking me, how would I know? It's not like I'm Tang Huan." Gu Ying rubbed his forehead and shook his head speechlessly.

"Tang Huan isn't stupid. He knows what he's doing. Brother, Brother Tang Si, you two don't have to worry about him." Gu Fei said while beaming.

" ... "

Gu Ying and Tang Si couldn't help but look at each other.

"You don't need a spear, you should use a blade? Is there something wrong with this fellow's head?"
"Not far away, the male official's eyes widened as he involuntarily muttered to himself.

"If there is something wrong with his head, wouldn't you, who was easily defeated by him, be even more stupid?" Mo Shang smiled.

"You ... "You really are petty." He was speechless.

"Maybe, not only has Tang Huan trained in the spear arts, he has also trained in the blade arts?"
Meng Zixuan's beautiful eyes slightly turned, and some doubt appeared on her beautiful face.

"..."

"Truly courting death!"

Tang Long only snorted, then closed his eyes and paid no more attention.

When Tang Huan killed Hong Tao, he had also caught a glimpse of it. At that time, he was so shocked that he lost his mind and was almost pierced through the chest by the opponent's sword. His estimation of Tang Huan's strength was already high enough, but he never thought that he would still be underestimating him, to the point that even Hong Tao had died under his hands.

His and Hong Tao's strength were about the same, and with Hong Tao's previous example, he was not completely sure that he would be able to kill Tang Huan.

But now, he realised that Tang Huan had abandoned his spear and used a blade, and in the bottom of his heart, he was ecstatic.

... ..

It was not only them, but even Lu Wei Rui, Mu Yan and the rest who passed the seventh round in succession.

Inside the wooden shed, Lei Ming's head hurt even more.

At this time, he really wanted to run over and snatch the long blade from Tang Huan's hand, then change the gun and give it to him. It was almost time for the eighth round of martial arts competition, but Tang Huan had changed the types of weapons he was used to.

However, he could only think about it.

As the organizer of this Phoenix Spirit Martial Meeting, if one showed too close of a relationship with someone participating in the Martial Competition, it would easily cause a backlash.

Now, he could only take things one step at a time!

Lei Ming scratched his head and sighed. The purple clothed lady who was also inside the wooden shed was still sitting there calmly, with a trace of a smile appearing in her eyes.

Everyone had different expressions, but Tang Huan remained indifferent. Unknowingly, Tang Huan's movements became smaller and smaller, but his sword techniques were extremely precise and precise.

Time flowed on like water. Another hour passed ...

Tang Huan carried his long blade on his shoulder and once again stood in front of the wooden shed at the entrance of the valley. Along with him, Gu Ying, Tang Si, Tang Si, Lu Lushui, Tang Long, Meng Zixuan, Mo Shang and Mu Yan, as well as another three people whom Tang Huan couldn't identify, one of them was the fortunate man who took up residence in the valley.

What made Tang Huan a little surprised was that Gao Ling had actually lost in the last round, moreover, at the hands of the red-clothed female called Mu Yan.

"Everyone, this round's martial competition will no longer draw lots."

Lei Ming's eyes swept across Tang Huan, Gu Ying and the others, and smiled, "My friends who are ranked in the top six will be entering the Martial Competition Grounds first. As for my remaining five friends, I can find one of them to challenge at will, and if you win, you can enter the next round, and the unchallenged one will directly advance to the next round."

When everyone heard this, they looked at each other in dismay.

Immediately after, everyone had different expressions, and started to silently size up the surrounding Martial Warriors, as though they were trying to figure out who their opponents would be, or who they would choose to challenge.

The numbers of these eleven people flashed across Tang Huan's mind. He suddenly realized that he, Number 369, was already in second place.

After knowing the rules of this round, the young man's face was immediately filled with distress.

Tang Huan could also feel that this guy's strength could be considered the weakest amongst the remaining eleven people present. His luck had played a big role in making it into this round.

If not for the fact that he was eliminated, he would have been eliminated in the last round.

Since Tang Huan was able to see this point, the other Martial Warriors could see it too. If he were to stand on the stage and wait for the challenge, he would probably become the target of many people.

However, Tang Huan quickly realized that there were quite a few people whose gazes were intentionally or unintentionally sweeping over him.

Thinking again, Tang Huan understood what was going on. It seemed like after his Crimson Flame Spear was destroyed, he would abandon his spear and blade, making many people feel that he was easy to win against.

"Peng Wang, Tang Huan, Lu Wei Rui, Mo Shang, Meng Zixuan, Leng Yinshuang!"

Looking at the expressions on everyone's faces, Lei Ming suddenly laughed loudly, and called out six names in one go. Peng Wang, was naturally the lucky young man, and as for the Snow Song ...

Tang Huan looked at the white dressed woman.

Her body was tall and slender, her chest and buttocks were perked up, her legs were extremely long, and her figure was not one bit inferior to Shan Shan, yet, what was completely out of proportion to her perfect figure was her normal, almost lifeless, face. Tang Huan even suspected that she was wearing an exquisite mask on her face.

"The six of you, please enter the Colosseum."

Following Lei Ming's low shout, Tang Huan gathered his focus and entered the second round. Peng Wang, Lu Wei Rui and the other six people also entered the other five stages.

"Gu Ying, Tang Si, Tang Long, Mu Yan, Feng Zhuo ... "Please choose your opponent!"

Just as Lei Ming finished speaking, five figures who were already on their feet suddenly shot out like arrows from their bowstrings towards the five arenas.

In just a few breaths of time, Tang Si had already reached the first stage, while Gu Ying had chosen Leng Yinshuang who was at the sixth stage.

But at the second round where Tang Huan was, three figures rushed in almost at the same time. Tang Long, Mu Yan, and that black clothed man called Feng Zhuo.

"Three people actually chose Tang Huan at the same time?"

"Haha, who told a fool like Tang Huan to give up his spear and choose to use a blade instead? At this moment, everyone wanted to choose their weakest opponent. Only Gu Ying and Tang Si are his friends, if not, all five of them would have ran over to his second round. "

"Tang Long, Mu Yan, Feng Zhuo, these three are all very powerful, especially that guy called Feng Zhuo. I have never seen him fight the same opponent twice!"

"..."

After discovering this interesting scene, the surrounding spectators immediately burst into an uproar.

In the second round of the martial arts arena, Feng Zhuo stood tall and straight like a sword, expressionless as he stared straight at Tang Huan, while Tang Long and Mu Yan looked at each other in dismay. Indeed, the two of them had arrived here at about the same time, but compared to Feng Zhuo, they were a step too late.

According to the order of arrival, Tang Huan's opponent should be Feng Zhuo.

Tang Long seemed to have already thought of this, and his expression immediately became somewhat ugly. If Tang Huan still tried to steal it from him, he wasn't certain that he would win. Furthermore, even if he defeated Tang Huan, he didn't have the confidence to keep him alive. But now, Tang Huan did not know why he was so crazy, to actually use a blade, to him, this was a godsend opportunity, in this battle, the possibility of killing Tang Huan was huge, how could he be willing to give up such a good opportunity?

