

My Master 251

Chapter 251: Dragon and Tiger Golden Body Shakes the Eight Directions_1

Cao Zhen had watched many of his disciples fight, but he had never seen Little Beiyan engage in combat with anyone before.

On the battle arena, as Bei Yan produced the Flowing Cloud Fire Thunder Hammer, his opponent, Wu Fa, swung the Crescent Moon Zen Cane forward, pointing it towards Little Beiyan's direction.

The cane featured a shovel-shaped end on one side and a crescent-moon shape on the other, which reflected a chilling gleam under the sunlight, causing onlookers' hearts to shudder.

In the next moment, the begging bowl that he had been cradling in his hands suddenly flew up, hovering above his head, and began to rotate slightly, shedding golden light from within.

On the mountain, the crowd immediately exclaimed in surprise.

"A Divine Weapon, the Lunatic Moon Sickle Shovel!"

"The Infinite Devouring Bowl, two Divine Weapons—Wu Fa wields two Divine Weapons in his hands!"

Wu Fa's gaze, ice-cold, swept over to his opponent. His own Divine Weapons couldn't compare to Bei Yan's, for what Bei Yan held was the fifth-generation Grand Elder's Divine Weapon, but he possessed two Divine Weapons!

Looking at Wu Fa who had released two Divine Weapons, Little Beiyan called out like a child comparing toys, "Do you want to compete to see who has more treasure? I don't have any Divine Weapons left, but I still have one more precious item."

His left and right hands each grasped a giant hammer, and Wu Fa, having no hand free to grab another treasure, could only control the Unparalleled Formation Plate with his mana to fly out.
freewebnovel.com

People on the surrounding mountain peaks instantly noticed the formation plate in Bei Yan's hands.

"Isn't the name of this formation plate the Unparalleled Formation Plate?"

"He has an Unparalleled Formation Plate, too?"

"Just how many Unparalleled Formation Plates does Four Treasures Peak have?"

"Not every disciple from Four Treasures Peak could possibly possess an Unparalleled Formation Plate."

"I remember, I once heard Zi Yu say in the Hidden Dragon Immortal Palace that every person from Four Treasures Peak has an Unparalleled Formation Plate. I always thought he was bragging, but now it seems it could be true!"

"Just how extensive is the legacy Cao Zhen obtained, to have so many of these terrifying formation plates!"

Following the battle from the day before, after Yi Sheng displayed the terror of using the formation plate, many people had been inquiring about the name of the formation plate. Before long, the name of the Unparalleled Formation Plate was spread by the disciples of the Hidden Dragon Immortal Palace.

When the Unparalleled Formation Plate was activated, it immediately enveloped the entire battle arena.

Wu Fa instantly felt as if the very ground around him came alive, with waves of earthy power converging towards him like invisible large hands, binding him tightly.

"This is..."

Wu Fa's complexion dramatically changed. After going back the day before, many had inquired about Wu Wei's fight with Yi Sheng. Wu Wei had said that once Yi Sheng employed the formation map, he felt as if no matter where he stood, he was standing on the Fire Position, with the entire formation map being Fire Position everywhere. No matter how he moved, he couldn't leave it.

So, he had been directly restrained.

But now, he distinctly felt he was on the Earth Position.

His cultivated Divine Skills were of the Water type. Now, standing on the Water Position, he was restrained as well.

Currently, he felt he could only exert about eighty percent of his combat strength!

So, this formation map wasn't as Wu Wei had said, with Fire Position everywhere. Instead, it would suppress the opponent differently based on who they were!

How could such a formation map exist in this world!

Any person entering would be suppressed, meaning, everyone fighting the owner of the formation map could only exert eighty percent of their combat power.

In that case, owning this formation map, one would almost be invincible within the same cultivation realm.

If only he had this formation map, he wouldn't be just defending such a ranking; he could even rush into the top four hundred!

How could such a formation end up in the hands of Four Treasures Peak!

Such a shameless peak, do they deserve to have this formation?

Eighty percent?

What about eighty percent—eighty percent of his strength was still more than enough to defeat this not-yet-grown boy, as he himself was a Nine Pills existence!

Below him, a golden ring of light took flight; within this golden light dwelled a vast Buddha Power, like an ocean, enveloping his whole body. In an instant, he appeared from afar like a golden sphere, stomping on the ground and launching himself towards Bei Yan like an arrow shot from a bow.

"The Buddha Diamond Circle!"

"A top-tier Divine Skill of Zen cultivation, the Buddha Diamond Circle—only Precious Look Peak and Little Zen Peak in our Hundred Peaks Sect's Zen Cultivation Peaks possess the Buddha Diamond Circle!"

"Although the Buddha Diamond Circle isn't like other Divine Skills that can directly strike an opponent, it can attach to the body, making the caster similar to a Buddhist Diamond."

With his power fully unleashed and his Nine Pills cultivation unleashing at full force, Wu Fa closed the distance to Bei Yan in the blink of an eye.

Beneath Bei Yan's feet, a ring of light mixed with red and purple suddenly rose. The red light resembled the scorching flame of burning fire, while the purple light seemed like the thunderbolt from the Nine Heavens, filled with a terrifying power to destroy everything.

Many from the crowd recognized this Divine Skill at a glance.

"The Earth Fire Thunder Light Circle!"

"One of the top ten Divine Skills of the Hidden Dragon Observatory!"

"Like the Buddha Diamond Circle, the Earth Fire Thunder Light Circle isn't a Divine Skill for direct attack against the opponent but one that attaches to the body, imbuing the caster's attacks with the power of thunder or flame."

"He even mastered this Divine Skill!"

"The Earth Fire Thunder Light Circle perfectly complements his Flowing Cloud Fire Thunder Hammer."

The Peak Master of Thunderfire Peak, watching Bei Yan infused with the power of fire and thunderbolt, murmured to himself, "So that's it, this boy must have the Fire Thunder Body and cultivated our Thunderfire Peak's Earth Fire Thunder Light Circle. Then, he went to the Divine Soldier Tomb, which caused the resonance with the Flowing Cloud Fire Thunder Hammer."

Chapter 252: Dragon and Tiger Golden Body Shakes the Eight Directions_2

The Earth Fire Thunder Light Circle is originally a divine skill of Thunderfire Peak. However, after that battle, the Hundred Peaks Sect suffered such heavy losses that the eighth-generation Peak Master of Thunderfire Peak dedicated this divine skill to the sect, placing it in the Hidden Dragon Observatory for the genius disciples of the Hundred Peaks Sect to practice.

"Hummmmm..."

A buzzing sound arose, as the Lunatic Moon Sickle Shovel in Wu Fa's hands emitted a hum, the end with the shovel sweeping horizontally towards Bei Yan. Suddenly, the surrounding air seemed to explode instantaneously, emitting a series of shrill sonic booms. The fierce qi wave that blew was so strong that it felt like even that qi wave alone could blow the diminutive Bei Yan off the stage.

Almost at the same time, the Flowing Cloud Fire Thunder Hammer in Bei Yan's hand smashed up against the falling crescent shovel.

On the giant hammer, which seemed even bigger than his body, the heat and flames coexisted with the wild thunder light as it heavily collided with the surface of the shovel, instantly producing a sound as though a great stone had shattered, scattering firelight from where the hammer and shovel met.

The clash of divine weapons in their hands caused Bei Yan's body to unconsciously retreat step by step backward.

He had only one inner core, and even though he had the Array Plate to suppress Wu Fa, his pure strength was completely outmatched. This strike even caused the qi and blood within him to surge tumultuously.

