

Y Master 631

Chapter 631 Start of the Competition

The next morning, as the red sun rose from the east, the Tian Shan Sword Sect square was teeming with people.

Above the square, the tents had been dismantled, and a main stage was set up in the center, with ten competition arenas marked out around it.

Eighty contestants, including Ye Fan, stood below the stage, with thousands of cultivators who had come to watch the matches standing around the perimeter. In addition, representatives of sects that couldn't be seated on the stage were sitting in the spectator seats to the left and right below the stage.

"Swoosh swoosh swoosh swoosh swoosh..."

After a moment, streams of air whistled in from the entrance of the Tian Shan Sword Sect. Figures controlled their qi to fly, and landed steadily on the main stage in the center of the square.

Among them were important representatives from various sects including Gu Yun, the elder from the Inner Sect of the Yanhuang Organization responsible for organizing and hosting this Qing bang tournament; Hua Jian, the Old Sword King of the Tian Shan Sword Sect; Sect Leader Cang Bo, Evil Emperor Chu Xuanji, Sword King Jiedao, Granny Jiang, and Lv Yuan. Each one was a Supreme Strongman of the Gang Qi Realm.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

With the arrival of Chu Xuanji and the others, all eyes, whether from the eighty contestants or the surrounding cultivators, immediately turned to the stage.

Most of them looked up with a mix of awe and admiration, while a very few were burning with fighting spirit, their eyes aglow with the ambition to work hard in cultivation and one day become as powerful as those on the stage, Supreme Strongman in the Gang Qi Realm, commanding respect in all directions.

"Brother Xuanji, both in terms of qualifications and strength, you are the strongest among us. You should take the central seat," Gu Yun, representing the Yanhuang Organization, politely offered his seat to Chu Xuanji.

"Little Lv, today, not only do you represent the Yanhuang Organization, but you're also the chief referee of this Qing bang tournament. Naturally, you should sit in the center. There's no need for courtesy with me," said Chu Xuanji, who then directly took a seat in the VIP area.

"Alright then."

Gu Wen gave a wry smile and took the seat in the center, while Sect Leader Cang Bo of the Tian Shan Sword Sect sat beside him. The former Sect Leader Hua Jian, like Chu Xuanji and the other strongmen, sat in the VIP area.

"The highly anticipated Qing bang tournament begins today. Firstly, I'd like to thank the Yanhuang Organization for their trust in the Tian Shan Sword Sect. I also appreciate everyone's presence here at the Tian Shan Sword Sect. If there are any shortcomings in our hospitality, please kindly overlook them. Hosting the Qing bang tournament is both an honor and a test for the Tian Shan Sword Sect..."

Soon after, the Supreme Strongmen on the main stage took their seats, one after the other. Sect Leader Cang Bo of the Tian Shan Sword Sect, as the person in charge of the host side, exchanged a glance with Gu Yun who nodded in approval, stood up, walked in front of the main stage, projecting his voice from his Dantian in a manner that resonated like a massive bell tolling, echoing far across the sky and refusing to fade.

Listening to Sect Leader Cang Bo's opening words, the Wudang Sect Leader Heavenly Master Zhang's face looked extremely unsightly. He instinctively glanced at Ye Fan below him, his eyes filled with resentment—if not for Ye Fan, the Wudang Sect wouldn't have been penalized by the Yanhuang Organization, nor lost the right to host this Qing bang tournament.

"Next, please allow Elder Gu Yun of the Yanhuang Organization and the chief referee of this Qing bang tournament, to announce the competition's rules and points of attention."

After the opening speech, Cang Bo courteously passed the floor to Gu Yun and then returned to his seat.

"The forerunner of the Qing bang tournament was the Martial Arts Convention, which originated in the late Qing dynasty and early Republic of China period, with the theme 'Promoting Martial Arts to Strengthen the Country.' During the last century's years of war, when Huaxia became one of the main battlefields, the Martial Arts Convention came to an end. After the establishment of New Huaxia, forerunners of the cultivation world did not wish to see the path of cultivation fall into decay, therefore they proposed the idea of holding the Qing bang tournament, aiming to bring back the prosperity of the cultivation world. To this day, the path of cultivation has regained its prosperity, cultivators hold an important place in contemporary society, and they are one of Huaxia's protective forces..."

