

Y Master 1201

Chapter 1201: Top Eight

The competition continued, offering a visual feast with each match, immersing everyone in the excitement.

Gamblers found new ways to bet, and the number of betting organizers was countless. Participants were like carp swimming across a river, predicting the outcomes of each battle and wagering on who would advance to the top eight.

People of the Xuan Realm were inherently competitive, and especially among cultivators, it was not uncommon for disagreements to escalate into fights.

For the sake of cultivation resources, spiritual medicine, cultivation techniques, martial arts, and spiritual artifacts, people could kill and rob without being noticed. Although ordinary people didn't possess great strength, their competitiveness was no less diminished.

Street fights were common, and when a type of gambling emerged, these people quickly shifted their competitive nature to gambling.

As the matches continued day by day, the gamblers became even more excited, with many risking their fortunes and even their lives.

Naturally, some rejoiced while others lamented. Where there were winners, there were also losers. The winners were elated, their spirits soaring, while the losers were dejected, as downcast as withered eggplants.

No matter how long the competition is, it will eventually end. As time passed, the round-robin tournament gradually came to a conclusion.

Ultimately, after the final match, the top eight list smoothly emerged, marking the end of this stage of the competition.

The absolute genius of the Chu Family, Chu Hong; Luo Xiaolin from Tianyuan Sect; Qingxuan from Qing Xuan Sect; and Ye Fan all advanced to the top eight with flawless victories, effortlessly securing their positions, making them hot favorites to win the championship!

Wang Qingshan's disciple, Zhang Taiyi, also entered the top eight. Surprisingly, Tong Qianchen also advanced to the top eight, while Shen Tu and Jin Zhanfei were eliminated.

The last two spots were taken by the second genius of Tianyuan Sect, Zhang Yuanyi, and the second genius of Qing Xuan Sect, Lin Feng.

The top eight were divided among the Three Great Sects and the Chu Family!

Xuanwu Sect alone had three people advance to the top eight, shocking everyone and prompting speculation that Xuanwu Sect, after a long period of silence, might be rising high-profile again this time.

No matter what others thought, in any case, the competition had its own rules; victory was victory, and defeat was defeat. Reality was brutally harsh, leaving no room for complaints.

Even though the Chu Family only had Chu Hong in the top eight, he was also the person most likely to laugh until the end, so no one dared to underestimate the Chu Family.

Whether it was ordinary spectators, loose cultivators, participants, or representatives of various forces, all sighed.

The current landscape of Tianyuan State had formed a pattern represented by Xuanwu Sect, Tianyuan Sect, Qing Xuan Sect, and the Chu Family. It had become very difficult for other small sects or the other four great families to rise.

In the coming decades, unless one side rapidly declined, the pattern of the Three Great Sects and One Family would not be broken.

The group stage lasted for five days, almost daily delivering exciting matches for the audience, thoroughly igniting everyone's emotions.

Whether they were ordinary spectators or those who traveled from afar to watch the competition, including those secretly dispatched by major forces, they all eagerly anticipated the upcoming knockout stage.

This year's talent competition had the best quality in years, with the top eight competitors being incredibly strong, promising even more spectacular future matches.

Even those who didn't make it to the top eight did not leave.

Since many competitors just outside the top eight had the same number of points, they had to participate in ranking matches to compete for the last two spots in the top ten, making the competition even more intense.

...

After the group stage concluded, City Lord Lei Bikuan held the draw ceremony for the quarterfinals, as arranged beforehand.

In fact, this draw not only determined the next opponent for each of the top eight competitors, but also their opponents in the semi-finals. Its importance was self-evident!

The quarterfinal draw ceremony raised the excitement of the talent competition to new heights, with everyone eagerly anticipating it.

Lei Bikuan announced the rules of the draw: Representatives from the Chu Family, Xuanwu Sect, Tianyuan Sect, and Qing Xuan Sect could take the stage to draw the next opponent for their camp's top genius.

"It's just narrowing from eight to four; it doesn't matter who we draw!"

Chu Yuankong was very confident. Originally, the relationship between the Chu Family and Xuanwu Sect was decent due to Chu Feng, but now, it was almost irreconcilable.

Xuanwu Sect could not give up such an outstanding disciple as Ye Fan, and Ye Fan had crippled Chu Feng and previously defeated the second genius of the Chu Family, Chu Yue, in the contest. Their conflict was longstanding and difficult to resolve.

“Less talk, draw lots on the stage!”

The elder leading the team from Tianyuan Sect snorted coldly and took the stage with the elder leading the Qing Xuan Sect.

“Hmph!”

Shen Ximen snorted coldly, glanced at the three, and also stood up to head toward the stage.

On the platform, a table had already been set up, with a drawing lot tube on it. Inside the tube were only four sticks, each with a name on it, representing the remaining four of the top eight.

Ye Fan couldn't help but chuckle when he saw the bamboo tube on the stage. It resembled the drawing lot tubes used by fortune tellers in ancient Huaxia, who roamed the streets conning people.

Drawing lots and divining has long been practiced in Huaxia, with many popular temples having similar drawing lot tubes. After sincerely kneeling and praying, people would shake the tube or simply draw with their hands, and the verse on the drawn stick would predict the outcome of their wish.

Many of these verses are interesting and catchy, much like doggerel but not quite, and certainly, their meanings are ambiguous.

This was a back road left by itinerant fortune tellers to themselves, known in their jargon as “drawing and retracting linked circles,” allowing a sentence two completely different interpretations, thus avoiding awkwardness for themselves.

The drawing ceremony was simple, with no possibility of cheating under the watch of everyone; however, the four nearly fought during the drawing.

The reason was simple: everyone wanted to be the first to draw, and no one was willing to fall behind. In the end, even City Lord Lei Bikuan couldn't do anything but let them fight it out, leaving it as something unseen.

After a round of fierce competition, the four each drew a stick, and only then did they stop.

City Lord Lei Bikuan looked at the sticks in their hands one by one and then announced the quarter-final matchups.

The first group, Chu Hong from the Chu Family VS Lin Feng from the Qing Xuan Sect.

The second group, Qingxuan of the Qing Xuan Sect VS Tong Qianchen of the Xuanwu Sect.

The third group, Ye Fan of the Xuanwu Sect VS Zhang Yuanyi of the Tianyuan Sect.

The fourth group, Zhang Taiyi VS Luo Xiaolin of the Tianyuan Sect.

Each announcement from City Lord Lei Bikuan stirred a wave of gasps and applause from the crowd, who were almost going wild.

When all the results were out, the chatter in the audience reached a peak, with everyone from ordinary people with no cultivation to loose cultivators and other eliminated contestants discussing the round from eight into four.

“I think the upcoming matches hold no suspense, as everyone is very clear on their strengths, and the excitement lies in how many moves it will take Chu Hong and the others to win.”

Many believed that Chu Hong, Qingxuan, Luo Xiaolin, and Ye Fan could defeat their opponents and ultimately advance to the top four because they were the hottest contenders for the championship this time, and the others were just supporting roles.

However, some disagreed, feeling that since Zhang Taiyi and the others had managed to make it to the top eight, it already showed their strength, and they might indeed pull off an upset.

Moreover, Zhang Taiyi was originally the top core disciple of the Xuanwu Sect, and his strength might not necessarily be weaker than Luo Xiaolin and Qingxuan.

Although Qingxuan and Luo Xiaolin won in the group stage by an overwhelming margin, that was because their opponents were geniuses from small sects or small families who couldn't compare in strength, but Zhang Taiyi and the other three were different; their strength was capable of instantly defeating those small sect disciples, and they were practically on the same level.

Small sects or small families lack the profound heritage of the three major sects and five great families, and their cultivation resources and martial arts can't keep up, so their slight inferiority in strength is inevitable.

However, Zhang Taiyi and Tong Qianchen, the second genius of the Tianyuan Sect Zhang Yuanyi, and the second genius of the Qing Xuan Sect Lin Feng were all disciples of major sects, with almost identical talent and cultivation resources, so defeating their opponents in the round of eight advancing to four was not impossible.

For a while, the whole stage was abuzz with discussions, turning into a chaotic mess.

"Ahem... The competition for advancing to the top four will be held in three days, so everyone should go back and rest."

"Additionally, I want to announce something. As everyone knows, we have the Tianyuan Secret Realm, which opens once every ten years, and only ten people can enter each time. This means that besides the top eight contestants, there are two more slots. These two slots will be selected from contestants other than the top eight—the two contestants with the most points will earn the qualification to enter the Tianyuan Secret Realm!"

“Because several contestants have the same points, an additional contest must be held to decide the other two entrants into the Tianyuan Secret Realm, as well as the alternate slots. If any top eight contestant encounters an accident during the contest and cannot enter the Secret Realm, their slot will be selected from the alternate contestants, still based on points!”

Faced with the chaotic scene, Lei Bikuan had to cough to silence the crowd before continuing with the announcement about the additional contest.

However—

The audience clearly had little interest in the additional contest and continued discussing the quarter-finals and their respective champions in mind.

“Kid, let them witness the power of the ‘Thunderclap Treasure Skill’ in the upcoming eliminations, and keep your mouth shut tight!”

In the crowd, just as Ye Fan was about to leave, Elder Xuan suddenly transmitted this message to his mind.

Chapter 1202: Pre-Match Advice

In the following three days, to select the remaining two participants and substitutes for the Tianyuan Secret Realm, aside from Ye Fan, the top ten players with the highest points had to undergo an additional match.

The reason for selecting substitute players is because, according to the usual practices of past tournaments, someone is bound to dispute the results in the upcoming top eight elimination matches, demanding a rematch, leading to a life-or-death battle.

In the life-or-death battles, the judges are not allowed to intervene, so the probability of participants dying is quite high.

In this scenario, the top eight, although they hold the spots to enter the Tianyuan Secret Realm, might not all actually make it, so those who have been eliminated still have a chance.

The competition is still in full swing, but Ye Fan and the other eight are resting, with none of them willing to watch the upcoming matches.

Zhang Taiyi and Tong Qianchen did not watch the matches. After returning, they immediately chose to enter seclusion. Although there were only three days, unlike Ye Fan, they needed to conserve their energy to face the upcoming matches in their best possible state.

Similarly, Qingxuan Sect's second genius Lin Feng and Tianyuan Sect's second genius Zhang Yuanyi also chose to enter seclusion. They knew very well how difficult it would be to win against Ye Fan and others.

Even though there was only a slim chance, they didn't want to give up. No matter the final outcome, at least they gave it their all, and even if they lost, they wouldn't be ridiculed by their sect brothers and sisters upon returning.

The Chu Family's unparalleled genius Chu Hong did not choose seclusion. He has absolute confidence in his strength, believing that he can easily defeat his opponent in the top eight to the top four matches, and there's no need to enter seclusion to recover his strength.

At the same time, Luo Xiaolin of the Tianyuan Sect, Qingxuan of Qingxuan Sect, and Ye Fan of the Xuanwu Sect also did not choose seclusion.

They all have absolute confidence in their own strength!

To avoid conflict, Ye Fan and others stayed on the second floor of the inn, while the Chu Family stayed on the fifth, Tianyuan Sect on the fourth, and Qingxuan Sect on the third.

