

The Sword God of the Universe

Chapter 31: Changing Attitude Chapter 31: Changing Attitude Jing Lucheng had an empty expression on his face.

Even though he and Jing Yuqin were holding each other's gazes, his eyes looked dull and unreadable.

He had obviously been traumatized.

If he couldn't climb out of the shadows, his rank might remain at the Seventh Heaven for the rest of his life.

Jing Yuqin's narrowed eyes rounded with confusion when she heard Jing Lucheng's words.

Didn't kill him?

Couldn't kill him?

What did he mean exactly?

Was it that Jing Lucheng had tried to kill Jing Yan, but he was stopped by an Elder?

Even if that was the case, why would Jing Lucheng look so miserable?

Was he worried that she would blame him for failing to get it done correctly?

“Lucheng, don’t worry.

We will have a lot more chances in the future.

We won’t let Jing Yan get away with what he’s done.” Jing Yuqin tried to comfort Jing Lucheng.

She felt bad for him as she examined the beaten-up look on his face.

“Aunt Yuqin, you... I... I was no match for Jing Yan!” Jing Lucheng looked down, ashamed.

“What?

Lucheng, what are you talking about?” Jing Yuqin asked.

Although she still had the smile she’d plastered on her face while she was comforting Jing Lucheng, that smile had now frozen.

“I lost the fight!

I lost to Jing Yan!

Jing Yan is stronger than I am.

I'm sorry, aunt, I'm useless." Jing Lucheng lowered his voice so much that it was barely audible.

It buzzed and crackled as if the sound was being made by tiny insects.

Jing Yuqin finally realized that things weren't turning out quite as expected.

Yet, she still couldn't understand what exactly had happened.

How could Jing Lucheng lose to Jing Yan now?

"Lucheng, come with me," Jing Yuqin said as she dragged Jing Lucheng out of the Ru Yi Pavilion, heading towards the Jing Clan's mansion.

Once they were back at the Jing Clan's mansion, Jing Yuqin asked around a bit and figured out what had happened.

Jing Yan had a spurt of progress!

The previous abilities test showed that his rank was the Third Heaven, yet this month it had gone up to the Sixth Heaven.

After leveling up three ranks in one month, Jing Yan not only rose to become a Middle-ranking warrior, but he also defeated Jing Lucheng, who was a High-ranking warrior.

“That’s impossible!” Jing Yuqin groaned.

She finally understood why Jing Lucheng was acting so downtrodden.

...

In the Patriarch’s yard.

“Patriarch, you wanted to see me?” Jing Yan had been led there by Jing Chengye’s personal guard.

When he received the Patriarch’s summons, Jing Yan hadn’t been too surprised.

His performance at the Martial Arts Performing Stadium was enough to shock a lot of the Jing Clan members.

If the Patriarch hadn’t summoned him, that would actually have been strange.

“Jing Yan, I’ve already heard about your performance at the Martial Arts Performing Stadium.

Good.

Very good.

At a speed of recovery like this, it won't take long before you regain your previous strength," Jing Chengye said with a smile.

The First and Fourth Elders were also still present.

"I appreciate it very much, Patriarch.

I will keep working hard." Jing Yan nodded slightly as he smiled.

"Jing Yan, there's something I want to ask you.

Today in the fight between you and Jing Lucheng, you used the Stance of Autumn Wind and Falling Leaves.

The Fourth Elder said that the version you used has been improved.

Did you improve it yourself?" Jing Chengye's question was quite straightforward.

While Jing Chengye was talking, both the First and the Fourth Elders were gazing at Jing Yan.

They also wanted to know if Jing Yan had improved the Stance of Autumn Wind and Falling Leaves all by himself.

If he hadn't, then they wanted to know who improved the skill for him.

It had to have been someone extraordinary who improved the Stance of Autumn Wind and Falling Leaves and made it as strong as a Middle-grade martial system.

If it wasn't Jing Yan, then how had he come to know such a person?

Both the Elders and the Patriarch were gazing at Jing Yan, holding their breath.

"It really was me.

I improved the martial system," Jing Yan confessed.

He had decided to be honest about it.

He expected Jing Chengye to ask about this, so he was prepared.

Eyes widened around the courtyard as Jing Yan admitted that he had improved the martial system.

It really was Jing Yan who had improved the Stance of Autumn Wind and Falling Leaves!

How?

How did Jing Yan manage to do so?

Suspecting that Jing Yan was the one who had improved the skill was one thing, yet confirming it was another.

Jing Chengye didn't think Jing Yan was lying.

Since Jing Yan had admitted it, it should be the truth.

Not to mention that Jing Yan had already demonstrated the power of the improved version of the Stance of Autumn Wind and Falling Leaves.

Jing Chengye's eyes were blazing bright.

"The reason I was able to improve the Stance of Autumn Wind and Falling Leaves was that I have cultivated this martial system before.

If someone else is cultivating the skill, the most I can do to help is to offer some instruction." "But right now, I need to spend all my time on recovering my abilities," Jing Yan said.

Jing Chengye certainly knew what Jing Yan meant.

Jing Yan was suggesting that he currently didn't have time to instruct other Jing Clan members in his method of cultivating the Stance of Autumn Wind and Falling Leaves.

"Jing Yan, if you have the ability, you should contribute to the family as much as you can.

What kind of attitude is this?” Jing Chunyu’s eyes had gone cold.

“First Elder, you’ve misunderstood me.

It’s not that I don’t want to contribute to the family.

I simply don’t have the time,” Jing Yan said, glancing at the First Elder and hiding the sneer that tried to form on his lips.

“You...” Jing Chunyu was about to get mad.

“First Elder!” Jing Chengye raised his hand slightly and stopped Jing Chunyu with a glance.

“Jing Yan, I understand what you mean.

Don’t worry.

For now, all you need to focus on is your cultivation,” Jing Chengye said to Jing Yan in a calm tone.

“I really appreciate your understanding, Patriarch,” Jing Yan bowed.

“No worries, Jing Yan.

I will arrange for two guards to guard your yard so that nobody can interrupt you,” Jing Tianying said.

“Yes sir.” Jing Yan nodded to Jing Tianying.

Jing Yan had always trusted and felt close to Jing Tianying.

Even when his rank was falling continuously and he was considered a useless loser by many, Jing Tianying had always been supportive.

Jing Yan also knew that Jing Tianying used to be a supporter of his grandfather.

Among the Jing Clan’s senior members, Jing Tianying was the person Jing Yan was closest to.

“Haha, Jing Yan, whatever you need for cultivation, just come to me.

The family will provide you with all the Spiritual Stones you need.

The same goes for other sources, too.

The family has your back!” Jing Chengye said, patting Jing Yan’s shoulder.

“If I need anything, I will definitely let you know, Patriarch,” Jing Yan nodded.

He was just saying that, though.

He didn't really plan to ask the family for sources.

If he wanted to progress fast, he would need a lot of sources.

But if he went to ask for sources from the family, he would be indebted to them.

Whatever the Jing Clan asked him to do for the family in the future, he would find it difficult to say no.

If he declined, he would face criticism from the senior members, especially people like the First Elder.

So unless he had no other options, Jing Yan wouldn't use the family's sources.

"Well then, you can go back to carry on with your cultivation, Jing Yan.

Work hard!

Glorify our Jing Clan!" Jing Chengye said in a solemn tone.

"Patriarch, Fourth Elder, I will be on my way then." Jing Yan bowed and left the Patriarch's yard.

The First Elder's face instantly darkened.

Jing Yan had bowed to the Patriarch and the Fourth Elder, but how dare that young man not bow to him?

What was going on?

What the heck was Jing Yan doing?

"What a jack*ss!

D*mn you!" Jing Chunyu seethed in his mind.

He felt as if something was clogged up in his chest and smothering him.

He was about to vent his anger, but Jing Yan had already left, so he had lost his target.

Chapter 32: Trouble at the Door Chapter 32: Trouble at the Door After leaving the Patriarch's yard, Jing Yan trotted toward his own little yard.

On his way back, he spent the whole time thinking.

As nice as the Patriarch had been to him today, Jing Yan didn't feel relaxed or relieved at all.

Jing Yan detected hostility from the First Elder, Jing Chunyu.

Perhaps the First Elder wouldn't do anything to Jing Yan directly, but Jing Yan had to be prepared.

If someone like the First Elder simply indicated his dissatisfaction with Jing Yan, a bunch of people would go against Jing Yan.

In the Jing Clan, there were tons of people who would take any chance they could to kiss the First Elder's *ss.

After all, he wielded tremendous power.

Not to mention that his son was the manager of the Jing Clan's treasury vault, which meant, to a great degree, that he was in charge of allocating the Jing Clan's sources.

"Now that Grandpa isn't with me anymore, I can only rely on myself." "As long as I regain my Precelestial rank, the First Elder won't be able to put any more pressure on me." "At the end of the day, my strength will decide everything!" "Now, I have to hurry up!" Jing Yan furrowed his brows.

He was well aware of the difficulties he would face.

In a family like the Jing Clan, it was difficult to focus on one's cultivation in peace to improve one's abilities.

It might be different if a warrior didn't have much potential, because not many people would pay attention to him.