As with every Qing bang tournament in the past, Gu Yun began with a brief introduction of the origins and significance of the tournament, followed by a discussion of the rules, "This time, the rules of the Qing bang tournament have only one change compared to previous years—there is no longer a

restriction against strongmen of the Gang Qi Realm participating. To ensure all contestants remember the rules, I'll repeat them here.

First, contestants are permitted to use their own Magic Artifacts, but they cannot use Elixir Pills, firearms, or other prohibited items.

Second, each match will be monitored by a referee. To minimize injuries during the matches, referees can stop the fight at any time to declare the result. That is, if the referee believes that one party can no longer withstand the opponent's attack, they will intervene at the crucial moment.

Regarding this point, I swear in the name of the Chief Referee, that all referees will absolutely ensure fairness and impartiality without any form of corruption or favoritism! Contestants are also required to unconditionally accept the referee's decisions. If there are any objections, they can file a complaint, and the referee panel will make a secondary ruling.

In addition, contestants can request the match to continue, provided they gain the consent of their opponent and upgrade the match to a life-and-death battle. In such battles, fate determines life and death, and referees will not intervene until one side emerges victorious.

Third, this tournament consists of eighty contestants, divided into ten groups, with eight contestants in each group. The first three rounds are knockout rounds, where contestants of each group will face off in pairs and advance until the strongest remains for the cycle matches—contestants from the ten groups will compete against each other, and the final placements will be determined by points, with wins earning 3 points and losses 0 points. Shortly, we will hold the lottery ceremony for the knockout rounds, and I will add details about the groupings.

Fourth, aside from the champion, runner-up, and third-place rewards, contestants placing fourth to tenth will also receive rewards! The reward for the champion is a Mid-grade Flying Magical Artifact..."

Rustle—

Due to Gu Yun's high esteem, there was silence below the stage as he spoke, but as soon as the reward for the champion was announced as a Mid-grade Flying Magical Artifact, the place instantly buzzed with excitement.

On the outskirts, the cultivators showed faces of envy and jealousy, while the contestants' eyes shone with avidity, even some representatives on the main stage were taken aback.

Mid-level Magic Artifacts are extremely difficult to craft, and the Cultivation World has very few flying artifacts, most being relics from the Ancient Cultivation World.

For example, the Mid-grade Flying Magical Artifact, the Flying Boat owned by the Ghost Sect Leader Wu Mu, was passed down from ancient times.

After the Evil Emperor Chu Xuanji killed Wu Mu that day, Ye Fan obtained the Flying Boat, but he discovered that it was damaged and could no longer be used.

Scarcity breeds value, and since flying artifacts are so rare, the value of a Mid-level Magic Artifact could be comparable to a High-level Magical Artifact, making it a priceless treasure. Not to mention the contestants, even Supreme Strongmen in the Gang Qi Realm would be heartily tempted!

Compared to the first place reward, those for the second and third place seem a bit inferior. The former consists of a top-grade Essence Stone and a Plant Essence, while the latter includes only the Plant Essence. Those ranking from fourth to tenth would receive Essence Stones, albeit of varying qualities.

"Why doesn't the Qing bang competition restrict the use of magical artifacts? You know, a good magical artifact can change the outcome of a battle."

During the commotion, Ye Fan took the opportunity to lean over and ask Lv Zhan.

"Do you think everyone is like you, owning several magical artifacts?" Lv Zhan rolled his eyes in annoyance, "Magical artifacts are the most precious treasures in this world, extremely rare. Not to mention the young generation, even the older generation doesn't have many. Among the young generation, those who own magical artifacts are geniuses from big sects and clans. With their strength, even without magical artifacts, they can easily defeat players from small sects. Therefore, while the players from small sects may feel frustrated, they have no real complaints..."

"According to what you're saying, the actual battle over magical artifacts mainly hits in the final round-robin, also known as the battle of geniuses," Ye Fan suddenly realized.

"Mm-hmm. The geniuses who enter the round-robin usually all have magical artifacts, and those best suited for themselves."