But as he retreated, a cluster of clouds shot out from the Flowing Cloud Fire Thunder Hammer, which instantly flew above Wu Fa's head. Countless flames and thunder poured down, furiously smashing towards Wu Fa.

The Flowing Cloud Fire Thunder Hammer was, after all, a divine weapon of the fifth-generation Grand Elder!

Seeing the countless fiery rain and thunder about to fall upon him, Wu Fa suddenly flipped the Moon Sickle Shovel. One end of the crescent unleashed a silvery arc of light, as if a waning moon had risen and landed above his head,

At the same time, his hand continuously waved forward, each palm strike creating giant palm-print phantoms in the sky, converging with the crescent to block all the incoming fiery rain and thunder.

His divine weapon was, after all, somewhat inferior, and relying solely on the divine skill within it, he couldn't completely block the divine skill from the Flowing Cloud Fire Thunder Hammer. He would need to make another move to fully defend against it.

However...

A victorious smile appeared on Wu Fa's face; indeed, his divine weapon was no match for the Flowing Cloud Fire Thunder Hammer, but he had two divine weapons!

Atop his head, the bowl that had been slowly rotating suddenly flew out, hovering above Bei Yan's head. The bowl, originally only the size of a palm, suddenly grew to cover the entire stage, enveloping it entirely. With the mouth of the bowl facing downwards, endless floods poured out, gathering mid-air into the shape of a water dragon and charging directly at Bei Yan.

This was his killing move!

Bei Yan smiled too, You think you're the only one with two divine weapons?

From his waist, the Shocking Evil Tower flew out. In an instant, it transformed into an imposing tower. It was a three-tiered tower without a spire, each level a different color: red, orange, and scarlet. A majestic and sweeping presence filled the space.

The next moment, the entire tower shook violently, and a 'hum' roar echoed out, so loud that at that moment, it spread throughout the entire Immortal Gathering Peak.

Even though on the Gathering Immortals Platform there were nine stages, with eighteen people sparring, under this immense roar, the noise of the other nine stages, where eighteen people were fighting, was completely suppressed.

It seemed as though, at this moment, the entire space was dominated by this one sound.

Amid the thunderous roar, visible sonic waves radiated outward from the high tower, causing the surrounding space to vibrate in response, and then as if the entire heavens started trembling with it.

The massive water dragon, amid these vibrations, visibly shattered at a visible rate, disintegrating into raindrops, which, in the next moment, were further obliterated by the tremors, dissipating into nothingness.

"The Shocking Evil Tower of the eighth-generation Substitute Sect Leader True Person!"

"Bei Yan, he has another divine weapon!"

"Two divine weapons, each stronger than the other, one belonging to the fifth-generation Grand Elder, and the other, to the divine weapon of the eighth-generation Substitute Sect Leader True Person!"

"The Shocking Evil Tower, named not for suppression but for its ability to shatter everything!"

"He kept it well hidden!"

"How could a disciple from Four Treasures Peak have such a divine weapon? Did he get it from the Divine Soldier Tomb? That's not possible, right?"

"This kid is really cunning. Didn't he say before that he only had one divine weapon? But as it turns out, he has two divine weapons!"

"At such a young age, he's already so crafty!"

On the stage, before Wu Fa could recover from the shock of Bei Yan taking out another divine weapon, Bei Yan had already lifted the giant hammer transformed by the Elixir Hallucination in his hand and violently hurled it towards Wu Fa.

You think I'm holding this hammer to strike with it?

No, this hammer is meant to be thrown and smashed.

Everything happened too quickly, with Wu Fa's two divine weapons occupied in countering Bei Yan's, he couldn't dodge in time.

Watching the falling giant hammer, the mana within him circulated rapidly, his body sparkling with an additional layer of gold light. The Vajra Circle of Zen Cultivation, as a top-tier divine skill, also had protective capabilities. With his Nine Pills cultivation base, he didn't believe that a single hit from the hammer could penetrate his defense.

The thought had barely surfaced in his mind, when in the next moment, from behind Bei Yan, visions of Daoist platforms and the Immortal Bridge followed the hammer, flying out together towards Wu Fa.

Chapter 253: Dragon and Tiger Golden Body Shakes the Eight Directions_3

Wu Fa was stunned for a moment. What was this anomaly? Could this kid's anomaly be used like this?

Giant hammers, towers, agates, and glazed glass, one vision after another, crazily slammed onto Wu Fa, causing the golden light around him to shake uncontrollably.

"Crash!"

In an instant, the protective golden light around Wu Fa shattered with a loud bang.

And on Bei Yan's hands, a ball of purple light had already condensed.

"Five-thunder Righteous Method!"

The purple thunderbolt crashed down with a roar, even more thickset and terrifying than the Five-thunder Righteous Method Yi Sheng had used.

His cultivation base was naturally higher than Yi Sheng's, and he also had practiced the Five-thunder Righteous Method for a longer time!

Above, the crowd watching the huge thunderbolt falling, reacted with a sudden realization.

"That kid, he's holding two giant hammers, I thought he was good at close combat, it turns out it was all a ruse."

"Wu Fa has actually completely fallen into a disadvantage!"

"So strong, no wonder he dared to challenge Wu Fa!"

"Have you noticed, the strength Wu Fa can muster seems a bit abnormal, that shouldn't be the power Wu Fa is supposed to have!"

"Exactly, I also feel it's abnormal, under normal conditions, Wu Fa's strike should have knocked Bei Yan to the edge of the ring."

"For sure, I feel Wu Fa is only displaying about eighty percent of his strength."

"The Formation Map, it must be because of that Formation Map!"

"But yesterday, when Wu Wei fought with Yi Sheng, it felt like Wu Wei was able to exert about ninety percent of his strength, so why has Wu Fa dropped to only eighty percent today?"

"Their cultivation realms are different, Yi Sheng is only at the Immortal Bridge Period, while Wu Wei has already reached Core Formation. They are a whole major cultivation realm apart.

But Wu Fa and Bei Yan are both at Core Formation, although the number of Cores is different, Core Formation is Core Formation, so the suppression is greater!"

"That must be it."

At the Five Evils Gathering Place, Li Lingwei's eyes widened as she pointed toward the ring and shouted, "This kid, he's gaining the upper hand, he's not going to win, is he?"

Although Zhong Xinyi and the others didn't speak, they all furrowed their brows. If Four Treasures Peak won, there was no way they would stay within the top one hundred anymore.

Right now, Bei Yan still had an absolute advantage. How could he lose in a moment? If he intentionally lost while in clear control, anyone could see through it, then the Sect Master would investigate!

Wu Fa looked up at the gigantic thunderbolt falling from above, a ferocious look suddenly flashing in his eyes. Damn it, kid! He had seen the day before, his junior brother fighting with Yi Sheng; he knew how astonishing the Power of Thunderbolt was. He also learned from his elder that the Power of Thunderbolt was exceptionally bizarre; if hit fully, one could not fully recover without five days.

Five days?

In three days, others would be able to challenge him.

What would happen if Wu Fa hadn't recovered by then!

Damned, damned kid!

Inside him, a fierce and violent aura surged out.

Behind him, a mass of black mist suddenly rose, and within the mist, an image with wings, a beast's head, and a towering height of several zhang emerged.

The hair of this shadow seemed to be green flames, with one eye positioned on the top of its head, and the other on its chin. The nose, with one nostril facing up and the other down, and ears, one in front and one behind. Inside the huge mouth were large sharp teeth, and it held a giant axe in hand.

