

The Sword God of the Universe

Chapter 41: It's Crazy Chapter 41: It's Crazy "Huh?" The female warrior's eyes were wide and her mouth gaped open.

She looked incredibly cute with that expression.

He wasn't betting on Li Tianfu?

So what did he mean then?

He was going to bet on himself?

"It's 5000 Spiritual Stones, Mr.

Jing Yan!" she thought incredulously.

"Are you out of your mind?" "What's your name?" Jing Yan narrowed his gaze.

"Zhong Yuxiu." The female warrior blushed a little.

She actually knew of Jing Yan.

He had once been lauded as the most brilliant of geniuses, back when Jing Yan was at his peak in Dong Lin City all those years ago.

There were even many who claimed that he would be able to break through the Precelestial rank and step into the terrifying Enlightenment rank.

If that had happened, Jing Yan's fame would have shot to the heavens and everyone in the world would have known his name.

All young female warriors in Dong Lin City would have fallen for Jing Yan.

However, despite everyone's expectations, the brilliant figure had suddenly plummeted from grace.

His rank fell off so severely that his powers were reduced to those of a mere Third Heaven martial artist.

As time passed, not many people were willing to show any sign of admiration for Jing Yan when his name was brought up.

But then again, there were a few whose longing for him remained, even though his rank had suffered so severely.

In truth, Zhong Yuxiu had always liked Jing Yan, and she had actually gone up in response to Jing Yan's call of her own volition.

"You misunderstood me, Zhong Yuxiu.

I know how the rules of the Combat Association work, of course." "Here are the 5000 Spiritual Stones.

Please bet them all on me.

Yes, you heard right.

While I'm unable to bet them on Li Tianfu, I can still bet them on myself," Jing Yan said in a serious tone.

Zhong Yuxiu still looked stunned.

"I'm not out of my mind." Jing Yan grinned and continued, "Zhong Yuxiu, you work here.

How much do you people get paid?" Zhong Yuxiu was a Third Heaven warrior.

"Five Spiritual Stones..." Zhong Yuxiu hung her head low.

"Yeah.

I'm now offering you a chance, and don't tell anyone about this.

You may wonder why I'm putting such a large bet on myself.

You and everyone else may think that I'll definitely lose in this fight, but the results might not be what everyone expects.

Zhong Yuxiu, if you were to bet on me, I'm sure the returns would be very lucrative," Jing Yan said with a gentle smile.

What?

Bet on you?

Returns?

The returns were definitely high, as the odds were 15 to one at the moment.

Betting ten Spiritual Stones would yield a return of 150 Spiritual Stones.

"But then, would I be able to get that much in the first place?" Zhong Yuxiu wondered, blinking.

"Whether you believe me or not, that is up to you.

What I can tell you is that my chances of winning are high.

While I can't guarantee that I'll win, the odds of me winning definitely exceed 50 percent.

You won't get another chance like this in the future." Jing Yan wasn't giving the girl this tip because he had taken a liking to her.

Rather, he was telling her this because Zhong Yuxiu's face reminded him of someone.

As such, he saw fit to give her a chance at least.

It was up to her whether or not she decided to take it.

"Mr...

Mr.

Jing Yan, I'll help you place your bets then." Zhong Yuxiu looked rather uneasy.

She took all 5000 Spiritual Stones and left the room as if she was running away from something.

"Should I... should I place a bet on him?" "Bet?

Or no bet?" "I don't have much to spare to begin with.

I only have 50 Spiritual Stones in total.

If I were to bet on him, how much should I bet then?" "Alright!

I'm going all out!

Fifty Spiritual Stones it is then!

I'm counting on you, Mr.

Jing Yan." Zhong Yuxiu gritted her bright, white teeth and made a tough decision.

Fifty Spiritual Stones were the sum of all of her property.

If she lost...

Ran Qi stood at the center of a brightly-lit, spacious room, and she locked her gaze on a purple crystal.

It was a small piece of crystal that had a similar function to the huge crystal wall in the hall.

The odds for the match between both Jing Yan and Li Tianfu were displayed across it.

At that moment, the numbers changed considerably all of a sudden.

The odds against Jing Yan had risen to 16 to one originally, but at that moment, the numbers dropped to ten to one.

“Huh?” Ran Qi’s eyes flickered and an alluring curve crossed her lips.

“Jing Yan actually placed that huge bet on himself.

What is he after?

He actually brought that many Spiritual Stones to bet on himself?

Does he even have any chance of winning at all?” Ran Qi shook her head, revealing the flush that was rising up her fair neck.

The changes in the odds happened in an extremely short period of time.

Many gamblers in the hall noticed the sudden change in the odds.

There were many gamblers present who frequented the Extreme Combat Association, and they all knew what it meant.

There was only one possible explanation of what had just happened—someone placed a bet on Jing Yan, and it was a hefty one to boot.

Judging from how many bets had already been placed, that hefty bet must have been thousands of Spiritual Stones.

Jing Yan’s odds wouldn’t have been reduced so considerably in such a short period of time if the bet hadn’t been at least in the thousands.

“This is crazy!” “Who has so many Spiritual Stones on their hands to pour down the drain?” “What kind of stupid oaf would do that?”

If they have so much to spare, they should have just given them to me instead.” The gamblers began to chatter amongst themselves.

Many wanted to know who had placed such a hefty bet on Jing Yan, but there was apparently no way for them to find out.

Who indeed!

No one would have expected that the person who placed such a hefty bet on Jing Yan, was none other than Jing Yan himself.

“Li Tianfu’s odds have risen, eh?”

Hahaha, alright, I’ll just keep betting on Li Tianfu then!” one of the gamblers shouted excitedly.

There were apparently many bettors who shared similar thoughts.

The flow of bets had begun to slow before, but now they began to rush in once again.

A few minutes passed.

Then half an hour.

Then a whole hour was gone.

The allotted time for placing bets, which was an hour, eventually expired.

By that time, Jing Yan's odds rose to nearly 20 to one, while those of Li Tianfu was at 25 to one.

A young warrior dressed in a golden robe suddenly appeared in the hall.

He held a paper fan, and he looked rather dashing.

However, his face was pale and his eyes seemed a little gloomy.

When the occupants of the hall noticed the young warrior, they greeted him in a very respectful manner.

"Greetings, Young Master Zhao!" "Good day, Young Master Zhao." "It has been a few days since you've last been seen here, Young Master Zhao." The gamblers all went up and greeted the young golden-robed warrior with sheepish, shoe-shining smiles.

Young Master Zhao didn't respond to any of the gamblers around him.

He gazed around the room with a contented grin, before uttering a single word.

“Reward.”

The Sword God of the Universe #Chapter 42 - 42 Number One Spendthrift in Dong Lin City - Read The Sword God of the Universe Chapter 42 - 42 Number One Spendthrift in Dong Lin City

Chapter 42: Number One Spendthrift in Dong Lin City Chapter 42: Number One Spendthrift in Dong Lin City He did as he fancied.

He was arrogant.

He was used to having his way, because he was rich.

Young Master Zhao flicked the white paper fan on his hand lightly.

“The young master said it.

Reward!” An elder with a gray beard beside him announced it loudly again, repeating what Young Master Zhao had said.

The young man then fished out a good number of white Spiritual Stones from a pocket and tossed them out to the crowd that had formed around him.

There were dozens of stones being given out.

That man was a spendthrift, without a doubt.

And furthermore, he was a spendthrift from a very rich family.

“Thank you, Young Master Zhao.” “You are indeed generous, Young Master Zhao.” The gamblers around him thanked him as they fought each other for the Spiritual Stones being dropped to the floor.

“Hahahaha...” Young Master Zhao fanned himself with the white paper fan and headed further inside.

He soon came to a private room.

There were three major clans in Dong Lin City—the Zhao Clan, the Lin Clan, and the Jing Clan.

The most powerful among the three was none other than the Zhao Clan.

The Zhao Clan had far more influence than either the Lin Clan or the Jing Clan.

The Zhao Clan was said to be so good with their ventures that even the city lord of Dong Lin City had to curry their favor time and again.

The Young Master Zhao who had shown up in the Extreme Combat Association was a member of that powerful clan.

Furthermore, his status was anything but ordinary, for he was the youngest son of the current Patriarch of the Zhao Clan.

There were no warriors in Dong Lin City who didn't know of the man called Zhao Dengtian.

There were many who called him the "number one spendthrift of Dong Lin City" behind his back.

There were also some who called him the "number one good-for-nothing of Dong Lin City." He hadn't become so notorious without good reason.

For instance, if Zhao Dengtian saw a beautiful woman on the streets that he took a liking to, he would tell his men to take her back to his place on the spot.

When he was done having his way with her, he would then shove the woman out of the Zhao Clan's residence and deny having had anything to do with her.

As such, many in Dong Lin City came to hate him to the bone, but no one was able to do anything about it.

The man was a son of the Patriarch of the Zhao Clan after all, and no one would dare to cause trouble with that clan.

