

Divine King 52

Chapter 52 You're Not Worthy of My Drawing the Sword

"No... impossible, how could this be possible?" Lin Feng stood among the audience, his face blank, refusing to believe that everything before his eyes was real.

However, the aura emanating from Xu Nian at the moment was indeed real, striking his heart like a heavy hammer, deeply affecting him.

"Interesting, more and more interesting," Yun Lan said with a seductive and enchanting smile as she watched Xu Nian surrounded by gusting winds. "It's said that he was a Seven-star Warrior three months ago, wasn't he?"

"Yes, indeed a Seven-star Warrior. To advance such a great realm in three months is truly unexpected!" Chen Xifeng also remarked with a sense of wonder.

Yuu Fei furrowed his eyebrows tightly, unusually not showing his scornful expression.

On the high platform, Ouyang Tian's eyebrows were tightly locked, and he glared fiercely at Qin Yuanshan beside him.

Qin Yuanshan gave a forced smile, where a hint of chill also passed through the depths of his eyes as he looked at Xu Nian, feeling both shocked and displeased.

Originally, he had sent Qin Shan and others to chase and kill Xu Nian, hoping to solve a future problem for the Qin Family. But unexpectedly, only Qin Feng returned. At that time, he did not take Qin Feng's words seriously, thinking they were just excuses. But now, it seemed that it might really be as Qin Feng had described.

But if that were the case, the speed of this traitor's growth was terrifying!

"No, he must not be allowed to live; otherwise, my Qin Family will face great disaster," Qin Yuanshan's eyes darkened to the extreme, his killing intent had completely arisen at this moment.

He knew that there was no possibility to redeem Xu Nian now, so to eliminate future troubles, he must kill Xu Nian.

Ouyang Cheng Feng was also surprised as he glanced toward Xu Nian, his eyebrows suddenly knitted together, obviously not expecting Xu Nian's cultivation to improve so rapidly.

But soon his eyebrows relaxed, and killing intent burst forth in his eyes.

Only at this moment did he feel the threat that Xu Nian posed to him, and he absolutely would not allow Xu Nian to live any longer.

Xu Nian, sensing Ouyang Cheng Feng's cold killing intent, showed a slight smirk at the corner of his mouth, and then under everyone's watchful eyes, he made a disdainful gesture toward Ouyang Cheng Feng.

"Seeking death!" Ouyang Cheng Feng bellowed in rage, with a roar, he lunged to kill.

One could see Ouyang Cheng Feng's claws formed, spiritual energy surged, and purple spiritual energy instantly gathered in his palms, making his claws extremely vicious and sharp.

"Is this the Xuan Level Low Grade combat skill, Xuanyin Bone Claw?"

Someone in the stands immediately recognized the combat skill Ouyang Cheng Feng was using and couldn't help but exclaim.

The crowd, hearing this, showed surprised expressions as Ouyang Cheng Feng used his combat skills right from the start, indicating his clear intention to kill Xu Nian.

However, Xu Nian stood still, motionless, as if he was indifferent to Ouyang Cheng Feng's attack.

"Whoosh!"

Ouyang Cheng Feng's figure flashed, and he was immediately in front of Xu Nian. His fierce bone claws reached straight for Xu Nian's heart, covered with a cold spiritual energy that, if it broke through, would cause pain from the invasion of this energy.

Just at the last moment, Xu Nian finally moved, his lips curling into a slight smile. Without the slightest dodge, he threw a punch directly.

Xu Nian's punch was incredibly swift, hitting Ouyang Cheng Feng straight in the chest.

Striking after the opponent, before Ouyang Cheng Feng's bone claws could even touch Xu Nian's clothes, he was blown away by this punch.

The surrounding crowd gasped in shock at this scene, clearly beyond all their expectations.

"Too slow, and you still dream of killing me!" Xu Nian chuckled lightly, then stepped forward, his figure startlingly pursuing further.

The crowd was again in an uproar as Xu Nian actually called Ouyang Cheng Feng's movements slow.

Oh Lord!

"This is defying the heavens!"

Yet, the next scene further shocked their minds and accelerated their heartbeats.

Just then, Xu Nian's figure, like a gust of wind, instantly caught up with the backward-flying Ouyang Chengfeng. His torso tensed like Mystical Skill, powerful as a thousand jun, a knee strike fiercely landing on Ouyang Chengfeng's abdomen.

"Puh!"

Blood spurted wildly from Ouyang Chengfeng's mouth, his face showing shock.

The surrounding crowd subconsciously swallowed their spit, stunned.

Xu Nian did not stop there. With a tip of his toe on the ground, he sprung up again, delivering another flying kick that violently sent Ouyang Chengfeng tumbling through the air.

As he kicked, Xu Nian cursed, "Hmph, trash, to think of killing me like that, you're dreaming."

Silence enveloped the area, everyone's face blank with astonishment as Xu Nian's sudden outburst thoroughly shocked them.

High up in the stands, Ouyang Tian clenched his fists, his face as pale as pork belly, previous arrogance wiped clean.

Xu Nian stood proudly on the battle platform, his eyes on Ouyang Chengfeng, who was sprawled on the ground, a light smile hanging on his lips.

He knew such a level of attack couldn't really hurt Ouyang Chengfeng, but it was sufficient to disgust him.

Sure enough, Ouyang Chengfeng stood up furiously, his hair disheveled, his handsome appearance now utterly disheveled, especially his eyes, cold as the Nine Nether Ice Spring.

"It seems I really underestimated you. However, this is good, killing an incompetent trash brings no pleasure, but killing a genius like you is enjoyable. Since that's the case, let me show you my true strength," Ouyang Chengfeng said with a grin, his expression instantly turning fierce.

He then walked to the edge of the platform and pulled up the Purple Flame Spear, grabbing the long spear, his entire aura transforming instantly.

An overwhelmingly domineering air enveloped him in a moment.

"My goodness, Ouyang Chengfeng is even resorting to the Purple Flame Spear, he must be truly enraged!"

"Yes, everyone knows Ouyang Chengfeng's real prowess lies in his spear technique. Ouyang Chengfeng with a spear is completely different from Ouyang Chengfeng without one. The outcome of this fight is still very hard to predict!"

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The audience once again started whispering. The shock initially caused by Xu Nian's brutal beating of Ouyang Chengfeng dissipated the instant Ouyang Chengfeng grasped his spear, as the crowd again looked favorably upon him.

"Bring out your weapon! Otherwise, you will die a gruesome death," Ouyang Chengfeng coldly said to Xu Nian, his voice like that of a general who could block a thousand armies, looking down on the world.

Yet, Xu Nian scoffed contemptuously and spoke a sentence that shocked everyone present.

"Right now, you don't have the qualification to make me draw my sword. When you finally make me feel you're worthy, then it won't be too late for me to draw my sword," Xu Nian arrogantly declared.

The spectator stands erupted into an uproar.

Arrogant, starkly arrogant.

Ouyang Tian also clenched his teeth, glaring fiercely again at Qin Yuanshan nearby as if to say, look at the son you've raised.

Qin Yuanshan's face turned a steel blue, his eyes even colder.

Of course, the ugliest expression belonged to Ouyang Chengfeng; never had he faced such humiliation, fueling his rage to erupt in an instant.

"Xu Nian, if I do not kill you today, I will not consider myself a man!"

With a loud shout, Ouyang Chengfeng then swung his long spear, charging at Xu Nian.