The less attention he got, the less jealousy he might induce.

Yet, if a warrior did well in martial arts but couldn't become overwhelmingly stronger than those who were jealous of him, troubles would find their way to his door.

Even when Jing Yan's grandfather, the old Patriarch, was alive, quite a few people had attempted to provoke Jing Yan.

Now, people's attempts to mess with him would only be worse.

If he wanted to be left alone, he had to be so intimidatingly strong that those jerks wouldn't dare to interfere with his business.

"Jing Yan!" When Jing Yan reached the gate of his little yard, he saw Jing Chuanling standing there.

"Chuanling, what's up?" Jing Yan asked, meeting the other man's gaze.

He could tell that Jing Chuanling wasn't planning to pay him a pleasant visit.

This time, Jing Chuanling had even called Jing Yan by his name—he wasn't even bothering to keep up the appearance of politeness.

"Jing Yan, I'm not here for small talk.

I'm simply asking, do you dare to accept my challenge for a fight?" Jing Chuanling said in an aggressive tone, eyes blazing.

In truth, Jing Chuanling still felt a sense of inferiority in front of Jing Yan.

In Jing Yan's heyday, Jing Chuanling used to follow Jing Yan around, although he never really wanted to.

He would support Jing Yan and listen to him no matter what.

As respectful as he used to act in front of Jing Yan, deep down in his heart, he had cursed Jing Yan so many times that he had lost count.

When Jing Yan's rank started falling, Jing Chuanling thought it was an opportunity to finally get rid of Jing Yan's influence.

Moreover, he wanted to stand on top of Jing Yan and stomp on him.

He had waited too long for this day.

At first, everything was going well.

Jing Chuanling's status in the Jing Clan was slowly on the rise.

But now, out of nowhere, Jing Yan was showing signs that he was preparing to climb back to the top.

Because of that, he had already heard many voices accusing him of being ungrateful.

If Jing Yan never had a chance of coming back up, all this would never have happened.

So, it was all Jing Yan's fault!

That was why among all the Jing Clan members, Jing Yan was the last person Jing Chuanling wanted to grow strong.

As a result, he came to see Jing Yan today to challenge him.

The way he saw it, as long as he defeated Jing Yan in front of other Jing Clan members, it would prove that he was better than Jing Yan.

"I don't have time for that," Jing Yan said, suppressing his urge to roll his eyes.

He was well aware of Jing Chuanling's plan.

"You think you can trample me underfoot?"

You?" Jing Yan thought.

He gave Jing Chuanling a scornful glance.

In fact, Jing Yan still wasn't sure if he could beat Jing Chuanling.

Jing Chuanling was at the Eighth Heaven.

Among the disciples in the younger generation, Jing Chuanling was considered one of the top performers.

If he wasn't 100 percent sure, Jing Yan wouldn't take the risk.

Once he reached the Seventh Heaven, Jing Chuanling would be as weak as a kitten by comparison.

At that point, beating someone like Jing Chuanling would be sickeningly easy.

He might as well wait until his rank went up.

"Jing Yan, are you too much of a coward to take the challenge?" Jing Chuanling's face contorted.

He looked like he was about to lose it.

"Chuanling, if you don't have anything else that I can help you with, please go home.

Oh, right, I have a word for you.

If you want to be my opponent, you have a long way to go,” Jing Yan waved his hand breezily.

“You...” Jing Chuanling gritted his teeth in rage.

He didn’t want to leave like this.

But he couldn’t do anything about it if Jing Yan didn’t want to fight him.

“F*ck!” Watching Jing Yan enter the little yard, Jing Chuanling stomped furiously on the ground.

The expression of cold hatred in his eyes didn’t start to fade away until he saw Jing Yan enter his room.

About half a zodiac hour later, two Jing Clan guards arrived and took up positions outside of Jing Yan’s little yard.

The two guards were sent by the Fourth Elder, Jing Tianying.

Their responsibility was to make sure that no random people showed up to interfere with Jing Yan’s cultivation.

Inside the room, Jing Yan sat down cross-legged on the bed.

“It’s about time to get ready for the breakthrough.

Once I do, I will be at the Seven Heaven and become a High-ranking warrior.”
“With the help of the Soul Crystal, I shouldn’t have any problem breaking through.” Jing Yan’s eyes lit up.

The Soul Crystal he got from killing the Shadow Gale Wolf in the Blackrock Mountains was a tremendous boon for Jing Yan.

Using only a small piece of the Soul Crystal had taken Jing Yan from the Fourth Heaven to the Fifth Heaven.

The rest should be enough to help him break through from the Sixth Heaven to the Seventh.

“What’s that?” Suddenly, noises came from outside the door.

Jing Yan furrowed his brows.

“B*stards!

How dare you try to stop us?” someone yelled.

“Get out of the way!

If you still won’t let us in, I will find a way to kick your *sses out this place for good!” a high-pitched voice screamed.

It sounded extraordinarily aggressive and arrogant.

Something flashed through Jing Yan's eyes the second he heard the voice.

He certainly recognized it.

Besides Jing Yuqin, who would act so outrageously arrogant?

Of course, if someone ordinary had come to see Jing Yan, they would undoubtedly have left as soon as they saw the guards sent by the Fourth Elder.

Only extremely well-connected people like Jing Yuqin would treat the guards sent by the Fourth Elder like they were nothing.

"That d*mn woman!" As much as Jing Yan was unwilling to see her, if he didn't go to meet her, she would never go away.

With her making this much noise, he wouldn't be able to concentrate on his cultivation anyway.

Besides, if he really didn't show up, someone like Jing Yuqin might actually come in by force.

What a hag!

Creak!

Jing Yan pulled the door open and walked out.

“What?” Jing Yan knitted his eyebrows tightly when he saw the people outside.

Several people were standing outside the yard, yelling at the two guards.

The leading person was the one that Jing Yan furrowed his brows at.

The person, wearing a long white gown, was standing with his hands behind his back.

Each breath he took was long and deep.

Something intimidating glistened in his triangular eyes.

Jing Tianlong!

He was the First Elder’s grandson, and he was a mighty warrior.

Before Jing Yan’s rank dropped, he had unquestionably been the most talented Jing Clan member in the last decade.

But Jing Tianlong had been considered the No.

1 warrior the decade before that.

Jing Tianlong was about ten years older than Jing Yan.

He had been a genius of the Jing Clan, and the family's senior members had held high expectations for him.

He didn't disappoint them.

By the time he was 24 years old, Jing Tianlong had become a Precelestial warrior and was enrolled in one of the three major institutes.

Chapter 33: Gauntlet Thrown Down Chapter 33: Gauntlet Thrown Down
Swoosh!

The second Jing Yan showed up, Jing Yuqin and the others all turned their gazes toward him.

"Jing Yan!" Jing Yuqin's eyes narrowed as soon as she saw him, blazing with anger.

She looked ready to bite someone's head off!

"Piss off!" When she saw that the guards were still in her way, Jing Yuqin's Vital Qi surged out of her body.

The two personal guards of the Fourth Elder could stop normal intruders by force, but they couldn't do much against people like Jing Yuqin or Jing Tianlong.

Besides, even if they wanted to stop the two intruders by force, they simply didn't have the strength.

Jing Tianlong was a strong Precelestial warrior.

If this became a physical confrontation, the two Ninth Heaven guards would be tossed aside in a moment.

"Gentlemen, please let them in," Jing Yan said.

He didn't want to give the guards a hard time.

The guards really couldn't do anything about the situation, anyway.

If Jin Yuqin and the others had come to his place acting so aggressively, it was obvious that they were here to make trouble.

But he didn't believe that they would actually start a fight on the spot.

Even someone like Jing Tianlong had to obey the family's rules.

The guards exchanged glances after they heard Jing Yan's words.

Then they backed up, shaking their heads slightly.

One of them quickly left.

He would undoubtedly let the Fourth Elder know that Jing Yan was in trouble.

As he watched the group entering his little courtyard, Jing Yan only gave Jing Chuanling a brief glance.

Such a disappointment!

He was following Jing Tianlong like a puppy with his tongue out.

Jing Yan secretly let out a sigh.

Why did he have to act like such a miserable wretch!

In reality, Jing Chuanling had his own conflicts with Jing Tianlong and some other members of his immediate bloodline.

But for now...

“Can I do something for you?” Jing Yan asked, his voice wary.

“Jing Yan, you fought with Lucheng at the Martial Arts Performing Stadium today, didn’t you?” Jing Yuqin asked in an interrogative tone.

“Yep.

Jing Lucheng challenged me and lost.” Jing Yan nodded.

Jing Lucheng stood next to Jing Chuanling with his head down.

He didn’t look like he had gotten the traumatizing fight out of his head yet.

“How dare you, Jing Yan?

How dare you hurt Lucheng?

Now you tell me, how do you plan to make up for this?!” Jing Yuqin stomped and pointed her finger in Jing Yan’s face.

Jing Yan snorted when he heard Jing Yuqin’s words.

She was too annoying.

During that fight, Jing Yan hadn’t injured Jing Lucheng at all.

Besides, even if Jing Lucheng had gotten hurt, Jing Yan wouldn’t be held responsible.