If anyone started a fight with the clan, their neighbors would assume that they had some sort of death wish.

"So you're free today, Young Master Zhao?" An administrator of the association came personally to the private room after Zhao Dengtian went inside.

The administrator was all smiles and behaved very respectfully.

Zhao Dengtian's status and the extent of his wealth made it easy for him to get a private room in the Extreme Combat Association.

In truth, this association wasn't the only one in which a private room was reserved for him.

He also had such rooms reserved for him in many trade organizations throughout Dong Lin City.

"I was feeling rather bored, so I came to have some fun.

Any interesting battles happening today, Administrator Li?" Zhao Dengtian asked, shooting a glance at the administrator as he took a seat.

"You're just in time for something interesting, Young Master Zhao.

There is indeed an interesting battle that is about to begin.

Please have a look, Young Master Zhao." The administrator then handed him a file on the upcoming battles.

"Hmm?

What is this?" Zhao Dengtian had read about Li Tianfu before.

He flipped with interest to the page that described Li Tianfu's upcoming battle, but when he saw the man's opponent, his eyeballs almost popped out of their sockets.

"Administrator Li, this Jing Yan that the schedule mentions, is that the Jing Yan from the Jing Clan?" There was no way the number one spendthrift in Dong Lin City wouldn't have known about that number one genius all those years ago.

"Yes, this is indeed Jing Yan from the Jing Yan," the administrator replied with a smile.

"Something doesn't add up.

Didn't Jing Yan's rank fall to the Third Heaven?

Take a look.

Why is it saying here that he is a Seventh Heaven warrior?" Zhao Dengtian frowned and shot a look at the administrator.

"Young Master Zhao, Jing Yan's cultivation is really at the Seventh Heaven.

The manager verified his prowess personally, so there couldn't have been a mistake with the evaluation." The administrator had felt that something must be off as well, but since Ran Qi confirmed Jing Yan's rank, he knew that the information must be correct.

With the exception of the president, no one else in the Extreme Combat Association had the authority to question Ran Qi's judgment.

There was not a single person in the building who would dare to do so.

"Does this guy have a death wish?"

So what if he is at the Seventh Heaven?

He plans on fighting Li Tianfu, eh?

Has he gotten tired of living?" Zhao Dengtian snorted derisively.

"Where is Jing Yan?"

I want to see him," Zhao Dengtian said in a cold tone, something dark glimmering in his eyes as he rose.

Jing Yan was sitting in the preparation room, circulating the Vital Qi in his body.

With the battle with Li Tianfu being just around the corner, he had to make sure that he was at the top of his game.

He couldn't afford to lose this battle.

More than half of those 5,000 Spiritual Stones had been lent to him by Jing Tianying, the Fourth Elder.

If he lost this fight, he would have no way of repaying the elder.

The door of the room was pushed open at that moment.

Jing Yan had initially thought it was a staff member who had come to prompt him to get on stage, but as soon as Jing Yan got to his feet, he saw that it was Zhao Dengtian.

The rich young man sauntered in like he owned the place.

"Zhao Dengtian?" Jing Yan frowned.

"Haha, Jing Yan, didn't expect to see me, I take it?" Zhao Dengtian glared as he scanned Jing Yan from top to toe.

An unpleasant smile crossed his features.

"You piece of sh*t!" Jing Yan narrowed his gaze.

Jing Yan and Zhao Dengtian had been on bad terms for some time.

Three years ago, Jing Yan had happened to walk by while Zhao Dengtian was taking a woman by force on the streets.

Jing Yan stepped in and taught Zhao Dengtian a lesson he would never forget.

However, because of Zhao Dengtian's privileged status, Jing Yan hadn't gone far enough to cause notable injuries to the young man.

He didn't want to cause trouble for his clan.

However, that was reason enough for Zhao Dengtian to develop enmity for Jing Yan.

On many occasions, Zhao Dengtian declared that he would make Jing Yan pay dearly for what had happened.

But then again, Jing Yan had been too powerful at the time for Zhao Dengtian to actually do anything about him.

Furthermore, given that Zhao Dengtian's old man was the Patriarch of the Zhao Clan, there was no way for him to start trouble with Jing Yan over such a petty matter.

Once Jing Yan's rank dropped, Zhao Dengtian thought that his chance for revenge had finally come.

However, after Jing Yan returned to Dong Lin City from the Wind God Institute, he spent almost all of his time in the compound of the Jing Clan.

Zhao Dengtian had no choice but to wait.

He never expected to see Jing Yan on that day in the Extreme Combat Association.

It would have been entirely out of character for Zhao Dengtian to let the chance of provoking Jing Yan slip through his fingers.

When Jing Yan insulted him to his face, Zhao Dengtian was instantly enraged.

However, he didn't dare make a move where he was.

Despite the power of his clan, his family was insignificant compared to the Extreme Combat Association, which was a monolithic force equal to the three major institutes of the Lan Qu Province.

If he acted carelessly in such a place, there could be dire consequences.

His father might even be forced to discipline him personally.

“So you have a death wish then, Jing Yan?”

Hehe, you think you are still the number one genius of this city?

Let me tell you something.

Right now, you’re nothing more than a dog before me.

I can do whatever I like with you, and not even the Jing Clan would be able to do anything to cover for you.” Zhao Dengtian’s gaze was filled with malice, and he had taken on a threatening tone.

“I’m in no mood to talk to a piece of sh*t like you, Zhao Dengtian.

Get lost right now.

And by the way, don’t ever let me see you outside, or I’ll beat the hell out of you again.” Jing Yan waved dismissively at Zhao Dengtian.

Pure fury washed through Zhao Dengtian.

From his perspective, if it came to a fight, he definitely should have had an advantage over Jing Yan.

As such, he was feeling puzzled.

He had to wonder what made Jing Yan so confident...

So much so that he actually dared to be so provocative.

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

Chapter 43: Hefty Bet Chapter 43: Hefty Bet At that moment, Zhao Dengtian wanted nothing more than to eat Jing Yan alive.

He was breathing heavily from rage.

His face and neck had flushed a deep red, and his gaze was locked dead on Jing Yan.

“Oh, right.

Zhao Piece-of-sh*t, if you dislike me that much, why don't you bet on Li Tianfu?

You still have a few minutes to place your bet before the time is up, after all.” Jing Yan narrowed his eyes all of a sudden, and his tone became considerably milder.

Jing Yan knew that Zhao Dengtian was loaded.

It would be great for Jing Yan if Zhao Dengtian bet against him.

The higher the bet Zhao Dengtian placed on Li Tianfu, the higher Jing Yan's odds would become for the upcoming battle.

Zhao Dengtian's eyes flashed when he heard Jing Yan say that.

He took a deep breath and looked at Administrator Li behind him.

“Administrator Li, what are Li Tianfu's odds right now?” While Zhao Dengtian was a spendthrift who liked nothing more than to blow Spiritual Stones wherever he went, but he was still far from brainless.

The administrator took a look at the crystal with the odds on it, before he answered the question.

“Young Master Zhao, Li Tianfu’s odds are now at one to 25.” “One to 25...” Zhao Dengtian’s face darkened.

“Why are the odds so high, huh?”

Does this Jing Yan have any chance of winning whatsoever?

Those idiots only managed to pull the odds up to one to 25?” “It’s just one to 25!” he thought angrily.

“D*mn, you call those odds high?” The administrator felt like berating the man before him right there and then, yet he had to remain polite with the young master at all times.

He stifled his grumbling and kept silent.

“Alright, place a bet of 5000 Spiritual Stones for me!” Zhao Dengtian waved flamboyantly as he made the wager right then and there.

He then instructed the bearded elder by his side to hand over the Spiritual Stones.

The elder counted on his fingers, then took out a black ring.

Although it was just a tiny black circlet, it was incredibly valuable.

That type of ring was called a Meru Ring.

Even the lowest class of Meru Ring was worth a fortune.

Few among even the members of the three major clans were wealthy enough to carry such a ring on their person.

Jing Yan once carried a low class Meru Ring, but the family took it back when his rank began to fall.

It had been a sensible thing for his family to do.

A Third Heaven warrior carrying a Meru Ring around in the streets was practically asking to be robbed.

Meru Rings were simply too precious, and the chance to steal one from a weak warrior would be too tempting.

The elder who pulled out the ring was actually a bookkeeper in the Zhao Clan.

The Patriarch himself had asked the elder to follow Zhao Dengtian around.

The objective was apparent—to keep tabs on Zhao Dengtian the spendthrift.

The Patriarch definitely knew what his youngest son was like.

Zhao Dengtian could blow his wealth in no time, no matter how many Spiritual Stones he was allowed to carry.

The elder hesitated only a moment after hearing Zhao Dengtian's order.

Then he went ahead and took out the 5000 Spiritual Stones.

From his perspective, Zhao Dengtian's decision to place the bet had been sensible.

Li Tianfu's odds were low, but he was practically guaranteed to win.

The odds of one to 25 meant that if he bet 5000 Spiritual Stones, he would earn 200 Spiritual Stones when Li Tianfu won.