"Do you all think I'm a soft persimmon?"

A few meters away in the center of the competition grounds, Tang Huan held his long blade, his gaze swept across the three of them at lightning speed, and his eyes revealed a sneer that was hard to detect.

"Looks like I have to quickly change locations."

Just then, Mu Yan suddenly turned her beautiful eyes, her gaze sweeping past Tang Long and Feng Zhuo, and then glancing at Tang Huan, who was opposite of her, as she giggled. The next moment, the slim figure had already left the second martial field and entered the third. She chose Lu Yueru as her opponent.

Seeing this, Tang Long's gloomy face eased up a bit. He looked at Feng Zhuo: "Brother Feng, can you give this opponent to me?"

"No!" Feng Zhuo faintly said these two words, but his body remained firmly rooted to the ground.

"Brother Feng, if you give up this opponent, my Furious Waves City will definitely reward you handsomely!" Tang Long slightly raised his brow, the rage in his eyes faintly discernable.

"No!"

Feng Zhuo repeated the words as a trace of coldness appeared in his tone.

Tang Long had never lowered his voice like this before, his face immediately flushed red. He subconsciously tightened his grip on the long rod in his hand, as the veins on the back of his hand bulged. After a while, he took a deep breath and stared coldly at Feng Zhuo's back. He almost gritted his teeth as he said, "Brother Feng, I ..."

"Do you not understand human speech? "Scram!" Feng Zhuo seemed to be extremely impatient and shouted coldly.

"You ..."

His face was so red that it seemed as if blood would drip out, "Feng Zhuo, you really don't care about face at all. Since that's the case, why don't you and I fight first, I want to see what kind of abilities you have to dare to be so arrogant in front of me!"

The moment his voice fell, the rod in Tang Long's hand slowly rose up. The blue light exploded, and flowing light fluctuated; on the rod, there seemed to be the churning of jade waves, the momentum was so great that the terrifying Strength Qi seemed like it could turn into a monstrous wave at any moment, surging forward with a thunderous speed.

"Alright!"

His right hand gripped the sword hilt, and at this very moment, an incomparably sharp aura seeped out from his body, crazily filling the entire martial arena. At this moment, he seemed to have turned into a peerless sharp sword, showing off its sharpness. Even if the person in front of him was a huge mountain, he would still be cut into two halves by that explosive sword.

A few meters away, Tang Huan's heart trembled, this Feng Zhuo, such a sharp sword intent.

"Do the two of you not want to participate in the next round?" Right at this moment, Lei Ming's piercing shout suddenly resounded outside Phoenix Spirit Valley.

Chapter 144 Confrontation

Feng Zhuo remained silent, but his aura was still as sharp as a sword.

On the other side, the blue light that exploded out from the rod in Tang Long's hand fluctuated between strong and weak, and his aura suddenly weakened. His complexion was also unsettled, showing how conflicted he was in his heart.

He came to participate in this "Phoenix Spirit Martial Meeting" precisely for the first prize, a large number of "Phoenix Flame Essence".

Two days of hard work were about to end and the Phoenix Flame Essence was already close by. He only needed to win a few more rounds to obtain the final victory, how could he be willing to give up now?

"Feng Zhuo, I'll give this opponent to you!"

After a split-second, Tang Long took a deep breath, forcefully suppressing the burning anger in his chest. He then lifted his rod, gritted his teeth, and walked out of the martial arena in large strides. This fellow called Feng Zhuo was truly tiresome.

At the sixth martial arts arena, Tang Si chose Peng Wang, Feng Zhuo chose Tang Huan, Mu Yan chose Lu Lushui, Gu Ying chose Leng Yinshuang. Right now, there was only Mo Shang at the fourth martial arena and Meng Zixuan at the fifth martial arena.

Tang Long's footsteps paused, and then he walked into the fourth stage of the competition.

He had also watched Mo Shang and Meng Zixuan make their moves. From what he could tell, Meng Zixuan might look young, but her strength was most likely above Mo Shang's.

"This round's martial competition, Meng Zixuan will directly enter the next round."

Lei Ming swept a glance at Tang Long, and immediately shouted out loud. "As for the other ten friends, please make your preparations. "Begin!"

With that said, the five arenas fell silent for a moment, and then the Martial Warriors in four of the arenas started to attack each other.

Outside the martial arts arena, the crowd was already in an uproar.

Tens of thousands of gazes were gathered on the five groups of powerful Stage Five Martial Master. However, the ones that attracted the most attention were undoubtedly Tang Huan and Feng Zhuo, who were standing in the second round.

Since the beginning of the Martial Competition, no matter who his opponent was, Feng Zhuo had always been victorious with a single sword strike.

His strength was so strong that one could imagine it. Many people secretly guessed that even an ordinary Stage Six Martial Master would not necessarily be able to withstand the full force of Feng Zhuo's sword attack.

Tang Huan was extremely talented, and in the previous battle, the power he had displayed was also extremely powerful. Especially his spear skill, which had already reached the acme of perfection, to the point that even an expert at the peak of the fifth step like Hong Tao had died under his spear.

If Tang Huan's weapon was not damaged, with his strength, it would not be difficult for him to receive a blow from Feng Zhuo.

Even after his long spear was destroyed, Tang Huan had found another spear instead of using a blade. He still had a huge chance of winning, but now ... It was hard to say!

However, even though a large majority of Martial Warriors felt that Tang Huan's chances of winning were slim, there was still a small portion of Martial Warriors that hoped for a miracle to happen. After all, whether it was inside or outside the "Phoenix Spirit Martial Meeting," the number of miracles that appeared on Tang Huan's body was already more than enough.

Under everyone's gazes, Tang Huan and Feng Zhuo remained unmoved within the second stage, but the atmosphere in that small region had become unusually heavy.

Feng Zhuo remained expressionless as he held the hilt of his sword.

The Martial Warriors in front of him changed from Tang Long to Tang Huan, but the aura around his body continued to rise, as though a peerless treasure sword was releasing a bright light.

Tang Huan's expression was calm, but his eyes were filled with seriousness.

This Feng Zhuo was definitely the strongest opponent he had encountered in the "Phoenix Spirit Martial Meeting." His strength was probably above Hong Tao.

Tang Huan did not attack first.

This person had always been victorious with a single move. This meant that he was extremely adept at finding flaws in his opponents. Although Tang Huan had been practicing the Rainbow Splitting Blade for a while, he was definitely not as proficient as the Crimson Flame Spear. If he were to attack first, he would definitely reveal a flaw, allowing the other party to take advantage of this.

Of course, although Tang Huan hadn't acted, he still hadn't done anything.

The Genuine Qi that contained the power of the True Fire had long ago been revolving to the extreme. The long blade burst out with an incomparably bright red light, and from afar, it looked like a giant red-hot iron. Waves of terrifying heat spread out from the blade, and even the space around the long blade seemed to be scorched and distorted by the astonishing heat.

Tang Huan's eyes were not only focused on the figure in front of him, they were also closely observing any minute changes that occurred to his body. His legs were also well-prepared to use the "Eight Flashes of the Phoenix" technique.