From the distribution of floors, it can be seen how poorly the Xuanwu Sect is currently treated among the Three Great Sects.

However, Ye Fan did not mind, because in terms of hospitality, City Lord Lei Bikuan was impartial. Although the floors they stayed on were different, there was no slightest difference in food and lodging.

This has been City Lord Lei Bikuan's experience over the years: no sect can afford to be offended. Even though the Jueluo Empire is powerful, it doesn't want to upset the Three Great Sects over such trivial matters.

Therefore, Lei Bikuan very skillfully provided care to the Xuanwu Sect, so that in all aspects of treatment, Ye Fan and others were not only not worse off than the other three sects but actually better.

Furthermore, after these few days of competition, Lei Bikuan felt that the Xuanwu Sect was truly on the rise, as all its younger generation were impressive.

Besides Ye Fan, Zhang Taiyi, and Tong Qianchen who entered the top eight, he thought Shen Tu and Jin Zhanfei were also outstanding.

Although Shen Tu narrowly lost to Tianyuan Sect's second genius Zhang Yuanyi, it was just a matter of losing one move. If there were a rematch, it would be hard to say who would win or lose.

And Jin Zhanfei was unfortunately matched against the Chu Family's third genius Chu Chuan. He fought bravely until the end but lost the match due to a lack of strength.

Given this situation, he was optimistic about Shen Tu and Jin Zhanfei, believing they had a high chance of advancing in the additional rounds.

If things went as he thought, the Xuanwu Sect could occupy half of the ten spots in the Tianyuan Secret Realm!

This would be unprecedented for one sect to hold half of the top ten spots in past tournaments!

Three days passed in a flash.

On the evening of the third day, Zhang Taiyi and Tong Qianchen emerged from seclusion one after another, having cultivated themselves to a state of perfect peak form.

After dinner, Elder Shen Ximen called Zhang Taiyi and Tong Qianchen to his room for pre-match instructions.

Taking a sip of tea, Elder Shen Ximen solemnly warned them, “Taiyi, Xiao Qian, you have already entered the top eight. Even if you can’t advance to the top four, you have the qualification to enter the Tianyuan Secret Realm, achieving your pre-match goal. So, if you are defeated in the elimination rounds, you must not act rashly.”

“Especially you, Zhang Taiyi, I know you have high ambitions and cannot tolerate failure, but you must understand that Luo Xiaolin is the direct disciple of Helian Chang, and his strength should not be underestimated. If you indeed lose, no matter how others provoke you with words, you must control your emotions and never rashly engage in a life-or-death battle!”

As he spoke, Elder Shen Ximen’s tone became more serious, “Your master entrusted you to me, and I must return you intact! As for the previous grudges with Tianyuan Sect, we will settle that in the future, do you understand?”

“Elder Shen, rest assured, I remember everything, and I will not act impulsively.” Zhang Taiyi respectfully replied.

“That’s good. Xiao Qian, what I said just now also applies to you. You are the Sect Leader’s treasured pearl, and I don’t want anything to happen to you.” Elder Shen Ximen reiterated to Tong Qianchen.

“Hmm!”

Tong Qianchen nodded heavily.

...

Just as Elder Shen Ximen feared, at the same time he was instructing Zhang Taiyi and Tong Qianchen, the leading elder of the Qing Xuan Sect summoned Luo Xiaolin to his room.

“Xiaolin, three days from now, you’ll be facing Zhang Taiyi of the Xuanwu Sect. That boy is a disciple of Wang Qingshan, the Supreme Elder of the Xuanwu Sect. You must not only defeat him but also find a way to provoke him into engaging you in a life-and-death duel, and then kill him in the duel, so he can go to hell ahead of Wang Qingshan, that old bastard!” said the leading elder of the Tianyuan Sect with a sinister expression.

“Elder, rest assured, I know what to do!”

Luo Xiaolin gave a cruel smile, his eyes flashing with a wolf-like ferocity, resembling a starving lone wolf on the prairie.

...

At the same time, on the third floor of the tavern, the residence of the Qing Xuan Sect.

The leading elder of the Qing Xuan Sect called Qingxuan to his room and set up a soundproof array before asking, "Xiao Xuan, how much do you know about your opponent this time?"

"My opponent this time is named Tong Qianchen, a woman, but her strength is passable. Furthermore, Tong Qianchen is the only daughter of the current Sect Leader of the Xuanwu Sect, Tong Tianhao. Initially, the Chu Family Master, Chu Yuankong, in order to climb up to the Xuanwu Sect, deliberately sent his son, Chu Feng, to the Xuanwu Sect for cultivation, with implied intentions of a marriage alliance. Unfortunately, this Chu Feng was too incompetent, and his cultivation was abolished by Ye Fan instead."

Qingxuan, being very cunning and worldly, had a deep understanding of each genius disciple of the Xuanwu Sect and Tianyuan Sect.

"Hmm, it's good that you know this!"

The leading elder of the Qing Xuan Sect approvingly nodded.

In his view, although Qingxuan was young, his scheming and shrewdness were not inferior to those of a worldly-wise person. He acted with foresight and investigated thoroughly, destined to be of great achievement in the future.

"Tong Qianchen holds a special identity. During the competition, you only need to win against her without disgracing her. Otherwise, once Tong Tianhao loses his temper, our Qing Xuan Sect will inevitably become enemies with the Xuanwu Sect. That would disrupt the plan set by the Sect Leader of 'benefiting while the three tigers fight.' So, you must exercise some restraint during the competition, understand?" After the praise, the leading elder further instructed.

Qingxuan nodded, saying, "Elder, rest assured, I know what to do. I won't ruin the Sect Leader's plan."

"That's good, go and rest then."

The Qing Xuan Sect's elder smiled slightly. With disciples like these, why worry that the Qing Xuan Sect wouldn't shine brightly? As long as the Sect Leader's plan of the three tigers fighting each other progresses smoothly, the Qing Xuan Sect will soon dominate.

...

The leading elder of the Qing Xuan Sect and the leading elder of the Tianyuan Sect were instructing the top geniuses of their respective sects and clan, and the Chu Family Head was not idle either.

Fifth floor of the tavern.

Chu Family Master Chu Yuankong also found Chu Hong.

"Hong'er, this competition, our Chu Family's honor rests entirely on you!"

“Rest assured, Uncle, my goal aligns with that of the family. The championship will undoubtedly be mine, it will belong to our Chu Family, and no one can take it away!”

Chu Hong responded in a low voice, filled with confidence and even arrogance.

“I know you’re very strong, but be cautious, others are also hiding their strength, never underestimate them. Also, if that boy surnamed Ye manages to survive and enter the finals, you must kill him at all costs to avenge your cousin and brother!”

Chu Yuankong harbored deep hatred for Ye Fan, as his own son Chu Feng’s cultivation had been crippled, leaving him a ruined man.

In recent days, he had been discreetly seeking experts to restore Chu Feng’s cultivation, but was repeatedly disappointed. Upon hearing that the dantian was shattered, everyone shook their heads like a rattle, claiming there was absolutely no way.

“Uncle, don’t worry. If that trash surnamed Ye manages to enter the finals, I will twist his head off as a wine jug for Brother Feng!”

Chu Hong gave a cold smile, eyes filled with murderous intent, as if he couldn’t wait to decapitate Ye Fan!

Chapter 1203: Top Eight Begin Battle

The next day, the quarter-finals officially began.

Before dawn, Loose Cultivators and ordinary spectators from all over arrived at the square in an endless stream, waiting for the competition to start.

An hour before the match, the square was already packed; as far as the eye could see, it was a dense crowd of people.

Subsequently, aside from the top eight competitors like Ye Fan, the other contestants also gradually arrived at the square.

Even those participating in the additional matches were no exception!

After three days of fierce competition, the ten contestants in the additional matches were re-ranked, with the top two gaining access to the Tianyuan Secret Realm, while the rest became reserve contestants. If any top eight contestant fell during the competition, they would take their place and enter the Tianyuan Secret Realm.

Half an hour before the match, Ye Fan and other top eight members, under the guidance of sect leaders and clan leaders, also arrived at the square.

At the same time, leaders of major sects and families, as well as representatives from several major forces, also appeared on the viewing stands.

“After three days of rest, today we will witness the quarter-finals of the Tianyuan State Genius Tournament!”

Seeing the contestants in place, the representatives and spectators seated one after another, and City Lord Lei Bikuan soared above the arena, cupped his fist, and slowly spoke.

“Lord Lei, start the match!”

“Yes, we can’t wait to see the competition!”

...

Just as Lei Bikuan’s words fell, voices urging the start of the match rose one after another from below.

“Before the match begins, I will announce the top eight list again and lead everyone to review their path to advancement...”

Good things come to those who wait, and having hosted several such competitions, Lei Bikuan knew how to whet the crowd’s appetite. Every time he announced a top-eight contestant, he would introduce their path to advancement, including opponents and how they advanced.

This recollection by Lei Bikuan lasted a full half hour, and just when the crowd below was almost going crazy, he finally announced the start of the eight-to-four competition.

“In the first match of the quarter-finals, Chu Family’s genius Chu Hong versus Qingxuan Sect’s second genius disciple Lin Feng. Competitors, please step onto the stage!”

Following Lei Bikuan’s announcement, Chu Hong and Qingxuan Sect’s second genius Lin Feng each stepped onto the Ancient Arena.

Boom!

Lei Bikuan stomped, activating the array patterns on the Ancient Arena to ensure the battle wouldn’t spread beyond the arena’s boundaries.

“Both sides ready... Begin the match!”

With a low shout, City Lord Lei Bikuan flew into the air, overseeing the match from above to correctly assess strengths and swiftly aid the defeated party.

“Brother Chu, please instruct!”

Lin Feng calmly glanced at Chu Hong, instantly adjusting himself to his optimal state, with True Yuan naturally forming a layer of armor on his body as his War Intent surged.

“I’ll give you a chance to attack—cherish it, there’s only one!” Chu Hong responded nonchalantly, his words filled with arrogance, not regarding Lin Feng at all.

Hmm?!

Lin Feng was startled, knowing Chu Hong was not bragging, but indeed had the strength.

Even so, he had to try, even if it meant forcing Chu Hong’s true strength out before losing.

“Since Brother Chu says so, I shall comply!”

With that, Lin Feng formed a seal with his hands, instantly creating a lush stone mountain between his hands. Although small, it exuded an ancient aura, small yet significant like a bonsai.

“Mountain Pushing Seal!”

Lin Feng shouted, pushing the stone mountain in his hands like a meteor toward Chu Hong standing in the arena’s center.

The mountain expanded with the wind, swiftly becoming as large as a house, with jet-black stone clearly visible under the sunlight.

“Heavens, it’s the Mountain Pushing Seal. Qingxuan Sect’s Lin Feng is indeed powerful. To be able to use the lost Mountain Pushing Seal, he must have had a fortuitous encounter!”

Seeing Lin Feng use the Mountain Pushing Seal, the crowd erupted, ordinary people found it miraculous to see a mountain conjured out of thin air, thinking it incredible.

But the cultivators knew the Mountain Pushing Seal was a powerful martial arts technique that condensed a stone mountain from True Yuan and Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, indistinguishable from a real mountain.