Almost at the moment when the thunderbolt fell, the shadow fiercely entered Wu Fa's body. Instantly, Wu Fa, who emitted golden light, turned pitch black, like a mass of black mist.

The lightning struck down, and those huge black wings had already enveloped his entire body.

Boom!

With a muffled sound, the Five-thunder Righteous Method hit Wu Fa head-on. Even with the protection of the black wings, Wu Fa's body was still heavily knocked back, flying backward for more than twenty meters before suddenly stopping.

At this point, his entire body had turned pitch black, with a clear trace on his back where he had been struck, and red blood continually flowed from the corner of his mouth.

Little Bei Yan was instantly dumbfounded and then shouted loudly, "Demonic Beasts, this guy is a Demonic Beast!"

"It's not a Demonic Beast!"

From above, the onlookers exclaimed.

"This is... a Yaksha! One of the eight guardians in Zen Cultivation, the Yaksha!"

"Yaksha Transformation!"

"Yaksha Transformation, this is a Divine Skill that can only be used after reaching Golden Core, yet he has performed it while only at Core Formation."

"With nine Cores, one can indeed forcefully perform it, but after doing so, one must suffer backlash!"

"Is it really necessary?"

"But if he hadn't performed the Yaksha Transformation, that strike just now would have gravely wounded him. Plus, without using Yaksha Transformation, it seems he has no chance of winning."

"That's right, although Bei Yan only has one Core, Wu Fa can only exert eighty percent of his strength, Bei Yan's Divine Weapons are stronger, his anomalies are extremely bizarre, even his Divine Skills feel stronger."

In such a contest, Wu Fa has actually fallen behind. If he hadn't used the Yaksha Transformation, it feels like there really was no chance of winning."

"Right now, Wu Fa probably isn't considering the backlash anymore, he just thinks about defeating Bei Yan first."

No one knew if it was because of using the Yaksha Transformation, but Wu Fa's face looked a lot more sinister. He glared at Bei Yan fiercely as if he wanted to tear Bei Yan apart; it was all because of this damned kid that he had to perform that bizarre thunderbolt and the Yaksha Transformation.

Chapter 254: Dragon and Tiger Golden Body Shakes the Eight Directions_4

If I didn't use the Yaksha Transformation and got severely injured by the Power of Thunderbolt, I would either have to admit defeat and jump off the ring immediately, or if I continued to fight and got hit by

the Thunderbolt Divine Attack a few more times, I would end up like Wu Wei, unable to recover from my injuries within three days.

Rather than that, it's better to use the Yaksha Transformation to defeat this youngster first.

If it's tough for me, I'll have to make it even tougher for this kid, and directly knock him out of the competition!

Admit defeat?

This is the Hundred Peaks grand competition; which disciple would admit defeat at this time? If I admit defeat, it would be a disgrace to the entire Little Zen Peak!

I can't admit defeat, so I must win!

Wu Fa urgently charged towards Bei Yan. He had forcibly activated the Yaksha Transformation, which he couldn't maintain for long, so he had to make it a quick battle!

But Bei Yan turned his head and ran towards the distant edge of the ring. He had just heard people shouting above that Wu Fa had forced a Divine Skill, so it definitely couldn't be maintained for long.

"Run? Trying to buy time? Think you can get away?"

Wu Fa's hands suddenly struck, and from the heavens within the alms bowl, endless floodwaters surged out once more, gathering into the shape of a Water Dragon.

But this time, enhanced by the Yaksha Transformation, the Water Dragon was even more massive. One thought of the Shocking Evil Tower's vibration scattered the Water Dragon, but failed to disperse the endless rain.

As the rain pounded down, each droplet seemed to weigh a thousand pounds, pummeling Bei Yan's body and leaving him aching all over.

His footsteps slowed, and the next moment, a shadow fiercely charged in front of him.

Wu Fa swung the Lunatic Moon Sickle Shovel with all his might.

Bei Yan felt a wild wind bearing down. In the nick of time, a golden radiance arose around him, intertwined with the silhouettes of a dragon and a tiger within the light, the faint sound of dragons and tigers roaring echoing around.

Dragon and Tiger Golden Body!

"Bang!"

A sound like mountains shattering erupted; the Dragon and Tiger Golden Body suddenly broke apart, and the next moment, Bei Yan's body was sent flying backward.

Wu Fa, originally with nine Golden Cores, approached the power of a Half-step Golden Core after using the Yaksha Transformation. Bei Yan simply couldn't withstand the terrifying blow.

As he was sent flying, he crashed heavily against the Array shield at the edge of the ring and then bounced back down onto the ring. The impact was so forceful that his body rebounded once again.

"The winner, Little Zen Peak Wu Fa!"

Below, the referee immediately declared Wu Fa the victor.

Cao Zhen once again flew down from on high, took out a pre-prepared Heart Protection Nourishment Pill, and directly placed it into Bei Yan's mouth.

Fortunately, last time he had instructed several disciples to earnestly cultivate the Dragon and Tiger Golden Body. At the critical moment, the Dragon and Tiger Golden Body took a lot of the impact for Bei Yan, otherwise, his wounds would be scarcely lighter than Yi Sheng's.

As for Yi Sheng, she had been dedicated to Alchemy all this time, and since the Dragon and Tiger Golden Body was difficult to cultivate, she hadn't yet achieved it.

However, her injuries were mainly from backlash. Even if she had cultivated the Dragon and Tiger Golden Body, the severity of her wounds wouldn't be much reduced.

On the other side, Yuan Kong had already flown down, immediately taken out a pill for his disciple to take, and glared fiercely in Cao Zhen's direction.

This was his only personal disciple, otherwise he wouldn't have given him two Divine Weapons. It just so happened that he met Bei Yan, who also had two Divine Weapons, and was forced to use the Yaksha Transformation.

Even though Wu Fa won in the end, having used the Yaksha Transformation, it would take him at least three days to recover, even with their full efforts. And by the final day, Wu Fa might not be fully healed. After all, activating Yaksha Transformation with a Core Formation Stage Cultivation Base, the resulting backlash couldn't be healed in a short time.

As Cao Zhen and Yuan Kong left with their disciples, the ring was empty once more, but the surrounding crowd was still immersed in the afterthoughts of the recent battle.

"Have you noticed that the disciples of Four Treasures Peak are frighteningly strong?"

"It's not just normally frightening. This Bei Yan, despite being a single Golden Core, almost made Wu Fa lose."

"If Wu Fa hadn't learned the Yaksha Transformation, he would have been the loser!"

"Actually, Four Treasures Peak had calculated quite well. Under normal circumstances, they should have won. Who would have thought that Wu Fa could use the Yaksha Transformation at the Core Formation Stage!"

"It's over, they're doomed. Four Treasures Peak hasn't won any Peak Bamboo, what can they do now?"

"My Spirit Stones!"

Amidst the crowd's loud exclamations, right below the ring where Bei Yan and Wu Fa had just dueled, the referee spoke again: "Four Treasures Peak's Xiang Ziyu challenges the 499th rank, Little Zen Peak Wu Ming, Inner Dan Complete."

"What!"

"Four Treasures Peak's people are coming again?"

The crowd, yet to recover from the previous battle, were suddenly shocked.

"The people from Four Treasures Peak, they're really targeting Little Zen Peak."

"The issue is, the ranking they are challenging!"