By coming to his place and making a scene, Jing Yuqin was being totally unreasonable.

She simply didn't care about rationality or facts.

She also knew very well that it was Jing Lucheng who had provoked and challenged Jing Yan.

"Jing Yan, it's been a while since we met, hasn't it?" Jing Tianlong said.

He'd been silent the whole time until that moment.

As soon as Jing Tianlong started talking, Jing Yuqin shut her mouth.

Although she was Jing Tianlong's aunt, everyone knew that she would follow any order that Jing Tianlong gave.

The reason was simple: Jing Tianlong was a mighty Precelestial warrior who was also a strong candidate to become the next Patriarch.

Even though she had seniority in the family, she would still follow Jing Tianlong's lead.

"That's true." Jing Yan nodded to Jing Tianlong.

"Your grandfather was the old Patriarch.

I always admired and respected him.” “Jing Yan, you were known as the No.

1 genius of our Jing Clan over the last decade.

Ten years ago, I used to be the No.

1 genius of the Jing Clan.

We both have been the center of the Jing Clan’s attention.” “Today, I came to throw down the gauntlet!” “If you aren’t afraid to bring shame to your late grandfather, you can say no.

I won’t force you to fight.” “But there’s one thing you probably should know.

I promise not to kill you in the fight, so you don’t have to worry about dying by my hand.” Jing Tianlong didn’t raise his voice at all, but every single word coming out his mouth was as heavy as a massive rock slamming into Jing Yan’s heart.

Jing Yan’s face darkened as he listened to Jing Tianlong’s words, his Qi focused, all the muscles in his body tight.

This man was giving him no choice!

Normally, he could have declined the challenge.

Some of the Jing Clan members would talk behind his back, sure, but that was nothing that he couldn't handle.

If he turned down the challenge now, however, that would bring shame to his late grandfather.

Jing Yan would do anything to avoid damaging his late grandfather's reputation.

"Jing Yan, do you dare to accept the challenge or not?"

Hah... If you don't, that's fine.

All you need to do is to kneel to us and apologize for your wrongdoings.

We won't force you to do anything.

Tomorrow at this time, the whole Jing Clan will know that you, Jing Yan, are a coward without any courage or pride.

I believe that many people will not only talk about you, but also about your grandfather.

When he was alive, he had an outstanding reputation.

But having such a spineless grandson would probably disappoint his spirit," Jing Yuqin said.

Such a despicable tone!

“Brother Tianlong, I don’t think Jing Yan has the guts to accept.

When I challenged him earlier, he was too much of a coward to even fight me, not to mention someone like you.

In my opinion, we might as well make him kneel.” Jing Chuanling stared at Jing Yan with hatred in his defiant eyes.

“What a disappointment!” “The No.

1 genius of Dong Lin City no longer exists.” Jing Tianlong shook his head mournfully.

“So you want to challenge me, Jing Tianlong?” Jing Yan suddenly spoke.

“What?” Jing Tianlong and others all paused.

“I will accept.

But I do have one condition.” Jing Yan’s eyes lit up.

Jing Yan wasn’t stupid.

He knew very well that with his current abilities, it would be suicidal to fight Jing Tianlong.

He probably couldn't even withstand one of Jing Tianlong's strikes.

There was just too big a gap between their ranks.

But saying no wasn't an option.

"Go ahead." Jing Tianlong was a little surprised, but he still let Jing Yan finish.

"Jing Tianlong, the two of us were the top geniuses of the Jing Clan over the past two decades, so the fight between us should take place in front of all the family's disciples.

The Jing Clan hosts the Great Competition every five years, and it will begin only three months from now.

That's when our fight should take place so that the whole Jing Clan can witness it," Jing Yan said calmly, suppressing his rage.

He would have three months to grow stronger.

Three months wasn't long, but it would mean hope for him.

After all, he was once a Precelestial.

“That’s what you want?” Jing Tianlong pulled the corner of his lips into a crooked smile.

His eyes locked on Jing Yan’s.

“Fine.

At the Jing Clan’s Great Competition three months from now, we will fight it out.

We will find out then who the No.

1 genius of the Jing Clan is.” Three months would fly by.

Especially for warriors, it was a very short time.

Jing Tianlong didn’t think Jing Yan could level up far enough to have any chance of winning.

So he agreed to give Jing Yan the three months.

“Let’s get out of here!” Jing Tianlong gave Jing Yan a last glance and turned around to leave.

Everyone else in the little group also followed Jing Tianlong and left Jing Yan’s yard.

The Sword God of the Universe #Chapter 34 - 34 Shooting for the Seventh Heaven - Read The Sword God of the Universe Chapter 34 - 34 Shooting for the Seventh Heaven

Chapter 34: Shooting for the Seventh Heaven Chapter 34: Shooting for the Seventh Heaven “This Jing Yan is reckless, indeed!” “Exactly.

How dare he accept Brother Tianlong’s challenge?

He really has no idea who he is, does he?” “In three months, almost all the young warriors in the family will attend the family’s Great Competition.

Then, everyone will get to witness Brother Tianlong one-shot Jing Yan.” After Jing Tianlong and his group left Jing Yan’s yard, the Jing Clan warriors following him all started kissing Jing Tianlong’s *ss.

“Tianlong, why did you give Jing Yan three months?

The way I see it, we might as well force him to accept the challenge today.

If he refused, we could simply make him kneel and bow to apologize.” Jing Yuqin sounded a little disappointed.

She had planned to humiliate Jing Yan on the spot, but now, she had to wait for another three months.

If Jing Tianlong hadn’t agreed to the deal, she would have jumped in to stop it.

Jing Tianlong gave Jing Yuqin an expressionless glance.

“You don’t understand!” Jing Tianlong slightly shook his head.

“Over the past ten years, Jing Yan has been the top genius of the Jing Clan.

Of our entire city, actually.

Although his rank has fallen recently, and some people now have a poor opinion of him, many in the Jing Clan still have expectations for him.” Jing Tianlong’s tone was flat and calm.

He was suggesting that among the senior Jing Clan members, especially the Elders, some still had hope for Jing Yan.

“Jing Yan has been showing signs of regaining his rank.

I know that last month’s test showed that his rank was at the Third Heaven, but this month it’s reached the Sixth Heaven.

At that speed, it won’t take long before his rank goes back up to Precelestial.

By then, it would be challenging to stop him.” “Three months, however, won’t be enough for him to regain his Precelestial rank.

Nobody on the continent could do that.

As long as he isn’t a Precelestial, he will be nothing to me.

Crushing him in front of the numerous Jing Clan warriors will make his Mind of Dao lose balance.

If I succeed, he will probably never be able to reach the Precelestial rank for the rest of his life,” Jing Tianlong said.

His words showed that his heart was the darkest of all.

He was well aware of the importance of the Mind of Dao to a warrior.

In history, many talented warriors had lost their status and become mediocre after one big failure due to the instability of their Mind of Dao.

There had been too many examples of this.

“I think I understand now,” Jing Yuqin said, eyes glistening.

“Okay, now you guys can go spread the news that in three months, Jing Yan and I will have a fight at the family’s Great Competition,” Jing Tianlong said, turning his gaze to those behind him.

“Yes!” “We will go do that now.” They left instantly, heading in different directions.

...

In Jing Yan’s little yard.

“Jing Yan, are you alright?” The Fourth Elder, Jing Tianying, came over as soon as his guard told him what had happened.

He was glad to see that Jing Yan was safe.

“I’m fine.

But in three months, I will fight with Jing Tianlong,” Jing Yan said with a smile.

“What?

You and Jing Tianlong?” Jing Tianying was shocked by the news.

He knew very well how strong Jing Tianlong was.

Besides, Jing Yan only had three months to prepare.

If it was three years, Jing Yan might still have a shot.

But what could he possibly do within three months?

Jing Yan was currently at the Sixth Heaven of martial arts.

Three months from now, it would be incredibly extraordinary if he had risen to the Seventh or the Eighth Heaven.

But how was he supposed to fight with Jing Tianlong at a rank like that?

“Fourth Elder, taking the challenge was my only choice.” Jing Yan let out a tired sigh.

“But, it won’t be that easy for Jing Tianlong to make me his step stool!” “Well...” Jing Tianying had knitted his white eyebrows so tightly that they seemed to be tangled together.

He studied Jing Yan for a long while before he let out a sigh and continued, “Then I don’t want to interrupt you.

Jing Yan, I will let the Patriarch know about this.” Jing Tianying turned around and left.

Now Jing Yan was alone in his room.

“Three months...

That’s a lot of pressure, indeed!” Jing Yan said, his eyes lighting up.

Jing Yan took out the Soul Crystal, and something brilliant flashed across his face.

“Jing Tianlong, you will regret giving me the three months.

We will meet again soon!” The corners of Jing Yan’s lips pulled up into a smile as his Vital Qi started surging through his body.

Hunkering on the bed, Jing Yan launched the Arch of Heaven.

The energy inside the Soul Crystal instantly flooded into Jing Yan's body.

The power within the Soul Crystal was so terrifyingly strong!