Jing Yan suddenly began to laugh.

Zhao Dengtian glared at Jing Yan.

"Boy, you're known as the number one spendthrift in all of Dong Lin City, but you only bet 5000 Spiritual Stones in a battle that you're sure to win?"

"Gosh, it looks like you're a fake after all." Jing Yan continued to chuckle as he spoke.

"Why did you say?"

You dare to claim that I don't have the money to spare?" "Alright, just you wait," Zhao Dengtian growled.

The spendthrift had been throwing his weight around Dong Lin City for more than a decade, and no one ever dared to say that he was poor.

He didn't really mind people saying that he lacked actual fighting prowess, as his talents were indeed lackluster.

Despite having a sea of resources to spare, he was still unable to get past the Seventh Heaven.

However, he took serious offense to people saying that he was poor.

Zhao Dengtian threw his paper fan on the ground and stomped on it, before yelling at the elder emotionally, "Twenty thousand.

I'm betting 20,000 Spiritual Stones!

Sh*t, I'm not going to lose this one!" "Young master...

Well, umm..." The elder hesitated that time around.

There were indeed 20,000 Spiritual Stones stored inside the Meru Ring, but those Spiritual Stones were meant for purchasing resources at the First Tower of Dong Lin.

Zhao Dengtian's clan had given him the task of purchasing massive amounts of resources at the First Tower of Dong Lin.

The First Tower of Dong Lin was the largest exchange of resources in the city.

Furthermore, that place belonged to the City Lord's Office.

With enough Spiritual Stones, a customer could purchase any low level resources imaginable in the First Tower.

Even spirit herbs at levels four and five could be purchased there.

The 20,000 Spiritual Stones belonged to the family and not Zhao Dengtian personally.

"Didn't you hear what I just said?" Zhao Dengtian became even angrier when he saw the elder hesitate.

He thrust his hand out and grabbed the elder's palm, seemingly intending to jerk the Meru Ring off of the elder's hand.

"There's no need to rush, young master.

"I'll take the Spiritual Stones out right away," the elder said, forcing a smile onto his face.

“Hmph!” Zhao Dengtian only grunted with satisfaction.

The elder then took out the Spiritual Stones stored within the Meru Ring.

A pile of white Spiritual Stones appeared on the ground in an instant.

The number of Spiritual Stones was so staggering that the Vital Qi in the room became dense and heavy.

In truth, the elder didn't take out the Spiritual Stones because he was afraid of Zhao Dengtian being angry, but because he didn't think that anything could go wrong with the bet.

They would earn a few hundred Spiritual Stones from their bet of 20,000 Spiritual Stones.

The elder thought that the bet would be risk-free.

If they were actually in danger of losing the Spiritual Stones, he wouldn't have agreed to it even if Zhao Dengtian tried to take the stones by force.

Furthermore, the elder's prowess was actually far above that of Zhao Dengtian, so there was no way the young man would have been able to take the ring from him.

The pile of Spiritual Stones on the ground glittered dazzlingly.

The light was so blinding that even Jing Yan was astounded.

He never actually expected Zhao Dengtian to have that many Spiritual Stones with him.

Jing Yan was actually quite surprised that Zhao Dengtian had decided to bet 5000 Spiritual Stones against Jing Yan.

After that, Jing Yan had continued to insult the spoiled brat out of habit.

He hadn't truly hoped that Zhao Dengtian would place a higher bet on Li Tianfu.

"I really prodded him into wagering 20,000 Spiritual Stones!" Jing Yan thought.

That amount of Spiritual Stones was quite a fortune even to a large clan.

The Jing Clan, for instance, had a net annual profit of only 200,000 Spiritual Stones.

It was utterly unthinkable for any member of any clan, especially a younger one, to be carrying 20,000 Spiritual Stones around for personal use.

Jing Yan flashed a beaming smile after the shock wore off.

"Administrator Li, place all 20,000 Spiritual Stones on Li Tianfu at once!"

I'm not letting anyone say that I'm penniless!" Zhao Dengtian waved his arm forcibly as he barked the order at the administrator.

"Right, at once," the administrator answered immediately.

As an administrator at the Extreme Combat Association with considerable authority, the man was wearing a Meru Ring of his own.

He collected all of those Spiritual Stones and walked out of the room excitedly.

The bet was truly enormous.

Chapter 44: The Battle Begins Chapter 44: The Battle Begins From the perspective of the Extreme Combat Association, battles with floating odds usually weren't all that lucrative.

However, floating odds also meant that the odds were at least stable, and the association wouldn't lose funds on the match.

But then again, when a certain number of bets were placed, even battles with floating odds could become extremely lucrative.

"Jing Yan, I'm going to make sure that you won't even get to cry from this.

Just you wait!" Zhao Dengtian waved his hand in a vicious manner and gritted his teeth.

“Zhao Piece-of-sh**t, you might end up being the one crying, you know.” Jing Yan gave him a wide grin.

“Hmph!” Zhao Dengtian scowled at him, then turned and left the contestants’ preparation room.

At that moment, a middle-aged staffer walked onto the suspended platform in the hall.

“Ladies and gentlemen, all betting for the match between Li Tianfu and Jing Yan has now closed.

The betting counters will not be accepting any more bets for this particular battle.

We would like to thank you all for participating.” The counters began to close as the man had announced, and anyone who still wanted to place a bet after that was ignored.

The numbers on the crystal wall stating the odds steadied completely by then.

Jing Yan’s odds were 22 to one.

Li Tianfu’s odds were one to 30.

The odds were extremely far apart.

In fact, it was possible that odds had never been farther apart in the history of the Extreme Combat Association in Dong Lin City.

“The countdown to the battle begins.” “Ten, nine, eight...” The man began counting down.

Two figures emerged from separate passages on either side of the building.

They walked slowly into the special ring that the association had installed on the second floor.

The crystal wall on the first floor suddenly glowed to life, showing an image of the ring.

The gamblers who had just finished placing their bets crowded around the huge screen to watch.

Generally-speaking, bettors weren't allowed to watch the battle directly because the association was concerned that having the bettors too near the ring might affect the contestants' performance.

Upon seeing that the money they had just wagered was about to be lost, some gamblers might even try to charge into the fight themselves if they could.

To prevent such accidents from happening, the gamblers were denied the right to watch the battles up close.

However, there were some private rooms on the second floor from which audience members could watch the fight with their own eyes.

“They’re here.” “Li Tianfu!

Li Tianfu is out...” “That man dressed in blue is Jing Yan.

He’s at the Seventh Heaven, yet he dared to challenge Li Tianfu.

This is just ridiculous.” “Do you guys think that Jing Yan will lose in a single hit?” “Huh?

Losing?

More like getting killed!

Half the people who have fought Li Tianfu ended up getting killed in the ring.” When the bettors in the hall saw Li Tianfu’s silhouette on the huge crystal wall, they cheered rowdily.

In the ring, a man wearing a tight-fitting black suit walked toward Jing Yan.

Pronounced muscles bulged all over the man’s body, promising that each of the man’s blows would have explosive power.

He was none other than Li Tianfu.

“So you’re Jing Yan?” Li Tianfu asked, looking over Jing Yan.

“Yes, I am.” Jing Yan nodded.

“I know you.

You’re the guy who had made it into the Precelestial rank, but now you’re only at the Seventh Heaven.

What made you dare to fight me?

Aren’t you afraid of death?” Li Tianfu’s voice sounded coarse and brutish, which made him seem somewhat dense.

There was a centipede-shaped black scar on his face, which made him look extremely ferocious and unforgiving.

He held a long black saber with a thick spine in his hand, which emanated a sense of coldness.

“Death?

Of course I’m afraid of death!

But you aren’t going to be able to kill me,” Jing Yan said, his eyes glittering.

“That so, eh?” Li Tianfu wasn’t angered.

He had no need to get worked up over Jing Yan.

He deemed it imperative to face the man before him with composure, even if the man was clearly of lower rank than he was.

One could only use the full extent of their powers when they were composed.

A warrior needed to keep his cool even when fighting the weakest opponent he had ever fought.

Such was the resolve that a warrior who had been through thick and thin should hold onto.

“We’ll see about that then.” Li Tianfu’s grin was distant and eerie, the kind that would send shivers down people’s spines.

Common, average warriors would have probably started shivering just from looking at that expression.

However, Jing Yan’s state of mind remained completely unfazed.

Shoop!

Clang!!

The shadow of the blade coalesced in an instant.

A black flash appeared around Li Tianfu as he swung his blade.

The man summoned a raging burst of Vital Qi, bringing about an explosive blast in the process.

As his Vital Qi thundered up, Li Tianfu charged at Jing Yan like a beast with claws and fangs bared.

“Die!” Li Tianfu roared, and the black saber in his hand shimmered with unforgiving flash, then swung down onto Jing Yan like a storm.

“It’s starting, it’s starting!” “Kill!

Kill!

Kill him!” “I wanna see blood!