"Wu Ming is the third ranked in Little Zen Peak!"

"Four Treasures Peak still has three disciples; they wouldn't all challenge one after the other, would they?"

"Impossible, the top two disciples of Little Zen Peak are in the Golden Core Stage, only someone with a real problem in their head would challenge them!"

"This Xiang Ziyu, I've heard he's even stronger than Bei Yan."

"No matter how strong, it's useless. Brother Wu Ming is at Inner Dan Complete with ten inner cores, far beyond the reach of nine cores."

Chapter 255: Dragon and Tiger Golden Body Shakes the Eight Directions_5

"Although Wu Ming holds the third rank among Little Zen Peak disciples, I've heard that Wu Ming has even greater talent than Wu Que, who is ranked second. It's just that Wu Ming joined Little Zen Peak later and has had less time for cultivation, which is why his cultivation base is not as high as Wu Que's. But everyone at Little Zen Peak believes that it is only a matter of time before Wu Ming surpasses Wu Que."

"Can't the people from Four Treasures Peak challenge someone with a lower ranking?"

"It's a vicious cycle, I guess, especially after that recent fight with Bei Yan. They must have felt confident that Bei Yan could win, but instead, Bei Yan lost and didn't get the Peak Bamboo they had calculated on gaining. So now they have no choice but to continue challenging higher rankings to fight for even more Peak Bamboo."

"But they have to win first."

"How do you know for sure that Xiang Ziyu can't win? Haven't you noticed from the two disciples from Four Treasures Peak that have fought before? We can't judge the disciples of Four Treasures Peak solely by their cultivation realm."

"But Wu Ming is really too powerful."

In the midst of the crowd's murmuring, Yuan Ci's face had already turned an iron blue from the direction of Little Zen Peak. Four Treasures Peak, they've come again!

Deliberate, they must be doing this on purpose! Although his two Little Zen Peak disciples had both won against Four Treasures Peak, one was gravely injured, and the other suffered a backlash. Especially Wu Fa, when the Hundred Peaks Tournament ends, it's questionable if he can still remain in the top two thousand.

Now Four Treasures Peak has come to challenge Little Zen Peak again. Do they want to drag him down with them?

But to have a mutual destruction, he would also need the strength to do so.

Amidst the ongoing discussions in the crowd, Xiang Ziyu and Wu Ming had already descended onto the arena in succession.

Xiang Ziyu looked across at Wu Ming, who, despite his shaved head and monk robes, couldn't hide his handsome features, and nodded slightly. "You're quite more handsome than your two senior brothers. Indeed, as the main character, it is someone like you that I should be stepping on."

"Those are my two senior brothers," Wu Ming corrected while holding a staff as tall as his eyebrows. Although he is third among the disciples of Little Zen Peak, having joined later than others, he still had to address Wu Fa and the other five as senior brothers.

"So, the junior brother is even stronger? Then you must be what they call a genius," Xiang Ziyu said with increasing excitement. "Indeed, the main character always battles so-called geniuses. You can perform the Yaksha Transformation that we just saw, right? Don't waste time, go ahead and use the Yaksha Transformation." As he spoke, he had already taken out an Array Plate and expanded it.

Once more, everyone saw an identical Array Plate and became numb to it.

"Truly, it seems that every disciple of Four Treasures Peak could possess such an Array Plate."

"Look carefully at the spear in his hand; it appears to be a divine weapon."

"That is the Wind Overlord Spear of the Sixth Generation Peak Master of Sky Overriding Peak, overwhelmingly domineering!"

"The divine weapon in Wu Ming's hand is no less formidable. What he holds is the Chaotic Army Breaking Stick of the Seventh Generation Peak Master of Little Zen Peak!"

Zi Chen stood in the crowd, looking at the two divine weapons in Xiang Ziyu's hand and felt that his previous decision was indeed correct. Looking at Xiang Ziyu with both an Array Plate and divine weapons, how could he have fought Xiang Ziyu if he hadn't insisted on not using divine weapons and treasures? Even so, he lost at that time.

"Yaksha Transformation?" A look of disdain crossed Wu Ming's face. "You won't have the chance to see it," he declared proudly. Sensing the constriction around his body, his face did not show any surprise; having just watched the battle between Wu Fa and Bei Yan from above, he understood that the formation map of Four Treasures Peak could restrain an opponent.

Restraint? So what?

Did they really think he was as mediocre as Wu Fa and Wu Wei?

As his voice fell, ten Perfect Dao Platforms, ten Perfect Immortal Bridges, and ten Perfect inner cores all emerged behind him.

Among them, there were also eight Phenomenon Dao Platforms, seven Phenomenon Immortal Bridges, and five Phenomenon Pills!

Why was he called a genius?

Why was it believed that he would definitely surpass Wu Que, who had already condensed a Golden Core?

Because his talent was too astonishing!

Dao Platforms, Immortal Bridges, inner cores—all at Great Perfection! And he was blessed with the Vajra body!

Xiang Ziyu grew even more excited as he looked at the Dao Platforms, Immortal Bridges, and inner cores and the Vajra phenomena behind Wu Ming: "Yes, this is more interesting, the greater the genius the better."

Behind him emerged ten Phenomenon Dao Platforms, ten Phenomenon Immortal Bridges, and one Phenomenon Pill.

"This phenomenon!"

"What kind of phenomenon is this!"

From above, weaker disciples looking at the phenomena within Xiang Ziyu's Dao Platforms, Immortal Bridges, and inner core felt an inexplicable urge to kneel in awe.

"Playing mysterious and profound games!"

Wu Ming sensed the overbearing and royal aura within Xiang Ziyu's illusory shadow and snorted coldly. His hands suddenly grasped the long stick in his grip, mana coursing rapidly through his body. The next moment, he raised the long stick high and smashed it down mightily before him.

Despite the vast distance between him and Xiang Ziyu, it was as if Xiang Ziyu was right before his eyes when he swung down with that stick.

As the stick fell, suddenly, a colossal stick that seemed to pierce the heavens itself appeared within the skyline. The stick crashed down with a thunderous impact, shaking the heavens along with it.

For a time, the earth shook, the mountains trembled, and the colors of the heavens and earth changed.

At that moment, every being between heaven and earth seemed to encompass only that single stick.

Vaguely, people felt as if a wrathful Vajra from ancient legends, wielding a giant stick, was smashing down upon them. They even had the illusion that this single stick could destroy the whole of Immortal Gathering Peak.

With the fall of the stick, heaven and earth were in shock.

The stick was clearly a great distance away from Xiang Ziyu, yet when it fell, it aimed straight for the top of Xiang Ziyu's head.

Vaguely, one could sense that the long stick was formed from countless golden Buddhist characters.

Buddhist chants accompanied by the whistling wind echoed through the Gathering Immortals Platform.

Around, everyone was greatly astonished.

"This is... Little Zen Peak's Divine Skill, 'Horizon is Within Reach'! It seems far away but can instantly reach right before you."

"Wasn't this Divine Skill said to be lost? When did Little Zen Peak find their heritage again?"

High above, Yuan Ci looked in the direction of Four Treasures Peak, a sneer appearing on her face. Cao Zhen, you probably did not expect this today.

The transmission of 'Horizon is Within Reach' was not lost, only because the Four Agama Sutras were incomplete. After completing the Four Agama Sutras, the disciples of Little Zen Peak could naturally cultivate the 'Horizon is Within Reach' Divine Skill.