This martial technique was said to only be passed down by a few major forces, seldom seen anymore.

At this moment, Lin Feng using the Mountain Pushing Seal was unexpected and proved he reached the top eight not by luck but by real skill.

Moreover, he was deeply hidden—never showing such a secret technique in previous competitions, seemingly reserved for the unknown opponent in the top eight eliminations.

Hmm?

Facing the legendary lost art of the Mountain Pushing Seal, Chu Hong was slightly surprised, not expecting his opponent to possess such a secret martial technique, though he came prepared.

Swoosh!

With a seal formed in one hand, Chu Hong's palm transformed into a drawn treasure sword, killing intent radiating, cold light dazzling as he swung a Hand Blade at the stone mountain.

Boom!!

With a loud explosion, Chu Hong's Hand Blade directly split the stone mountain in two, turning it into a chaotic flow of True Yuan, surging across the Ancient Arena.

Bam!

Breaking the move with one strike, Chu Hong didn't pause, turning his palm into a fist, punching Lin Feng's chest, the violent True Yuan shattering his protective armor, sending him flying.

"Puff!"

In the air, Lin Feng spat a mist of blood, his True Yuan in turmoil, flying three meters away before heavily landing on the ground.

"The result of the match: Chu Hong wins! Qingxuan Sect's Lin Feng is eliminated!"

Overseeing the match closely, City Lord Lei Bikuan could see that although Chu Hong exerted full strength this time, the disparity between them was evident, with Lin Feng clearly no match for Chu Hong; there was no need to continue.

One move!

Just like the opponents Chu Hong faced in the group stage, Lin Feng was also defeated in one move!

This result left him bitter!

Before the match, he prepared thoroughly, even using hidden secret techniques, yet didn't expect to withstand less than one move from Chu Hong.

"It's over so soon?!"

"Chu Hong still defeats his opponent in one move, truly worthy of being the best of the young generation in Tianyuan State!"

"Will Chu Hong win the championship this way? If so, he will become the first in the history of the Tianyuan State Genius Tournament!"

While Lin Feng felt bitter, the entire venue was abuzz, with the crowd below in fervent discussion.

Chu Hong maintained his consistent one-move victory streak in the quarter-finals, leaving a stunning impression.

At this moment, almost everyone present believed Chu Hong's strength would carry him to the end.

Because, although Lin Feng was the second genius disciple, his overall strength was stronger than the first geniuses of the other four families within the Five Great Families.

With a different background, Lin Feng received much better guidance and Cultivation Resources compared to the other four families.

"Until the last moment, no one can say for certain that Chu Hong will win the championship; don't forget, there's still the match against Qingxuan and Ye Fan, who hasn't competed yet. Who dares say they haven't hidden their strength?"

Especially Ye Fan, who blew away the Chu Family's second genius Chu Yue with one punch; his real Combat Power might not be inferior to Chu Hong's, perhaps even stronger!"

Where there's support, there's opposition; many favored Chu Hong for the championship, but others believed Ye Fan, Luo Xiaolin, and Qingxuan were also formidable.

This includes City Lord Lei Bikuan of Tianyuan City and representatives of other major forces!

In their view, Chu Hong in pursuit of visual effect has exposed most of his strength, whereas Ye Fan and the others always won at the last moment regardless of the opponent's strength, so their power should not be underestimated. Saying Chu Hong could win the championship now is premature.

Moreover, looking at the odds from the auction house, Ye Fan's odds were only slightly lower than Chu Hong's, indirectly proving Chu Hong's advantage wasn't significant!

At least, that's how Yaling, the person in charge of the Treasure Pavilion in Tianyuan State, saw it!

...

Then, while everyone was still discussing the first match, both Chu Hong and Lin Feng had long left the stage.

"Cough... Next, let's proceed to the second elimination match!"

The venue was too noisy, forcing Lei Bikuan to cough, suppressing the chatter before saying, "The second quarter-final match, Qingxuan Sect's Qingxuan versus Xuanwu Sect's Tong Qianchen, competitors please step onto the stage!"

Chapter 1204: Caught Off Guard, Defeated by Carelessness!

The crowd had just recovered from the shock of the previous event, and the second match began immediately, leaving them breathless.

Compared to the first match, whether it was the representatives of various forces, the leaders of the major sects, the disciples, or the audience below the stage, the expectations were somewhat reduced.

Because Qingxuan's performance earlier was truly exceptional, and he hadn't revealed all his strength.

Meanwhile, Tong Qianchen had already demonstrated the Xuanwu Shield in previous battles, essentially exposing all her power, leaving little room for any trump card techniques, hence the outcome seemed predictable.

However—

Despite the reduced expectations, the enthusiasm of the audience did not diminish but rather increased.

People always have a fondness for beautiful things. Tong Qianchen was one of the few female geniuses participating in this tournament, and she was the most beautiful one, gathering many supporters since the tournament began.

"Tong Qianchen, go for it!"

The match hadn't even started, yet the cheers for Tong Qianchen from the audience grew louder and louder.

In comparison, the cheers for Qingxuan were few and far between, almost inaudible.

As one of the top four seed players, Qingxuan's fame was naturally undeniable, almost everyone knew him, especially the gamblers who were paying close attention to his every move.

Because some of them had bet all their savings on him, naturally hoping he would win.

As one of the few female contestants, Tong Qianchen had more fans, be they regular spectators or loose cultivators, all hoped she could go further.

Zoom!

Qingxuan was the first to step onto the arena, brimming with confidence. He had already assessed Tong Qianchen's strength in previous matches and believed she was definitely not a match for him.

Furthermore, according to his investigation, although Tong Qianchen was the only daughter of Sect Leader Tong Tianhao, gifted with intelligence and strong comprehension since childhood, she didn't really enjoy cultivation, thus her strength was only ranked fifth among the core disciples of the Xuanwu Sect.

She used to be ranked fourth, but then Chu Feng suddenly made a breakthrough, grasping the Secret Technique of Thunder Power, defeating the top-ranked Zhang Taiyi.

Unfortunately, later he was crippled by Ye Fan, and rose to prominence, but regardless of who held the top spot, Tong Qianchen remained in fifth place.

So, he didn't regard her seriously at all and felt he wouldn't need to exert his full strength to easily defeat her.

Of course, confidence aside, Qingxuan knew this match wasn't easy— the elder of Qingxuan Sect had instructed him to defeat Tong Qianchen without rendering her too humiliated, to avoid a feud with Xuanwu Sect!

In this scenario, he not only had to ensure defeating Tong Qianchen but also needed to ensure she lost with dignity.

This imposed a high demand on him!

Just as Qingxuan took the stage, Tong Qianchen also stood up, her expression serious.

Clearly, she knew that this match required her to give it her all.

“Junior Sister Tong, do your best!”

Zhang Taiyi managed a small encouraging smile on his typically icy face, cheering for Tong Qianchen.

“Senior Brother Zhang, you should learn to smile. Look at your face, you always look like someone owes you a spirit stone mine.” Tong Qianchen jokingly teased Zhang Taiyi, trying to lighten the atmosphere.

“Junior Sister Tong, just do your best, don’t push yourself!”

“That’s right, Old Jin is right. Just give it your all in the match, don’t worry about winning or losing.”

Shen Tu and Jin Zhanfei also offered words to Tong Qianchen, having been eliminated, although not making it into the top eight, they managed to secure the first and third places in the play-off rankings through their efforts, with hopes of entering the Tianyuan Secret Realm.

“Xiao Qian, they’re right, don’t overly focus on winning or losing, just do your best in the match, don’t worry about anything else, losing isn’t disgraceful, considering Qingxuan is the top genius of Qingxuan Sect, a future candidate for Sect Leader.”

Shen Ximen also advised Tong Qianchen not to be too concerned with winning or losing, but with a slightly mischievous smile on his face.

Then, Ye Fan also stood up, smiling lightly, “Go for it, I believe you can do it.”

“Thank you, Brother Ye, wait for my triumphant return!”

Tong Qianchen confidently smiled, then turned to Zhang Taiyi and Shen Tu, stating, “Are you all assuming I’m bound to lose? You’re not even giving me any encouragement. I will show you what true power is!”

“Where does this young girl get her confidence?”

As Tong Qianchen turned to step onto the arena, Shen Tu, Jin Zhanfei, and Zhang Taiyi looked at each other in perplexity, unable to figure her out.

They were well aware of Tong Qianchen’s strength, while she was highly capable in core disciple competitions, she found it hard to win against them, now facing the top core disciple of Qingxuan Sect, how could she appear so confident?

Crash!

Tong Qianchen didn’t care what they thought. After stepping onto the arena, she stood directly opposite Qingxuan and chanted, exhibiting the Armor Technique, forming a majestic armor on her body, completely protecting her limbs and torso.

“Sister Tong, I heard you’re ranked fifth among the core disciples of Xuanwu Sect. It means during this competition, you’re basically at the bottom for Xuanwu Sect, but getting this far has truly surprised me.”

Looking at the heroic Tong Qianchen, Qingxuan couldn't help but laugh. He was cunning, with deep scheming. Although his words seemed ordinary, they were implicitly mocking Tong Qianchen for only facing weak disciples from small sects, fortunate to come this far.

"Qingxuan, enough talk. If you defeat me, I'll naturally step down. Otherwise, you might miss the semi-finals."

Tong Qianchen wasn't angered by Qingxuan's words. At this moment, she was immersed in Ye Fan's earlier words, vaguely sensing that Ye Fan had also noticed her hidden strength in previous matches.

"Both parties prepare, the match begins!"

As the two stepped on the stage, ready, City Lord Lei Bikuan directly announced the start of the match, then focused intensely on observing them, not daring to be distracted.

Although he is a strong person in the Divine Power Realm, much stronger than these contestants, he can only intervene when he determines that one of them cannot handle the move and is in mortal danger. Therefore, the timing is extremely precise, and he dares not be careless.

"Junior Sister Tong, please make your move!"

Qingxuan smiled and spoke, secretly deciding to first suppress his strength and fight a few rounds with Tong Qianchen before defeating her, so that both sides can save face.

Qingxuan even thought to act as if he barely won when he defeats Tong Qianchen, showing everyone that his victory was hard-earned.

“Alright!”

Tong Qianchen gave a graceful shout and took the initiative, retrieving her pair of Xuanwu Shields. Her hands shook, and the nimble Xuanwu Shields flew off, one up, one down, directly aiming for Qingxuan’s face and Dantian.

Whizz! Whizz!

The nimble Xuanwu Shields, carrying a piercing wind sound, rotated rapidly towards Qingxuan, their momentum astonishing.

Bam!

Qingxuan faintly smiled, punched the small shield flying towards his face, and simultaneously kicked at the small shield attacking his Dantian.

Meanwhile, Tong Qianchen sped over, seizing the moment the small shields disturbed Qingxuan’s vision, she abruptly increased her strength to the limit, and punched out!

Fast!

Fast to the extreme!

This punch caught Qingxuan off guard and utilized some secret technique, its speed exceedingly fast!

Bam!