Using Soul Crystals for cultivation was considered a luxury for Precelestials, let alone for Sixth Heaven warriors like Jing Yan.

Even a Low-ranking Soul Crystal was incredibly valuable.

One day later.

"This is the screening shield, the last obstacle!" Jing Yan could feel the shield within him.

He knew breaking through it would be the last step for him to enter the Seventh Heaven.

As long as he could break that shield, he would be at the Seventh Heaven.

Using the strength of the Arch of Heaven, Jing Yan was devouring the power from the Soul Crystal.

Part of the energy replenished Jing Yan's Vital Qi, and the rest he directed to strike the martial arts shield between the Sixth and the Seventh Heaven.

Boom!

Boom, boom, boom!

As he guided the power to strike the shield again and again, the adamant shield started to tremble.

Jing Yan concentrated his entire awareness on breaking the shield.

At this moment, he couldn't risk being distracted at all.

If he failed to break through the shield, it would be a massive waste of both time and the Soul Crystal's energy.

Failure would require that Jing Yan take a long time to recover and regain enough energy to launch a second attempt to break the shield.

The recovery process alone would take more than three months.

So, success was Jing Yan's only option.

Failing was out of the question.

Time was the most valuable resource he had right now.

"Almost there!" Jing Yan sensed.

"Wait, what's that feeling?"

No, that's not good!" Jing Yan frowned as he felt a sudden burning pain inside his martial arts veins and vessels.

The Soul Crystal was too powerful.

He had absorbed too much energy from it within such a short time.

In other words, if it hadn't been for the Arch of Heaven, Jing Yan would have exploded a while ago.

He was only at the Sixth Heaven.

Even Precelestial warriors probably wouldn't dare to absorb a Soul Crystal's energy like that.

"D*mn it... The Soul Crystal is just too powerful!" Jing Yan tried his best to control the power in his martial arts veins and vessels that seemed about to burst.

He was pushing the Arch of Heaven to the very edge of his current abilities.

He still wasn't experienced enough when it came to the Arch of Heaven.

He had only learned the basics of its use.

"Ah!" Jing Yan could feel the blood surging upward into his face, and he could feel the pressure building up in his head as if his nose was about to start oozing blood.

His whole body was trembling.

The pain of his martial arts veins and vessels screaming to break was so intense that he could barely endure it.

If there had been someone else watching him, that person would have been so startled by Jing Yan's appearance.

Around Jing Yan, ripples of Vital Qi formed that were powerful enough to grind rocks into powder.

The part of Jing Yan's bed that came into contact with those ripples turned into ashes.

This was horrifying!

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

The Sword God of the Universe #Chapter 35 - 35 You Scared Me, Young Man - Read The Sword God of the Universe Chapter 35 - 35 You Scared Me, Young Man

Chapter 35: You Scared Me, Young Man Chapter 35: You Scared Me, Young Man "No!" Jing Yan was roaring in his heart.

"Break!" Jing Yan's entire being was focused on one thing: breaking through the shield.

At that moment, even if Jing Yan wanted to stop, he simply couldn't.

Once he stopped the flowing of the Arch of Heaven, his martial arts veins and vessels would probably be instantly destroyed.

Even if he survived the process, he would become an ordinary person who could never step onto the path of martial arts ever again.

Of course, Jing Yan didn't even think about stopping.

He was incredibly determined to break through.

Despite the pain spreading to every corner of his body, pain that was about to make him pass out.

Despite the fact that his skin was blotchy and flushed a deep crimson.

His resolution was unshakable.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

Powerful Vital Qi was surging like giant ocean waves, rushing against the mountain-like shield.

Jing Yan was trying his best to stop the outrageous Vital Qi from getting out of control.

Under the continuous attack, the mountainous shield started to crumble.

Crack!

Eventually, a harsh shudder ran through Jing Yan's body.

Horrendously powerful Vital Qi suddenly pressed downward and swept in all directions.

The nearby furniture in the room, including his table, desk, and chairs, were all reduced to ashes by the Vital Qi.

All that remained on the floor was a layer of fine wood powder.

Splash!

Jing Yan quickly pushed to his feet, long hair dancing in the air, eyes blazing bright red as if there were flames inside him.

A trace of blood was drying at the corner of his lips.

A moment earlier, right before he broke through, Jing Yan had bitten his own lip.

"I did it!

I broke through!" "That was too close!

If even the smallest thing had gone wrong, I would have exploded!" Jing Yan thought.

"The Soul Crystal..." There's no trace of the Soul Crystal in his hand.

He glanced around and found nothing.

The bed underneath and the furniture around him had all been turned into a fine powder.

"What the hell?" "That might only have been a Low-ranking Soul Crystal, but the energy it contained was still extremely powerful.

There's no way I could consume the whole thing like this, right?" Jing Yan furrowed his brows.

When he leveled from the Fourth to the Fifth Heaven, he had used the Soul Crystal once.

This time he used it to level from the Sixth to the Seventh Heaven, which was only his second use of the Soul Crystal.

Yet now, it had disappeared entirely.

Although Jing Yan had never used a Soul Crystal before he received one from the Shadow Gale Wolf, he always knew that Soul Crystals had reservoirs of enormous power which should be far more than he could contain.

Otherwise, the mighty warriors of the Precelestial and Enlightenment ranks wouldn't be so crazy about them.

There wasn't a single warrior in the Jing Clan that was at the Enlightenment rank.

Martial arts practitioners at that rank were way above everything in the whole Lan Qu Province.

As he was thinking about this, Jing Yan finally noticed that Tian Shui, dressed in white as usual, had emerged from the Ring of the Universe and was standing not far from him.

"You scared me, young man!

I almost had a heart attack earlier when I saw what you were doing," Tian Shui said in an exaggerated manner.

He kept smacking his own chest as if he was trying to catch his breath.

Jing Yan's face instantly darkened.

"Seriously?" he thought.

"This old guy's already dead, right?

All that's left of him is that wisp of spirit.

How could he be scared to death?" "Jing Yan, you have no idea how dangerous that was for you!

I thought you were about to blow up.

Luckily you made it.

Haha, I suppose that proves that I didn't pick the wrong guy.

You are very, very determined.

If it was some regular warrior, they'd be in tiny pieces right now." "Of course, it's also because of the power of the Arch of Heaven.

If you hadn't cultivated this powerful technique, even if you had veins made of iron, you would have blown up too," Tian Shui said, laughing.

Jing Yan remembered the sensations he had just experienced with crystal clarity.

Even now, after he'd succeeded in the breakthrough, his martial arts veins and vessels still tingled with a burning sensation.

The dangers of breaking through weren't comprehensible to those who had never experienced them.

"The Soul Crystal's power was too overwhelming, and my rank is still too low.

I absorbed too much energy at once." A little chill ran down Jing Yan's spine when he recalled what had just happened.

To save time, he had tried to take in as much energy as possible, which turned out to be almost unbearable for his body.

"Yes.

Soul Crystals are formed by the Yang energy Spiritual Beasts have absorbed from the sky and the earth, and that's why they are so powerful.

On top of that, the Arch of Heaven is also incredibly strong.

So... it's fortunate that the Arch of Heaven was powerful enough to help you survive and succeed in your breakthrough," Tian Shui said with a nod.

"You..." Jing Yan's face darkened even more.

"Sir, since you knew this, how come you never told me?" Jing Yan resisted the impulse to smack the old guy down to the ground.

He didn't know too much about the power of Soul Crystals.

Besides the time when he used the Soul Crystal to level from the Fourth Heaven to the Fifth Heaven, he had never used a Soul Crystal before.

Now that he had used one to break through the Seventh Heaven, Jing Yan was finally learning about their power.

But apparently, Tian Shui had known about this the whole time.

Tian Shui looked somewhat uncomfortable as Jing Yan confronted him.

“Jing Yan, what happened here...”

It really was my fault.

But I didn’t do it on purpose.

I just forgot.

Think about it: I’ve been sleeping inside the Ring of the Universe for so long, so it’s difficult for me to remember all these little details.

Besides, before I physically died, I was so, so, so strong.

Using Soul Crystals wasn’t a big deal to me.

So I naturally overlooked something so trivial,” Tian Shui tried to explain, embarrassed.

“Fine!” Jing Yan let out a long breath and tried to set aside his anger.

He figured Tian Shui really had forgotten.

One thing he was certain of was that Tian Shui wouldn’t do anything to harm him.

But this one little mistake had almost gotten him killed.

“Sir, how do you think I consumed all the energy in the Soul Crystal so quickly at my rank?” Jing Yan changed the subject, unwilling to think about how close he had come to blowing himself up.

If he really had exploded, he would have been the laughingstock of Dong Lin City.

“Consumed it all?” Tian Shui rolled his eyes.

“What do you think you are, an Enlightenment warrior?”

At your rank, what makes you think that you could consume a Soul Crystal so fast?”
The old man shook his head and continued.

“Well, well.

The energy in the Soul Crystal all went inside you, indeed.

But most of the power hasn’t been consumed.

It's simply stashed away temporarily." "Of course, the Arch of Heaven should take the credit.

It sensed that your body wasn't able to handle that much energy, so it simply pressed that portion of the energy down inside your body for you so it wouldn't tear you apart," Tian Shui said very quickly.