I wanna see blood!” Waves of excited cheering exploded in the hall on the first floor.

All eyes were locked on the large crystal wall.

Every single gaze was a hot, fiery one.

It was an incredible sight to see thousands of people being thrown into a frenzy.

But then again, not all of them had bet on Li Tianfu.

There were also a handful who placed some bets on Jing Yan as well.

Jing Yan's odds were just too tempting.

Even if they knew that the chances of him winning were near zero, there were still some who were unable to resist the urge to take a chance.

It was worth noting that if Jing Yan emerged victorious, they would earn 22 times the number of Spiritual Stones that they had wagered.

However, there were still only a handful of people who bet on Jing Yan, and all of them had placed minuscule bets.

The largest of the bets was only a couple dozen Spiritual Stones, with the exception of Jing Yan himself.

He had placed the only bet of more than 100 Spiritual Stones that wasn't in favor of Li Tianfu.

There were also some gamblers who had only placed one or two Spiritual Stones on him.

Betting a Spiritual Stone or two as a form of insurance didn't seem like a bad idea.

Such a paltry loss wouldn't really affect them anyway.

In a room on the second floor, Ran Qi locked her gaze on the ring.

This battle had quickly become important, and she was concerned about how it would progress.

She sensed the presence of another person by her side, and she spun around by reflex.

Standing beside her was the president of the association.

"President?" "I've heard that this match will be interesting, so I just dropped by to check it out," the grey-robed elder said with a grin.

The man was the president of the Extreme Combat Association, and an important figure in Dong Lin City.

The president seldom paid much attention to any one battle.

While Li Tianfu didn't fight every day, he made an appearance once a week or so.

The president, on the other hand, never bothered to watch his fights.

If the president had decided to watch this fight, it wasn't because Li Tianfu was on the stage; the president had come to watch Jing Yan.

When a Seventh Heaven warrior had dared to challenge Li Tianfu, it had caught him entirely by surprise.

Such a rare event had definitely piqued the president's interests.

Chapter 45: Li Tianfu's Shock Chapter 45: Li Tianfu's Shock "He placed a bet of 5000 Spiritual Stones on himself, so maybe he does think that he has a shot at winning.

Why else would he go all out like that?" "It was rather pompous of him, though.

There is utterly no chance for someone at the Seventh Heaven to come out on top against a Ninth Heaven warrior like Li Tianfu," Ran Qi said slowly, her gaze locked on the president.

The president nodded after hearing what she said.

"However, he is the grandson of Jing Tian.

Maybe there's something going on here that we don't know about," the president said with a subdued voice, keeping his eyes on the ring.

Jing Tian was Jing Yan's grandfather, the previous Patriarch of the Jing Clan.

Jing Tian was considered a legendary figure in Dong Lin City himself.

It was worth noting that before Jing Tian's time, the Jing Clan wasn't actually one of the three major clans in Dong Lin City.

Back then, the big three consisted of the Zhao Clan, the Lin Clan, and the Cai Clan.

The Jing Clan only began to grow strong after Jing Tian became the Patriarch.

Eventually, they became powerful enough to throw the Cai Clan out of the three and take their place.

The president of the association apparently respected Jing Tian very much.

"Ran Qi, Jing Yan is destined to be someone extraordinary.

Can you believe that he was only a Third Heaven warrior a little more than a month ago?" The president turned his eyes on Ran Qi.

"What?" Ran Qi was dumbfounded upon hearing that.

She knew that Jing Yan's level had once dropped to the Third Heaven, and he had now risen to the Seventh Heaven.

However, she had no idea how little time it had taken for Jing Yan to jump between those ranks.

Now the president of the association was telling her that Jing Yan had been at the Third Heaven little more than a month ago.

How was that possible?

That growth rate was terrifying.

But then again, the president had no reason to lie.

He wouldn't have made the statement so confidently if the news was less than concrete.

If he had said it, then it had to be true.

"That's the truth." The president nodded, seeing the look on Ran Qi's face.

Ran Qi silently took a deep breath.

When she looked back at Jing Yan, her expression had changed considerably.

But then again, Ran Qi was still unable to believe that Jing Yan could take on Li Tianfu toe-to-toe.

Regardless of how exceptionally talented Jing Yan was, there was too great a disparity in their levels and combat prowess.

...

Jing Yan swung his Moonbeam Sword.

His gaze remained locked on that pitch black saber, despite being right in front of the screen of the saber that was crackling with lightning.

“This is a Top-grade martial system!” Jing Yan thought, sensing the strength of the skill set that Li Tianfu was bringing to bear against him.

It was insanely powerful.

Li Tianfu might not be using the full strength of the martial system against Jing Yan at the moment, but he was using more than enough power to defeat common warriors at the Ninth Heaven.

Li Tianfu had earned his renown, that much was certain.

Boom!

Bursts of power came from both blades and clashed in the center of the ring.

Terrifying blades of wind whipped around the two fighters.

Both Jing Yan and Li Tianfu were encased in auras that had coalesced from the martial systems they employed.

Ripples distorted the air around the two.

The gamblers, who were watching the battle play out on the crystal wall, lost track of the fighters for a split second.

“What’s happening?” “Has Jing Yan been cut down?” “I can’t see anything.

No idea what’s going on out there!” For the blink of an eye, the bodies of both fighters were moving too fast and surrounded by too much power to see.

In the next instant, both men finally became visible again.

Boom, boom, boom, boom!

Jing Yan was sent reeling backward several meters before he was able to steady himself.

Every single step he took felt incredibly heavy, as if he was towing something of extreme weight.

Jing Yan had used Moon-Freezing Triple Waves.

While the move had been adequate to block Li Tianfu's attack, the man's Vital Qi simply proved too ferocious.

Even Jing Yan had been unable to take the attack head on.

Jing Yan steadied himself and glanced down at his robe.

There were actually a good number of thin gashes visible on his clothing.

"Some powers indeed!" Jing Yan muttered to himself.

He knew that if the Arch of Heaven hadn't patched all of the flaws in Moon-Freezing Triple Waves, that single clash would have left him severely injured, or perhaps even dead on the spot.

The defense that Jing Yan had constructed using Moon-Freezing Triple Waves was practically airtight, yet the residual flashes from his opponent's attack had still managed to tear into his robe.

"This Li Tianfu really is the real deal!" Jing Yan realized.

Jing Yan fixed his gaze on Li Tianfu again.

Li Tianfu remained standing where he was, as still as stone.

His gaze remained locked on Jing Yan.

His expression remained largely unchanged.

However, shock was raging through Li Tianfu like a tsunami over an unprotected beach.

He had never imagined that Jing Yan would actually be able to block that sort of attack.

Worse still, his target looked unscathed.

He could barely believe it, yet he couldn't deny what he had just seen with his own eyes.

As they clashed, Li Tianfu had been able to confirm that Jing Yan was truly at the Seventh Heaven.

However, the thickness of Jing Yan's Vital Qi was far beyond anything that a common Seventh Heaven warrior might possess.

And there was another crucial point—Jing Yan's martial system felt so seamless that Li Tianfu doubted there was anything he could do to break it.

“What the hell is happening here?” Li Tianfu wondered in confusion.

This was the first time that Li Tianfu had ever felt so uncertain in a fight.

He was always confident, even when he was fighting Ninth Heaven warriors who were apparently stronger than Jing Yan.

Li Tianfu's initial assessment of Jing Yan had been terribly inaccurate.

Now Li Tianfu had to accept the fact that Jing Yan could fight him as an equal.

Neither of them suffered any damage during that first clash.

However, complete and utter silence had fallen over the hall on the first floor.

The bettors gaped at the screen.

None of them were able to believe what they had just watched.

Li Tianfu had attacked Jing Yan with all the power and speed of a lightning strike.

Yet despite that overwhelming display of power, the other man emerged totally unscathed.

How was that possible?

Almost all of the people watching the fight had expected Jing Yan to end up defeated with a single strike.

After all, the level difference between the two men was there for all to see.

However, the first attack had played out very differently than they expected, and there was no way they could deny what had happened.

It was so shocking that many felt their jaws drop to the floor.

Only the handful who gambled on Jing Yan sensed something else deep inside them.

“Wha...

What is happening?

How is Jing Yan not dead yet?” “Has he died but somehow managed to remain standing?” “No, he’s not dead yet.

The sword in his hand, it’s moving!” “The sword is really moving.

Huh?

So Li Tianfu wasn’t serious with that attack?

Was he toying with Jing Yan?” Some formidable fighters actually enjoyed toying with weaker opponents.

They would pull feints and hold themselves back at the start of the battle so that they could stretch the fight out.

They played with their opponent's like a cat with a mouse.

They might have thought that was what was happening here, but none of the audience was watching Li Tianfu fight for the first or second time.

They knew that Li Tianfu wasn't the sort of fighter who played with his enemies.

He was known for dealing the killing blow right from the start, even when he fought very weak opponents.

Chapter 46: Extreme Might Chapter 46: Extreme Might Cough, cough, cough, cough!