Among them, Wu Ming possessed the highest talent, even higher than Wu Xiang's, proving to be the one who cultivated 'Horizon is Within Reach' to the greatest profundity.

And the person who completed the Four Agama Sutras was none other than Cao Zhen.

Cao Zhen had lifted a stone only to drop it on his own feet.

Xiang Ziyu, watching the stick descending upon him, swiftly raised the long spear in his hand and held it horizontally in front of him. Although he did not favor the spear, wielding a Divine Weapon was always better than being without.

High up, those who saw Xiang Ziyu's actions were utterly perplexed.

"What is he doing?"

"Has Xiang Ziyu gone mad? The opponent is using a Divine Skill, and he doesn't use one in return but directly uses a Divine Weapon to block?"

"What is he thinking?"

At the Five Evils Gathering Place, Beichen Ying and the others widened their eyes in shock. This Xiang Ziyu, he was playing his part a bit too poorly, wasn't he? If you want to lose, you should take a leaf out of your junior brother and sister's books, lose in a way that no fault can be found. Even in defeat, everyone would think that the two tried their utmost, and it's a pity, believing that if not for bad luck or facing opponents who displayed extraordinary combat strength, they would have won.

What are you doing?

If you lose on purpose like this, and others guess our plot with Four Treasures Peak to gain Spirit Stones from the Hundred Peaks Competition, the Sect Leader will be the first to spare none of you.

They had previously studied the disciples of Four Treasures Peak and concluded that all the disciples were fine except for Xiang Ziyu, who was the least trustworthy, and, sure enough, Xiang Ziyu was causing trouble!

The next moment, the long stick smashed down heavily, and as it was about to hit the long spear held high by Xiang Ziyu, his hands suddenly turned, and the spear went from being held horizontally above his head to thrusting upwards, stabbing straight at Wu Ming!

'Horizon is Within Reach' was not just about an attack flying from a distance to nearby, but it instantly brought the entire person right in front of the opponent, and Wu Ming was already in front of him.

Xiang Ziyu had never intended to defend.

Defense, is that the protagonist's approach?

For the protagonist, it is always offense as the best defense! The protagonist always counters attack with attack, for retreating even a step is not the way of the protagonist!

Chapter 256: A Spear Stirs the Wind and Clouds, A Knife Slices the Ends of the Earth_1

Xiang Ziyu's body burst forth with endless mana, pouring into the long spear. Bathed in sunlight, the spear tip glittered with a cold light, the thick mana pulsating unstably.

The next moment, the spear thrust upward sharply, a cold light flashing past, like a meteor streaking across the sky. The air around the spearshaft whirled madly under this thrust, forming an air vortex that encircled the shaft and swept towards Wu Ming.

Golden light blazed around Wu Ming, not showing the slightest intention to counter or defend. His stick continued to smash towards Xiang Ziyu's head.

Trying to trade wound for wound with me?

You'd have to break through my defense first!

After all, I am a being of Inner Dan Great Perfection!

His Chaotic Army Breaking Stick, carrying an endless force, thundered down, and the whole world seemed to shake. This strike, as if it could shatter the heavens themselves.

In just the span of a breath, a strike powerful enough to topple mountains and destroy ranges heavily smashed down upon Xiang Ziyu.

In an instant, two beams of light, one black and one white, suddenly shone from Xiang Ziyu's body. Atop the beams, bizarre characters that were unreadable flickered.

The two beams of light encircled his body, completely enveloping him. The stick, which seemed capable of destroying anything, struck the beams, causing them to violently tremble.

The next moment, the two beams shattered abruptly.

The stick pounded against Xiang Ziyu's shoulder.

At the same time, Xiang Ziyu's spear also pierced Wu Ming.

Instantly, a sound like the earth splitting thundered out.

The golden Protective Divine Power on Wu Ming's body trembled wildly, as if the spear had encountered an impenetrable golden wall, unable to advance even a fraction further.

Suddenly, a black and white phantom Xu Ying shot out from behind Xiang Ziyu, landing on the tip of the spear.

The next moment, the golden Protective Divine Power violently cracked open, the spear plunging deep inside, and Wu Ming felt two utterly different yet exceedingly pure auras pouring into his body from the spear tip, wreaking havoc within.

"Pff..."

Wu Ming spit out a mouthful of bright red blood, his body flying backward in retreat, his gaze shocked as he looked towards his opponent—his defense had actually been broken by a single spear thrust.

How could a person with only a single core formation break through his defenses?

What exactly were those black and white auras?

Why did he feel the purest magic power from those auras, but also sensed the most genuine force of the Immortal Dao?

How could two such completely different forces be melded together?

No, that's not right!

How does that boy look unscathed?

My own blow, not to mention a mere Core Formation level individual—it would've been impossible even for myself to withstand such power. And yet, this boy managed to block it with his flesh?

Above, countless onlookers who were watching the battle all widened their eyes in astonishment.

"Did he completely block that strike with his Protective Divine Power and physical body?"

"That strike, even standing on a mountain, I could feel its terror, and he just blocked it like that?"

"What Divine Power is that?"

At the highest point of Immortal Gathering Peak, Sect Leader Bai Fengzi watched the black and white light that recovered quickly after shattering, and surprise flickered in his eyes.

This Protective Divine Power, this physical strength, it had already reached the limit of the Core Formation Stage, and even seemed to slightly exceed that level.

Yet, Xiang Ziyu has only a single core formation. What if Xiang Ziyu had nine core formations instead?

Her gaze involuntarily shifted to Cao Zhen, those were the Divine Skills of your previous life, weren't they? Just how high had you reached in your previous life, to be able to pass on such Divine Skills to your disciple so casually.

Xiang Ziyu, looking at his shoulder where his clothes were shattered, revealed an excited gleam in his eyes, "Breaking through my Protective Divine Power is quite interesting. But it's far from enough. Come on, perform the Yaksha Transformation."

"You're not worthy yet," retorted Wu Ming, clutching his wounded side, not charging forward as before, but instead waving his hands to form series of Buddhist seals.

"Prajna Paramita... True Void Giant Handprint!"

"So you want to compete in Divine Skills?" Xiang Ziyu burst into laughter, and suddenly, his hands began to move at high speed.

Instantly, thunder, flames, Heavy Water, fierce winds... various Divine Skills continuously pummeled down towards Wu Ming from the sky. Each Divine Skill was different, each delivering terrifying power.

All around, the countless spectators were completely dumbfounded.

"What's going on here?"

"What are all these Divine Skills?"

"How does he have so many Divine Skills?"

"That's got to be fifteen, twenty Divine Skills already, right?"

"Where does he find the time to cultivate so many Divine Skills? And moreover, each one is so profoundly mastered!"

"The key question is, why have I never seen any of these before?"

"That Divine Skill, this Divine Skill, why do they look so familiar? Some of them resemble the Water of Cang Lang from our Cang Lan Peak that's been lost?"

"No, that's different from the Water of Cang Lang. The records in our sect indicate that the Water of Cang Lang surges forth, each wave higher than the last, but his Divine Skill is a rotating burst."

Wu Ming, facing these constantly falling Divine Skills, could only continue to defend, steadily retreating.

With his rich combat experience, having sparred with many disciples within the Hundred Peaks Sect, he had seen most of their Divine Skills and knew how to deal with them.

Chapter 257: A Spear Stirs the Wind and Clouds, A Knife Slices the Ends of the Earth_2

However, the divine skills used by this person in front of him were all unfamiliar, and they were an absolute mess. He had an array of divine skills, and he couldn't even discern a pattern, let alone strategize against them.