After Tian Shui had explained it, Jing Yan understood what had happened.

It all made sense now.

In fact, one Low-ranking Soul Crystal was enough for a powerful Precelestial warrior to go up a couple of levels.

It would be impossible to consume an entire Soul Crystal's energy merely to rise from the Sixth Heaven to the Seventh.

Even if his Vital Qi was a lot denser than other warriors at the same rank, there was no way he would require that much more energy to break through.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 36: Nine Yin Fruit Chapter 36: Nine Yin Fruit Something flashed in Jing Yan's glistening eyes.

Soul Crystals were no doubt valuable.

But for warriors who couldn't handle the energy contained within them, they could also be lethal.

"Kid, you don't look too good.

You'll probably need months to stabilize your cultivation." Tian Shui shook his head.

Although Jing Yan had succeeded in his breakthrough this time, the process hadn't gone very smoothly.

The Vital Qi inside his martial arts veins and vessels seemed to be under his control, but it might still react unpredictably to any number of stimuli that he might encounter.

Jing Yan furrowed his brows tightly after hearing Tian Shui's words.

Jing Yan didn't have the time for proper stabilization.

He only had three months.

Breaking through to the Seventh Heaven had already cost him several days, so he actually had less than three months now.

By the end of that time period, he would have to fight Jing Tianlong in front of all the Jing Clan disciples.

Tian Shui laughed when he saw the look on Jing Yan's face.

"However, I do have a solution to this problem of yours," Tian Shui said as he stroked his long white beard.

"What is it?" Jing Yan locked a hawk-like gaze on Tian Shui.

"Well, kid, have you heard of Nine Yin Fruit?" Tian Shui asked.

"Nine Yin Fruit?" Jing Yan looked puzzled.

He certainly knew about Nine Yin Fruit.

In the Western Area Business Zone, which was part of the Jing Clan's business territory, Nine Yin Fruit were available.

The Ru Yi Pavilion, for example, should have some for sale.

Nine Yin Fruit were a type of Third-grade spirit medicine.

They were very expensive, and the market for them was very limited because they were an ingredient used to make Healing Potions.

Usually, only pharmacists would purchase Nine Yin Fruit.

In fact, even most pharmacists didn't buy them very often.

Although Healing Potions were necessary for warriors who made long trips, Low-ranking Healing Potions were generally enough.

Regular warriors couldn't afford the more expensive Healing Potions.

Usually only warriors above the Precelestial rank would pack one or two High-ranking Healing Potions with them.

High-ranking Healing Potions were simply too expensive.

Besides, even High-ranking Healing Potions had their limits.

For instance, if someone lost an arm or leg, even a High-ranking Healing Potion couldn't restore the missing limb.

In other words, High-ranking Healing Potions simply weren't worth the high price.

Jing Yan looked at Tian Shui, a little bit puzzled.

He didn't understand why Tian Shui had mentioned the Nine Yin Fruit.

"Nine Yin Fruit are good stuff.

Jing Yan, once you buy large amounts of Nine Yin Fruit, you can use the Yin energy contained in them to neutralize the Soul Crystal's Yang energy.

With Nine Yin Fruit, not only can you prevent the Soul Crystal's power from doing damage to you, but you can also increase the speed of your cultivation," Tian Shui said, giving Jing Yan a tight smile.

"What?

Nine Yin Fruit have such an effect?" Jing Yan's eyes lit up in surprise.

Obviously, Tian Shui wouldn't lie to him.

If Tian Shui said it would work this way, it absolutely would.

“Oh right, the only thing is that you’re going to need a ton of them.

There are even better spirit herbs containing Yin energy, but you’re not currently in a position to get those.

So we have to go with the best solution available.

Well, I’m tired.

I’m done talking for now.” Tian Shui then vanished in front of Jing Yan’s eyes.

“Nine Yin Fruit...” Jing Yan’s eyes had brightened with new energy, yet his brows were furrowed.

Now that he had found the solution to his problem, another issue emerged.

Jing Yan didn’t have that many Spiritual Stones.

A single Nine Yin Fruit would cost about 1000 Spiritual Stones.

Jing Yan only had about 2000 Spiritual Stones to his name.

That meant he could buy two Nine Yin Fruits, at most.

According to what Tian Shui suggested, two Nine Yin Fruits wouldn't come close to solving the problem.

In addition, he should be able to partially use Top-grade martial systems now that he was a High-ranking warrior, even if he couldn't fully execute them.

Yet to use Top-grade martial systems, the Arch of Heaven would definitely need improvement, which would also require tons of Spiritual Stones.

Improving a Middle-grade martial system had cost Jing Yan several hundred Spiritual Stones.

So even with a conservative estimate, it should cost several thousand Spiritual Stones to improve a Top-grade one.

"My lack of Spiritual Stones is the problem!" Jing Yan sighed quietly.

"Wait a minute, why didn't I come up with this earlier?"

"There's a shortcut to earning Spiritual Stones!" After racking his brains for a long while about possible ways to obtain Spiritual Stones, something suddenly occurred to him.

With his current abilities, going to the Blackrock Mountains would undoubtedly be a decent way to get Spiritual Stones.

Unfortunately, Jing Yan didn't have that much time.

He should be able to get several thousand Spiritual Stones in the Blackrock Mountains within a month, but he couldn't wait that long.

Besides, several thousand wouldn't be enough.

As for taking Spiritual Stones from the family's treasury vault, that was even less practical.

Also, even if he could get some Spiritual Stones, the number he could take wasn't unlimited.

Not to mention that doing so meant that he would owe the family a huge favor.

Jing Yan left his little yard, a grin tugging at the corners of his mouth.

"Young Master Jing Yan, are you going out?" the guard standing outside the yard greeted him.

"Yep.

I have something to take care of.

I really appreciate your help!" Jing Yan said with a smile.

“No worries.

My pleasure, Young Master.” The guard smiled back.

In the Jing Clan, not many people were as friendly and easygoing as Jing Yan toward the servants and guards.

Most of the Jing Clan guards came from outside of the family, so they were hired hands, not family members.

Some had been trained in the Jing Clan since they were kids.

Among those guards, only personal guards of powerful family members enjoyed decent status in the family.

They were strong warriors without exception.

Jing Yan’s gentle manner certainly made the guards feel good.

“Brother Jing Yan, I’ve heard that you’re going to fight Jing Tianlong at the family’s Great Competition?” Several Jing Clan disciples came to greet Jing Yan as he walked on the road.

“You guys know about that?” Jing Yan was surprised.

“So it’s true!

We thought it was a rumor.

Brother Jing Yan, why did you take the challenge from Jing Tianlong?

There are less than three months left!" This disciple wasn't on great terms with some of Jing Tianlong's relatives, so he was on Jing Yan's side.

"Brother Jing Yan, just so you know, the whole Jing Clan has heard about this." "Jing Tianlong and his people are too arrogant.

They're now saying that Brother Jing Yan will be crushed in the fight!" The disciples were all squawking at the same time.

Jing Yan's jaw tightened slightly.

"You guys don't need to worry about it.

When the time comes, we will find out who will win and who will lose." In fact, almost everyone in the Jing Clan was talking about the upcoming fight.

That's what Jing Tianlong had wanted: to create as much pressure for Jing Yan as possible.

Jing Tianlong wanted everybody to be anticipating the fight and following events closely.

The more stress Jing Yan suffered, the more traumatized Jing Yan would be when he was eventually defeated.

“Despicable b*stard!” Jing Yan’s eyes went cold, and the expression on his face became dangerous.

“Jing Tianlong, I will make you eat your own bitter fruit!”

I hope that when the time comes, you won’t regret what you are doing now!”

The Sword God of the Universe #Chapter 37 - 37 The Extreme Combat Association - Read The Sword God of the Universe Chapter 37 - 37 The Extreme Combat Association

Chapter 37: The Extreme Combat Association Chapter 37: The Extreme Combat Association The Jing Clan, the Fourth Elder’s yard “Jing Yan?” The Fourth Elder was a little surprised to see him.

In the past few days, Jing Tianying had spent some time talking with the patriarch, Jing Chengye, about the upcoming fight between Jing Yan and Jing Tianlong at the Jing Clan’s Great Competition.

But even Jing Chengye didn’t have a practical solution.

As long as it was voluntary and consensual, fights between any two of the family’s disciples were not only compliant to the family’s rules, but also encouraged.

If they wanted to stop the fight, their only option was to talk to the First Elder, Jing Chunyu.

After all, Jing Tianlong was the First Elder’s grandson.

If Jing Chunyu wanted Jing Tianlong to give up on the fight with Jing Yan, Jing Tianlong might listen.

But both Jing Tianying and Jing Chengye knew that it would be hard to get Jing Chunyu to step in and tell Jing Tianlong to cancel the fight.

Neither of them held much hope for that.

“Fourth Elder, I’m wondering if I can borrow some Spiritual Stones from you,” Jing Yan asked straightforwardly.

If Jing Yan wanted to borrow Spiritual Stones from somebody within the Jing Clan, the Fourth Elder was probably his only option.

“You want to borrow Spiritual Stones?” Jing Tianying was a little surprised.