Once Feng Zhuo took action, his attack would definitely be as fast as lightning and as powerful as a thunderbolt.

Although he had only condensed two levels of Spiritual Wheel for a short period of time, he was extremely strong, and his speed was fast. Outside of this Feng Ming Valley, there were probably not many Martial Master at the peak of the fifth step that could compare to him.

The most important thing was that Tang Huan's senses were sharp, his observation skills were not inferior to a normal Stage Six Martial Master.

To deal with an opponent like Feng Zhuo, the most important thing was to judge the time when he would attack. As long as no mistakes were made on this point, Tang Huan believed that he would be in an invincible position.

"Victory in one strike ..." I want to see just how powerful your sword attack is! "

Tang Huan's body was like a boulder, standing firmly and not moving at all. The hands that held the Rainbow Saber seemed to be fixed in the air, without the slightest tremor.

Feng Zhuo also did not make any movements from opposite him, but Tang Huan had already smelled the scent of extreme danger several times. This kind of feeling made Tang Huan's blood boil, and every nerve and cell in his body seemed to jump.

Time passed bit by bit. The battles in the surrounding martial arts arena had become more and more intense. The victor of the first round was about to be decided.

"Damn it, what are Tang Huan and Feng Zhuo doing? Why aren't they taking action?"

"Aren't you tired of just standing there?"

"I understand. They are all looking for each other's flaws."

"Find flaws?" If he hadn't found a flaw, then why wouldn't he make a move? I was still hoping to see the results of Martial Competition's match. "

"Tang Huan abandoning the spear and using the blade is the biggest flaw, do we still need to find it?"

"..."

Many Martial Warriors s who were paying attention to Arena Number Two gradually became impatient. Only a few people who had good eyesight secretly broke out in a cold sweat in their hearts. Looking at Feng Zhuo and Tang Huan's situation, it didn't matter if they didn't help, but if they did, it would still be shocking, and the outcome would be clear.

"It moved! It moved! "

Not long after, in Stage Number 1, Tang Si finally defeated Peng Wang. Right at this moment, a few sharp-eyed people noticed that there was movement in Stage Number 2 and shouted excitedly. Everyone stared at them without blinking, trying to catch their long-accumulated attack.

However, the next moment, everyone was stunned.

Chapter 145 - Victory without War

In arena number two, Feng Zhuo moved his right hand and slightly unsheathed his sword. However, the sword immediately returned to its scabbard and Feng Zhuo took a step back.

Soon, the sword was drawn and sheathed...

In just a few short breaths of time, the long sword in Feng Zhuo's hand had already been unsheathed three times and put back into its sheath three times. He then followed suit and took three steps back. With every step he took back, his sharp and unparalleled imposing manner would be greatly weakened. After three steps, his imposing manner was completely gone, as if he was an ordinary person.

Seeing this scene, everyone was confused.

What was Feng Zhuo doing?

However, before anyone could understand what Feng Zhuo was planning, Feng Zhuo let out a light sigh from within the arena. He looked at Tang Huan and said, "I've lost!"

These three words weren't very loud, but to the surrounding people, they sounded like a thunderclap in a clear sky.

I lost?

Feng Zhuo actually admitted defeat without fighting?

He had waited for so long, but this was the only thing he could think of ... After a short period of silence, the surrounding crowd immediately burst into an uproar.

"What's going on? Feng Zhuo actually admitted defeat? "

"He didn't even use a single sword attack and said he lost. Fuck, is he teasing us?"

"I thought this battle would be very exciting, but I didn't expect it to end like this. What a waste of my time."

"Could it be that Feng Zhuo and Tang Huan are acquainted to begin with? So you intentionally admitted defeat? "

"..."

In a split-second, cries of doubt, shock, and curses resounded outside the Phoenix Spirit Valley.

"Thanks!"

In the competition grounds, Tang Huan cupped his hands and laughed, the blade in his hand moved, he placed it on his shoulder, the bright red light disappeared and the heat also quickly dissipated.

"The next time we meet, we'll fight again." Feng Zhuo slowly said.

"Definitely."

Tang Huan slightly nodded, and said with a smile.

When Feng Zhuo heard this, he nodded and walked out of the arena. However, he did not enter the resting area. Instead, he took large strides towards the forest in the distance.

Tang Huan looked at Feng Zhuo's back, a hint of admiration flashing past his eyes.

This Feng Zhuo was a very pure person. His purpose for coming to the Phoenix Spirit Martial Meeting should be to spar with others.

The two of them were very fond of fighting, but their personalities were very different. The public loss was simple and honest, with an impatient temperament. Feng Zhuo, on the other hand, was calm and collected, with an extremely firm willpower. However, they were very persistent in their battles.

Regardless of whether it was the public loss, love or Feng Zhuo, it was best if they became friends instead of rivals. Otherwise, they would be in for a headache.

With a quick thought, Tang Huan smiled and walked out of the competition grounds.

"Tang Huan wins!"

It was only when Tang Huan had stepped across the red line that the referees outside the stage woke up from their dreams and hurriedly announced the outcome of the battle. Yet, thick doubt still remained in their eyes.

It was obvious that he did not understand the outcome of the battle between Tang Huan and Feng Zhuo.

"Tang Huan... actually won? "

Beneath the wooden shed, Lei Ming took a deep breath, regained his senses, and found it hard to believe his eyes.

In this battle, he was actually not optimistic about Tang Huan's chances of winning. Tang Huan's spear was broken, but he had changed his blade instead. The disadvantage was obvious, but against an expert like Feng Zhuo, the chances of victory was very slim. However, they never expected that Tang Huan would defeat Feng Zhuo in such an unbelievable way, and give everyone a huge surprise.

"Tang Huan... Feng Zhuo ... These two are indeed rare martial genius, especially Tang Huan, who actually managed to force Feng Zhuo to retreat without fighting. " The purple-clothed woman said in a low voice, and her eyes held a trace of unconcealable laughter. "Tang Huan, Du Xi has already been responsible for the investigation. Lei Ming, do you know the origin of that Feng Zhuo? "

"For the time being, I don't know."

"After Martial Competition finishes, check out his sword skills."

"Yes, Miss!"

" ... "

... ..

"What the hell are they doing?"

He glanced at Tang Huan who was walking in his direction, then glanced at Feng Zhuo who was already more than ten metres away, and shouted with incomparable suspicion, "The two of you didn't even use a single move, and you've already decided the victor. Do you think we're all idiots?"

Meng Zixuan could not help but roll her eyes at him. "You think that Tang Huan and Feng Zhuo are that relaxed? In that short moment, they did not do anything, but it was even more tiring than doing anything. "

"Impossible, right?" "If that's the case, then why didn't they make a move?"

"It's not that I don't want to, it's that I can't!" Meng Zixuan's lips curled into a faint smile as she explained, "Haven't you seen Feng Zhuo execute his sword three times before he gave up halfway in the end?"

"Feng Zhuo's sword art is very special. It only has one move."