Qingxuan was careless before the match and deliberately suppressed his strength, letting Tong Qianchen have an advantage. Now, seeing Tong Qianchen's punch coming at him, he couldn't break the move nor dodge in time!

Bam!

A muffled sound, Tong Qianchen's punch hit Qingxuan's chest.

The nimble, graceful fist exploded with powerful attack power, scattering Qingxuan's Protective True Essence, and the fierce True Essence immediately invaded Qingxuan's heart veins.

"Pfft—"

Qingxuan solidly took Tong Qianchen's punch; fortunately, his strength was much greater than Tong Qianchen's. Though caught off guard, he relied on his pure True Essence to protect his heart veins in time, avoiding death, but couldn't avoid spitting blood.

Taking advantage of the blood spurt, Qingxuan resolved seventy percent of the heart-crushing fist force from Tong Qianchen's punch, yet still suffered unprecedented damage.

The Protective True Essence was scattered, the True Essence inside his body was chaotic, making Qingxuan unable to fight for a short time.

Just then, Tong Qianchen pressed her advantage, beckoning with her hands, her pair of small shields flew back, once more rushing towards Qingxuan in a double peak ear-splitting momentum.

"Stop!"

City Lord Lei Bikuan suddenly stood in front of her, his face complex, saying, "No need to fight, I announce the second match of the top eight elimination tournament, Xuanwu Sect's Tong Qianchen wins, Qingxuan Sect's Qingxuan is eliminated!"

Wow!

The scene instantly heated up, no one expected the match result to turn out like this. Tong Qianchen defeated the top genius of Qingxuan Sect, successfully advancing to the semifinals.

“Too unexpected, really too unexpected!”

“Qingxuan was too careless; if he had taken it seriously, Tong Qianchen absolutely couldn’t have defeated him!”

“I truly didn’t expect that Tong Qianchen from Xuanwu Sect had still hidden her strength in the previous matches. Just now, that punch was really fast. Not only Qingxuan but any contestant would have been hit off guard!”

For a while, discussions filled the scene, all believing Qingxuan carelessly lost the match rather than being weaker than Tong Qianchen.

“I’m not convinced, I request a rematch...”

Qingxuan was dumbfounded; he never expected to lose the match due to a moment of negligence.

This outcome was unacceptable to him, and in a moment of anxiety, he subconsciously requested a rematch!

“Enough! Aren’t you embarrassed enough? Come down!” Qingxuan heard these words, and the Qingxuan Sect team leader flew to the stage, scolding.

“Elder, I was just careless. If we compete again, I will definitely win...”

Although Qingxuan was deeply calculating, stopping at the semifinals was difficult for him to accept, and he forgot Qingxuan Sect’s long-term plan and the elder’s pre-match instructions, blurting out in defense.

“Accept it; you’ve already lost, there’s nothing to be unconvinced about. You’re seriously injured now. Even if you burn your True Essence, you might not be able to turn the tables. Better stop!”

Upon hearing this, the Qingxuan Sect team leader’s face changed, glaring at Qingxuan, speaking in a stern voice.

Thud!

Hearing the team leader elder’s words again, and seeing the leader elder’s gloomy expression, Qingxuan startled awake from regret and discontent!

Chapter 1205: Figuring Out the Pattern

Qingxuan, due to a moment of carelessness, was caught off guard by Tong Qianchen’s secret technique and suffered a heavy blow, directly losing the match!

This result made Qingxuan feel extremely aggrieved, causing him to momentarily forget the long-term plans of the Qing Xuan Sect and the instructions from the leading elder before the match.

But...

At this moment, he suddenly woke up!

In his view, losing the match and missing the top four is insignificant compared to the Qing Xuan Sect's plans.

The only regret he felt was missing the opportunity to receive guidance from Zuo Fengshan in this genius tournament.

Unfortunately, time can't be reversed. His defeat was irreversible, compounded by the scolding from the leading elder. He already understood that failure was inevitable and could only reluctantly accept this result.

Of course, what he didn't expect was that Tong Qianchen had actually hidden her strength in previous matches, holding back an ace.

That punch was really fast!

Even though he was fully focused on defense, it wasn't easy to break the move effortlessly!

“Truly incredible, I never expected Tong Qianchen to still hide her strength in previous matches. It seems that, based on her strength, she should be comparable to Zhang Taiyi in the Xuanwu Sect. We’ve all been deceived.”

In the stands, representatives from various major forces lamented one after another, all feeling that Qingxuan lost undeservedly, purely due to carelessness. Based on true combat power, Qingxuan should absolutely be able to defeat her.

However, the competition is cruel like this. No matter if you lost due to carelessness or for some other reason, as long as you lost the match, then you lost the match, nothing more to say.

Particularly as Zuo Fengshan, the Jueluo Country special envoy, he felt especially regretful about Qingxuan losing the match. He had a very good impression of this young man, and both of them were cultivating divine sense, instinctively feeling a sense of closeness to Qingxuan.

Originally, he thought that even if Qingxuan couldn’t win the championship, he would certainly be able to break into the semifinals, maybe even into the finals.

Unexpectedly, he was eliminated in the quarterfinals, making him particularly perplexed—in his view, as long as Qingxuan insisted on a rematch in his injured state, he would still have a chance to defeat Tong Qianchen!

After Qingxuan was carried off the arena by the leading elder, Tong Qianchen also casually walked off the stage, feeling not even a shred of pride, only a sense of luck.

She knew that if it weren't for Qingxuan's carelessness, winning the match would have been nearly impossible for her. It's fair to say that her advance into the top four was largely thanks to luck.

"This..."

Returning to the waiting area, Shen Tu and Jin Zhanfei were stunned, never expecting Tong Qianchen to defeat Qingxuan with a single move, determining the outcome, which was simply astonishing.

At the same time, they deeply felt that Tong Qianchen wasn't as weak as she appeared on the surface, but intentionally avoided competing for the so-called ranking with them.

...

"Quarterfinal elimination match third round, Ye Fan from the Xuanwu Sect versus Zhang Yuanyi from the Tianyuan Sect, please both contestants take the stage!"

As Tong Qianchen walked off the arena, Lei Bikuan announced the start of the third match.

Swish!

Ye Fan stood up and slowly walked towards the ancient arena amidst the expectant gazes of the crowd.

“Brother Ye, don’t be careless!”

Tong Qianchen gazed blankly at Ye Fan’s not-so-towering figure, murmuring softly.

She herself had hidden her strength and won the match by luck due to Qingxuan’s carelessness. Who knows if Zhang Yuanyi, the second genius of the Tianyuan Sect, is also hiding his strength?

If Zhang Yuanyi had hidden his strength, Ye Fan, being careless, might very well follow in Qingxuan’s footsteps.

This... is not what she hopes to see!

Ye Fan slightly nodded at Tong Qianchen, indicating he understood, then proceeded to the stage.

Zhang Yuanyi was not far behind, following Ye Fan onto the stage, facing him from afar.

“Both sides ready, the match begins!”

Seeing this scene, Lei Bikuan wasted no time and directly announced the start of the match.

With Lei Bikuan's voice falling, the atmosphere on stage instantly became tense.

Ye Fan looked calmly at his opponent Zhang Yuanyi, focusing intently on sensing every bit of change in his aura.

Martial artists fighting, the lower-level ones compete in brute force while the mid-level ones compete in skills, and the top ones compete in spirit, compete in aura, using every means possible.

Among the martial artist elites, one will absolutely not make the first move before the opponent acts, as doing so would expose one's intentions.

Ye Fan knew long ago that no matter how cleverly one hides, unless they can fully control everything about themselves, any sign will be visible before making a move.

This concept, countless martial artist predecessors exchanged their blood and lives for, is considered a universal truth.

Hence, Ye Fan's gaze at this moment was fixed on Zhang Yuanyi, using his divine soul to sense. As long as Zhang Yuanyi made any movements, Ye Fan could calmly respond.

Hmm?

Seeing Ye Fan unmoving, Zhang Yuanyi felt he should take the initiative.

Because Tong Qianchen's strategy just now had given him great inspiration.

Sudden attack, catching the opponent unprepared with a surprise move, perhaps he might also be able to create a miracle and make it to the top four.

Though knowing the hope appeared slim, he still decided to give it a try.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

In an instant, Zhang Yuanyi unleashed his full power, his hands transforming into countless claw shadows, charging towards Ye Fan with fierce True Yuan.

"Good!"

“Not bad!”

This move instantly won a round of applause, with cheers continuously coming from below the stage. Whether they were loose cultivators or ordinary people, they couldn't help but applaud after seeing Zhang Yuanyi take action.

Even the representatives of those powerful forces in the audience couldn't help but nod secretly. Zhang Yuanyi's strategy was undoubtedly the same as Tong Qianchen's, first disrupting the opponent's vision, then using the strongest move to severely injure the opponent.

Only the referee Lei Bikuan and the Supreme Elder of the Xuanwu Sect, Shen Ximen, did not see it this way. The former because he saw Ye Fan's stance, which was absolutely flawless; as long as he didn't move, no attack could make him move even half a step, but would instead invite a fierce counterattack.

At this moment, Lei Bikuan knew that Zhang Yuanyi was no match for Ye Fan. The difference between their stillness and movement made it clear that Ye Fan was not like the arrogant Qingxuan. He treated every opponent with caution and would never be careless.

Shen Ximen, on the other hand, was very familiar with Ye Fan's strength. Even Chu Feng couldn't last three moves under his hand, let alone Zhang Yuanyi?

Zhang Yuanyi's strength compared to Chu Feng was more than just a notch lower!

If Ye Fan intended to kill, Zhang Yuanyi might not withstand even one move and would likely be defeated, or even possibly killed on the spot!

Whoosh!

On the arena, Ye Fan finally made his move!

He did not use a thunderous method to end the match immediately, but instead suppressed his strength to match his opponent, displaying his martial skills and launching a Bloody Gang punch.

Boom!

Fist and claw collided, the energy wave swept in all directions, resisted by the ancient arena's formation, unable to spread beyond the arena, yet the sound kept resonating.

Hmm?

Seeing that Ye Fan was not as overwhelmingly strong as imagined, but rather matched him evenly, Zhang Yuanyi suddenly gained confidence and continued to attack.

Whereas Ye Fan remained calm and composed, stepping leisurely, continuously defusing Zhang Yuanyi's attacks.

For a moment, the two exchanged blows back and forth, fighting with great enthusiasm!

“Good!”

“Marvelous!”

This delighted the ordinary audience below the stage. Such a battle was exciting for them; although they couldn’t really see how the two fought, the excitement was enough to keep them entertained.

Lei Bikuan and representatives from several major forces, however, saw that Ye Fan was deliberately suppressing his own strength. His purpose was obvious, to probe into his opponent’s depth, thus mastering the way the opponent wielded True Yuan, trying to foresee everything, and becoming familiar with the Tianyuan Sect’s cultivation techniques and martial arts.

“Strength, disposition, intelligence—all there, this boy is not simple!”

The person in charge of Lingzhuang Tianyuan State stared at Ye Fan with sparkling eyes, couldn’t help but praise him.

There was no response, but whether it was Zuo Fengshan or Yaling, they both wore a look of approval.