Lv Zhan first nodded his head, then added with a wry smile, "Of course, the number of people who own High-level Magical Artifacts is countable on one hand, and you are the only one since the initiation of the Qing bang competition to have two High-level Magical Artifacts! Besides, the quantity of your magical artifacts is unrivaled in the history of the competition!"

Ye Fan remained silent.

His Black Iron Fist set and Ghost Ring were High-level Magical Artifacts, his Xuanye Flying Blade was Mid-level, and he had given the Ghostly Gourd to Situ Ruoshui for self-defense.

"Now, let's proceed with the elimination round groupings!"

After a brief pause, Gu Yun spoke again, his voice suppressing all others, quieting the crowd below. His voice resonated in every corner, "To fairly determine the strongest of the young generation and prevent seeded players from meeting prematurely, according to the competition's rules, each seeded player will be placed in one group, and the rest of the contestants will draw lots for their grouping..."

As the sound of Gu Yun's voice faded, the results for the seeding of the players were announced. Su Liuli was placed in the first group, Emperor Bai, Leng Feng, Jiang Ying, Lv Zhan, Ye Hei, Yuan Feng, Xiao Selang, Wu Zi and others were ordered accordingly, with Ye Fan ranked last.

"Looking at the groupings, it seems the Yanhuang Organization still favors Su Liuli, the disciple of the Buddhist Supreme Bodhi Wu Yin, for the championship. It also confirms that the Evil Emperor's Disciple is all bark and no bite; otherwise, he wouldn't have been placed in the last group!"

"That's right, the seeding of the players is basically sorted by their strength!"

As soon as the seed player groupings were revealed, it sparked a wave of heated discussion.

Amidst the heated debates, including the Martial Arts genius Wang Kun from the Kunlun Sect, several talents whose attack power test results were not inferior to Ye Fan's all looked eagerly at Ye Fan and Xiao Selang.

Clearly... they regarded those two as the weakest among the seeded players, hoping to be grouped with them in order to usurp their place as the strongest in the group and join the final round-robin!

"It's like heaven is helping me, I'm in the same group as the Evil Emperor's Disciple!"

Afterward, among the seventy contestants besides the seeded players, the remaining contestants drew lots one by one. The Martial Arts genius Wang Kun of the Kunlun Sect drew group ten and was over the moon with excitement.

"Thank goodness I didn't use my trump card during the attack power test. Now I can catch the Evil Emperor's Disciple by surprise in the match—hey, as long as I beat the Evil Emperor's disciple, the victor of group ten will definitely be me!"

After the excitement, Wang Kun thought to himself and then looked at Ye Fan with high spirits, only to find that Ye Fan did not even glance at him, completely ignoring his provocation.

"Kid, I'll make you pay during the match!" Wang Kun thought resentfully, his eyes flashing with malice.

Ye Fan remained unperturbed, quietly awaiting the start of the great competition!

Chapter 632 Expelled Henceforth

"Next, I announce that the Qing Bang Tournament is now officially open!"

With Gu Yun's resonant and powerful voice, the historically most prestigious Qing Bang Tournament had commenced.

Judges from nine different sects and cultivation families, as previously arranged, headed towards the ten competition arenas.

All of them were strong practitioners at the Half-step Gang Qi realm, and were highly respected within their respective sects.

In past Qing Bang Tournaments, their strength would have been sufficient to easily halt the matches, but this time the seed players were so strong that almost none were weaker than the judges, which had long troubled the judging panel.

Finally, Gu Yun decided that he would oversee all the matches in the round-robin himself.

As the leading inner sect elder of the Yanhuang Organization and second only to Yan in strength, having reached the Peak of Gang Qi, he could intervene in the seed players' matches at any moment to prevent injuries or fatalities.

The judge for Group Ten was Master Kongming from the Shaolin Temple, who had served as a judge in two consecutive Qing Bang Tournaments. This was his third time, and his fair and impartial judging had been highly praised.

"According to the rules of the competition, next, the eight of you will draw lots to compete against each other."

Master Kongming quickly arrived at Group Ten's arena and gathered the contestants, including Ye Fan and Wang Kun, "The first round of eliminations will take place this morning, the second round in the afternoon, and the third round tomorrow morning to determine the winner."

"Master Kongming, if the fights end early, can we proceed with the second or even the third rounds ahead of schedule?"