"Generally speaking, such a method only involves heavy attacks and not heavy defenses. When you attack, you must advance with all your might. If you cannot defeat your opponent with a single move, you will be in danger. He tried three times in a row, but felt that he wasn't confident in being able to defeat Tang Huan with a single sword strike, which was why he kept his sword back in its scabbard. "

"Every time he sheathed his sword, he would retreat. He did so to increase the distance between them and to prevent Tang Huan from chasing after him."

"After consecutively taking three steps back, his aura had completely weakened, but Tang Huan's aura was like a rainbow in the sky. In that situation, he can only admit defeat, or else, Tang Huan would have to come over. If he were to force himself to use his sword, the final result would be worse than the opponents he would be able to defeat earlier. "

"I see."

"If it was the previous Tang Huan, he would have been able to force Feng Zhuo to admit defeat. But now that Tang Huan's weapon is broken, he abandoned his spear and used a blade, is he still that powerful? Even Feng Zhuo doesn't feel that he has absolute confidence in winning against him?"

"Who told you that if you change your weapon, your strength will weaken?" Meng Zixuan said snappily.

"Isn't that obvious?" "If he used a knife better than a spear, why did he use Hong Tao's weapon for such a long time just now? And at the beginning, he was obviously very unfamiliar with it, only gradually becoming more proficient later on."

"..." Meng Zixuan's expression was serious, and confusion flickered deep within her beautiful eyes.

"Tang Huan this guy, I really can't see through him, even Feng Zhuo doesn't dare to attack him, although I lost in the first round, don't worry about encountering him." Dozens of meters away, Gao Ling, who had nearly scared himself out of his wits, finally came to his senses as he muttered to himself.

"This brat Tang Huan, would he rush all the way to the end and become the first name of this time's' Phoenix Spirit Martial Meeting '?" Tang Si who had just won could not help but exclaim in admiration.

"It really is possible."

Gu Fei said while beaming, but Tang Si couldn't help but frown. The chief of the "Weapon Refining Competition", coupled with the first name of the "Phoenix Spirit Martial Meeting" ... If Tang Huan really did this, his reputation would definitely spread throughout the world once again. To him, this might not even be a good thing.

I don't know how to reply to those posts, so I just don't know how to reply. The author can't sit in front of the computer all day long, and there will also be all sorts of things happening at home. Even if I really sit in front of the computer for more than ten hours a day, the speed of the code might not be very fast.

Chapter 146 - Top 3!

Very quickly, Tang Huan had already entered the resting area and started to rest with his eyes closed. He confronted Feng Zhuo and although he did not take action, he had to expend a large amount of energy.

In the martial arena, he didn't feel much, but the moment he walked out, he felt extremely tired.

As time passed, more and more people were attracted to the movements in the other arenas, and the number of Martial Warriors s pointing at Tang Huan continuously decreased.

After many fierce battles, the victors of the other three groups of Martial Warriors s had finally been decided.

First, Mu Yan defeated Lu Lore, then Leng Yinshuang defeated Gu Ying, and finally, Tang Long defeated Mo Shang. However, this could be considered as a miserable victory. Mo Shang had been swept out of the range by Tang Long's rod, but when Tang Long walked out of the martial arena, there were more than ten wounds on his body, and his robes were dyed red with blood.

In comparison, being both victors, Mu Yan and Leng Yinshuang felt much more relaxed.

"Tang Si, Tang Huan, Mu Yan, Leng Yinshuang, Tang Long and Meng Zixuan are the top six of this time's Phoenix Spirit Martial Meeting. I wonder which three will be able to enter the top three and obtain the 'Phoenix Flame Essence'."

"Among the top six, there are actually three with the surname Tang, and all of them seem to be from the Furious Waves City."

"It seems to be true. That Tang Long is the direct descendant of Furious Waves City, he is Tang Tianren's illegitimate son, and it is said that Tang Si is also a collateral Disciples who betrayed and left Tang Family."

"After receiving such heavy injuries, Tang Long definitely does not have any hope of entering the top three. Tang Huan and Tang Si's hopes are indeed hanging by a thread. On the other hand, Meng Zixuan, Mu Yan and Leng Yinshuang have high hopes, especially that one called Leng Yinshuang. I don't know where she comes from, but even Gu Ying is actually not her match. "

"..."

Although the round of the competition had ended, it still did not dissipate the enthusiasm of the audience. Various discussions and guesses arose one after another, and waves of discussions continued to rage outside the Phoenix Spirit Valley.

Unknowingly, the sky had already begun to darken.

When torches lit up all around the arena, Tang Huan, Tang Si, Mu Yan, Meng Zixuan, Leng Yinshuang and Tang Long once again arrived in front of the wooden shed.

"There are three names written on it: Tang Si, Mu Yan, Tang Long." Lei Ming shook his right palm with a smile, and between his fingers, there were three small paper balls. "Tang Huan, Meng Zixuan, Leng Yinshuang, the three of you sit at the front of the number plate, you can draw your opponent."

"Tang Huan, you go first."

Hearing Lei Ming's words, the breathing of many people became hurried.

Even though he had taken the medicine to heal his injuries, it was impossible for his injuries to not heal in such a short period of time. This made the disadvantage of him in the upcoming round of the competition extremely obvious.

From Tang Long's judgement, of the other five people, Tang Si should be the weakest.

Unfortunately, he simply did not have the chance to meet Tang Si. His next opponent could only be one of the three people called Tang Huan, Meng Zixuan, and Leng Yinshuang.

This round of martial arts competition was the most critical. As long as one could win, one could obtain at least a tenth of the "Phoenix Flame Essence".

However, with his current situation, no matter which one of the three Tang Huan's, Meng Zixuan's, or Leng Yin's, his chances of winning were not high.

"Could it be that I have to let go of the 'Phoenix Flame Essence' at the last moment?"

Tang Long's gaze darkened, and he grinded his teeth in hatred. However, Tang Huan actually took a light breath, and under everyone's gazes, he removed the ball of paper in the middle from Lei Ming's right palm.

"Tang Si?"

Tang Huan couldn't help but be startled the moment he opened the ball of paper and read the name out loud.

Not only that, Tang Si was also startled, but following that he started to laugh out loud: I never thought that the two of us would actually meet in Martial Competition, in my opinion, we shouldn't waste our time fighting anymore. Tang Huan, you have won this round, congratulations on entering the top three. "

"Huh?"

Tang Huan was stunned for a moment before he could not help but shake his head and smile bitterly.

Before this, Tang Si had indeed said that he would directly admit defeat if he met him within the Martial Competition. Tang Huan had thought that he was only joking, but he didn't expect him to actually do so. In this battle, if he could win, he would definitely be able to obtain the [Phoenix Flame Essence], but Tang Si was actually able to resist such a strong temptation, and directly admit defeat.

Although both of them had lost without fighting, the nature of Tang Si's defeat and Feng Zhuo's defeat was completely different.

"Tang Si, you coward, you're admitting defeat at this time?"

After the short period of shock, Tang Long finally regained his senses, but his face was ashen, he almost gnashed his teeth and roared, it was one thing for Tang Huan to face his weakest opponent, but what was most hateful was that the bastard actually admitted defeat after entering the dojo of limits, giving Tang Huan the first three places.