“This Ye Fan will definitely become a great talent in the future, and if he doesn’t perish early, with a little bit of extraordinary luck, he will definitely have a presence on the Emperor Road!”

Besides the representatives of the major forces, a shabby elder among the crowd gave an even higher evaluation.

While munching on a candied haw, the elder mumbled unclearly, people around couldn't hear him, and even if they did, they would think he's out of his mind, rambling nonsensically.

In fact, if someone recognized him, they would definitely be flabbergasted on the spot!

Because his fame was too resounding, so much so that when he appeared before everyone, they wouldn't associate it with him, because they'd never think of him that way.

After finishing the candied haw, the elder wiped his syrup-covered hands carelessly on his clothes, making himself even dirtier, prompting even ordinary people to keep a distance, avoiding bad luck.

Meanwhile, on the arena, Zhang Yuanyi became increasingly apprehensive, no matter how cunning and fierce his attacks were, Ye Fan repeatedly used just two punches to block his attacks dead-on, not one move proved effective.

Moreover, even more despairing for Zhang Yuanyi was that Ye Fan seemed to have foreknowledge, responding most accurately the moment he made a move, unable to fully unleash any attack, every move being dismantled by Ye Fan prematurely!

One or two moves were fine, but over time Zhang Yuanyi couldn't take it anymore, that suffocating feeling made him want to howl at the sky, and Ye Fan's fists were heavy and powerful, with a style of bold and vigorous force, each punch causing his True Yuan to churn.

In this situation, Zhang Yuanyi's predicament was imaginable, a prolonged battle bore no fruit, he became somewhat agitated, attempted risky moves several times, but all were anticipated by Ye Fan in advance, unable to succeed.

Through this exploration, Ye Fan had long since identified some characteristics and flaws in the Tianyuan Sect's cultivation techniques and martial arts, laying the foundation for fighting Luo Xiaolin of the Tianyuan Sect next.

Furthermore, he could end the match anytime, but consistently held back, hoping Zhang Yuanyi would execute the Tianyuan Sect's hidden absolute techniques fully.

"It's over!"

After a moment, seeing Zhang Yuanyi had no hidden ace left, Ye Fan's momentum suddenly changed, his punch forcefully increased, blasting Zhang Yuanyi off the stage!

Chapter 1206: Humiliation and Provocation

After figuring out the routines of the Tianyuan Sect's martial arts, Ye Fan no longer wasted time and with one punch, sent Zhang Yuanyi off the stage.

With this punch, Ye Fan did not go for the kill, only severely injuring Zhang Yuanyi without taking his life.

Although there was an irreconcilable feud between the Xuanwu Sect and the Tianyuan Sect, and Ye Fan had a very poor impression of Tianyuan, he knew that even if he did resort to lethal force, he would probably be stopped by Lei Bikuan. It was better to go with the flow and not make Lei Bikuan look bad.

“In the third match of the top eight elimination rounds, Xuanwu Sect’s Ye Fan wins, Tianyuan Sect’s Zhang Yuanyi is eliminated!”

Seeing Zhang Yuanyi injured but not in mortal danger, Lei Bikuan breathed a sigh of relief, then nodded to Ye Fan, before announcing the result of the match.

“This young man controls the situation and True Yuan with remarkable ease, it’s truly impressive.” The person in charge of Spirit Manor Tianyuan State couldn’t help but sigh from the audience.

Hearing his words, both Yaling and Zuo Fengshan beside him agreed.

This battle left a profound impression on them; Ye Fan’s control of his strength and precise grasp of the situation was truly stunning.

Not just them, the leaders of various major sects and clans, Chu Hong, Luo Xiaolin, Qingxuan all noted the subtlety, but Chu Hong and Luo Xiaolin didn’t feel afraid, nor even the slightest seriousness.

They had confidence in their own strength!

Of course, most people couldn't see what was happening, assuming Zhang Yuanyi was exhausted and thus knocked off the stage by Ye Fan.

Once Lei Bikuan announced the match result, Ye Fan walked off the stage and returned to the waiting area.

"Brother Ye is amazing!"

"Ye Zi did great!"

Several people, including Tong Qianchen and Jin Zhanfei, came forward to offer their congratulations.

Meanwhile, Zhang Taiyi looked serious.

Because...

He was about to appear in the next match!

Although Zhang Taiyi was also very strong, defeating Luo Xiaolin wasn't easy; more often losing than winning.

“In the last match of the top eight elimination rounds, Tianyuan Sect’s Luo Xiaolin is against Xuanwu Sect’s Zhang Taiyi, both parties please take the stage.”

While everyone was still immersed in the wonderful scenes of the previous match, Lei Bikuan announced the start of the last quarter-final match.

“Senior Brother Zhang, be careful, Luo Xiaolin is ruthless and vindictive. Even if you lose, it’s not a problem, you’ve already secured a spot into the Tianyuan Secret Realm, no need to fight him desperately.” Ye Fan said as he saw Zhang Taiyi stand up.

“Hmm.”

Zhang Taiyi nodded slightly, still maintaining a cold demeanor, cherishing his words as if gold, unwilling to say anything more.

“Be detached from winning or losing, and without obsessions, to perform at your best. Go!” Shen Ximen reminded.

As the Supreme Elder and a peer friend of Wang Qingshan, Shen Ximen was particularly attentive to this disciple of his senior brother, because if something went wrong in the competition, he would have a hard time explaining to his senior brother.

Zhang Taiyi silently nodded, then walked onto the stage with a cold look.

Luo Xiaolin had long stood proudly on the stage, his gaze towards Zhang Taiyi filled with disdain!

That feeling, as if in his eyes, Zhang Taiyi didn't even deserve to be his opponent!

"Both sides prepare, the match begins!"

Seeing both on stage, Lei Bikuan wasted no words, just as with the previous three matches, directly announcing the start of the match.

Swoosh!

As Lei Bikuan's words fell, Luo Xiaolin moved!

Striking first to gain the advantage!

Luo Xiaolin chose to attack first!

Whish!

His body transformed into a streak of flowing light, instantly darting beside Zhang Taiyi, raising his hand to slap his face!

Hit without targeting the face, insult without directing the shortcoming, Luo Xiaolin openly intended not only to compete but to humiliate Zhang Taiyi!

Hmm?

Zhang Taiyi's face changed, not expecting Luo Xiaolin to attack so suddenly without any warning.

Fortunately, he was a battle-hardened genius, knowing he couldn't block in time. His feet glued to the ground, his body leaned back, instantly leveling with the earth, using an Iron Plate Bridge, barely avoiding Luo Xiaolin's slap.

Meanwhile, Zhang Taiyi was extremely furious!

As the former number-one core disciple of the Xuanwu Sect, he had his pride—he could tolerate losing but not being humiliated!

Whish!

Luo Xiaolin pressed his advantage, after missing the slap, directly advancing, fingers like mountains, palm true yuan surging, towards Zhang Taiyi's chest as he executed the Iron Plate Bridge.

If this palm struck firmly, Zhang Taiyi would certainly die even with nine lives.

Whish!

At this critical moment, Zhang Taiyi exploded with combat power beyond his own strength, pushing his potential out, without thinking, joining fingers together, firing two Finger Beams aiming at Luo Xiaolin's eyes while kicking his right foot towards Luo Xiaolin's legs.

Hmm?

Luo Xiaolin's face darkened, not expecting Zhang Taiyi's reaction to be so strong, spraying Innate True Essence to scatter Zhang Taiyi's Finger Beams.

Meanwhile, Luo Xiaolin spun his body swiftly, avoiding Zhang Taiyi's kick below, then slapped Zhang Taiyi's face.

Clap!

The slap rang out, and Zhang Taiyi was directly knocked flying!

This slap, although it didn't cause lethal damage to Zhang Taiyi, dealt an indescribable blow to his heart!

Since he embarked on the path of cultivation, no one had humiliated him like this!

Not a single person!

"Humph, I wanted to slap you, and could you dodge it? How does it feel?"

After landing a hit, Luo Xiaolin didn't push the advantage but took two steps back, saying with a cold smile.

"Hiss~"

Zhang Taiyi drew a sharp breath but didn't lose his rationality and charge at Luo Xiaolin. Instead, he stabilized his emotions before pouncing towards Luo Xiaolin!

Bang bang bang...

In an instant, the two were fighting together, shadows on the stage were like the wind, with constant muffled sounds.

The match continued, and Luo Xiaolin continued occupying the absolute upper hand, completely suppressing Zhang Taiyi.

In fact, if he wanted, he could end the match at any moment, but he chose not to.

“Clap!”

Another crisp sound, Luo Xiaolin slapped Zhang Taiyi’s face again.

This slap, Luo Xiaolin used his full strength, directly shattering Zhang Taiyi’s protective true essence, causing half of his face to swell up like a steamed bun, with blood seeping from the corners of his mouth.

“I’ll fight you to the death!”

Being slapped again made Zhang Taiyi completely furious, shouting in anger.

He once was the top core disciple of the Xuanwu Sect, the focus of cultivation in the sect. How could he willingly take being slapped twice?

“Even if you risk your life, it will be in vain, only bringing disgrace upon yourself!”

Luo Xiaolin sneered coldly, his body moved like lightning, after trading a few more moves, slapped Zhang Taiyi’s face again.

Luo Xiaolin’s slaps were more ruthless, almost completely shattering Zhang Taiyi’s protective true essence.

“I’ll kill you!”

Even though Zhang Taiyi had commendable willpower, he couldn’t endure being slapped repeatedly, his anger exploded, charging at Luo Xiaolin like a madman with blood-red eyes.

“Enough!”

Even the referee Lei Bikuan couldn’t watch Luo Xiaolin humiliating his opponent any longer, stopping the match, “In this match, the Tianyuan Sect’s Luo Xiaolin wins, the Xuanwu Sect’s Zhang Taiyi is eliminated!”

Obviously, Lei Bikuan understood that if the fight continued, Zhang Taiyi would only embarrass himself more.

“Ah...!!”

Zhang Taiyi felt aggrieved and furious, unable to swallow this insult!

He wanted a battle to the death, but his last shred of reason told him he was no match for Luo Xiaolin, and he remembered Shen Ximen's words, knowing he shouldn't be rash, so he had to endure the humiliation.

"Hoo... hoo... hoo..."

Zhang Taiyi closed his eyes, exhaling deeply as if to vent all his pent-up anger and frustration.

"What? Unconvinced??"

Seeing Zhang Taiyi's anguished expression, Luo Xiaolin sneered continuously, "If you're unconvinced, come again! Sign a death agreement, have a death match, I guarantee to send you on your way within three strokes!"

At this moment, Luo Xiaolin wasn't just humiliating, but blatantly provoking—claiming to defeat his opponent in three moves, he might not be able to achieve that, since Zhang Taiyi was also very strong, and if he really burned his true essence in desperation, he wouldn't die so easily.

"Uh..."

The audience was completely silent, the battle they just witnessed still fresh in their minds, as Luo Xiaolin openly provoked again, clearly intending to use this opportunity to eliminate Zhang Taiyi and weaken the Xuanwu Sect's future strength.

The loose cultivators weren't fools either, seeing this, they despised Luo Xiaolin's underhanded methods, but since both sides were in opposing camps, any dirty tricks were fair game.