Then he smiled and said, “Why did you say ‘borrow’?”

I will give you some.

Now that you are in the process of rank recovery, I bet you need a lot of Spiritual Stones.” Jing Tianying assumed that Jing Yan was merely short of Spiritual Stones for his cultivation.

“Fourth Elder, I do need a lot of Spiritual Stones.

If things go well, I should be able to pay you back in a couple of days,” Jing Yan said, slightly shaking his head.

He had come up with a way to earn Spiritual Stones, but he only had about 2,000 of them, which fell short of meeting his needs.

He needed to prepare as many as possible.

“Really?”

How many do you need?” The Fourth Elder seemed to have figured out that Jing Yan needed the Spiritual Stones for something other than his cultivation.

“As many as possible.” Jing Yan smiled.

“Alright, kid.” The Fourth Elder gently shook his head, but he was smiling.

“I have about 2,000 with me.

You can have them all.” Jing Tianying took out a small pile of Spiritual Stones and handed them to Jing Yan.

Although Jing Tianying was a mighty Precelestial warrior, he didn’t have many Spiritual Stones.

The majority of his assets were in various kinds of sources.

Of course, solo Precelestial warriors would have a lot more Spiritual Stones with them, but warriors at the Precelestial rank who belonged to a family generally wouldn't have many Spiritual Stones.

"This should be enough.

"Don't worry, Fourth Elder, I will pay you back as soon as possible," Jing Yan said as he packed the Spiritual Stones away.

"Don't worry about paying me back.

Just take them if you need them.

"I don't need Spiritual Stones for now," Jing Tianying said gently.

He didn't even ask what Jing Yan needed those Spiritual Stones for.

In fact, 2,000 Spiritual Stones wasn't a small amount.

Even for warriors at the Precelestial rank, giving away that many stones was a substantial loss.

Yet Jing Tianying didn't seem to care.

After Jing Yan left the Fourth Elder's yard, he left the Jing Clan's mansion.

In the central area of Dong Lin City, there was a plaza surrounded by all kinds of busy shops.

The majority of this area was under the control of the City Lord's Office.

But there was one building among the stores that even the City Lord's Office couldn't get their hands on.

It was a giant building that belonged to the Extreme Combat Association.

Dong Lin City wasn't the only place that had a branch of the Extreme Combat Association.

There were subsidiaries of the Extreme Combat Association in every city of the Lan Qu Province.

They didn't operate independently.

Instead, all the locations were part of the organization.

As far as Jing Yan knew, the headquarters of the Extreme Combat Association was in Lan Qu City itself.

Lan Qu City was a capital city.

Small cities like Dong Lin City were no match for a place like Lan Qu City.

Jing Yan was quite familiar with Lan Qu City.

Previously, he had studied at the Wind God Institute, which was located in Lan Qu City.

That place was a paradise for warriors.

Jing Yan stood outside the Extreme Combat Association, studying the building for a brief moment.

Then he strode in.

There were a lot of warriors coming and going inside the building.

Most of the visitors were warriors, in fact, with only a few ordinary people mixed in here and there.

The method Jing Yan had come up with for earning Spiritual Stones had to do directly with the Extreme Combat Association.

“Isn’t that Jing Yan from the Jing Clan?” “He used to be the No.

1 genius of Dong Lin City.

But I heard that his rank dropped a lot, and his cultivation is about to fall apart.” “Yep, that really is Jing Yan.

I don’t know what he’s doing here.

He wants to take a punt?” The second Jing Yan entered the building, he immediately drew a lot of attention.

He used to be so famous that many warriors recognized him.

Although most warriors at the Extreme Combat Association were adventurers who traveled a lot, enough of them knew Jing Yan that the rest would soon learn about him as well.

Jing Yan only slightly furrowed his brows upon hearing those comments.

Then he paid no more attention to them.

“I want to participate in an arena contest,” Jing Yan said as he walked up to a purple counter.

In the vast lobby, there were numerous counters.

Behind each counter, there was a good-looking female warrior responsible for registering all kinds of information on bets and wagers.

The Extreme Combat Association was sort of like a casino.

In addition to the warriors who frequented the place, ordinary people were also allowed inside as long as they had Spiritual Stones with them.

Everyone could bet on the contests between warriors at the Extreme Combat Association.

If you won, you could make a lot.

If you lost, you simply had to swallow it.

In this place, many made fortunes overnight, and a lot of others, of course, lost everything.

Many members from the Four Legendary Families of Dong Lin City would come to the Extreme Combat Association to have a good time, including the Jing Clan Disciples.

“Um... what?” The female warrior behind the counter paused in surprise as she heard Jing Yan’s words.

Most people were there to make bets.

It was rare for warriors to apply to participate in the arena contests.

It took the female warrior a moment to react.

“I want to take part in an arena contest,” Jing Yan repeated.

“What?”

You... you’re Jing Yan?” The female warrior recognized him.

“Yes, I am.” Jing Yan gave the girl a friendly smile.

“Well... I will write down your information now.

May I ask what rank are you currently at?" The girl seemed to have regained her composure.

She quickly took out a form.

"The Seventh Heaven," Jing Yan said with a smile.

"The Seventh Heaven?" She jerked her head up again, eyes filled with surprise.

She knew about Jing Yan, and she had heard the rumors about him as well.

When she and her friends talked about the talented warriors of Dong Lin City, Jing Yan was obviously one of the warriors they had discussed.

She had felt bad for Jing Yan in recent years.

After all, Jing Yan was once the No.

1 genius of Dong Lin City.

But, hadn't Jing Yan's rank fallen to the Third Heaven?

A lot of warriors in Dong Lin City knew about it.

How could it suddenly have returned to the Seventh Heaven?

"Yes.

It's the Seventh Heaven of martial arts," Jing Yan confirmed, still smiling.

"You are a High-ranking warrior then," the girl said in a lowered voice.

"Mr.

Yan, contests between High-ranking warriors need to be handled by the Manager.

Please come this way, I will take you to her."

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 38: They Are Too Weak!

Chapter 38: They Are Too Weak!

“Manager, this is Mr.

Yan, who would like to participate in the High-ranking contests.” The tall and slender female warrior led Jing Yan into a room, the primary color of which appeared to be black.

A beautiful woman wearing a long black dress was standing in the room.

She was unbelievably gorgeous.

As he looked at her, even Jing Yan was distracted for a brief moment.

She had a naturally enchanting charm that few would be able to resist.

She was the Manager of the Extreme Combat Association, Ran Qi.

“Really?” Ran Qi’s delicate eyebrows rose slightly as she turned her gaze on Jing Yan.

“Jing Yan, are you the Jing Yan of the Jing Clan?”

The No.

1 Genius of Dong Lin City?” Ran Qi asked with an enchanting smile.

Her manner was almost overly charming.

The female warrior who had led Jing Yan into the room to meet with Ran Qi gave him a last glance before she left the room.

“I am Jing Yan from the Jing Clan, indeed.

But I don't think I can claim to be the top genius of Dong Lin City,” Jing Yan said as he held Ran Qi's gaze, perfectly calm and collected.

Ran Qi's attention locked on him as she heard his voice.

She knew quite a bit about Jing Yan.

After all, he used to be quite famous in Dong Lin City.

But now, after his rank had fallen so much, Jing Yan was no longer the prestigious center of attention.

Although he still came up in casual conversation, the people of Dong Lin City made fun of him more often than not.

Ran Qi's unusual reaction was because of Jing Yan's expression.

At first, he seemed to be impressed by her beauty, but then he quickly regained control of himself.

Jing Yan's expression returned to being extraordinarily calm and composed.

This wasn't something that just any man was capable of.

In fact, even male warriors at the Enchantment rank could rarely maintain their calm when they were faced with Ran Qi.

She was quite confident in her attractiveness.

"This guy is no ordinary warrior," Ran Qi thought to herself.

"Mr.

Yan, do you know that to participate in the Extreme Combat Association's High-ranking arena contests, one needs to have at least a cultivation of a High-ranking warrior?" Ran Qi asked Jing Yan, her expression growing stern.

"I'm at the Seventh Heaven of martial arts, Manager.

I know the rules here," Jing Yan said, lowering his head slightly in respect.

"Really?" Ran Qi's expression changed a little bit with that revelation.

As far as she knew, Jing Yan's rank had fallen to the Third Heaven of martial arts.

How was he suddenly at the Seventh Heaven now?

“Mr.

Yan, we do require a rank test here,” Ran Qi said after a pause.

Although Jing Yan claimed to have a rank of the Seventh Heaven, based on the rules of the Extreme Combat Association, warriors needed to be tested to confirm their ranks before arena contests regardless.

So it wasn't that Ran Qi didn't trust Jing Yan.

It was merely a matter of following procedure.

Of course, considering that Ran Qi didn't really know Jing Yan, it wasn't a matter of trust anyway.

“Mr.

Yan, please come with me this way,” Ran Qi smiled and said.

A place like the Extreme Combat Association had no shortage of tools, including testing crystals.

Ran Qi took Jing Yan to a hall where three testing crystals were displayed.

“Manager, may I begin?” Jing Yan asked, turning to Ran Qi.