Zhao Dengtian had been drinking tea leisurely in the private room.

However, he choked when he saw Jing Yan block Li Tianfu's attack without taking any damage.

His face reddened as he continued to cough.

"Go...

godd*mn...

it.

Is Li Tianfu going easy on him?” Zhao Dengtian shouted in rage as he lurched to his feet.

His eyebrows twitched spasmodically.

This wasn't happening the way he had anticipated.

Jing Yan hadn't been cut in half.

That didn't make any sense to him.

“Godd*mnit, this is ridiculous!” he thought.

The elder assigned to watch over Zhao Dengtian was staring at the ring, his expression severe.

His brow was locked into a hard frown.

He could sense that something was off about the match.

At the very least, the fight wasn't ending as simply as he had expected it to.

It seemed that the one to 30 odds weren't guaranteeing an easy win after all.

...

Li Tianfu shouted and attacked again.

In most fights, the man remained stern and silent.

His personality was gloomy, and he hardly bothered talking to any of his opponents.

His only goal was to defeat or kill his opponents in the ring.

He attacked in a ferocious, brutal manner.

However, there was one principle that he held inviolable; if his opponent admitted defeat in time or suffered debilitating damage that put them out of the fight, Li Tianfu would refrain from continuing to attack.

A huge shadow coalesced from the black flash of his blade.

The air above the ring stirred in a frenzy.

All who were present in the hall seemed to sense the intense killing intent when the attack was unleashed, even though they were on a different floor.

The space around Li Tianfu's blade seemed about to be cleaved open.

There was no doubt about how terrifying the man's Top-grade martial system was.

Shoo!

This time, Jing Yan didn't wait passively like he had for the first attack.

He opted to take the initiative.

Moonbeam Sword tore through the air like bolts of lightning, leaving behind a series of afterimages.

The screen of swords opened up like a net in no time.

Dazzling flashes from Jing Yan's sword began to spread across the ring.

Jing Yan didn't stop after the screen of swords was formed, however.

His moves picked up speed instead.

A second screen of swords began to take solid form within the first screen.

The two screens of swords looked like two separate impenetrable barriers.

Piercing killing intent emanated from the pitch black sheen.

“Go!” Jing Yan shouted firmly and his body moved, changing his location constantly within the ring.

Jing Yan knew very well that despite his Vital Qi being far more formidable than that of common Seventh Heaven warriors, it was still quite a distance from what Li Tianfu was exuding.

If he were to clash with Li Tianfu head on, he might end up losing.

But then again, he had no need to clash with Li Tianfu head on to begin with.

The Arch of Heaven’s power enabled him to seek out flaws in Li Tianfu’s swordplay.

Because he could exploit those weaknesses, Jing Yan was able to conserve a lot of energy.

Of course, fighting a warrior like Li Tianfu meant that taking advantage of weaknesses in his skills wasn’t an easy feat, not even for Jing Yan.

At that moment, Jing Yan was in quite a perilous predicament.

Any slip-ups could end with his defeat.

Li Tianfu’s full head of long hair billowed as he moved.

“Break!” he shouted maniacally at his opponent.

Terrifying Vital Qi burst like a popped balloon, and it seemed that he intended to tear everything around him apart with sheer, unforgiving force.

Under the power of such terrifying Vital Qi, the black flash of the saber immediately grew in size.

The blackness swirled malevolently, and it seemed to be taking the shape of a huge saber.

As Li Tianfu shouted, that terrifying flash of the saber was brought down mercilessly toward Jing Yan.

The two sword screens right before Jing Yan surged out to meet the attack head-on.

The flash of the saber seethed.

The sword screens dazzled.

Both constructs clashed, and a deafening boom was heard.

Neither the flash of the saber nor the sword screens dissipated right after the clash.

They had become entangled with each other instead, and they tore each other apart.

Even the gamblers in the hall on the first floor, who were watching the battle play on the crystal wall, were clearly able to see just how terrifyingly mighty those two bursts were.

The two powers ground each other down until they exhausted themselves.

No one spoke at that moment.

No one was in the mood to discuss or argue about what had just happened.

There were a good number of warriors among those people, and some of them were of higher rankings as well.

Many among those high-ranking warriors recognized the martial system that Jing Yan had used—it was clearly Moon-Freezing Triple Waves.

As for Li Tianfu's martial system, it was something that even common folk could recognize.

Li Tianfu had fought in the association many times, and his techniques had become well-known.

While few people had experienced his attacks firsthand, many people had watched his fights.

Jing Yan's Moon-Freezing Triple Waves, which was a Middle-grade martial system, had actually been able to resist Li Tianfu's Top-grade skill.

In truth, most people hadn't actually been able to see the intricacies woven through both attacks.

Moon-Freezing Triple Waves, which Jing Yan had modified and improved, was actually on par with Top-grade martial systems.

But then again, it was worth noting that Jing Yan's Vital Qi was below that of Li Tianfu, and the difference was pretty obvious.

Despite that, Jing Yan had used only two layers of his own power to resist Li Tianfu's Top-grade martial system, which the man had brought to bear with at least 80 percent power.

The details of what had happened within that blur of motion were something that only a very small minority of the audience could have seen.

Through the Arch of Heaven's power, Jing Yan had been able to detect and exploit some flaws in Li Tianfu's martial system.

Due to that advantage, Jing Yan's sword screens were able to resist Li Tianfu's saber flash.

Jing Yan's sword screens had been able to wear down the might of the saber flash with greater effectiveness because they had that edge.

“That was Moon-Freezing Triple Waves, I take it?” Li Tianfu couldn’t help but ask.

He was frowning.

He didn’t know how the young man before him had done it.

The martial system was none other than Moon-Freezing Triple Waves.

There was no mistaking it.

However, he was unable to fathom why it had been so terrifyingly powerful.

“It is indeed Moon-Freezing Triple Waves,” Jing Yan said with a faint grin on his face.

He then leaned forward.

“Triple Waves!” Jing Yan was about to bring out his strongest attack.

He intended to push the power of the move to the very limit.

Three layers of sword screens gradually appeared.

The power contained in the move was making the air shake.

The muscles all over Li Tianfu's body tensed, and as he stared at the three layers of screens, his dark eyes hardened.

He slowly lifted the black saber with a thick spine in his hand.

His move was extremely slow.

However, a deep grinding noise echoed around him as the blade rose.

"Roaring Wave Saber, break!" Li Tianfu leaned forward slightly and fired his move.

His hair billowed and his black clothing puffed with wind.

His Vital Qi was running at maximum power, as he launched himself at Jing Yan.

Screeech!

When Li Tianfu's blade clashed into the screens of swords, his body abruptly froze in midair.

It was as if some force was pinning him in place, preventing him from moving even half an inch more.

The Sword God of the Universe #Chapter 47 - 47 Fusion of Martial System - Read The Sword God of the Universe Chapter 47 - 47 Fusion of Martial System

Chapter 47: Fusion of Martial System Chapter 47: Fusion of Martial System Voom, voom, voom, voom!

Li Tianfu's black saber clashed with Jing Yan's Moonbeam Sword.

As the Vital Qi of the two continued to burst, the impacts of their swords remained furious and terrifying.

Stifled booms spread all over the place as both of them crossed blades.

It was as if the air all around them was shaking furiously.

Snap!

The outermost of the three sword screens that Jing Yan had conjured snapped and exploded all of a sudden.

The black flashes of swords quickly dissipated in the air.

However, he only frowned slightly at the sight.

While he was able to find and exploit certain hidden weaknesses within the Roaring Wave Saber martial system employed by Li Tianfu, the man's Vital Qi was just too powerful.

In addition to outclassing Jing Yan in raw power, Li Tianfu was also a lot more experienced in this sort of duel.

All that experience was able to make up for some of the weaknesses in his martial system.

The power of Moon-Freezing Triple Waves was severely diminished as it ground against the might of Li Tianfu's martial system.

That was why the outermost layer of Moon-Freezing Triple Waves ended up being broken, despite having a minimal impact on Li Tianfu's attack.

"Jing Yan, you are one of the most formidable opponents I have ever fought!" "But you still can't win against me!" "Hah!" Still hanging in midair, Li Tianfu focused and leaped again.

His arms grew to twice their original size in an instant, causing his sleeves to burst right then and there.

From that distance, Jing Yan could see Li Tianfu's huge arms preparing to deliver a powerful attack.

Jing Yan narrowed his eyes slightly, and a glint of red appeared in his eyes.

Pulsing heat surged through his martial meridians yet again.

After having absorbed an entire Soul Crystal in the process of breaking through to the Seventh Heaven, Jing Yan was left incapable of cranking his Vital Qi to the limit.

However, Li Tianfu was forcing his hand.

He couldn't afford to hesitate.

"Burst!" Li Tianfu's face had flushed such a deep red that it seemed as if blood was about to drip from it.

Then he brought a secret art to bear.

Jing Yan sensed the incredible thickness of Li Tianfu's Vital Qi.