However, at the same time, people were worried for Zhang Taiyi, such provocation was hard to endure for anyone with pride, it was outright bullying.

"You..."

Hearing Luo Xiaolin's words, the rage Zhang Taiyi barely suppressed flared up again, his eyes locked onto Luo Xiaolin, the blood on his lips ignored, making him look menacingly terrifying.

"What are you staring at? I think you should tuck your tail and get off the stage. Hmm, what's your sect called again? Xuanwu? Everyone, what do you think Xuanwu really is?"

"A turtle!"

Someone from the audience shouted, provoking a wave of laughter, clearly calling the opponent a cowardly turtle.

“Luo Xiaolin! You don’t need to rile me up, even if I gamble my life today, I’ll drag you down—I’ll sign a death agreement with you, a fight to the death!”

Being so degraded about his sect, Zhang Taiyi’s emotions spiraled out of control, his rage reaching the heavens, demanding a fight to the death with Luo Xiaolin.

Chapter 1207: The Battle Starts Early!

Zhang Taiyi was repeatedly slapped by Luo Xiaolin, suffering tremendous humiliation, yet he didn’t let anger cloud his mind and chose to step down in frustration.

However—

When Luo Xiaolin opened his mouth to humiliate the Xuanwu Sect, he was completely enraged and chose a life-and-death battle without hesitation!

In the waiting area, Qing Xuan sneered endlessly; the plan of the three tigers competing would soon come into effect. Once Zhang Taiyi died at Luo Xiaolin’s hands, the Xuanwu Sect and the Tianyuan Sect would inevitably be at eternal odds.

Meanwhile, the Chu Family had a deep-seated grudge against the Xuanwu Sect and would be unlikely to let things rest. Moreover, with Chu Hong’s pride and arrogance, the relationship between him and Luo Xiaolin was doomed to be bad.

When the time comes, the Xuanwu Sect, Tianyuan Sect, and the Chu Family would fight to the death among themselves, while the Qing Xuan Sect watches the tigers fight from a mountain, emerging at the end to clean up the mess and thereby annex all three!

If everything goes smoothly, the Qing Xuan Sect would be the only major sect in Tianyuan State, and could even hope to rival the Jueluo Empire in the future.

“Taiyi, don’t!”

Seeing Zhang Taiyi about to engage in a life-and-death battle with Luo Xiaolin, Elder Shen Ximen was shocked and quickly tried to stop him, his corpulent body launching from his seat like a big bird, directly flying toward the ring.

“Senior Brother Zhang, don’t fall for it!”

“Senior Brother Zhang, don’t be impulsive; he’s provoking you on purpose.”

“Luo Xiaolin! You deserve to die!”

Shen Tu and Jin Zhanfei both rushed onto the stage one after another, but Ye Fan was a step ahead of them, following Elder Shen Ximen onto the stage, staring into Luo Xiaolin’s eyes and saying coldly.

“Impulsiveness is the devil; you’d better listen to them and be a coward...”

Luo Xiaolin was not afraid at all, knowing that in front of so many people, Elder Shen would never make a move on him.

Even if Elder Shen would act, Lei Bikuan would absolutely stop him.

Under such circumstances, he not only remained fearless but continued to provoke Zhang Taiyi, fearing that Zhang Taiyi might repent.

“Elder Shen, don’t stop me; I must make him pay for what he said just now!”

Zhang Taiyi, wrathful, was trembling all over, ready to fight Luo Xiaolin to the death.

“To do what you know you shouldn’t is the courage of a reckless man; get back!” Elder Shen lowly shouted.

By now, he too looked displeased, but he also knew very well that if he let Zhang Taiyi and Luo Xiaolin proceed with the life-and-death battle, the one who would ultimately die on the stage would inevitably be Zhang Taiyi!

This was something he could not bear to see!

Moreover, in his view, Ye Fan had already advanced to the semi-finals and would face Luo Xiaolin next. Letting Ye Fan deal with Luo Xiaolin in the future would be much better than letting Luo Xiaolin continue to tough it out now.

“Luo Xiaolin, leave a line in everything you do. You’ve gone too far!” Ye Fan coldly stared at Luo Xiaolin, exuding an icy murderous intent.

He was already very hostile toward the Tianyuan Sect, and now Luo Xiaolin shamelessly humiliated Zhang Taiyi in public and deliberately provoked him into agreeing to a life-and-death battle, wanting to kill Zhang Taiyi...

All of this made him harbor killing intent against Luo Xiaolin!

“Your words are more boastful than your feet stink; you better pray for yourself and don’t end up like him, being a coward...”

As Ye Fan’s words echoed in his ears, feeling the chilling murderous aura emanating from Ye Fan, Luo Xiaolin not only was unafraid but continued to humiliate.

Ye Fan heard this and said nothing more.

Meanwhile, Elder Shen pressed Zhang Taiyi’s shoulder and said, “Taiyi, can’t you see? With his strength, he could have beaten you a long time ago, but he didn’t do so to humiliate you, make you lose your

mind, and agree to a life-and-death battle with him! He wants to use this opportunity to kill you and weaken the future strength of our Xuanwu Sect!”

“Elder Shen, I...”

By now, Zhang Taiyi was a bit more sober and naturally understood Luo Xiaolin’s intentions, but he still couldn’t swallow the indignation, his eyes red, his expression as aggrieved as it could be.

“Senior Brother Zhang, rest assured that this disgrace today, in three days, I will return it to him tenfold!”

Seeing this, Ye Fan stepped forward, looked directly into Zhang Taiyi’s eyes, and said word by word.

He knew that Zhang Taiyi was likely not going to engage in a life-and-death battle with Luo Xiaolin for the sake of the big picture, but the humiliation couldn’t be erased, and might even leave a shadow.

In such a situation, he had to say something to calm Zhang Taiyi.

Moreover, Luo Xiaolin had repeatedly humiliated the Xuanwu Sect just now; if they didn’t regain their honor, the Xuanwu Sect would not be able to stand in Tianyuan State in the future!

Therefore, he promised Zhang Taiyi to avenge him and reclaim their dignity!

“Ye Zi, senior brother is useless; the honor of the sect relies on you!” Zhang Taiyi said bitterly, taking a deep breath after hearing Ye Fan’s words.

“Haha... return it tenfold? That’s hilarious!” Luo Xiaolin said with mockery.

“Forty slaps, I guarantee not one less!” Ye Fan narrowed his eyes slightly, extending four fingers, stated one word at a time.

“Hahaha...”

Luo Xiaolin laughed heartily, then his eyes, like those of a viper, fixed on Ye Fan as he said coldly, “Since you are so confident, I will fulfill your ‘wish’—our match will take place today!”

“Exactly what I wanted!”

Ye Fan’s murderous intent erupted like a volcano, instantly lowering the surrounding temperature.

“Do you think I’m invisible? Since when can you decide on the match time yourselves?!”

Lei Bikuan's face turned a bit unpleasant, though he understood both sides' mental states, seeing Luo Xiaolin and Ye Fan deciding in front of him and everyone to advance the match was akin to ignoring his existence.

"Lord Lei, we want to have the semi-finals immediately; since it's early, there's no need to wait!" Luo Xiaolin respectfully requested.

"Lord Lei, I also feel the same," Ye Fan added.

"Since both of you are eager for a match today, I'll discuss it with the others. If the decision is passed, your match will be advanced. Now, return to the waiting area and await further notice!"

Deciding whether the semi-finals will be held today is not for me alone to say; I need to discuss it with everyone, and if the decision is passed, "

Seeing that both of them were determined to have the showdown immediately, and noticing that Elder Shen and the Tianyuan Sect's leading elder were also watching like tigers eyeing their prey, Lei Bikuan thought for a while and said.

"Alright!"

Ye Fan and Luo Xiaolin replied in unison, then glanced at each other before turning and stepping off the ring.

Seeing this scene, Lei Bikuan's figure flickered as he swept to the opposite platform of the ring, while the leaders of various major sects, clans, and Zuo Fengshan gathered together to discuss how to resolve this sudden incident.

"Since they're eager to proceed with the match, why not accommodate them?"

Zuo Fengshan, a special envoy from Jueluo Country, suggested, and his words carried significant weight.

"Elder Shen, what's your opinion?"

Hearing Zuo Fengshan's words, Lei Bikuan turned to look at Elder Shen and the accompanying elder from the Tianyuan Sect.

"We agree."

Elder Shen and the Tianyuan Sect's elder replied in unison.

The leaders of the sects and the clans also nodded in agreement, having no objections.

"Brother Chu, do you have any objections?" Lei Bikuan then looked at Chu Family Master Chu Yuankong.

“I have no objections.” Chu Yuankong replied.

“Good, since everyone has no objections, the match between Ye Fan of the Xuanwu Sect and Luo Xiaolin of the Tianyuan Sect will be held today!”

Upon hearing this, Lei Bikuan made the decision, his voice booming like thunder.

The square erupted into a frenzy, the audience overwhelmed with excitement.

Firstly, as per usual management, after the quarter-finals, participants typically rest for three days before the semi-finals take place, but today that rule was bypassed, and they no longer had to wait three days.

Furthermore, they all sensed that Ye Fan and Luo Xiaolin had not yet taken the stage, but the audience had already split into two camps, each refusing to back down, bickering with each other, yet barely stopping short of a fight!

“Who do you think will win, Ye Fan of the Xuanwu Sect or Luo Xiaolin of the Tianyuan Sect?”

“Luo Xiaolin from the Tianyuan Sect will win for sure!”

“Exactly, if Ye Fan of the Xuanwu Sect didn’t have absolute confidence in winning, would he dare say he would slap Luo Xiaolin forty times?”

“Exactly, if Ye Fan of the Xuanwu Sect didn’t have the absolute confidence to win, would he dare say he’ll slap Luo Xiaolin forty times?”

“Come on up, Ye, what are you waiting for?!”

Immediately, before the crowd could argue any further, Luo Xiaolin’s figure flashed, and as he landed on the stage, he called out to Ye Fan.

Chapter 1208: Using the Thunderclap Treasure Skill

On the arena, when Luo Xiaolin’s gaze fell on Ye Fan below the stage, his entire aura surged violently, his momentum soaring continuously, terrifying war intent and killing intent emanating from him like a storm.

At this moment, he resembled a fierce beast ready to devour its prey, exuding a dangerous aura all over.

“Could this be Luo Xiaolin’s true strength?”

“Too powerful, I feel like I’m facing not a person, but a humanoid Xuan Beast!”

“This aura... it might already be on par with a strong person in the Holy Embryo realm, right?”

“No wonder he’s the Tianyuan Sect’s number one disciple. With this kind of strength, he could easily win the past few genii competition championships without pressure?”

The instant Luo Xiaolin fully released his aura, everyone was shocked, no one expected his strength to be so terrifying.

“We didn’t lose wrongly!”

The contenders from other small sects who had been defeated by Luo Xiaolin with a single move sighed, realizing the gap between them and Luo Xiaolin was indeed too big.

In the stands, the representatives of several major forces were also amazed, not expecting Luo Xiaolin’s true strength to be this formidable. At the True Essence Realm Peak, his aura was already not inferior to a strong person in the early-stage of the Holy Embryo realm.