At this moment, Tang Long's lungs almost exploded from the anger.

Although the others were also surprised, their expressions were much calmer when compared to his. This was especially true for Leng Yinshuang. His eyes flashed for a moment before he regained his calm.

"Tang Long, you are really funny, when will I admit defeat, do I have to ask for your opinion?" Tang Si sized Tang Long up in ridicule.

"You ..." Tang Long was enraged, her face flushed red.

"Tang Si, do you really want to admit defeat?" Lei Ming comfortably covered up the hint of happiness in his eyes, but he still couldn't help but ask.

"That's right." Tang Si ignored Tang Long's murderous gaze and nodded with a smile.

"Since that's the case, then this round, shall be Tang Huan's victory." Lei Ming chuckled and nodded. His gaze then fell on Meng Zixuan, "Meng Zixuan, it's your turn to draw lots."

"Alright!"

Meng Zixuan gracefully walked forward and took a piece of paper from Lei Ming's palm. After rubbing it open, she smiled faintly: "Mu Yan!"

"It's the two of us!" Little Sister Zi Xuan, in a while, you have to show mercy. "

While Mu Yan's expression had become even more unsightly, since Meng Zixuan had selected Mu Yan, then Leng Yinshuang would be his opponent, but he did not have the slightest understanding of Leng Yinshuang's battle skills.

"Sister Mu Yan must be joking." Meng Zixuan smiled lightly.

"Since Meng Zixuan chose Mu Yan, then Leng Yinshuang's opponent would naturally be Tang Long."

Just as Mu Yan was talking to Meng Zixuan, Lei Ming had already opened up the last piece of paper.

At this moment, the opponents of the two teams had finally been decided.

Under tens of thousands of gazes, Mu Yan, Meng Zixuan, Tang Long and Leng Yinshuang walked towards the first and second stage of the competition grounds at almost the same time, while Tang Huan and Tang Si walked towards the resting area with smiles across their faces. Seeing this scene, everyone looked at each other in dismay.

Chapter 147

"Mu Yan and Meng Zixuan will be in the first group, Tang Long and Leng Yinshuang will be in the same group, so Tang Huan and Tang Si should be in the third group.

"Didn't you hear it earlier? After Tang Huan drew Tang Si, Tang Si immediately admitted defeat."

"Are you for real?"

"Tang Si admits defeat? He doesn't want the 'Phoenix Flame Essence' anymore? "

Tang Si's strength should not be as good as Tang Huan's. Furthermore, his relationship with Tang Huan seems to be pretty good, if that's the case, why should he go all out and fight to the death? "

"There's something fishy!" There must be something fishy! Otherwise, why would it have been that Tang Huan had chosen this Tang Huan and not Meng Zixuan or Leng Yinshuang? "

"Tang Huan won without fighting, and entered the top three, the advantage is too big, maybe he really will get first place this time."

"..."

With shouts from above and below, Tang Huan and Tang Si returned to the resting area and sat down beside Gu Ying and Gu Fei.

"To be able to meet in this round, your luck is quite good."

Gu Ying looked at the two of them with envy.

Whether it was to Tang Huan or to Tang Si, the result of such a drawing was extremely good. Tang Huan could use this opportunity to recuperate and store up energy. Preparing for the next round, and Tang Si didn't need to go all out against his opponent.

If the one he met wasn't Tang Huan, Tang Si would never admit defeat so easily, an intense battle would definitely break out between him and his opponent, and Tang Si's methods were actually not suitable for such a competition. If he didn't dare to face Meng Zixuan or Leng Yinshuang, he might even be injured and lose in the end.

Without waiting for Tang Huan and Tang Si to speak, Gu Ying shot a glance at Leng Yinshuang, who was in the second round before, and said in a frustrated and depressed tone, "Unlike me, in the previous round, who was the bad one to choose, why did you choose that crazy old granny Leng Yinshuang, and end up like this!"

Before, when the battle had just ended, Gu Ying's appearance was indeed very miserable.

Not only was the red robe on his body sliced into pieces, there were also tens of wounds of varying sizes all over his body. None of the wounds were fatal, but they made him bleed profusely. He looked like he had just been fished out of a pool of blood, extremely terrifying.

If Gu Ying had not admitted defeat in the end, he might have truly become the first Martial Warriors to die because of excessive loss of blood.

"You are indeed quite unlucky."

Looking at the pale-faced Gu Ying, Tang Huan felt some sympathy.

Gu Ying had an extremely fatal weakness, which was encountering a woman's opponent. He was quite protective of the woman, and would always leave her some leeway. If the female opponent was weak, it wouldn't be a big deal to take care of her, but Leng Yinshuang wasn't weak at all.

In that round of fighting, Leng Yinshuang had grabbed onto Gu Ying's weakness, and started attacking him crazily using wounds instead of wounds. In the end, Gu Ying became timid and passive. When he tried to retaliate without caring about anything else, he already felt that he did not have enough strength left.

"You yourself are disappointing and even have the face to blame others. If you meet me, let's see if she dares to use such a method." However, Tang Si taunted her bluntly.

"If it was you, you might have already been beaten to the ground by her."

"..."

"Here it comes again."

Seeing the two of them fighting like chickens, Tang Huan and Gu Fei almost simultaneously moved further away from each other. After exchanging glances with Gu Fei, Tang Huan turned to look at the arena in the blink of an eye. The battle between Mu Yan, Meng Zixuan, Tang Long and Leng Yinshuang had already begun.

That woman Leng Yinshuang was indeed very good at seizing the opponent's weakness.

It was the same when he fought Gu Ying, and it was the same when he fought Tang Long. Tang Huan only took a few glances and he knew that the battle at Arena Number 2 was over.

Tang Long had suffered an injury in the previous round of sparring, but he was not fully recovered, so he wanted to fight with Leng Yinshuang.

However, Leng Yinshuang was not as he had wished, every time she attacked, she would be extremely powerful and strong, her movements was also extremely strange, it was always able to force Tang Long to fight head on, and it was just that after two to three hits, Tang Long had already revealed his defeat.

At most, he would be defeated in a few breaths' time.

"AA
AA!"

After an unknown period of time, Tang Huan finally woke up from his stupor with a cry. It was Mu Yan's red ribbon that had knocked away the longsword in Meng Zixuan's hand, and landed heavily on her chest. The next moment, Meng Zixuan's slender body seemed to have received a heavy blow, and she staggered backwards.

"Meng Zixuan lost ..." "Eh, that's not right?"

Tang Huan raised his eyebrows, a strange light flashing past his eyes, he could vaguely see a purple light following the red silk and extending upwards, in an instant, it had already reached Mu Yan's right palm. Immediately after, as if he was struck by lightning, Mu Yan screamed and released the Hong Ling in his hand.

"Whoosh!"

Meng Zixuan, who had just stabilized her footsteps, shot out like a black blur with lightning speed. In the blink of an eye, the tip of her sword had already pressed against Mu Yan's throat.

At this time, Mu Yan seemed to have just recovered from the sudden turn of events. She felt the sharp edge of the blade on her neck and couldn't help but turn pale.