“Please go ahead,” Ran Qi said.

Jing Yan walked up to a testing crystal, his Vital Qi surging.

Ran Qi watched him closely.

“The First Heaven of martial arts!” “The Second Heaven of martial arts!” “...”
“The Sixth Heaven!” “The Seventh Heaven!” “Indeed, you do have a cultivation of the Seventh Heaven of martial arts,” Ran Qi said.

A trace of surprise flashed in her stunning eyes.

“How did it happen?”

How could his level suddenly return to the Seventh Heaven?” Ran Qi wondered.

She was growing more curious by the second.

One thing she knew for sure, though; Jing Yan’s rank really had fallen to the Third Heaven.

There was no doubt about it.

Back when Jing Yan was at the height of his power, the Extreme Combat Association had kept a close eye on him.

They used to keep track of Jing Yan's rank carefully.

Two months before, the Extreme Combat Association had just confirmed that Jing Yan was at the Third Heaven.

That was also when the Extreme Combat Association gave up on tracking Jing Yan.

Like most people in Dong Lin City, the Extreme Combat Association was convinced that Jing Yan's martial arts life was over, and there was no way for him to come back.

However, now Jing Yan's rank was suddenly at the Seventh Heaven.

That made him a High-ranking warrior.

Even in Dong Lin City, there weren't that many High-ranking warriors.

In the Four Legendary Families, High-ranking warriors in the young generation were considered very strong and important.

They were their own family's primary force.

“Manager, does my rank look okay to you?” Jing Yan turned around after the test.

“Absolutely.

Now, let’s discuss your contest.

Mr.

Yan, please come to the reference room with me,” Ran Qi said, shaking off her thoughts and regaining her smile.

Inside the reference room, Ran Qi gathered several folders.

“Mr.

Yan, here are all the Seventh Heaven contestants registered with the Extreme Combat Association.

Please take a look at their information and pick one as your opponent.” Ran Qi laid down several profiles in front of Jing Yan.

The Extreme Combat Association’s arenas were categorized into three levels.

The first and lowest level was the Low-ranking arena.

It was for the Low-ranking warriors.

The second and Middle-ranking arena was for Middle-ranking warriors to fight against each other.

The third and highest level was where High-ranking warriors would take each other's challenges.

Generally speaking, most of the fights were Low-ranking contests, and High-ranking contests were the rarest.

There were only five profiles in front of Jing Yan, and each had the bio of a Seventh Heaven candidate—the same as Jing Yan's rank.

Jing Yan shook his head.

"These candidates are too weak." He had come to make a fortune.

Picking someone too weak wouldn't give him the results he was looking for.

"Mr.

Yan, you haven't read their profiles yet.

These candidates aren't weak.

They are all very experienced.

I can guarantee you, they are in the top tier among warriors of the same rank.” Ran Qi was puzzled by Jing Yan’s reaction, and she wasn’t sure what Jing Yan was suggesting.

Indeed, the Extreme Combat Association’s candidates were all top performers among warriors of any given rank.

They all had tons of combat experience, and each had their own unique skills.

If warriors at the Seventh Heaven from the Four Legendary Families fought with the Extreme Combat Association’s contest candidates at the same rank, nine out of ten would probably lose.

Ran Qi didn’t think Jing Yan knew that, so she explained the situation to emphasize the strength of their candidates.

Besides, Jing Yan had called them “weak” without even looking at their profiles, which Ran Qi found kind of ridiculous.

“They really are weak.

Fighting them will be no fun.” Jing Yan shrugged.

Ran Qi, a little agitated by Jing Yan’s expression, took out several more profiles.

“Here are the profiles of our Eighth Heaven candidates.

Please take a look, Mr.

Yan!” There were four profiles of Eighth Heaven candidates.

Jing Yan took them and quickly scanned through the pages.

Each of the profiles only listed name, rank, and contest results.

There was no information regarding their martial systems or each candidate’s unique traits.

“They are still a little too weak,” Jing Yan said.

He knitted his brows and shook his head, putting down the four profiles.

“Seriously?” Ran Qi was starting to get a little angry.

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Chapter 39: Death Wish Chapter 39: Death Wish Ran Qi stared at Jing Yan.

“Is he trying to get my attention?” Ran Qi thought to herself.

She was unable to think of any other reason he would be making such ridiculous claims.

If he really was just trying to catch her attention, it would be a rather silly waste of her time.

Furthermore, Ran Qi wouldn't have any interest in someone like that.

Ran Qi smirked deep down.

“Yeah, Jing Yan, you're at the Seventh Heaven, so you're a high-ranking warrior alright.

You could doubtlessly compete in High-ranking arenas,” Ran Qi thought.

“Even if you were to say that all other Seventh Heaven contestants were too weak, that would have been within reason.

I could accept that you have what it takes to fight above your ranking.

There are warriors who can win fights above their level, after all.

Those people are few and far between, but they have existed down through history.” “But what do you mean by saying that even Eighth Heaven contestants are still too weak to fight you?

Are you trying to say that you, a Seventh Heaven warrior, have what it takes to challenge someone at the Ninth Heaven?” “This is utterly ridiculous.

A bad joke, I’d say,” Ran Qi thought in exasperation.

“Manager, could I have a look at the information of the Ninth Heaven contestants?” Jing Yan knew what Ran Qi was thinking just from her expression.

However, that didn’t matter to him.

He was prepared to place a hefty bet of 5000 Spiritual Stones in that battle he was about to fight.

There was no way he would have prepared 5000 Spiritual Stones just to play a joke.

“Alright then.” Ran Qi took out two more profiles.

“Mr.

Yan, we of the Extreme Combat Association only have two in-house Ninth Heaven contestants right now.

Feel free to look at their information.” Ran Qi had grown tired of trying to talk him out of it, as his decision would have little to do with her anyway.

According to the rules set by the association, Ninth Heaven warriors were forbidden from challenging Seventh Heaven ones, but Seventh Heaven warriors were free to challenge the Ninth Heaven ones.

“Long San.” Jing Yan took the first profile and began reading it carefully.

“Ninth Heaven cultivation, three consecutive wins.

A contestant with decent combat prowess.” Jing Yan narrowed his gaze.

He put the first profile down and picked up the second one.

“Li Tianfu, Ninth Heaven cultivation, eight consecutive wins!” Jing Yan’s eyes shifted slightly.

“Hell, Li Tianfu is actually from Dong Lin City.” Jing Yan knew of him.

Jing Yan had heard of a formidable contestant by the name of Li Tianfu before he enrolled in the Wind God Institute.

That warrior was very famous in Dong Lin City.

Every single battle he fought attracted countless warriors and commoners to place bets.

In the years since Jing Yan's fall, Li Tianfu's name had gained even more renown than before.

Some people idolized Li Tianfu feverishly.

In their eyes, Li Tianfu was invincible.

"I'll take him on then," Jing Yan thought with a decisive nod.

"Manager, I'm challenging Li Tianfu," Jing Yan said to Ran Qi.

"Are you sure, Mr.

Yan?" Ran Qi asked, shuddering slightly.

She knew more about Li Tianfu than anyone else.

That man was the trump card of the Extreme Combat Association, after all.

Not only did Li Tianfu participate in fights held in High-ranking arenas of the Extreme Combat Association in Dong Lin City, he fought in associations in other cities as well.

Furthermore, his record had always been impressive.

Li Tianfu had scored eight consecutive wins in Dong Lin City alone.

The contestants from other cities who fought Li Tianfu were all Ninth Heaven Warriors, yet it had been extremely difficult for them to defeat Li Tianfu.

Now Jing Yan, a Seventh Heaven warrior, was standing in front of her and expressing his intention to fight Li Tianfu.

He seemed to have a death wish.

It was worth knowing that warriors were responsible for their own life and death in the ring.

The association wasn't held accountable for any fatalities that occurred during the fights, as those deaths technically had nothing to do with the association itself.

The Extreme Combat Association had no fear of getting into any trouble with such a policy, though.

The association was a behemoth of an organization, on par with the three major institutes.

No one in Lan Qu would have dared to start trouble with the association.

If Jing Yan were to die in the ring, there was absolutely no way the Jing Clan could ask for compensation or even an explanation from the association.

Even if the Jing Clan were to do so, there was absolutely no way the association would back down.

“Is this guy getting tired of living?” Ran Qi thought.

She had gotten hesitant.

Once the match was set, bets would begin pouring in.

Ran Qi knew just how rowdy the gambling scene could get without even having to think about it.

Most, if not all, would place their wagers on Li Tianfu.

That was what made Ran Qi so hesitant.

If no one were to bet on Jing Yan, then the association would suffer losses, regardless of how low Li Tianfu’s odds were.

“If you’re worried that no one is going to bet on me, Manager, you can rest assured.

I will wager 5000 Spiritual Stones on myself.

You're also free to use floating odds," Jing Yan said with a grin.

He had seen through Ran Qi's hesitation.

"What?" Ran Qi's eyes opened wide.

Right then and there, Ran Qi knew that Jing Yan wasn't just playing around.

Jing Yan truly intended to challenge Li Tianfu.

"You're a godd*mn lunatic," she thought.