“This Luo Xiaolin is really too strong; it seems challenging for Ye Fan to defeat him!”

“More than just challenging, it’s almost impossible. I don’t deny that Ye Fan is also strong; otherwise, he wouldn’t have stood out in the fiercely competitive sect selections, but I don’t think Ye Fan can defeat Luo Xiaolin—the gap is too vast.”

“Exactly, if Luo Xiaolin hadn’t hidden his strength before, Ye Fan might have had a chance to fight back, but now...”

As Luo Xiaolin displayed his overwhelming aura, discussions arose from the audience. Whether from the ordinary spectators in the square or the Loose Cultivators hidden among the ordinary people, or the participating contestants and elders from various sects and clans in the waiting area, all believed Ye Fan had very little chance of winning against Luo Xiaolin.

In the audience, Yaling, Zuo Fengshan, and other forces' representatives remained silent.

Based on the aura Luo Xiaolin exhibited, they believed Luo Xiaolin's strength was not weak compared to Chu Hong and had the ability to contend for the championship, but Ye Fan had never exposed his true strength from start to finish; it's hard to say who will triumph.

"This kid on the arena should be able to force that Ye kid to reveal some of his strength."

Meanwhile, amidst the crowd below, an unkempt old man eating candied haws muttered to himself, looking at Luo Xiaolin on the stage, his voice so small it was drowned out and heard by no one.

As the old man finished speaking, Ye Fan stood up, ready to battle.

"Brother Ye, for such a person, you don't need to hold back, give him a good beating!"

Tong Qianchen, full of confidence in Ye Fan, also recalling Luo Xiaolin's earlier humiliation of Zhang Taiyi, expressed her indignant thoughts.

“Hmm.”

Ye Fan nodded slightly, then looked toward Zhang Taiyi.

“Ye Zi, the glory of the sect depends on you...” Zhang Taiyi pursed his lips and said softly.

Upon hearing this, Ye Fan didn’t respond with words, only patted Zhang Taiyi on the shoulder.

All understood without need for words!

“Whoosh!”

The sound of air being sliced rang out as Ye Fan’s figure flashed, swiftly leaping onto the arena, and the crowd quieted down once more.

“Tsk ts... the scene of life and death farewell is really touching.”

On the arena, Luo Xiaolin sneered and spoke, then recalled Tianyuan Sect Leader Helian Chang’s instructions and provocatively said, “Don’t you really want to stand up for that waste Zhang Taiyi? Don’t you really want to uphold the glory of the Xuanwu Sect? I’ll give you a chance, a death match, dare you?”

“Just what I wanted.”

Ye Fan replied expressionlessly. In his heart, he already harbored a killing intent towards Luo Xiaolin. Now that Luo Xiaolin proactively proposed a death match, he naturally would not refuse.

Wow!

As Ye Fan and Luo Xiaolin’s conversation reached everyone’s ears, the originally quiet crowd immediately became agitated.

Although everyone knew the grievances between the Xuanwu Sect and the Tianyuan Sect, as well as the incident of Ye Fan insulting Tianyuan Sect Leader Helian Chang, no one expected that they would initiate a death match right from the start!

This was also the first time since the start of the competition!

“Are you sure you want to have a death match?”

Lei Bikuan was also somewhat surprised and couldn’t help but remind, “I must remind you, once you initiate a death match, there’s a high possibility that one of you will fall...”

“Sure!”

Before Lei Bikuan could finish, Luo Xiaolin interrupted, appearing eager, as if wished to slaughter Ye Fan immediately.

After his words, he emitted a terrifying aura throughout, his eyes looking at Ye Fan filled with chilling killing intent.

“Xuanwu Sect’s Ye Fan, and you?” Lei Bikuan asked Ye Fan for confirmation.

“When it rains, and a mother wants to marry, those who want to court death can’t be stopped.” Ye Fan replied indirectly, indicating his stance.

“Haha... I’m really curious, where does your confidence and courage come from?” Luo Xiaolin laughed wildly, not taking Ye Fan seriously at all.

“You’ll find out soon.”

Ye Fan responded coldly, “Besides, I’ll return those forty slaps to you, not one less! Of course, you can choose to concede and beg for mercy halfway through!”

“You’re seeking death!”

Luo Xiaolin shouted angrily, “Heavenly Element Cross Slash!”

Whoosh!

As he roared, Luo Xiaolin’s hands moved horizontally and vertically. His True Yuan contained but not released, and his hands instantly turned into bright silver, like a silver battle knife, fiercely slashing towards Ye Fan.

Luo Xiaolin was already eager to kill Ye Fan, and hearing Ye Fan mention the forty slaps again made him furious, prompting him to strike first!

“Oh my, this is...”

“Tianyuan Sect’s Supreme Skill, Cross Slash? He actually used this martial arts skill right at the start, is he desperate?”

No one expected Luo Xiaolin to attack as soon as he spoke. Moreover, he used a lethal move immediately, causing an uproar.

“Tianyuan Sect’s signature Supreme Skill Cross Slash, very few can cultivate it to the bright silver level. Luo Xiaolin truly deserves to be called a prodigy!”

In the stands, Yaling lightly furrowed her brows. As the Tianyuan State representative of Treasure Pavilion, she was quite knowledgeable about the Supreme Skills of the Three Major Sects and the Five Great Families.

While not an expert, she knew some things. The Tianyuan Sect's signature Supreme Skill Cross Slash was a martial arts technique of considerable power.

This martial arts skill is divided into five levels. At the beginning of cultivation, the hands are earth gray. Upon advancing, they turn white, then silver, and few in the entire Tianyuan Sect have reached bright silver.

She couldn't believe that at such a young age, Luo Xiaolin had cultivated the Cross Slash to bright silver.

At this moment, almost everyone thought Ye Fan couldn't withstand it, as the bright silver Cross Slash was at a very high realm, akin to Mithril, unstoppable.

Only Shen Ximen and other members of Xuanwu Sect remained relaxed, showing no sign of tension whatsoever. They believed that in the face of Ye Fan's Thunderclap Treasure Skill, even the brightest silver Cross Slash was just rubbish that couldn't withstand a single blow.

Whoosh!

Facing the imposing Luo Xiaolin, Ye Fan took a deep breath, maintaining a calm expression. His right fist swung out fiercely, flickering with purple Thunder Power, appearing exceptionally strange.

Thunderclap Treasure Skill!

Since the start of the Tianyuan City's genius tournament, this was the first time he had used the Thunderclap Treasure Skill!

Instantly, Ye Fan's fist emitted a brilliant purple glow, with Thunder Power coiling around it like purple serpent dragons!

"Thunder... Thunderclap Treasure Skill?!"

Seeing this, an unkempt old man in the crowd had his eyes light up intensely, displaying an unmistakable shock on his filthy face.

Meanwhile, representatives from various forces such as Yaling and Zuo Fengshan sensed something, but they weren't entirely sure.

The next moment.

Boom!

A loud explosion sounded as Ye Fan's fist collided fiercely with Luo Xiaolin's Cross Slash!

The arena erupted in a blaze of intertwined purple and silver lights, dazzling everyone's eyes!

Pfft!

Ye Fan's Iron Fist, imbued with the might of thunder, directly shattered Luo Xiaolin's Cross Slash, striking heavily at Luo Xiaolin's chest. The violent Thunder Power cracked the True Essence Armor on Luo Xiaolin's body.

Crunch!

Boom—

The sound of bone cracking rang out as Luo Xiaolin flew backward, spewing a mist of blood from his mouth before crashing heavily onto the arena.

In an instant, the entire venue fell silent!

Time seemed to freeze at this moment!

Chapter 1209: Overwhelming Domination

Luo Xiaolin was the first to strike, using the Tianyuan Sect's ultimate skill 'Heavenly Element Cross Slash', with ferocious power. The result... was that he was blown away by a punch from Ye Fan!

This result shocked the entire audience!

"Uh..."

Those cheering and applauding for Luo Xiaolin were like ducks with their necks tightly grasped, making gurgling sounds, but unable to speak a single word, completely dumbfounded.

Before Ye Fan made his move, they didn't believe Ye Fan could withstand Luo Xiaolin's formidable Cross Slash, instead thinking Ye Fan would most likely be injured.

However—

The reality slapped them hard in the face!

Not only was Ye Fan uninjured, but he instantly broke Luo Xiaolin's Cross Slash, shattered Luo Xiaolin's True Essence Armor, and dealt him severe injuries.

All of this made them feel as if they were in a dream!

Even seeing Luo Xiaolin spitting blood and flying backwards, they still couldn't believe it was real!

"How... how could this happen?"

"Just how powerful is this Ye Fan from the Xuanwu Sect? To be able to blow Luo Xiaolin away with a single punch at his strongest moment, severely injuring him?!"

At this moment, such questions filled almost everyone's mind.

They did not include the representatives from major forces like Yaling and Zuo Fengshan.

When Ye Fan easily broke Luo Xiaolin's 'Heavenly Element Cross Slash' with a punch, they confirmed their suspicions—Ye Fan had comprehended the Thunderclap Treasure Skill!

Undeniably, as a seed player of the Tianyuan Sect, Luo Xiaolin was indeed very powerful, including his previously hidden strength, which was only revealed now.

But it was useless, they knew deeply how terrifying the Thunder Power was!

Back then, the Thunder Venerable master was the strongest person most likely to prove Dao and become an Emperor. From combat power, he was almost infinitely close to the Great Emperor, being praised as the number one under the Great Emperor!

The Thunderclap Treasure Skill he created is one of the strongest attacking Treasure Technique of all time, astonishing.

Although Ye Fan only grasped a small part of it, it was more than enough to defeat Luo Xiaolin. This outcome was already within their expectations.

“Hmm... this kid’s luck seems better than I thought. Not only did he get the Thunderclap Treasure Skill, but he also comprehended it to this extent. It seems he will have a presence in this generation’s struggle on the Emperor Road.”

Among the crowd below the stage, the old shabby man thought to himself, his eyes flashing with a sharp light.

At the same time, in the waiting area, the competitors from various sects or families were all dumbfounded. Some even rubbed their eyes hard, seeming to think they had seen an illusion.

Illusion?

“Well done, Ye Zi!”

Jin Zhanfei was so excited he was dancing for joy, feeling as if it wasn't Ye Fan who blew Luo Xiaolin away with a punch, but himself.

Not far from Jin Zhanfei, in the Chu Family camp, Chu Hong's brow furrowed slightly, and for the first time, a serious look appeared on his face.

It seems at this moment, he finally admitted that Ye Fan indeed had the strength to contend with him!

"Thunder Power, it's Thunder Power! I never thought that Ye Fan of the Xuanwu Sect would comprehend some Secret Technique from the Thunderclap Treasure Skill. No wonder even though his realm is only Mid True Essence Realm, he became the number one Core Disciple of the Xuanwu Sect!"

The elders or family heads who came leading the teams said similar things. They were not blind, having very rich experience, naturally, they could see how terrifying the Thunder Power contained in Ye Fan's punch was!

"It seems the Xuanwu Sect is really about to rise."

