

## Divine King 53

### Chapter 53 Sword Point Knocks on Immortality

The long spear was like a dragon, roaring like a furious wind, accompanied by several purple phantoms aiming straight for Xu Nian's forehead.

It had to be said that Ouyang Chengfeng's spear technique was truly exceptional; his control over it had reached the state of absolute perfection. Without even resorting to his spear combat technique, he wielded immense power.

With a single thrust, the spear could definitely pierce through a boulder.

Although Xu Nian was verbally arrogant, he hadn't been careless in the slightest. With an outstretched palm, spiritual energy swirled around, and a sudden breeze coalesced in the center of his palm. Clenching his fist, the collision of air produced a loud explosive sound.

Then, in an instant, he executed the Gale Dragon Step, his entire being as elusive as a swimming fish. Ouyang Chengfeng's long spear couldn't touch him in the slightest, each attack narrowly dodged by a hair's breadth.

The onlookers were stunned, jaws agape. They had thought Xu Nian would launch a powerful counterattack or directly clash with Ouyang Chengfeng's long spear, but instead, he was merely evading. This made them inwardly curse Xu Nian for his shamelessness.

Ouyang Chengfeng was also seething with anger. The guy had spouted wild boasts before, and now here he was, refusing to confront him head-on, making Ouyang Chengfeng feel like he was punching the air impotently.

"Hmph, I want to see how long you can dodge," fumed Ouyang Chengfeng internally. His hands quickened the pace of the long spear again, its power becoming even more fierce and domineering.

Upon seeing this, a slight smile appeared on Xu Nian's lips. His right hand, which had been gathering momentum, suddenly emitted the sound of a sword's cry.

"Ling Feng Thirteen Swords, third sword, Wind Blast!"

In the moment he evaded Ouyang Chengfeng's fierce thrust, Xu Nian let out a low shout and flicked his fingers, directly striking the tip of Ouyang Chengfeng's spear.

"Clang!"

A crisp sound rang out, like thunder exploding in that instant.

Ouyang Chengfeng's long spear trembled violently, and he was forced back three steps, the spear nearly slipping from his grip. Despite that, his wrist still went numb from the shock, his eyes filled with disbelief as he looked at Xu Nian.

High up on the platform, the Spiritual Academy Director's face also showed a look of surprise, clearly taken aback by Xu Nian's move.

Actually using a Yellow-level Top Grade Sword Technique to achieve the power of a Profound Level Middle Grade, and the key point is he executed it with his hands. This kid is remarkable!" Chen Hong thought to himself in shock.

As the Spiritual Academy Director, his insight was extremely astute; he naturally saw what was extraordinary about Xu Nian's finger-sword technique.

Transforming decay into magic, it must be destiny's craftsmanship!

In Chen Hong's view, Xu Nian had already brought the "Ling Feng Thirteen Swords" to the Realm of Divine Transformation.

Similarly, the trio from Yun Lan were also visibly shocked. While the regular students down below might not have grasped the intricacies, they were anything but ordinary.

"Xifeng, you also practice wind-style swordsmanship. Can you execute a sword attack of the same degree?" Yun Lan asked Chen Xifeng.

Chen Xifeng revealed a wry smile and shook his head, "You're giving me too much credit. With a sword, perhaps I could achieve a similar effect, but to do it with my fingers is something I simply can't match, and even the number one on the Azure Dragon List might not be able to."

Upon hearing this, Yun Lan showed no change in her expression, but internally, her heart was already being battered by stormy waves. Her gaze toward Xu Nian, down below, suddenly became even more spirited.

Of course, the most shocked of all was naturally Ouyang Chengfeng, who had just taken the brunt of Xu Nian's finger-sword technique. In that moment, he distinctly felt a terrifying force explode through his chest via the spear, its power immeasurably vast.

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"How could he execute such formidable sword moves, using a finger as a sword, and yet possess such power?" Ouyang Chengfeng was utterly shocked. At this moment, he finally calmed down.

It was not until this moment that he realized he had made a major mistake; he had not taken this opponent seriously at all.

From the beginning, he had thought Xu Nian was not even worthy of battling him. Even though Xu Nian had revealed his astonishing strength step by step, deep inside, Ouyang Chengfeng had remained disdainful. But now, Xu Nian had proven him terribly wrong with facts; the youth before him had long since changed from what he once was.

Ouyang Chengfeng took a deep breath, suppressing the rage in his heart, and his gaze toward Xu Nian turned icy yet calm again.

"Xu Nian, I admit I underestimated you before and did not truly see you as my opponent. Now, I will let you truly understand that my spear isn't as simple as you think," Ouyang Chengfeng said word by word, his aura soaring to an even higher level, becoming more domineering and pure.

Seeing this, Xu Nian couldn't help but be slightly surprised, a light smile on his lips as he said, "Now you're actually worth drawing my sword against!"

With those words, he drew the Xuan Iron Sword from his waist, pointing it at Ouyang Chengfeng.

Ouyang Tian naturally recognized that the sword was from their Ouyang Family. The already angry look on his face suddenly turned even angrier.

"Come on then, let me see just how powerful your sword is, to see whether you will die by my spear or if I will fall to your sword," Ouyang Chengfeng shouted fiercely, as a purple Spiritual Energy burst forth unrestrained, faint traces of purple energy even swirling around him.

"Exterior release of Spiritual Energy! Wasn't he said to have just advanced to a Nine-star Warrior? And yet he can already release Spiritual Energy to such an extent."

"Indeed, Ouyang Chengfeng has been practicing the Zi Yang Battle Technique of the Ouyang Family. The advantage of this technique lies in its robustness and control over Spiritual Energy, which is evident even from Ouyang Chengfeng, who has just entered the Nine-star Warrior level."

"With this, it will be extremely difficult for Xu Nian to win. Exterior release of Spiritual Energy is not to be trifled with; its power will increase manifold, and for sure Ouyang Chengfeng still has some aces up his sleeve. It's hard to predict who will win this battle."

The spectators in the stands were abuzz with discussion, their blood boiling as they watched the fight. They were now even more eager to see who would win, and the victor was bound to become famous throughout Qinglin Academy and even all of East Field County.

The atmosphere on the field was explosive.

Ouyang Chengfeng, holding his long spear surrounded by purple energy, stood like an invincible War God.

On the other hand, Xu Nian held his long sword, his robes fluttering without wind, ethereal like a Sword Immortal.

The surrounding audience held their breath in concentration, knowing that the real battle was just about to begin.

"Clang!"

The sound of clashing swords suddenly rang out.

Xu Nian and Ouyang Chengfeng moved at the same time.

Ouyang dragged his spear, its sharp tip creating a trail of splendid sparks on the stone slabs of the battle platform and leaving behind a deep gouge.

Xu Nian, too, moved as if riding the fierce wind, covering ten meters in a single step, crashing into Ouyang Chengfeng in just two or three steps.

"Clang!"

Xu Nian's long sword and Ouyang Chengfeng's long spear collided without reserve, making an incredibly crisp sound. A powerful gust of wind also burst forth from under their feet, sweeping around them.

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