What troubled him even more was Xiang Ziyu's protective divine power, as well as his physical strength. His divine skill attacks hit Xiang Ziyu without much effect, but when Xiang Ziyu's divine skills struck him, they could break through his defenses.

Before he knew it, not only the disciples from the surrounding peaks were watching, but many Peak Masters and even Elders from the Hundred Peaks Sect had also turned their attention towards the stage.

"This, can this really be a man with just one Golden Core?"

"It's terrifying, Xiang Ziyu with a single Golden Core is actually overpowering Wu Ming with ten Golden Cores."

"Although Wu Ming hasn't sustained any serious injuries so far, if this continues, the injuries will become more severe, and in the end, he will still be defeated."

"Terrifying, utterly terrifying. Have you noticed that disciples from Four Treasures Peak are virtually unbeatable within the same cultivation realm?"

"The Ancient Immortal Body, they indeed possess the Ancient Immortal Body. Although today, the Ancient Immortal Body is almost impossible to cultivate and is thus called a Waste Body, within the

same Cultivation Realm, they're absolutely strong enough to make others despair; otherwise, they wouldn't be known as the Ancient Immortal Body."

"Who knows how they managed to cultivate to the Core Formation stage; where does Four Treasures Peak get so many resources?"

"Four Treasures Peak might not have them, but didn't Cao Zhen inherit a great legacy? They must have broken through so much because of that legacy."

"But even a great legacy has its limits, getting them to breakthrough to a single Golden Core is probably the utmost they could reach."

"Right, as far as I know, apart from Yi Sheng, the four disciples of Hundred Peaks Sect with one Golden Core have been at that stage for quite some time now, and not one of them has made another breakthrough, most likely due to a lack of resources."

"Forget whether the resources are sufficient or whether they can advance further; at the very least, they are really strong now!"

Wu Ming's monk's robe was now as tattered as the Begging Peak disciples' clothes, with holes everywhere, and his once handsome face was charred black, losing all traces of his good looks.

He looked towards the sky, the falling sparks, and the endless rush of sand in the air, a ferocious expression appearing on his face.

Yaksha Transformation!

Wu Ming could forcefully perform the Yaksha Transformation even without condensing nine inner cores, let alone since he had ten. Naturally, the Yaksha Transformation he performed would be stronger and last longer!

Now, he no longer considered the consequences of performing the Yaksha Transformation or the matches to come; the only thought in his mind was to defeat Xiang Ziyu!

"Yaksha Transformation!"

"Wu Ming has finally resorted to the Yaksha Transformation!"

From a high place, Yuan Ci unconsciously clenched his fists.

"Bang!"

A giant stone under his feet emitted a muffled sound and instantly turned into a pile of powder.

Curse Four Treasures Peak, forcing their disciple to perform the Yaksha Transformation. Even if Wu Ming were to win, he would have no strength left for the next few days.

Damn it, damn it all! Cao Zhen, very well, I'll remember you!

Xiang Ziyu, facing Wu Ming who had turned into a pitch-black mass, showed not a hint of panic on his face but rather became even more excited and yelled, "Yaksha Transformation, I told you to use it earlier, but you didn't listen. Look, you ultimately still had to use it, didn't you?"

Wu Ming didn't answer Xiang Ziyu. With a flap of the black wings behind him, he charged fiercely towards Xiang Ziyu.

Inside Xiang Ziyu, his blood burned with madness, and his fighting spirit surged to the heavens.

Fight!

He did not back down but charged towards Wu Ming head-on.

In a flash, the two were locked in combat.

Perhaps because of the Yaksha Transformation, Wu Ming felt less agile than before, but he became even fiercer, more reckless with his life.

Xiang Ziyu showed no knowledge of retreat, and even though his mana and strength were inferior to Wu Ming's, he relied on the stronger Record of Deities and Demons divine skills and tougher defenses to forcefully resist.

The spear and staff continually collided in midair, producing a clangor of metallic sounds.

Each clashing of the Divine Weapons made his hands throb with pain.

On the other side, Wu Ming didn't have it any easier; with every collision, his upper arms felt numb and tingly.

Nevertheless, neither of them retreated, continuing to swing their Divine Weapons wildly.

"Bang!"

Another dull sound echoed, and after a barrage of attacks, Xiang Ziyu's Divine Weapon was knocked from his grasp, falling to the ground.

"The Divine Weapon has fallen!"

"Xiang Ziyu has dropped his Divine Weapon!"

"The outcome has been decided!"

From a higher vantage point, many people showed expressions of regret.

"He should not have engaged so rigidly. After all, he's only a single-Core practitioner, how could he possibly be the match for Wu Ming, with ten Cores at Great Perfection, not to mention Wu Ming has performed the Yaksha Transformation!"

"Right, he should not have engaged directly. Even if Wu Ming is close to the Golden Core Stage, he is still at Core Formation and his Yaksha Transformation won't last long. As long as the duration of the Yaksha Transformation ends, Xiang Ziyu could win."

"Retreat? If he retreated, he would lose even faster." Among the crowd, a Peak Master looked at Xiang Ziyu with admiration and said in a low voice, "This battle between them is about momentum. Whoever retreats will lose their momentum. And once one's momentum is lost, defeat is certain."

Chapter 258: A Spear Stirs the Wind and Clouds, A Knife Slices the Ends of the Earth_3

Xiang Ziyu gripped his Divine Weapon, but he didn't retreat, instead, he swung his arms forward fiercely.

Five-thunder Righteous Method!

"Boom!"

Wu Ming's long staff smashed down before Xiang Ziyu's Five-thunder Righteous Method could take effect, striking Xiang Ziyu's chest and sending him flying backward.

Xiang Ziyu's thunderous attack struck down at this very moment, heavily bombarding the top of Wu Ming's head, making Wu Ming's body shrink for a moment as his whole body convulsed.

In an instant, Wu Ming's expression became even more ferocious.

As Xiang Ziyu was sent flying backward, he raised his hand to summon his spear back into his grasp. Planting the spear into the ground to halt his backward momentum, he used the recoil to charge toward Wu Ming once again.

The two combatants clashed again, neither willing to back down, even foregoing defense and continuing their frenzied onslaught.

"Clang!"

Wu Ming's staff once again came crashing down, and this time, it struck directly atop Xiang Ziyu's head, smashing him to the ground.

Xiang Ziyu slammed heavily onto the surface, feeling as if this fall had dispersed all the strength within his body. His ten phantom platforms, ten Immortal Bridges, and his inner core within dulled in radiance considerably.

After all, he was only a single inner core, continuously battling and sustaining injuries. Even with the extensive reach of his internal channels, it was becoming difficult to sustain.

Wu Ming, the man who also possessed ten platforms and ten Immortal Bridges, had not only similarly vast internal channels but also ten inner cores!

Defeated?

How could he, the protagonist, be defeated!

Xiang Ziyu frantically mobilized all the power within his body. On his back, the ten dim platforms, ten Immortal Bridges, and single inner core once again burst forth with a ray of light.

He forcibly stimulated his body's power and thrust out with his spear once more.

By now, he had forgotten that the objective of Four Treasures Peak was to lose the competition and secure a ranking of one hundred.

He knew, he must win!

His spear thrust forward, like a mythical Divine Dragon emerging from the Endless Sea, carrying with it a ferocious, domineering, and brutal aura as it aimed straight for Wu Ming's chest.

Wu Ming also brought down his staff in a smash.