In the stands, Zuo Fengshan nodded repeatedly. Before Ye Fan made his move, he also did not have high hopes for Ye Fan, but now it was different. Having such terrifying strength at Mid True Essence Realm, what would he be like if he advanced to the Holy Embryo Realm?

At this moment, Zuo Fengshan began calculating his own little plans.

Yaling's beautiful eyes sparkled with brilliance.

From Ye Fan's composed demeanor, she could see that even then, Ye Fan hadn't gone all out but had held back.

Under such circumstances, she was almost certain that Ye Fan's entry into the finals was a sure thing, and the possibility of ultimately winning the championship was very high!

Even outsiders were shocked by Ye Fan's sudden explosive combat power, let alone Luo Xiaolin himself?

"How... how could this happen?"

"I won't lose, I absolutely won't lose!"

Luo Xiaolin crawled up from the edge of the ring, his whole face twisted, his eyes filled with terror, anger, and unwillingness.

"Ah...!"

Luo Xiaolin let out a long roar, frantically burning the True Yuan within his body, a horrific aura spreading from him.

At this moment, Luo Xiaolin had completely lost his reason, in his eyes, there was only one thing: to kill Ye Fan!

Burning True Yuan is an infallible method to boost combat power in a short time, but it also has many drawbacks. Even if you barely defeat your opponent, burning True Yuan will leave some hidden dangers.

However, at this moment, Luo Xiaolin could no longer care about these, as long as he could kill Ye Fan, no amount of sacrifice was too much to bear.

“Ye, give me your life!”

Luo Xiaolin roared madly, his hands conjuring a flurry of claw shadows, shooting strands of True Yuan, emanating powerful energy fluctuations, once again pouncing fiercely at Ye Fan!

Hmm?

Everyone in the plaza was once again shocked, no one expected that Luo Xiaolin would go all out burning his True Yuan just to desperately fight Ye Fan.

“What of burning True Yuan? The result is already predetermined!”

Ye Fan snorted coldly, and instead of burning his True Yuan to meet the challenge, he punched out again.

Still using the Thunderclap Treasure Skill!

Simple, direct!

Fierce, domineering!

Bang!

With Ye Fan's punch, the claw shadows in the sky instantly vanished, and Luo Xiaolin was once again sent flying.

"Pfft..."

This time, Luo Xiaolin was even more severely injured, spitting out a mouthful of fresh blood, his face instantly turning as pale as paper, almost unable to catch his breath.

Utter defeat, even after burning his True Yuan, he was still not Ye Fan's opponent, and he was defeated again while Ye Fan hadn't even burned his True Yuan.

“Uh...”

The field once again fell silent, so quiet you could hear a pin drop, almost everyone was completely shocked by Ye Fan’s two punches, their minds a blank, as if still frozen at the moment Ye Fan punched out.

With such severe injuries, Luo Xiaolin had almost lost the ability to fight. At this moment, he was no different from an ordinary person, perhaps even worse.

Clap!

Clap!

Clap!

Ye Fan walked toward him with a somber face, each step slow and heavy, each step causing the array patterns beneath his feet to flicker, showing they withstood massive attacks.

Thud... thud... thud...

Each of Ye Fan's steps felt like a heavy hammer striking Luo Xiaolin's heart, causing his face to instantly turn as pale as gold paper.

Fear overwhelmed his mind...

Only now did he understand what fear meant!

"I said, the humiliation you gave to Senior Brother Zhang, I would repay tenfold, forty slaps, not a single one will be missing! Now, it's time to settle the score!"

With these words, Ye Fan arrived.

Ye Fan stood over Luo Xiaolin, looking down at him.

"You..."

Luo Xiaolin, extremely enraged, wanted to say something.

"Slap!"

However—

Before he could get the words out, a crisp slap sounded.

He was slapped by Ye Fan from the edge of the ring to the center of the stage, spilling a trail of blood!

Chapter 1210: Killing Luo Xiaolin!

Whoosh!

Ye Fan slapped Luo Xiaolin into the air without a pause, his figure flashed, instantly darting to Luo Xiaolin's side.

"You..."

Anger and humiliation twisted Luo Xiaolin's face completely, blood streamed from the corner of his mouth, like an enraged lion, attempting to roar at Ye Fan.

However—

Before he could finish, Ye Fan interrupted him coldly, "I said forty slaps, not one less!"

Swish!

As his words fell, Ye Fan swung his large hand, grabbing Luo Xiaolin like lifting a chick, hoisting him into the air.

Slap!

A crisp sound rang out again, Ye Fan delivered the second slap, causing Luo Xiaolin's head to tilt.

Slap!

Slap!

Slap!

...

Forward,

Backward!

Subsequently, under the watchful eyes of the crowd, Ye Fan, like a father disciplining a disobedient son, hoisted Luo Xiaolin, continuously delivering slaps.

Wow!

Ye Fan's ferocious performance once again shook the entire audience!

Those who initially thought Ye Fan would surely lose felt that Ye Fan's slaps not only landed on Luo Xiaolin's face but also slapped theirs, faces burning with shame, desperately wishing to find a crack to hide in.

Those who had been supporting Ye Fan cheered loudly throughout the square.

Those contestants from small sects or minor clans who once faced Ye Fan secretly rejoiced, Ye Fan's true strength made them feel chills down their spine, if Ye Fan, like other seed contestants, fought ruthlessly, it's hard to imagine if they could still walk off the stage.

In the stands, Shen Ximen remained poised, but excitement and approval flashed in his eyes, the Xuanwu Sect had been weak for years, many sects wondered if Xuanwu Sect still qualified to be one of the Three Great Sects.

At this moment, Ye Fan's performance greatly boosted Xuanwu Sect's prestige, making everyone realize that Xuanwu Sect not only could continue to maintain its advantage as one of the Three Great Sects but might even leap to become the leading sect among the three.

"Well done, Ye Zi, smack that bastard hard, what nonsense."

Shen Tu and Jin Zhanfei excitedly waved their hands and feet, feeling more satisfied than if they were the ones slapping Luo Xiaolin themselves—Ye Fan's battle showcased Xuanwu Sect's majesty!

Tong Qianchen gazed at Ye Fan, displaying power on stage day after day, her beautiful eyes flashing with radiance, a happy smile appeared on her face.

Zhang Taiyi's eyes glistened with tearful excitement, his fists clenched tightly...

He knew that the reason Ye Fan was slapping Luo Xiaolin on stage was entirely to vent his anger and regain his dignity!

"Junior Brother Ye, thank you..."

Zhang Taiyi murmured, at this moment, his chest surged with a burning passion, but more so with gratitude!

At this moment, he was full of gratitude towards Ye Fan!

To promise a friend is worth a thousand pieces of gold!

He was fortunate to have met a friend like Ye Fan!

In stark contrast to the jubilation of Xuanwu Sect, the disciples of the Tianyuan Sect nearly ground their teeth to powder, eyes blazing with anger, feeling humiliated and infuriated.

However—

Whether angry or humiliated, at this point, they could do nothing but watch helplessly—Luo Xiaolin chose to engage in a life-and-death battle with Ye Fan, no one could intervene!

Unless Luo Xiaolin admitted defeat himself...

But geniuses are proud!

Luo Xiaolin took the initiative to propose the life-and-death battle, if he chose to admit defeat due to being outmatched by Ye Fan and being slapped in the face, that would be more painful than being stabbed to death!

For a time, humiliation, anger, unwillingness, disappointment, and various negative emotions fully appeared on the faces of the Tianyuan Sect.

“Slap slap slap slap...”

For a time, the only sound echoing in the massive square was the sound of Ye Fan slapping Luo Xiaolin’s face, there was no other sound, the spectators even held their breath, eyes unblinking as they watched Ye Fan’s movements on stage.

In fact, some thoughtful individuals secretly kept count for Ye Fan, counting how many slaps had been delivered, these people were also somewhat idle.

Forty slaps!

Not one more, not one less!

After completing forty slaps, Luo Xiaolin’s originally handsome face was already unrecognizable, bloodied and blurred, almost on the verge of having his eyes nearly exploded.

However, Ye Fan was extremely controlled with his force, he did not let the slaps explode Luo Xiaolin’s head, nor cause him fatal damage.

Of course, since Luo Xiaolin had suffered heavy blows prior, he was nearly without combat power, unable to resist throughout the entire process, and being a cultivator of the True Essence Realm Peak, his body was very tough, so he wasn't slapped to death.

Although Luo Xiaolin's face was bloodied and blurred from the slaps, he remained firm, his eyes shooting out hateful glances.

Bang!

When the last slap was delivered, Luo Xiaolin thud soundly fell to the ground.

Ye Fan saw this, stepped on Luo Xiaolin's face, like a Killing God returned from Hell, exuding a strong aura of intense killing intent.

"The forty slaps are done, now, let's settle other scores."

Ye Fan's voice carried no emotion, as if he were talking to a lifeless stone, his tone inspired fear, "Remember before the genius tournament started, you had someone prepare a coffin for me, ready to collect my corpse—do you recall?"

"You... what do you want? "

For some reason, this time, upon hearing Ye Fan's words, much of the rage on Luo Xiaolin's face faded, replaced by panic and unease.

"You should also remember, I said you needn't keep your corpse intact!" Ye Fan's voice remained very cold, devoid of any emotional undertones.

"If you kill me, the Tianyuan Sect will fight you to the death, no matter where you hide, you'll be hunted down, and you'll die a hundred times more miserably than I!"

Feeling Ye Fan's chilling killing intent, Luo Xiaolin was really scared, he shouted loudly, even using Tianyuan Sect as a threat to Ye Fan, hoping Ye Fan would have some hesitation.

"Tianyuan Sect?"

Ye Fan laughed coldly, "You miscalculated, I dare curse even your Sect Leader Helian Chang, do you think I care about your threat?"

"Boy, do you dare?!"

Seeing the sect's first-genius disciple hanging by a thread, a Tianyuan Sect elder couldn't help but stand, shouting sternly.

Not dare?

“I will settle it with Tianyuan Sect to the point of no return!”

Ye Fan coldly stared at the Tianyuan Sect elder, strongly responding.

Hoo!

As his words ended, Ye Fan lifted his right foot, suddenly stomping down on Luo Xiaolin’s head!

“Pfft—”

A muffled sound rang out, Luo Xiaolin’s head burst like a watermelon hit by a heavy hammer, blood splattered, dying on the spot!

“Uh...”

Witnessing this scene, everyone was shocked!

Clearly, no one expected Ye Fan to be so forceful, not only ignoring the Tianyuan Sect elder’s angry shout and obstruction, but also publicly declaring a settled feud with Tianyuan Sect, finally stomping on Luo Xiaolin’s head!

“Boy, you deserve to die!!”

Watching helplessly as the sect’s most promising genius disciple died a violent death, Tianyuan Sect elder Jiang Qingfeng was driven mad with hatred, he suddenly darted to the stage, eyes wide open, killing intent surging.

“Touch a single finger on him, and try it!”

Shen Ximen roared angrily, leaped on the spot, soared in the air, following Jiang Qingfeng onto the stage, standing protectively in front of Ye Fan like a mountain, coldly staring at Jiang Qingfeng, war intent reaching the sky.

The great battle, ready to erupt!