Just as Master Kongming finished speaking, Wang Kun spoke up, seemingly eager to defeat Ye Fan and become the winner of Group Ten.

Swish!

Hearing Wang Kun's words and sensing his undisguised arrogance, all contestants except Ye Fan glared at Wang Kun with annoyance.

"What are you looking at? You are all like a flock of chickens and dogs in front of me; I could easily defeat you using only fifty percent of my strength!" Wang Kun sneered, seeing Ye Fan as his only competitor.

"Hmph!"

Facing Wang Kun's insults, the other six contestants were annoyed but knew they were no match for him, offering only a few cold snorts in response.

"As long as both parties in a match agree and do not need to adjust, we can proceed with the next matches ahead of schedule."

Master Kongming explained, then gave Wang Kun an odd look, curious about what made him so bold as to challenge Ye Fan.

Seeming to understand Master Kongming's gaze, Wang Kun said no more, merely sneering confidently.

Soon, the drawing of lots presented Tan Xing from the Tan Family as Ye Fan's first-round opponent.

The Tan Family was famous for their leg techniques. In the phrase "Southern Fist, Northern Kick," the Southern Fist refers to Hong Fist, and the Northern Kick to Tan Kick.

Tan Kick was characterized by its simple and neat routines, symmetric movement, and continuous momentum. In terms of offense and defense, it strongly accentuated the characteristics of northern martial arts styles, with a variety of leg techniques allowing for flexible turns and smooth advances and retreats.

Once a rising force in the Huaxia Cultivation World, the Tan Family had long declined. They currently lacked even a Half-step Gang Qi practitioner; the representative they had sent to the Qing Bang

Tournament was merely a cultivator at the Peak of the Innate realm, barely meeting the minimum criteria and considered the weakest among all contestants.

Perhaps aware of his own limitations, the young Tan Xing, upon drawing Ye Fan, did not feel dejected but faced him calmly.

All seed contestants were scheduled for the first match in their respective groups, and Ye Fan was no exception—his match against Tan Xing was the first for Group Ten.

Even though Ye Fan was ranked last among the top ten seed contestants, recognized alongside Xiao Selang as the weakest, because he and Su Liuli were considered the most controversial figures, his first match drew quite an audience.

Clearly... the audience wished to assess his true strength through live combat.

"Dong!"

At 8 o'clock, a bell rang across the Tian Shan Sword Sect square, signaling the start of the competition.

On the arena of Group Ten, Tan Xing was the first to take the stage, clad in a black martial arts uniform, with a robust physique and powerful legs.

"Brother Ye, please enlighten me!"

Tan Xing stood on the stage, clasped his hands in a salute, showing great respect towards Ye Fan.

"I dare not speak of enlightenment. Tan Kick was once renowned in the Huaxia Cultivation World, profound and extensive—today is a good opportunity to witness and learn," Ye Fan returned the salute and smiled, "I hope Brother Tan will not hold back and will give it his all."

"Good!"

Upon hearing that, Tan Xing, knowing that Ye Fan was giving him the opportunity to fully demonstrate Tan Kick's elegance on the grand stage of the Qing Bang Tournament, looked at Ye Fan gratefully, then focused his mind and gathered his energy, waiting for Master Kongming to announce the start of the match.

Master Kongming signaled Ye Fan and Tan Xing in turn, and seeing that both were ready, he stepped back a few paces and made a crossed-hand gesture, "Begin!"

"Whoosh—"

As soon as Master Kongming's voice fell, Tan Xing sprung from his spot, advancing towards Ye Fan as swiftly as a black panther launching an attack.

Of course, this speed was fast in the eyes of those cultivators spectating.

For Ye Fan, although Tan Xing's training focused on leg techniques and his speed was faster compared to others of the same realm, it was far from fast in his eyes.

"Whoosh!"

Within ten meters, Tan Xing leaped forward, his right leg kicking out with the foot taut like a sharp blade, the whooshing kick aimed at Ye Fan.

Tornado Kick!

From his first move, Tan Xing had used his full strength, displaying his most powerful attack. A kick that tore through the air in front of him, the breeze from his foot howling as it swept towards Ye Fan.