"This battle, Meng Zixuan wins!"

Not long later, the results of the battle were announced. Meng Zixuan sheathed her sword and walked out of the competition arena with a smile, her fair and fair face showing a sickly bright red under the light of the flames. Her soft breasts were also visibly moving up and down.

Mu Yan stared blankly into space for a long time before leaving the arena as if he had just awoken from a dream. In between his brows, there was an unconcealable sense of suspicion and disappointment.

"What exactly is that purple light?"

Tang Huan's gaze followed the figure of Meng Zixuan, his heart filled with doubt. The thing that she turned the tables on at the last moment caused him to be quite curious.

Chapter 148 - Endwar!

After returning to the resting area and sitting down, Meng Zixuan suddenly covered her lips. Tang Huan faintly discovered that there seemed to be blood flowing from her palms.

Upon seeing this, Mo Shang and Gongsheng Pao immediately went over to surround them.

Tang Huan immediately understood that the damage that Mu Yan's attack had dealt to Meng Zixuan was actually more severe than what he had expected. Not too long after, Mo Shang placed a pill into Meng Zixuan's mouth, while Gong Zhui stood up and quickly walked towards the wooden shed.

After conversing with Lei Ming for a bit, he quickly returned. Lei Ming then walked out of the wooden shed and shouted, "Everyone, Meng Zixuan has just decided to withdraw for the next round!"

"What?" Meng Zixuan wants to withdraw? "

"I really didn't think that she would be injured so badly by Mu Yan?"

"The ones who entered the top three are Tang Huan, Leng Yinshuang and Meng Zixuan. Now that Meng Zixuan has left, doesn't that mean that the one in first will be either Tang Huan or Leng Yinshuang?"

"..."

It was like a stone that gave rise to a thousand ripples.

As soon as Lei Ming finished speaking, cries of alarm rose from the surroundings. It was only at this moment that even more Martial Warriors realized that Meng Zixuan's situation was not looking good.

"So, the final battle of this time's 'Phoenix Spirit Martial Meeting', will be conducted between Tang Huan and Leng Yinshuang. The first and second places of this time's Martial Competition will also be decided by their competing results, and Meng Zixuan, who is ranked third of the Martial Competition, can obtain the 'Phoenix Flame Essence'... "Ten percent!"

Lei Ming's loud voice resonated once again.

When the surrounding Martial Warriors heard this, their gazes towards Meng Zixuan became somewhat fervent. Ten percent of the "Phoenix Flame Essence" was enough to forge a weapon.

To reap such benefits, even if he was injured, it would still be worth it.

"Damn it!"

At the edge of the crowd dozens of meters away, Mu Yan's face was ashen, filled with anger.

He originally thought that victory was already in his grasp, but he didn't expect that at the last moment, he would be turned over by Meng Zixuan. As long as she entered the top three, she would be able to obtain the 'Phoenix Flame Essence'. But now, she had already missed the opportunity to obtain the 'Phoenix Flame Essence'.

"Mu Yan, what happened just now? You're clearly going to win, but why did you suddenly lose? " A middle-aged man appeared beside Mu Yan like a ghost.

"You're asking me, but who should I ask?"

Mu Yan laughed coldly without thinking, and then looked towards the middle-aged man in the blink of an eye, frowned and said, "If I guessed correctly, the last thing Meng Zixuan used was most likely magic. Magic, could only be performed by the Tian Clan. Furthermore, her magic is not pure enough, from the looks of it, she is a hybrid descendant of our Human Clan and our Tian Clan. "

"Oh?" The middle-aged man was stunned.

"I was really too careless. If I had known where she came from, it would have been impossible for me to fail at the final moment." Mu Yan squinted, then gritted her teeth and said, "However, even if I can't enter the top three, I still have a way to get the 'Phoenix Flame Essence'. Let's wait and see."

"What method?" The middle-aged man couldn't help but ask.

"Zhong Kang, you need to know." The corner of Mu Yan's mouth raised slightly, and he looked at the middle aged man with a gaze of ridicule.

"You ..." The middle-aged man's face instantly became somewhat gloomy.

"..."

"Brother Long, what should we do now?" A young man could not help but ask this from under a shadow.

Tang Long did not make a sound, but his teeth chattered with noise.

Ever since he had joined this "Phoenix Spirit Martial Meeting," he felt that his luck had never been better, especially this afternoon. First, he was severely injured by Mo Shang, then during his battle with Leng Yinshuang, he was not only once again injured but was also defeated.

On the other hand, Tang Huan's luck was surprisingly good. First, Feng Zhuo retreated without fighting, then, Tang Si took the initiative to admit defeat, easily entering the top three. This meant that in the final battle, regardless of victory or defeat, Tang Huan would be able to obtain at least twenty percent of his "Phoenix Flame Essence".

Such a huge difference almost made Tang Long grind his teeth to pieces.

However, for Tang Long to be able to cultivate to such a state at such a young age, he was not an idiot. Even if he wished to kill Tang Huan and Tang Si quickly, he knew that the situation was not good for him.

Tang Long took a deep breath, then after a moment of thought, he said resolutely: "I'm already injured, it's not appropriate for me to stay in Feng Ming Mountain for long. We should leave immediately."

"Now?" The young man was somewhat surprised.

"Right, now!"

"..."

Moments later, the group quietly left the area under the cover of the night.

At this time, everyone's attention was on Tang Huan and Leng Yinshuang, no one seemed to have noticed their movements.

Once again becoming the focus of attention, Tang Huan's state of mind was rather calm. Two gazes fell on Leng Yinshuang who was only twenty to thirty meters away from him.

At the same time, Leng Yinshuang also looked at Tang Huan.

Their four eyes met, the corners of Leng Yinshuang's lips curled up, and her black and clear eyes seemed to reveal a tinge of provocation. In the next moment, Leng Yinshuang shot up and walked forward gracefully.

Tang Huan laughed, then slowly stood up and walked forward.

Not long later, Tang Huan who was carrying a long blade on his shoulder walked into the martial arena number 1 at the same time as Leng Yinshuang, and stood facing each other.

Seeing that, all the surrounding Martial Warriors were stunned, the time to rest was not over yet, why were Tang Huan and Leng Yinshuang at the martial ground?

Inside the wooden hut, Lei Ming was startled for a moment, and then, he understood what was going on. He looked at the two figures and started laughing loudly: "Since both of you want to quickly decide the victor, then there is no need to delay any further. Tang Huan, Leng Yinshuang, get ready" "The last round of the martial arts competition will now begin ..."

"Ha!"

Almost at the same time that Lei Ming spoke, Tang Huan let out a loud shout. The huge musical note rumbled and resonated between heaven and earth like thunder, not only immediately suppressing the surrounding noise, but even the air seemed to tremble violently.

The moment the shout came out, Tang Huan swung the Rainbow Blade that he held in his hand first.

"Hu!"

With an ear-piercing sound, the blade exploded into a cloud of dazzling fiery red light that engulfed everything in its path. In that moment, the extremely berserk Strength Qi roared along with the long blade. Wherever the blade passed, it seemed to create a storm, and an abnormally scorching heat spread out crazily, like a stormy sea. In an instant, the area with a radius of a few meters around was covered in heat waves.