Atop the staff, the golden light was dazzling, like a towering mountain, it struck Xiang Ziyu in the abdomen.

Immediately, Xiang Ziyu's abdomen visibly caved in, and his body, like a kite with a broken string, was sent flying, only stopping at the edge of the platform.

The last strike had exhausted all the potential within his body, and after suffering such a heavy blow, he fell unconscious.

On the other side, after being stabbed by Xiang Ziyu's spear, Wu Ming also staggered back several steps. Looking at the distant Xiang Ziyu, who was now lying on the ground unable to get up, a relieved expression finally appeared on his face.

The next moment, the pitch-black aura around him suddenly dissipated, and he, too, slumped to the ground.

"The Yaksha Transformation is over?"

"Brutal, far too brutal."

"These two, they weren't competing, they were fighting for their lives!"

"Just a bit more, if only Xiang Ziyu had held on a bit longer, waited for Wu Ming's Yaksha Transformation to fade, victory would have surely been his."

"Who could have imagined that a disciple with a single inner core could force an opponent with ten cores into such a state."

"He fought too hard, I've seldom seen a disciple fight with such desperation."

This battle was so fierce that the onlookers had even forgotten the stakes they placed on Four Treasures Peak's ranking, their full attention absorbed by the fight.

Cao Zhen landed on the Gathering Immortals Platform for the third time since the competition had begun, and for the third time, he picked up his own disciple.

Xiang Ziyu was already unconscious, yet Cao Zhen noticed that Xiang Ziyu's hands were still tightly clutching his spear.

My disciple...

Cao Zhen was overwhelmed with emotion. Although Xiang Ziyu usually seemed eccentric, and others thought he was crazy, the fighting spirit that Xiang Ziyu possessed was the strongest he'd ever seen in anyone.

Xiang Ziyu was injured gravely, so much so that it seemed worse than Yi Sheng's. Consequently, Yan Yourong did not continue with her challenges.

Xiang Ziyu's injuries were too severe; even after taking a healing pill, it wasn't until the end of today's competition, when they returned to Four Treasures Peak, that Xiang Ziyu finally came to.

"What? I lost?" Xiang Ziyu, upon hearing the results of the challenge from the others, nearly fainted again from outrage, "As the protagonist, my first public appearance, and I've lost!"

Little Bei Yan spoke up lightly, "That's why you're not the protagonist. Besides, it's good that you lost. If you had won, our master would have lost three million taels of Spirit Stones. Can you imagine if he might have expelled you from the sect?"

"The bet... right, there was a bet. I knew it, how could I, as the protagonist, have lost. Now I understand, it was because of the bet. I didn't unleash all my power in the end for the sake of master's bet. Otherwise, I would have definitely broken through during the fight."

Cao Zhen was instantly speechless. How could you rationalize it like that? Are you still not aware of your Ancient Immortal Body? A breakthrough during the fight? What nonsensical wishful thinking is this?

Considering Xiang Ziyu was already wounded, Cao Zhen didn't want to add insult to injury and comforted him instead, "Alright, the fight is over. What's most important for you now is to recover peacefully. With your injuries, it might take at least ten days to half a month before you can head down the mountain again..."

"Master, don't worry, as the protagonist, I'll be healed in no time. Oh yes..." Xiang Ziyu turned to Little Bei Yan and said, "In my desk, there's a secret manual without a cover. That is the last of the Divine Skills I took from the Secret Manual Pavilion.

Chapter 259: A Spear Stirs the Wind and Clouds, A Knife Slices the Ends of the Earth_4

After some research, I discovered that it was a Divine Skill for healing injuries, so I didn't cultivate it. At that time, I even wondered why I would receive such a Divine Skill, but as it turns out, it was all predetermined.

"Junior Brother, you found it for me, and I have cultivated that Divine Skill. I don't even need to wait until the end of the Hundred Peaks competition, I'll be able to recover."

"What do you mean 'found it'? You just need to focus on your recovery, Little Beiyan. Hand over that secret manual to me, I'm confiscating it."

Cao Zhen was utterly helpless, was his disciple really so brainless? Normally, when he wasn't injured, he'd recklessly cultivate Divine Skills, and now, even in his current state, he still wanted to do the same. Did he truly wish to ruin himself through cultivation?

Soon, Cao Zhen, holding the coverless secret manual that was missing who knows how many pages, left with several disciples.

Xiang Ziyu watched the closed door and muttered to himself, "Without the secret manual, I can't cultivate anymore? Who am I? I am the protagonist!

"I've flipped through that manual before and still have an impression of it..."

On the third day of the magical combat competition, Cao Zhen only brought Yan Yourong and Ling Xi to the Gathering Immortals Platform. Little Beiyan's injuries, although not as serious as his junior sister and senior brother's, were still significant, so he also left Little Beiyan at Four Treasures Peak.

Two days had passed since the start of the magical combat competition, and today, the number of disciples participating had noticeably decreased compared to the first two days.

It was only ten in the morning when it was Yan Yourong's turn to challenge.

Given the performance of the disciples from Four Treasures Peak in the previous two days, Yan Yourong's move immediately caught the attention of many.

In the direction of Little Zen Peak, Yuan Ci looked over with a vicious glare, and there was even a hint of panic on his face. Were the disciples from Four Treasures Peak up for a challenge again?

They surely wouldn't challenge his Little Zen Peak, would they? Currently among the defending disciples of Little Zen Peak, the two stronger than Wu Ming were both at the Golden Core Stage; anyone from Four Treasures Peak with a working brain wouldn't challenge them.

And yet, what if they were actually aiming at the weaker ranked disciples from his Little Zen Peak?

With the demonstrated strength of Bei Yan and Xiang Ziyu, except for Wu Xiang and Wu Que, there was definitely no disciple from Little Zen Peak who could stop the remaining two from Four Treasures Peak.

Under his gaze filled with both hatred and worry, as one side of the platform remained empty, the judge's voice rang out.

"Yan Yourong from Four Treasures Peak challenges the one ranked four hundred and thirty-six, Zi Qianyu from Purple Feather Peak, who has achieved Inner Dan Complete."

"Not someone from Little Zen Peak?"

The crowd was taken aback for a moment, then quickly realized.

"It couldn't possibly be someone from Little Zen Peak now. Aside from Wu Wei, Wu Fa, and Wu Ming, who cannot challenge due to injuries, there are only five remaining defenders. Among them, Wu Xiang and Wu Que are at the Golden Core Stage and naturally cannot be challenged.

The highest-ranked among the remaining three is only at a thousandth place. The remaining two disciples of Little Zen Peak are the first and second senior sisters, reportedly stronger, and they would not challenge the lesser-ranked disciples of their own peak in order to secure more Peak Bamboo."

"Now, the ones with a headache are not from Little Zen Peak, but from Purple Feather Peak."

"Although all three disciples from Four Treasures Peak have failed in their challenges, none of their opponents was in a good condition afterward.

After yesterday's battle, there was even a saying going around: 'Better to face Flying Immortal than encounter Four Treasures.' People would rather face Flying Immortal Peak, at most being defeated, but those from Four Treasures Peak are all like madmen. Even in defeat, they'd land a vicious bite that you just can't withstand."

In the direction of Little Zen Peak, Yuan Ci's worried expression had completely disappeared. Thankfully, since those from Four Treasures Peak hadn't secured any Peak Bamboo in the previous days, they seemed focused on getting Bamboo now and weren't occupied with contending against his Little Zen Peak anymore.

