

Supreme MK 92

Chapter 92: I Admit Defeat

People with the same discerning eyes as Murong Shan were obviously not in the majority, and even those of the Yang family thought that Yang Chen was merely lucky.

“Yang Yiming, you’d better thank Yang Chen. Without him, you’d be dead. I told you to admit defeat as soon as you went up, but why did you have to act so stupid?” Yang Wu scolded angrily.

Yang Yiming said grievously, “I... I just couldn’t bear to lose.”

“Were you even a match for Wang De?” Elder Yang Si said irritably.

“Forget it, Yiming’s intent was good in the end. Regardless, his life was saved, and Yiming, remember that there must never be a next time.” Yang Jin He glanced deeply at Yang Yiming and because of Yang Chen’s outstanding achievement in entering the top 30, he did not feel the need to flare up in anger.

The matter soon came to an end, and the members of the Yang family gradually shifted their focus to other battles on the ring.

The fighting was almost over, and the outcome was not much different from what all major tribes had predicted. The winners were the top geniuses from the Great Tribes, along with a few second -place geniuses standing on the ring.

The only ones who must be disappointed were the Wen family, one of the Twelve Great Tribes. Their three top geniuses had all failed, and none made it into the top 30. This was the first time in history when a major tribe failed to make it into the top 30.

It was not difficult to see that the faces of the members of the Wen family were quite aggrieved and in a mood to flare up at any moment.

“The Wen family will have a hard time this year. Not one of their geniuses made it into the top 30.”

“It can’t be helped. Who said they had bad luck with the draw?”

“The Wen family has to be careful now. The status of the Twelve Great Tribes is not steady. It seems that the Yang family is doing well this year, and Yang Chen has already made it into the top 30.”

“What’s the use of entering the top 30? There have always been many geniuses who made it by luck, but they will be exposed as soon as they go further in the competition!”

At this time, the battle for the top 30 had ended, and Feng Changkong and Murong Shan stepped forward.

Feng Changkong announced loudly, “The remaining thirty fighters will be in the top 30 for this Trail Competition. These thirty geniuses will have the opportunity to represent their tribes in Monster Beast Mountain after the competition is over. Of course, the competition is not over yet. In one hour, the top 30 will compete for the top 15!”

One hour was neither long nor short.

As Yang Chen was resting, Yang Jin He had finished drawing lots for him.

“Clan Leader, who will Yang Chen face in this round?” Elder Yang Si and others asked quickly.

Yang Jin He didn’t know whether to be happy or worried, “This time, Yang Chen is up against Murong Liuhe.”

“Murong Liuhe?” Sitting cross-legged on the ground, Yang Chen raised his eyebrows slightly upon hearing this.

Things just got interesting.

“Murong Liuhe? This could be troublesome. Last time, Murong Liuhe withdrew due to insufficient strength. But with enough rest, he must have recovered to his peak state. I’m afraid Yang Chen will have a hard time dealing with him in the fight.” The members of the Yang family sighed sadly.

Yang Jin He nodded, clearly sharing the same thoughts, “Although Murong Liuhe is only at the early phase of the Sixth Level of the Refining Body Realm, his combat power is so strong that he can still put up a fight against others of a higher stage in Martial Arts Cultivation. Yang Chen inevitably has a tough battle ahead of him.”

With that said, Yang Jin He looked at Yang Chen with a somewhat consoling expression, “Yang Chen, drawing Murong Liuhe was my bad luck. However, making it into the top 30 is already good enough, as it at least means that our Yang family has a chance to enter Monster Beast Mountain. When you face Murong Liuhe, don’t engage in a protracted battle; if you find that you can’t win, just admit defeat. Our middle-ranking tribe has already made it so far; there’s no disgrace in that.”

This made Yang Chen speechless.

Yang Jin He had so little faith in himself that he was satisfied with just making it to the top 30?

He didn’t think that way in his heart, but he still nodded on the surface, “Clan Leader, I understand.”