It had spiked just a moment before, which told Jing Yan that Li Tianfu had managed to boost the power of his Vital Qi for a short period of time.

However, such measures usually came with side effects, such as damage to the meridians.

Because of the risk, warriors who trained in the use of such arts avoided using them unless it was absolutely necessary.

It was apparent that Li Tianfu intended to defeat Jing Yan with that final attack.

Boom!

The second layer of the sword screen shattered right away.

At that moment, Jing Yan was left with only the final layer of Moon-Freezing Triple Waves.

The force coming against him was so massive that Jing Yan was forced to take a step back just to relieve the tension.

While he backed away one step after another, Li Tianfu advanced from midair, cornering him.

Jing Yan would be forced off of the ring in mere moments.

Once he stepped outside the ring, he would lose the battle immediately.

The eyes of the bettors widened as they watched the scene unfolding on the crystal wall.

Everyone could tell that Jing Yan was about to lose.

Everyone had been certain from the beginning that Jing Yan would lose, but this wasn't how they had expected it to happen.

Jing Yan hadn't suffered a decisive blow from Li Tianfu right away.

Even though he had lasted longer than anyone expected, none of the audience thought that he could make it out of this predicament.

As long as Li Tianfu emerged victorious, the gamblers didn't really care how it happened.

Many were somewhat relieved to see Jing Yan being backed into a corner.

The bets they had placed on Li Tianfu were too large.

If Jing Yan ended up defeating Li Tianfu, they would all suffer huge losses.

Quite a number of people in that crowd had gambled everything they had on Li Tianfu.

"This is unbelievable." "He's still going to be defeated by Li Tianfu, though.

If Jing Yan's rank had been just a little higher and reached the Eighth Heaven, Li Tianfu would have been the one to lose instead," Ran Qi said slowly, as light danced in her beautiful eyes.

There was sympathy and regret within her words.

It was as if part of her had actually been hoping that Jing Yan could defeat Li Tianfu.

The president grinned again after hearing what Ran Qi said.

"It is an impressive feat nonetheless.

Forcing Li Tianfu to use secret arts is an achievement that will earn Jing Yan a lot of respect.

I believe he will definitely reign supreme in Dong Lin City, possibly even the entire Lan Qu Province,” the president added.

Ran Qi turned her head sharply, looking at the president with a shocked expression.

Despite having worked in the Extreme Combat Association for such a long time, she had never heard the president compliment a young warrior in such a manner.

It was utterly unbelievable to hear the president give such praise to Jing Yan.

...

In another room.

“Hahaha...” “Boy, that was quite a fright!

I really thought that good-for-nothing Li Tianfu was going to lose!” “Come on, Li Tianfu!

Get rid of that *sshole called Jing Yan already!” Zhao Dengtian laughed heartily, his eyes glittering.

For a moment there, he had been worried sick.

If Li Tianfu lost that battle, Zhao Dengtian would have lost 20,000 Spiritual Stones.

He had no idea what he would say to his clan if he lost that many stones.

Even if his father was the Patriarch, he still would have had to explain himself to the clan.

Such a loss would probably result in him being grounded for some time.

However, seeing that Jing Yan was on the verge of falling out of the ring, Zhao Dengtian relaxed completely.

His momentary fears left him.

The elder beside Zhao Dengtian nodded slightly at that moment.

Zhao Dengtian wasn't the only person who was concerned about the outcome of the battle.

The elder was very tense about it too.

Since Zhao Dengtian was the son of the Patriarch, he wouldn't have suffered too severe of a consequence even if he were to make such a severe mistake.

The elder, on the other hand, was just a bookkeeper.

If he lost that many Spiritual Stones, it would have very dire consequences for him.

Even a light punishment would have meant being exiled from the clan and sent to a life of hard labor at a Spiritual Stone mine.

If he made such a misstep, his life as he knew it would end.

...

Back in the ring.

"D*mn it!" Jing Yan cursed under his breath.

His Arch of Heaven was mad at work.

His meridians were cranked to the verge of bursting.

He had to put the Arch of Heaven to work just to suppress his Vital Qi, which was on the verge of going berserk.

Although he put just about all of his focus on his opponent, he was very aware that he was only a few steps away from falling off the edge of the ring.

He would lose the fight if he kept backing away.

Jing Yan never expected that Li Tianfu had command of secret arts enabling him to boost his Vital Qi for a short amount of time.

That was a killer move that Li Tianfu would have used if he had any other choice.

And no common adversary could have forced him to activate the risky skill.

"No way!" Jing Yan wasn't giving up so easily.

"Huh?"

Wait..." "Stance of Autumn Wind and Falling Leaves, Moon-Freezing Triple Waves!" As Li Tianfu bore down on him and the Arch of Heaven's power surged within him, Jing Yan seemed to come to an epiphany.

The two martial systems started to show signs of fusion.

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

Chapter 48: Victory Chapter 48: Victory When Jing Yan used Moon-Freezing Triple Waves, it was as powerful as common Top-grade martial systems.

The Stance of Autumn Wind and Falling Leaves was also as strong as common Middle-grade martial systems in the hands of Jing Yan.

As Jing Yan was pressed to the edge of the ring, both martial systems began to fuse and evolve.

The boost in power was exponential.

However, Jing Yan couldn't afford to think about it any further.

He was about to be forced out of the ring, after all.

Swoop!

He took one huge step back all of a sudden.

That one step brought him to the very edge of the ring.

If he were to move just slightly further back, he would be disqualified and the fight would end.

Li Tianfu's eyes glimmered.

He thought Jing Yan was about to give up.

Victory seemed to be within his grasp.

“Open!” Jing Yan shouted out of nowhere.

A divine light glittered in his eyes.

Suddenly, Jing Yan’s faltering black sword screen, which had been on the verge of collapse, seemed to have been infused with new vigor.

The power of his sword flash fanned out with ferocious might at Li Tianfu, who was still in midair.

“What?” Li Tianfu sensed that the strength of Jing Yan’s martial system had been unexpectedly boosted.

He glared at Jing Yan as a shockwave of power rolled toward him.

Boom!

Li Tianfu’s body was sent flying backward.

Countless eyes watched as he soared through the air.

“No!” Li Tianfu shouted.

His body dropped sharply toward the ground, as if some force was hauling him back down.

Bang!

His feet eventually touched the ground, landing him roughly in the center of the ring.

However, despite having touched down, the inertia from the huge blow was still pushing him back.

The blood in Li Tianfu’s body seemed to be about to boil.

Claaang!

He brought his black saber down hard on the ring.

Sparks flew where the tip of the blade met the floor of the ring.

Everyone watched the orange glow created by the fountain of sparks.

Li Tianfu still couldn’t stop himself from reeling backward.

The sound of his sword grating against the ground was a deafening shriek, and the friction burned a clear white gash across the ground.

The ring had been constructed using special materials, which made it extremely sturdy.

It was so sturdy that not even Precelestial warriors could destroy it, let alone someone at the Ninth Heaven.

It would take a great amount of effort from an Enlightenment warrior to damage that material through force alone.

With that level of resilience, there was no way Li Tianfu could shove his blade into the ground.

He lurched all the way to the edge of the ring, yet he was still reeling back.

Li Tianfu put his saber away with a sigh.

He had given up.

He knew that he wouldn't be able to keep himself from being thrown off of the ring despite his best efforts.

He had lost the battle.

When he stopped using his sword to slow himself down, his body flew out of the ring in an instant.

He lurched back several more meters before he was able to steady himself.

“I lost,” Li Tianfu said when he finally regained his balance.

He took a good look at Jing Yan.

The expression in his eyes was conflicted.

However, he admitted defeat right away and in a sporting manner.

Jing Yan, who was barely standing within the ring himself, finally let himself grin.

A trail of blood seeped from the corner of his mouth.

Despite his best attempts to suppress the force that had come against him, he failed to hold it off entirely.

Blood continued to ooze from his mouth.

That battle had been extremely perilous.

He was almost defeated.

However, his fusion of martial systems in the final moment had allowed him to reignite hope for victory.

Jing Yan had forced Li Tianfu out of the ring by cranking up his Vital Qi without worrying about the consequences.

In so doing, he had risked minor damage to his meridians.

Jing Yan nodded to Li Tianfu when he heard his opponent admitting defeat.

“You’re a fearsome opponent, and I’m far below what you’re capable of.” After saying that, Li Tianfu turned around and headed to the passage reserved for contestants.

He quickly disappeared from sight.

The crowd on the first floor was silent for a long moment, and then a huge uproar exploded throughout the hall.

It felt as if the entire building of the Extreme Combat Association was about to get blown into the heavens.

“Noooo!” “Ahhhh, this cannot be!

This is impossible!” No one had expected Li Tianfu to lose.

Everything seemed like a nightmare to those gamblers.

Their faces twisted with fury and regret and utter disbelief.

Even at that moment, there were still many who refused to believe that Li Tianfu had actually lost.

There was no way he could have lost to Jing Yan, who was only at the Seventh Heaven.

All those huge bets they had placed on Li Tianfu were gone.