Facing the last opponent of the "Phoenix Spirit Martial Meeting", Tang Huan made the first move!

Furthermore, the moment he made his move, the Rainbow Blade in Tang Huan's hand released an incomparable might, causing all the surrounding Martial Warriors to be dumbstruck.

Was this really his first time using a saber?

Everyone found it hard to believe their own eyes, especially those Martial Warriors who were not optimistic about Tang Huan abandoning his spear and using his blade, their eyeballs had almost popped out of their sockets.

Chapter 149 - Tian Clan Women

"Chi!"

Leng Yinshuang's eyes slightly focused as she explosively retreated. The weapon in her hand instead flashed with a deep blue luster as it flew towards the sharp blade that tore through space and whistled through the air.

Her weapon was extremely peculiar. It looked like a blade, but not a blade. It was a sword, but not a sword. It was split into two halves and was almost 1.5 meters long. It looked like an enormous azure colored feather.

"Ding!"

A crisp sound of impact rang out as Lan Yu and the Rainbow Swordmaster separated in a flash.

"Chi!"

Immediately after, a slight sound of something tearing through the air could be heard. Leng Yinshuang did not hesitate at all, and stabbed out with her azure feathered weapon at a speed even the naked eye could not catch.

The powerful Strength Qi suddenly spread out from the two sides of the sharp blades. The air in the small area covered by the azure light actually began to fluctuate rapidly, like a surging tide, rolling forward majestically, as if it could completely crush any obstacle.

Seeing that, Tang Huan's heart shivered, after retreating two steps, he also thrust the Rainbow Blade forward like lightning.

The incomparably violent heat will rapidly gathered at the tip of the blade and instantly condensed into a blazing storm. The long blade pierced through the air and the blazing storm followed the blade's tip as it roared forward. Wherever it passed by, the surrounding space actually emitted a burst of crackling sounds.

This was the first stance of the "Burning Sky Slash: Rippling Wind"!

Previously, when Tang Huan was at the Bloody Flame Mountain, he had thoroughly studied the "Wave Slaying Blade Technique" and "Eight Phoenix Flashes Technique". Today, after the Crimson Flame Spear s had exploded, Tang Huan had become proficient in the usage of the blade, and now, he was using the first form of the blade technique, but it did not feel unfamiliar at all.

In the blink of an eye, the blazing storm carrying the Rainbow Saber cut into the fiercely surging azure tide.

The waves of wind surged, the Strength Qi swirled violently, and the heat churned. Tang Huan's Rainbow Blade actually hit the tip of the Indigo Feather blade with extreme accuracy.

"Ding!"

The clear and loud sound of a collision rang out once more, and Leng Yinshuang couldn't help but take a step back.

Tang Huan raised his eyes slightly, the Rainbow Saber leaping high up like a spring, then slashing down at Leng Yin Shuang with an even faster speed. The surrounding Martial Warriors only felt as if an enormous fiery red blade light had torn open the air. The frightening heat had already condensed into a flame-like substance, and poured down along the blade's edge, pouring down from the sky.

This was the second form of the "Burning Sky Slash!"

"Hiss!"

Seeing this scene, everyone was overwhelmed with shock, and the part of the Martial Warriors that was closest to the Colosseum couldn't help but suck in a cold breath.

Even though Tang Huan's target was only Leng Yinshuang, they could still feel that their entire bodies were about to be split into two by that one thunder-like slash. What made their hearts palpitate especially was that burning heat wave that rolled over and over, and even though it was a few meters away, the clothes on their bodies seemed to be about to ignite.

How could such a terrifying blade technique be executed by a mere hand?

"Who said just now that Tang Huan had abandoned his spear and used a blade, he would definitely lose?"

"Tang Huan's blade technique is not one bit inferior to a spear. Even if he were to use a blade, his strength would not be affected much."

"Since his blade technique is powerful, why did he need to practice the basic movements of his blade technique over there?"

"Needless to say, this is just a trap!"

"How hot is Tang Huan's True Fire? I can't stand standing outside the red line anymore. "

"..."

Just as everyone was in shock, Tang Huan's Rainbow Blade and Leng Yinshuang's Blue Feather shaped weapon collided ferociously.

"Clang!"

Amidst the deafening sound, Leng Yingruang's delicate body trembled slightly. The Blue Feather in her palm suddenly dropped, as if it was about to fall to the ground. After a moment, although she stabilized her weapon, that terrifying heatwave had already arrived. Under the heat, her white dress was immediately soaked through with sweat. It stuck to her body, faintly discernible and enchanting.

It had to be said that although Leng Yinshuang had an ordinary appearance, her figure was very good, especially at such a time when her curves were revealed, her figure was graceful, and she was extremely eye-catching.

"Tang Huan, what blade technique is this?" Leng Yinshuang seemed to have sensed something as well. A faint tinge of captivating red unconsciously surfaced on her face, as if she was slightly angered from embarrassment.

"Knowing too much is not a good thing for a person who is about to lose!"

Tang Huan chuckled, but his eyes did not flicker in the slightest, and his emotions did not fluctuate in the slightest as he directly slashed horizontally with his blade once again.

One blade after another, each blade is stronger than the last. As long as the opponent is entangled by the unending blade energy, the opponent will fall into a passive state. If the opponent wants to escape, it will become extremely difficult.

"Hu!"

The longblade swiped horizontally, creating a wave that filled the air as it crazily struck at Leng Yinshuang. However, this wave was not formed from liquid, but from a crazy and shocking rage. At this moment, Tang Huan had already activated the True Fire to its fullest extent, the heat wave was like rolling waves, the aura was extremely terrifying.

This was the third move of the 'Burning Sky Slash Blade Art', 'Push against the current'. Even before the blade had arrived, the frightful heat wave had already covered the Chilling Cream.

"Arrogant!"

Leng Yinshuang's expression had already become incomparably ugly. In an instant, the surface of her blue feathers began to fluctuate rapidly like ripples. It was as if a frightening power was continuously being released.

In the next moment, Leng Yinshuang flung out her arm, and the blue feather shot out like a rapidly churning column of water, slashing towards the incoming long blade with the speed of lightning.

"Bam!"

Amidst the deafening sound, the water pillar and the heat wave clashed violently against each other. A wave of energy that could be seen with the naked eye quickly spread out from the point of collision. In the next moment, Leng Yinshuang's body seemed to have become as light as a feather. Borrowing the momentum of the impact, she flew a few meters and then landed lightly on the ground.

"Tang Huan, die!"

Almost as soon as he landed, the blue feather in Leng Yinshuang's hand began to shine with a dazzling light. From afar, it looked as if it had condensed into a huge blue ball.

Within the ball of light, the feather-like weapon seemed to become soft and silky, following the quick movements of Leng Ying Shuang's jade-like hand, the blue ball also seemed to be pulled and

started to surge, following that, it began to roll forward like raging waves, with a radius of a few meters, as though it had turned into a vast ocean.

"Magic?"