Only then did Yang Jin He feel relieved.

At this moment, Feng Changkong began to announce, “The draw is over, and the corresponding contestants should now come onto the ring.”

Following that, Feng Changkong called out the names one by one. Soon, thirty geniuses ascended onto different rings one after another.

As for Yang Chen, he was on the same ring as Murong Liuhe.

“Murong Liuhe against Yang Chen, this will be interesting to watch.”

“The first time Murong Liuhe retreated without fighting was probably because he couldn’t maintain his strength and didn’t want to compete with Yang Chen. Yang Chen won’t be so lucky this time.”

“Haha, middle-ranking tribes are, after all, middle-ranking tribes. They still fall short when compared to the great tribes.”

“I wonder how Murong Liuhe will defeat Yang Chen. It’s been a long time since I’ve seen the Thunderbolt Blade Technique.”

There were various discussions and cheering from the audience below the

More people were supporting Murong Liuhe; compared to him, Yang Chen became famous a little later, and his reputation was somewhat lacking.

However, whether it was Yang Chen or Murong Liuhe, both of them ignored the shouting from the audience. As soon as they got on stage, the atmosphere became tense and fierce. They stared at each other with serious expressions. Murong Liuhe, in particular, looked at Yang Chen’s eyes as if facing a great enemy.

After a while, Murong Liuhe finally managed to say with difficulty, “Yang Chen, how strong is your martial arts cultivation, really?”

“You should have an idea, don’t you?” Yang Chen replied calmly.

Murong Liuhe’s forehead was dripping with sweat. After hearing Yang Chen’s words, he finally confirmed his own thoughts. With clenched fists, he said, “Yang Chen, although I can hardly believe it, my intuition tells me that there is only one outcome when I fight with you: like a moth to the flame. My intuition is rarely wrong, but out of a man’s dignity, I still have to try.”

“Your choice makes it worth my while to stand here. Murong Liuhe, use whatever means you have,” said Yang Chen, his eyes brightening. He didn’t dislike Murong Liuhe’s straightforward character.

Murong Liuhe said solemnly, "I don't need to test you first. This is my current strongest move, a unique skill I've developed from practicing the Thunderbolt Blade Technique. I named it Snake Movement. I can't control this move. It's likely to cause death or injury once executed. Be cautious."

Yang Chen laughed heartily and said, "Murong Liuhe, just use whatever you have!"

Upon hearing this, Murong Liuhe's veins bulged. The next moment, his long knife began to whirl around suddenly. In an instant, sand and stones around him were swept up by the knife. The terrifying force followed the movement of the knife, flashing by and heading straight at Yang Chen, with only a silver-white electric light visible to the naked eye.

This electric light seemed to move like a snake, winding and twisting, incredibly eerie.

"A good knife technique." Yang Chen was slightly stunned, not expecting a genius from the Great Wilderness to comprehend such a blade technique.

Seeing this, Yang Chen decided not to hold back.

Since Murong Liuhe had shown him enough respect, he would also show enough respect to his opponent.

With just a thought, the tip of his spear trembled slightly, turning the two spear tips into two shadows that resembled swimming dragons.

"Twin Shadows Like Dragons! "

Bang.

No one saw what happened, only knowing that after dust flew, Yang Chen's silver spear stopped in front of Murong Liuhe's neck, very close. With just a little more force, Murong Liuhe would be dead.

Yang Chen didn't do that. Instead, he stopped at the critical moment.

“Unbelievable... you’re even faster than me.” Murong Liuhe was soaked in cold sweat, and as he looked at the silver spear right before his neck, he lowered his head in frustration.

Yang Chen withdrew his silver spear. “You’ll be even faster in the future.”

Murong Liuhe took a deep breath, put away the silver knife, and said, “I’ve lost,

Yang Chen. I concede wholeheartedly.”

The next moment, he turned around and stepped down, glancing around, “I,

Murong Liuhe, admit defeat!”