Instead, it was Purple Feather Peak's unlucky turn.

In the direction of Purple Feather Peak, the solemn-faced Purple Feather Peak Master called Zi Qianyu to his side, advising, "Do not take your opponent lightly just because she only has one inner core. You've seen the battles fought by disciples from Four Treasures Peak these past days; you must not simply judge based on the Cultivation Realm.

We don't want you to end up like those from Little Zen Peak, forced to unleash your strongest Divine Skills in the end.

Once the fight begins, don't worry about anything else, and don't hold back any trump cards. Use your strongest Divine Skills straight away, the quicker you deal with your opponent the better."

"Yes, Disciple understands." Zi Qianyu nodded emphatically before flying down to the platform.

Above the platform, Yan Yourong had already released her ten Dao Platforms of extraordinary illusions, the Immortal Bridges of illusions, as well as an inner core of illusions.

Although Zi Qianyu was a female disciple, she was as cold and fierce as Yan Yourong. After landing on the platform, she said nothing, and behind her, ten Dao Platforms, ten Immortal Bridges, and ten inner cores all appeared.

She, like Wu Ming, had ten of each—Dao Platforms, Immortal Bridges, and inner cores. What's more, her illusions were even more numerous than Wu Ming's, with nine illusionary Dao Platforms, just one short of having illusions on all. Her Immortal Bridges had eight with illusions, and her inner cores had five with illusions.

Feathers!

All her illusions were feathers.

Moreover, they were feathers of various colors, making it seem as if countless mythical and legendary Immortal Birds, now extinct, had perched on her Dao Platforms, Immortal Bridges, and inner cores.

Chapter 260: A Spear Stirs the Wind and Clouds, A Knife Slices the Ends of the Earth_5

And in her hand, a feather also appeared, which in the next moment rapidly transformed into a long blade. The blade's body resembled a phoenix head, while the hilt resembled its tail. From a distance, it seemed as if a phoenix was perched atop this long blade.

"The Hundred Birds Phoenix Sword of the seventh-generation Law Protecting Elder."

"In the past, when others challenged Zi Qianyu, she never brought out this Divine Weapon!"

"This, I'm afraid, is her trump card, and she has surprisingly revealed it right from the start."

In the midst of the crowd's gasps of surprise, a thick air of extreme anger and unwillingness suddenly erupted, soaring into the sky and spreading in all directions.

Merely with the spread of this aura, the Array light shields around the other nine stages in the vicinity abruptly rose.

Obviously, it was this tragic and indignant energy that had triggered the Arrays, activating them to prevent people on the other stages from being affected by this aura.

"This sorrowful and indignant energy..."

"Grieving... Grieving Anger Dragon Blade!"

"The Grieving Anger Dragon Blade of the third-generation Sect Leader True Person... a Divine Weapon ranked in the top ten on the Hundred Peaks Sect Weapon List!"

"Yan Yourong has such a Divine Weapon in her hands!"

Yan Yourong released the Array Plate, Divine Weapon in hand, her eyes fixated on Zi Qianyu across from her, with nothing else in her sight! Around her, all the noise, even the referee below, was automatically ignored in her world.

The next moment, she suddenly moved.

[Ghost-Cutting!]

Yan Yourong made her move, just one strike, yet the whole world suddenly changed color at that moment. The Grieving Anger Dragon Blade let out a clanging sound, and with a sudden slash, the blade came down!

With one strike, it seemed as if the entire sky was cleaved into two halves.

Brilliant Blade Light descended from the heavens, like the Milky Way falling from beyond the nine skies, the Blade Light gathering like a surging sea, seemingly about to engulf the whole world.

"Hundred Birds Flapping Wings!"

Zi Qianyu likewise made a slash.

Yan Yourong's strike seemed unsophisticated and plain, reduced to its utmost simplicity, whereas Zi Qianyu's strike was extremely flamboyant.

As her blade came down, the otherworldly feathers on the platforms and Immortal Bridge behind her vibrated, and it seemed as if sacred birds and mystical beasts that had long since vanished from the world took flight, making one side of the sky instantly turn into a dazzling array of colors, extremely beautiful to behold.

With the same slash coming down, this one contained myriad changes. In the sky, countless blade shadows materialized, all slashing towards Yan Yourong.

In the next moment, in the sky, the Blade Lights of the two clashed together abruptly.

For a time, countless images of flying birds and numerous Blade Lights dissipated within Yan Yourong's river of blades.

And with each bird's phantom and Blade Light that the blade river consumed, the radiance dimmed a bit more.

Meanwhile, more birds circled around the splendid river of blades, all falling towards Yan Yourong.

A breath's time.

Just a single breath's time, and the countless birds and Blade Lights that circumvented the blade river had all crashed onto Yan Yourong.

In an instant, golden light rose from Yan Yourong's body, with images of dragons and tigers surrounding her.

Dragon and Tiger Golden Body!

But in less than a moment, the Dragon and Tiger Golden Body was breached.

The descending Blade Light was simply too numerous.

Although Zi Qianyu had only made one slash, in that brief moment, Yan Yourong felt as if she had been hit by a thousand cuts. Sharp, piercing energy surged into her body, shaking her entire being and sending her flying out of the arena.

On the other side, her blade river, after shattering numerous phantoms and Blade Lights, heavily struck Zi Qianyu.

One slash!

Zi Qianyu felt as if she had been cleaved into two halves by this slash. It seemed as though all the meridians in her body had been sliced through, her energy thrown into utter chaos, completely out of control, as her body involuntarily flew backwards.

"Thump, thump!"

Two muffled sounds followed one after another.

Yan Yourong was the first to crash against the Array light screen at the edge of the arena and was rebounded back onto the stage.

On the other end of the stage, Zi Qianyu similarly crashed into the Array light screen at the edge of the stage and was bounced back onto the stage.

"This..."

"Is it over?"

"Just one move, and the battle between the two is already over!"

"This is the quickest ending to a battle I've seen since the start of the dueling competition!"

"Both of them hit the stage..."

"According to the rules of the dueling tournament, if both participants fly out of the arena, then it's a matter of who touches the ground first. Clearly, Yan Yourong was the first to land."

"Yan Yourong has lost."

"This... Although Yan Yourong's Blade Light was somewhat obstructed before falling, it was a step slower..."

"Yan Yourong has lost, but if this were not a dueling competition, if it weren't for the arena battle rules, they could be considered evenly matched!"

"What a pity, it's really such a pity."

"Four Treasures Peak, what kind of luck is this. Their Disciples are always just a bit short of victory, especially Xiang Ziyu yesterday and Yan Yourong today. If Xiang Ziyu could have held on a little longer, Wu Ming wouldn't have been able to maintain the Yaksha Transformation much longer, and the winner would definitely have been Xiang Ziyu.

Yan Yourong is even more regrettable; actually, this battle could be considered a draw, it's just because of the dueling rules, she lost."

Aloft, Cao Zhen swiftly descended, pulling off his coat in one go to wrap around Yan Yourong, and then took out a Pill for her to swallow.

The countless Blade Lights just now had shredded all the clothes on Yan Yourong's body.

Up high, on top of one of the fifteen famous peaks, the Peak Master of Famous Knife Peak stared straight at Yan Yourong lying on the stage, repeatedly murmuring the same words: "Such a fierce blade, such a dominant blade, such a concise blade. This Disciple, this Disciple... This Disciple, I want her. After the Hundred Peaks competition concludes, I will personally make a trip to Four Treasures Peak.