"In that case, I shall arrange for the match to be set up.

Would you mind telling me when you'd like to get the fight going?" Ran Qi asked.

There were two types of odds available in the battles fought in the association—fixed odds and floating odds.

Floating odds meant that the odds constantly changed until right before the fight, letting the market itself decide what the odds would be.

There was no doubt that the association would notify all betters that the battle would have floating odds before they were allowed to place their bets.

Any who thought floating odds were a bad idea were welcome to not place a bet.

However, once a bet was placed, it would be subject to the floating odds, no exceptions.

“The sooner the better.

I’m in a hurry,” Jing Yan said, narrowing his gaze.

Ran Qi suppressed the urge to roll her eyes.

From her perspective, Jing Yan seemed really eager to die.

“In that case, how about two hours from now?

I’ll get the match set up in the High-ranking arena.

Please sign the contract, Mr.

Yan.” Ran Qi slid a contract over to Jing Yan.

“You will be given 200 Spiritual Stones when the battle is over as a reward, Mr.

Yan,” Ran Qi added.

In Low, Middle, and High-ranking arenas, warriors who participated in the battles were given rewards.

Rewards given in High-ranking arenas were the highest—200 Spiritual Stones.

Jing Yan took the contract, read over it quickly, then signed his name on it.

...

On the first floor of the Extreme Combat Association.

“What?

Li Tianfu is about to fight?” “Hurry up and get the stones ready.

It’s not every day that we get to see Li Tianfu fight, after all.

Hell, his fights are actually pretty rare.

This is something we absolutely can’t afford to miss.” “I’m gonna bet all my Spiritual Stones on Li Tianfu this time.

I only wagered 100 Spiritual Stones on his last battle, and man, what a loss indeed.” “I’m in no hurry.

Before we place any bets, let’s just see who’s going to be fighting Li Tianfu and what city he’s from.” When the people in the hall saw the huge banner that the association put up to announce the battle, a commotion swept over the crowd.

They all began to chatter to each other in excitement.

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Chapter 40: Jing Yan Betting Chapter 40: Jing Yan Betting It was simply too easy to place the right bet with fights that Li Tianfu participated in.

In truth, a great many of the people in the hall were there specifically to bet on Li Tianfu.

Some of them wouldn’t bet on any other fights, but they would definitely bet on battles with Li Tianfu in them.

While the rewards for betting on Li Tianfu were usually very low, his fights were nonetheless considered almost sure-win bets, and no one would give up an opportunity like that.

Anyone who didn't grab the pile of money laid out right before them would have been deemed an idiot.

"Quick, look!" "The profile of Li Tianfu's opponent has been released." Yet another red banner was unfurled in the hall, with information regarding Li Tianfu's opponent on it.

"Jing Yan?" "Which city's association is he from again?" "Huh?"

Dong Lin City?" "Something isn't right!

Doesn't our association only have two in-house Ninth Heaven warriors?

Li Tianfu and Long San, right?" "You idiot.

Can't you read?

It says...

Seventh...

Seventh Heaven?” When the speaker saw the words “Seventh Heaven,” his eyes almost popped out of their sockets.

What the hell was going on here?

Had the association made a mistake or something?

A Seventh Heaven warrior was about to fight Li Tianfu, who was at the Ninth Heaven?

“Woah, wait.

Am I seeing things here?

The name on the banner is ‘Jing Yan,’ right?

That’s the guy from the Jing Clan, no?

Hold on, isn’t Jing Yan only at the Third Heaven right now?

Why does it say ‘Seventh Heaven’ on the banner?” A stout-looking, bearded man slapped his thigh hard as he voiced his confusion.

A staff member of the association emerged at that moment, standing on a suspended platform at the top of the hall.

The staff member brought their Vital Qi up and made an announcement with a booming voice.

“Ladies and gentlemen!” The thousands of warriors and common folk in the hall quickly quieted down.

Very few of them had placed their bets yet, since no one was sure what was actually going on.

That was understandable, since the battle advertised by the banners didn’t seem to make any sense.

Many were thinking that the association must have made a mistake.

“Ladies and gentlemen, a high-ranking battle will soon commence.” “Your eyes are not fooling you.

This battle will be between a contestant of the Extreme Combat Association, Li Tianfu, and a warrior from the Jing Clan of Dong Lin City, Mr.

Jing Yan.

Mr.

Jing Yan is currently ranked at the Seventh Heaven.” “This will be an extremely rare battle.

Truth be told, despite having worked for the association for a very long time, I have never seen a fight between a Seventh Heaven warrior and a Ninth Heaven warrior.

However, the battle has already been agreed upon.

Our manager, Ran Qi, made the arrangements personally, and the fight will take place two hours from now.” “In other words, you will have two hours to place your bets.

The battle will have floating odds.

Ladies and gentlemen, you may begin betting,” the staffer explained quickly.

Brrooom!

The crowd rushed to the betting counters like a tsunami.

There was no way they would miss their chance to bet on that battle, now that they were sure that such a battle was indeed going to take place.

“One hundred Spiritual Stones on Li Tianfu!” “Two hundred Spiritual Stones!”
“Hurry up, I’m betting 50 Spiritual Stones.

Here are all of them, on Li Tianfu.” “Hmph, does a pauper with only 50 stones need to be in such a hurry?

Here, 500 Spiritual Stones.” Chaos ensued.

It was fortunate that there were plenty of counters open, enough to make sure that every single gambler present would be able to place their bet within the allotted time of two hours.

The initial odds between Li Tianfu and Jing Yan were one to one.

“One to one!” “One to two for Li Tianfu now!” “Sh*t, one to three already in the blink of an eye.” The odds of both Li Tianfu and Jing Yan were constantly changing on the crystal wall that tracked and calculated the incoming bets.

Li Tianfu’s odds had gotten increasingly low while Jing Yan’s had gotten increasingly high.

“Jing Yan’s odds are at five to one now.

Betting 100 Spiritual Stones would yield 500 in return if Jing Yan won.

Sh*t, that is so tempting.

Too bad there’s no way Jing Yan could win.

He’ll lose regardless of the odds.

If Jing Yan were at the Ninth Heaven, I would have been willing to bet on him though.” Wagers were still coming in like a storm.

Jing Yan was in a room on the second floor, watching as the numbers on the crystal wall depicting the odds changed constantly.

He grinned widely.

“Good.

Very good.” Jing Yan nodded slightly.

Jing Yan’s odds had quickly risen to ten to one.

At that moment, the changes in the odds began to slow.

It was obvious that the number of people placing bets had dwindled.

“Looks like now is the time to place a bet to stimulate this further.” Jing Yan turned his eyes around and looked outside the room.

“Excuse me!” Jing Yan shouted.

Jing Yan hadn’t placed a bet at the beginning because it was very likely that he might lower his odds greatly.

If he made his total wager of 5000 Spiritual Stones as soon as the betting began, it might have caused quite a number of people to hesitate.

After all, most of the gamblers thought that the end result of the battle was very obvious.

Surely no one would be stupid enough to place such a huge bet on Jing Yan.

If such a huge bet had shown up immediately, many of the gamblers would have suspected that something was off.

Because of such concerns, Jing Yan refrained from placing his bet right from the start.

However, placing the bet now would incite the reaction that Jing Yan wanted.

Doing so now would cause a sharp drop in his odds, and raise Li Tianfu's odds at the same time.

The bettors would definitely grow even more excited when they saw Li Tianfu's odds being raised, which might cause them to raise their bets.

“Mr.

Yan, how can I be of service?” asked a female warrior as she entered Jing Yan's preparation room.

“Here are 5000 Spiritual Stones.

Please place a bet for me,” Jing Yan said with a grin.

He took out the 5000 Spiritual Stones that he had prepared in advance and extended the bag toward the female warrior.

Once he parted with that pile of Spiritual Stones, Jing Yan would only have 20 Spiritual Stones left on his person.

“Huh?” The female warrior frowned.

“Mr.

Jing Yan, I’m sorry to notify you that as a contestant of the battle, you won’t be allowed to place a bet on Li Tianfu,” the female warrior said apologetically.

However, her thoughts were less kind.

“This Jing Yan doesn’t seem to be in the right mind, eh?

How could he be ignorant of such a basic rule?” she wondered.

It was clearly stated in the rules of an association that contestants were absolutely not allowed to place bets on their opponents.

Otherwise, they could place hefty bets on their opponents and then lose the fight on purpose.

Because of that risk, betting on one's opponent was absolutely forbidden by the association.

The female warrior was grumbling deep down, yet none of that showed on her face.

She kept her smile in place and refused Jing Yan's request in a polite and roundabout manner.

"Did I say anything about betting on Li Tianfu?" Jing Yan thought that her assumption was rather ridiculous.

Bet on Li Tianfu, eh?

Even if the rules allowed him to do so, there was no way he would have done so.

Li Tianfu's odds had fallen to one to a dozen.

Even if Li Tianfu won, betting 5000 Spiritual Stones would only yield peanuts—several hundred Spiritual Stones at most in return.

Furthermore, he still had time to spare before the battle began.

The odds would continue to change, and there was really no telling how much one would eventually be able to earn.