Inside the wooden shed, the purple-clothed woman stood up quickly. Her beautiful eyes seemed to flash with surprise, "This Leng Yinshuang is actually a Tian Clan girl!"

"Tian Clan? "Why don't they look like one at all?" Hearing that, Lei Ming was shocked, his eyes filled with disbelief.

"Hmm?"

At this time, Tang Huan also noticed the unusual situation, however, at this time, he already had no time to think about it further. In a flash of a thought, the Rainbow Splitting Saber carried along a monstrous heat wave as it wildly whistled towards the azure ball that was rolling towards him, like a collapsed mountain, with unstoppable might.

Chapter 150 - Royal Families

Before the heat wave could collide with the azure ball, Tang Huan's arms suddenly trembled strangely. The Rainbow Blade actually jumped up like lightning and cleaved down brazenly once again, and an even more terrifying heat wave followed suit. Immediately after, the scene from a moment ago appeared once again.

The Rainbow Saber bounced up and cleaved down!

"Hu!"

The surging heat wave actually increased once again.

In just the blink of an eye, Tang Huan seemed to have hacked out three times in a row at shocking speed. Under the extreme urging of the Genuine Qi, every wave of heat wave contained an exceptionally majestic Strength Qi.

"Splitting Waves!"

This was the fourth form of the "Burning Sky Slash Technique". From the remnant scrolls he obtained from the "Flamewing Phoenix King", this kind of combat skill only had four forms.

The three layers of heat waves superimposed over each other, seeming to condense into incomparably blazing flames.

At almost the same time, a terrifying heat spread out at an extremely fast speed. In an instant, it had already filled the entire martial arena and swept towards an even wider area. The closest part of the Martial Warriors was forced to continuously retreat.

In the blink of an eye, the three layers of heat wave collided with the azure ball. It seemed to be able to penetrate one's eardrums and create an earth-shaking explosion.

The terrifying Strength Qi tumbled out from the point of impact as it wreaked havoc in a berserk manner. Dust and sand swirled up from the ground as a huge crater was formed at a speed that could be seen with the naked eye. Not only that, the space around him seemed to have been cut into countless pieces as it began to fluctuate rapidly.

Seeing this scene, many of the lower leveled Martial Warriors were overwhelmed with shock, and even their minds started to wander.

After a short stalemate, the blue sphere exploded under the bombardment of the three heatwaves.

The blue feather in Leng Yinshuang's hand trembled, and she retreated several steps. In an instant, her originally bright red face became as red as fire, as if blood would drip out of it if she were to gently pinch it.

"Hu!"

Tang Huan squinted his eyes and unhesitatingly stepped forward. The Rainbow Blade pierced straight through, and like a ray of rainbow that cut across the void, it flew straight towards Leng Yinshuang's chest. It swept past everything before it, and at this moment, Tang Huan's entire body seemed to exude a powerful aura, as if he was a god of war.

Leng Yinshuang's expression suddenly changed. With a slight twist of his wrist, he flipped his Blue Feather and struck the tip of the Rainbow Saber.

"Ding!"

The sound of metal clashing rang out.

The Rainbow Saber only paused for a moment before continuing to rush forward with a threatening warmth. However, the Cold Hail Frost borrowed the strength of the strike and quickly soared into the sky. Even so, the tip of the saber still cut through the robe on her lower abdomen, revealing her tender white skin.

"Tang Huan!"

High up in the sky, Leng Yinshuang angrily let out a delicate shout, and her face actually began to swiftly fluctuate like a ripple. In only an instant, Leng Yinshuang's ordinary face had disappeared, and what replaced it was an exquisite and beautiful face that was pleasing to the eyes.

However, at that moment, his face had a frown and anger was faintly discernable.

Not only that, when Leng Yinshuang's expression changed, a pair of snow-white wings extended from her back. Each of them was more than two meters long, and with a light pat, it was as if a hurricane appeared out of nowhere.

"This is ..." Bird People? Ah, no, Tian Clan people? "

Tang Huan's eyes quickly flashed a look of astonishment, he then raised his long blade high up into the sky, his heart uncontrollably recalling Leng Yinshuang's final attack. Previously, he had felt that something was amiss, but now, he faintly understood that it was the Tian Clan's magic.

At this moment, all the surrounding Martial Warriors were dumbstruck.

It was so quiet that a pin drop could be heard in this noisy area. The only sound that could be heard was the crackling sound of the torches. However, this silence only lasted for the time of one or two breaths, and then, an even more ferocious sound exploded out.

"Tian Clan! It's actually someone from the Tian Clan!"

"This... This ... Tian Clan actually snuck into the Martial Competition we held, and even became second place in Martial Competition? "

"Everyone in the Tian Clan has wings, how did she hide herself?"

" ... "

Everyone was extremely astonished as they stared at the white figure with wings on his back high in the sky.

There were a total of three main races in this world: Human Clan, Demon Clan and Tian Clan. Human Clan was able to cultivate Genuine Qi and was good at using weapons; Demon Clan had tough flesh body and strong power while Tian Clan had wings that allowed them to fly high in the sky and was proficient in magic.

In addition, there were also spirit races, such as the Spiritual Beasts, elemental spirits, or soul-forms of the Spirit Beasts Board. They were all extremely rare.

In general, this was still the world where Human Clan, Demon Clan and Tian Clan were dominant.

Although they spoke the same language and used the same words, because of their unique appearances, it was difficult for Demon Clan and Tian Clan to blend into the world of Human Clan. But now, there was actually a woman from Tian Clan deep inside Feng Ming Mountain, and only at the last moment did she reveal her trump card.

"I never thought that there would be a fellow from the Tian Clan hiding among the top three." Gongsheng and Mo Shang couldn't help but look at each other in dismay. Their gazes then landed on the motionless Meng Zixuan, who was still recuperating with her eyes closed.

"Damn it, I was actually defeated by a birdman."

Within the resting area, Gu Ying was a little dumbstruck at first, but then he could not help but curse, "Tang Si, you ..." In the blink of an eye, she did not see any trace of Tang Si and could not help but be startled. Looking at Gu Fei at her side, she asked: "Little sister, did you see that Tang Si fellow?"

"Big Brother Tang Si had long since slipped away secretly." Gu Fei curled her lips and said.

"Sneaking away?" Gu Ying was surprised.

"..."

"He really is from the Tian Clan!"

Inside the wooden shed, Lei Ming's originally round eyes became as big as bells, as he couldn't help but exclaim, "In the Tian Clan, only the Royal families can disguise themselves as us humans, this Leng Yinshuang is definitely a Royal Disciples."

"That's right." "There aren't many royal Disciples s in the Tian Clan. Currently, there are only four royal Disciples s under the age of thirty, three males and one female. This Leng Yinshuang is probably the rumored princess of the Tian Clan."

"Tang Huan, I'll remember you!"

In the air a few hundred meters above, a cold voice like the cry of an oriole echoed, but it carried a hint of gnashing teeth. As she spoke, her snow-white wings flapped quickly, and by the time her voice fell, her figure had already gradually blended into the darkness, disappearing from everyone's line of sight.