Many lost all they had.

“Aaarrrrggghhhh...” Zhao Dengtian, who was in his private room at that moment, was thrown in a frenzy.

His eyes were bloodshot as he yelled hysterically.

He had no idea how Li Tianfu ended up losing just like that.

Jing Yan had been on the verge of losing, and then Zhao Dengtian had watched with his own eyes as Jing Yan somehow retaliated at the last moment and won against Li Tianfu.

Zhao Dengtian found that totally unacceptable.

The 20,000 Spiritual Stones he had wagered on Li Tianfu were gone.

It was all out the window, just like that.

“I can’t believe this!!” Zhao Dengtian stormed out of the room like a madman.

“Young master!” The elder felt rather dazed as well.

It was only when he saw Zhao Dengtian storm out of the room and head for the ring that he came to his senses.

He desperately called for Zhao Dengtian to stop as he charged out of the room as well.

Doing anything less than appropriate in the association would only make things worse for them.

Unfortunately, at this point, the young master of the Zhao Clan had apparently lost his mind.

It seemed as if he was out to settle scores with Jing Yan.

The elder had seen with his own eyes what Jing Yan was capable of.

Despite only having a cultivation at the Seventh Heaven, his powers weren’t something that the young master of the Zhao Clan could match.

If Zhao Dengtian lashed out against Jing Yan and ended up getting killed, the elder wouldn't have long to live himself.

He wouldn't be killed for losing the 20,000 Spiritual Stones, but if he failed to keep the young master alive, he would definitely suffer a fate worse than death.

"Huh?" Ran Qi was still reeling in shock herself.

When she saw Zhao Dengtian charging toward the ring, she seemed to come back to herself.

She vanished from the room.

...

At the ring.

"Jing Yan, there...

there's no way you could have defeated Li Tianfu.

There is no way you could get that powerful!

You, you have definitely used some kind of dirty trick, you despicable *sshole!

You made me lose 20,000 Spiritual Stones!

Twenty thousand!

I'm going to kill you!" Zhao Dengtian's eyes were bloodshot as he charged at Jing Yan, thrusting his sword straight at the man.

"Know your place!" Jing Yan snarled with a low voice.

He swept a sword screen at Zhao Dengtian right away.

Despite his meridians being too damaged to use much Vital Qi, Jing Yan was still far above Zhao Dengtian in terms of combat prowess.

Zhao Dengtian was immediately sent flying as the black sword screen hit him.

He had no chance of resisting at all.

Zhao Dengtian, who was a Seventh Heaven warrior, slammed limply onto the ground.

The Sword God of the Universe #Chapter 49 - 49 A Huge Sum - Read The Sword God of the Universe Chapter 49 - 49 A Huge Sum

Chapter 49: A Huge Sum Chapter 49: A Huge Sum "Young master!" As the elder rushed toward the ring, he saw the young master of his clan being thrown through the air.

He shouted and rushed to Zhao Dengtian's side like a gale of wind.

Cough...

cough...

Zhao Dengtian twitched slightly on the ground, and his face was ashen.

He looked like he was trying to get up, but he kept failing to do so no matter how many times he tried.

Jing Yan shot a cold glare at him.

Jing Yan activated the Arch of Heaven, forcibly suppressing his Vital Qi that was on the verge of going berserk.

The elder checked Zhao Dengtian's injuries, breathing a sigh of relief when he found that the young man wasn't in any mortal danger.

The elder then took out some medicine and made Zhao Dengtian take a dose.

The elder then turned around and glared threateningly at Jing Yan.

He took a menacing step toward the younger man.

"You b*stard!

You dared to harm the young master!" "That's enough!" a cold voice cut in.

The manager of the Extreme Combat Association walked briskly toward them and shot the elder an icy glance.

The elder halted his steps immediately after hearing Ran Qi's voice.

His mouth was twisted in a snarl of frustration.

He took a deep breath before slowly regaining his composure.

"Just take Zhao Dengtian back for treatment." Ran Qi's voice sounded rather cold.

What Zhao Dengtian had just done violated the rules of the Extreme Combat Association.

If Zhao Dengtian hadn't already been injured, there was no way that Ran Qi would have just let it slide.

No one was ever allowed to provoke an association contestant like that.

Zhao Dengtian notwithstanding, even the Patriarch of the Zhao Clan—Zhao Dengtian's father—behaved himself well when he was in the association's vicinity.

The elder picked up Zhao Dengtian and left without saying anything.

"My stones...

my Spiritual Stones..." Zhao Dengtian mumbled softly as he was carried out.

He was in a daze, but he was clearly still thinking about the 20,000 Spiritual Stones that he had lost.

Jing Yan only turned back to the manager once the elder had taken Zhao Dengtian away.

"Mr.

Jing Yan, please come with me," Ran Qi said with a gentle voice, looking at Jing Yan again.

In the hall on the first floor, the rowdy crowd gradually calmed down.

They had all been watching when Jing Yan sent Zhao Dengtian flying with a swing of his sword.

There was no doubt in anyone's mind that Zhao Dengtian was a true Seventh Heaven warrior, yet Jing Yan had still made short work of him.

There was no longer any need to doubt what Jing Yan was capable of.

Some of the gamblers had suspected that Li Tianfu deliberately lost the fight.

Those people were forced to change their minds when Zhao Dengtian's limp form hit the ground.

However, they still couldn't fathom how Jing Yan had become so powerful.

They were unable to figure out just how Jing Yan, a Seventh Heaven warrior, had been able to defeat Li Tianfu, a terrifying adversary at the Ninth Heaven.

They could have racked their brains all they wanted, and they still wouldn't have been able to figure it out.

...

“Congratulations, Mr.

Jing Yan, for winning the battle,” Ran Qi said to him with a smile.

They were in the same room where Ran Qi and the president had been sitting just moments ago.

However, the president had vanished before Jing Yan came in.

“It was a hard match, but well, I did still win.” Jing Yan shrugged.

It would have been hellish for him if he had lost.

“The martial system you used left quite an impression, Mr.

Jing Yan.

I’ve practiced Moon-Freezing Triple Waves as well, but the force that I can summon with it pales in comparison to what you did with it.” Ran Qi’s eyes were intent as she examined Jing Yan.

She was very puzzled.

If she hadn’t heard the president comment that the martial system wielded by Jing Yan was none other than Moon-Freezing Triple Waves, she would have probably thought it to be some other Top-grade martial system that just happened to resemble Moon-Freezing Triple Waves somewhat.

“That’s hardly worth mentioning,” Jing Yan said as he waved dismissively.

He knew what Ran Qi was doing—she was fishing for information.

She was probably wondering why the power of Moon-Freezing Triple Waves had been formidable enough to be on par with, or even exceed, common Top-grade martial systems.

But then again, Jing Yan was under no obligation to let her know that he had modified the art before he used it.

At the moment, he wanted nothing more than to reap his reward, which he could use to purchase the Nine Yin Fruit that he needed for recuperation.

Jing Yan knew just how dire his current situation was.

If he delayed any longer, he might end up unable to continue cultivating for a very, very long period of time.

Ran Qi grinned and didn't probe any further.

"The battle that you have participated in is over, Mr.

Jing Yan, and you're the winner.

Your odds were at one to 22, and you placed a bet of 5000 Spiritual Stones on yourself, meaning that you won 110,000 Spiritual Stones.

Would you like the stones in physical form, or would you prefer them in the form of a Spiritual Stone Gold Card?" Ran Qi continued.

One hundred and ten thousand Spiritual Stones was not a small sum.

The pile would have been so huge that it would have required several crates to carry.

If Jing Yan were to take them in physical form, he would have had to hire a carriage to haul them all back.

That was why Ran Qi asked if he wanted them in physical form or in the form of a gold card.

The gold card that Ran Qi mentioned was a card for storing Spiritual Stones.

The card was usable in all of Lan Qu Province.

It was something that could be used at any Extreme Combat Association or trade organization under the City Lord's Office in all of Lan Qu Province.

"I'll take the gold card," Jing Yan said after a moment of thought.

Hauling around that many Spiritual Stones in physical form would be ridiculously showy.

A gold card would be a far more convenient choice.

"In that case, here are two gold cards, with all 110,000 Spiritual Stones in them." Ran Qi took out two golden cards.

The cards had been crafted using some kind of golden crystal, and they shimmered beautifully in the light.

Jing Yan took the cards, and he needed only to probe using a bit of his Vital Qi to find out the amount contained within the cards.

The first card had 100,000 in it, and the other card held the remaining 10,000.

The Spiritual Stone Gold Cards came in fixed amounts.

Generally speaking, they came in forms containing 10,000, 50,000, and 100,000.

There was a type that contained one million as well, but that type was very rarely seen anywhere.

Jing Yan was very excited as he held the two cards in his hand.

It was worth noting that even when he made it to the Precelestial rank all those years ago, he had never had so many Spiritual Stones on his person before.

One hundred and ten thousand Spiritual Stones was not a small sum.

Any of the three major clans in Dong Lin City would have considered that to be an enormous amount of wealth.

A staff member came and presented 5200 Spiritual Stones in physical form to him.

Five thousand of those were the bet that Jing Yan had originally placed, while the remaining 200 were the reward Jing Yan had been given for participating in the battle.

With that many Spiritual Stones on his person, he would probably be able to purchase enough Nine Yin Fruits to neutralize the effects of the Soul Crystal's power.

"I'll take my leave then, manager." Jing Yan cupped his hands to Ran Qi and excused himself.

Now that he had the Spiritual Stones with him, Jing Yan didn't intend to hang around any longer.

He slung the package containing 5200 Spiritual Stones over his back and left the room right away.

...

"Is...

is this for real?" Zhong Yuxiu, a warrior of the association with a lithe figure and pretty face, felt rather dazed as she looked at the sack she held in her hands.

It contained 1150 Spiritual Stones.

Zhong Yuxiu had heeded Jing Yan's advice.

While betting was still open for his match with Li Tianfu, she had wagered every Spiritual Stone she had on Jing Yan.

Now that Jing Yan had won, she had reaped an astonishing reward.

Her colleagues had laughed at her when Jing Yan and Li Tianfu began to fight.

However, it was now clear who had been the fool.

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

The Sword God of the Universe #Chapter 50 - 50 House of the Precious - Read The Sword God of the Universe Chapter 50 - 50 House of the Precious

Chapter 50: House of the Precious Chapter 50: House of the Precious Her bet had earned her another 1100 Spiritual Stones.

By comparison, her salary only brought her five Spiritual Stones every month, or 60 Spiritual Stones a year.

It was a meager sum next to the wealth she had just received in a single day.

If she had tried to earn a sum that large by saving her salary, it would have required her to work for the association for nearly 20 years.

She had come to possess so many stones simply because she chose to believe in Jing Yan.

Her current wealth would be sufficient for her to become a middle-ranking warrior.

In truth, it was actually quite difficult for a warrior at the Third Heaven to get a job that paid five Spiritual Stones a month.

It was worth noting that in the Jing Clan, a member who was at the Third Heaven would need to go through with monthly assessments just to earn two Spiritual Stones.

If a Third Heaven warrior went hunting in the Blackrock Mountains, that would have been tantamount to asking for an early death.

Even if several Third Heaven warriors formed a party, they still wouldn't have the power to kill a First-grade Spiritual Beast, which was the weakest rank of creature to be found in the Blackrock Mountains.

Only a party of Fourth Heaven warriors would stand a chance of hunting down a single First-grade creature.

“You’re really, really lucky, Yuxiu!” “Man, you’ve earned 1100 Spiritual Stones in one shot, Yuxiu...” Many of Zhong Yuxiu’s colleagues cast envious glances at her.

“Hey, Zhong Yuxiu, you’ve never placed a bet in the past, have you?”

Why did you wager 50 Spiritual Stones all of a sudden, eh?

Weren’t those 50 Spiritual Stones all you had?” Some of her coworkers were very jealous, and they stared at her bag of Spiritual Stones with hungry eyes, as if they wanted to snatch the stones away from her.

All of the women around her were Second or Third Heaven warriors, and all of them were pretty.

It was precisely due to their good looks that they had been able to secure their jobs in the association.

As the envious voices went on and on around her, Zhong Yuxiu simply smiled without saying anything.

“Before the match started, didn’t you all say that I was an idiot?” she thought.

“Didn’t you all say that Mr.

Jing Yan stood no chance against Li Tianfu?

You all bet on Li Tianfu, and I take it you all lost quite a bit, eh?” Zhong Yuxiu was feeling very pleased with herself at the moment.

Once she reached the Fourth Heaven, the association would probably promote her to the rank of captain.

...

Jing Yan walked out of the Extreme Combat Association alone, and he almost immediately noticed several people who had suspiciously fallen into step behind him.

“What’s this?”

You people are stalking me, eh?” He grinned as his gaze narrowed.

Swoop!

Jing Yan quickly dived into an alley.

He broke into a sprint and quickly disappeared from the line of sight of his stalkers.

“D*mn it!

He got away!” “That Jing Yan guy probably has over 100,000 Spiritual Stones on him!

Sh*t, if we were to get our hands on that many stones...” “He’s too slippery.

He knew that he had been followed.” Several black figures poked around the alley after Jing Yan disappeared.

All of them were High-ranking warriors, with the weakest of them being at the Seventh Heaven, and the strongest being at the Ninth Heaven.

Jing Yan had been careful to place his bet away from the prying eyes of the other gamblers, but there were still some who had guessed that it was Jing Yan himself who wagered such a huge sum on himself.

The men who were stalking him had apparently figured that out.

They had all witnessed Jing Yan’s defeat of Li Tianfu, so they knew just how terrifying his powers were, but they also knew that he was injured.

From their perspective, if they attacked Jing Yan as a team, there was no way that he could fight them all off in his injured state.

As such, they intended to follow Jing Yan to someplace secluded, kill him, and take all of his Spiritual Stones.

They planned to do so despite knowing that he was a member of the Jing Clan.

But then again, the world was never in short supply of ruffians and desperados.

People died for wealth and birds died for food.

A huge sum of more than 100,000 Spiritual Stones would have tempted many to take risks, so much so that they would have been willing to put their lives on the line.

After shaking off his pursuers, Jing Yan quickly headed to the First Tower of Dong Lin.

That place was the largest exchange organization to be found in Dong Lin City, and it operated under the City Lord’s Office.

Jing Yan intended to purchase huge amounts of Nine Yin Fruits, and the First Tower of Dong Lin would be the best place to get them.

He paused for a bit before entering the building.

After he walked inside, he immediately headed for the third floor.

The tower was a five-story building.

The first floor was set up for trading common resources at lower prices.

The highest price of any item was only a few Spiritual Stones, while cheaper items cost just a single Spiritual Stone.

The second floor was where goods of finer quality were sold for higher prices.

Items there cost anywhere from a few dozen to more than 100 Spiritual Stones.

The third floor was where the truly precious resources were found.

There were a myriad of expensive weapons, and even some Middle-grade martial systems, to be found on the third floor.

Second and Third-grade spirit herbs and items of equal value were there in abundance.

However, there were few customers around the third floor.

At first glance, he could only see one customer who was about to make a purchase.

Compared to the lively scene down on the first floor, the third floor seemed like a different world altogether.

“House of the Precious!” Jing Yan stood before a shop on the third floor.

The plaque bearing the name of the shop read, “House of the Precious.” The House of the Precious was renowned in all of Dong Lin City.

Every single item found in the House of the Precious was exquisite.

It was a renowned line associated with the shop.

There were many shops found in the First Tower of Dong Lin that didn't operate under the City Lord's Office.

Those shops were rented to private traders.

The House of the Precious was one such shop, and the owner of the shop was a renowned figure as well.

Jing Yan glanced around and nodded to himself, then stepped toward the shop.

“Halt!” Jing Yan was stopped by two guards dressed in black just as he was about to walk through the shop’s door.

Those guards weren’t employees of the First Tower; they had been hired specifically to guard this shop.

“Please show us your VIP Pass,” one of the guards said to Jing Yan in a polite tone, giving him a slight bow.

The House of the Precious wasn’t open to just anyone.

A person needed a VIP Pass to get through the door, and such passes obviously weren’t available to common people.

Since Jing Yan had once been the number one genius of Dong Lin City, he had definitely been eligible to get a VIP Pass granting access to the House of the Precious.

However, he had never formed a relationship with the shop, which meant that he was never given a pass.

Jing Yan frowned after hearing the guard ask him to show a VIP Pass.

He didn’t have a VIP Pass.

The guard then said with a deadpan face, “Sir, if you don’t have a VIP Pass, then according to the rules, you will not be allowed into the House of the Precious.” While the guard was being polite about the matter, Jing Yan could tell that the man wouldn’t bend an inch from the rules.

If Jing Yan didn’t have a VIP Pass, he wouldn’t be allowed to enter the shop.

If he forced his way in, he would probably anger the shop’s owner.

He was there to make purchases, not start a fight.

“Look, that guy actually wants to get inside the House of the Precious.” “Hahaha, that’s one hell of an idiot.

Just what kind of place does he think the House of the Precious is, eh?

Items in there easily cost over 1000 Spiritual Stones.

Does he just want to window shop for expensive items or something?” “Hey, wait.

I think I recognize that guy.

Let me think...

Oh, right, isn't that Jing Yan?

Jing Yan from the Jing Clan, the former number one genius!” There were people not far away who saw Jing Yan being stopped at the door by guards, so they stood around to watch, enjoying the show.

One of them was actually able to recognize him.

“Man, it's actually Jing Yan.

I've seen him before.

But then again, the number one genius of Dong Lin City is now a thing of the past.

His rank dropped, and he's not even important in the Jing Clan anymore.

Heh, now I wonder why he's trying to get into the shop.” Another man in their midst shot a glance at Jing Yan and sneered derisively.

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