Ye Fan remained motionless, allowing the breeze from the kick to sweep over him, only sliding his foot sideways to dodge as the kick came whistling in.

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

...

After a kick missed, Tan Xing didn't pause and continuously unleashed kicks, showing off the Twelve Styles of Tan Leg one by one, the whooshing sounds were incessant, and while the display looked impressive, he was never able to touch Ye Fan.

"Thank you, Brother Ye, for giving me the opportunity to demonstrate."

Having completed the Twelve Styles of Tan Leg, Tan Xing felt satisfied, stopped moving, and gratefully bowed to Ye Fan; then, without waiting for Ye Fan's reply, he said to the referee, Master Kongming, "Master Kongming, Brother Ye's strength is far superior to mine; I choose to admit defeat."

"The disciples of the Tan are too weak, not to mention testing the true strength of the Evil Emperor's Disciple, they couldn't even touch him. How disappointing, I should have gone to watch another group's match."

"Although the Tan Family's disciples are weak, Wang Kun of the Kunlun Sect, a martial arts genius, is not weak at all. He will face the Evil Emperor's Disciple in the second round, and it will definitely be a spectacular battle!"

As the match ended, the audience looked disappointed, but the thought of Ye Fan facing Wang Kun rekindled their excitement.

"To fight with that loser for so long, isn't it better to knock him down with one punch? What a waste of time!"

While the audience discussed, Wang Kun glanced at Ye Fan, who was leaving the stage, feeling very dissatisfied and also somewhat anxious—his first-round match was in the tenth group, fourth match, and if he won, he would face Ye Fan, naturally, he couldn't wait!

The next two matches pitted evenly matched opponents against each other, and after hard-fought battles, the winners were determined.

"Ultimately, you're just making greenery; why bother so much?"

Immediately after the third match ended, Wang Kun could hardly wait to step up to the stage, mumbling unhappily as if complaining that the four participants had just wasted his time delaying his match against Ye Fan.

"Wang Kun, you're not even a seeded player, what are you so proud of?"

"Exactly, as if the Qing Bang tournament was held just for you!"

"If you can defeat Brother Ye, then talk. Otherwise, you're just another green leaf, and only from the tenth group at that!"

"Look at Brother Ye's demeanor and then look at you—it's a stark contrast!"

Wang Kun's words once again caused dissatisfaction among the other participants in group ten.

Upon hearing this, Wang Kun's face turned red with anger, but he couldn't shut up those four contestants. He could only boost his own war intent, staring coldly at his upcoming opponent, and said dominantly, "You have two choices—first, immediately admit defeat and step down, so as not to affect my match against the Evil Emperor's Disciple. Second, leave bleeding."

"A man may be killed but not humiliated, Wang Kun, you are too bullying!"

Wang Kun's opponent was a swordsman, who, upon hearing Wang Kun's arrogant words, immediately drew the sword at his waist, raging uncontrollably.

"Good, very good."

Wang Kun smirked coldly, waiting for Master Kongming to announce the start of the match.

"The match starts... now!"

Seemingly aware that Wang Kun was going to make a ruthless move, Master Kongming took a few steps towards Wang Kun's opponent before announcing the start of the match.

"Whiz—"

As the voice fell, a sonic boom sounded, Wang Kun's shape shifted, turning into a phantom and pouncing on his opponent.

"Clang!"

As the man reached, Wang Kun suddenly drew his sword and slashed out!

"Spurt—"

A flash of light, blood spurted, and the swordsman's blood-drenched hand fell.

Perhaps because it all happened too suddenly, the swordsman's hand was still gripping the hilt.

Just as Master Kongming had anticipated, Wang Kun indeed made a ruthless move, chopping off the swordsman's right hand that held the sword from the very start.

And... having done all this, Wang Kun still wasn't satisfied, his Whip Kick aiming to kick the swordsman off the stage.

"Swoosh!"

At the critical moment, Master Kongming moved to the swordsman's side, quickly pulled him away, dodging the kick.

"Wang Kun of the Kunlun Sect wins!"

Master Kongming frowned at Wang Kun, declaring the match result with a displeased expression.

The swordsman had no objections to this result, but stood there in pain—having his right hand chopped off meant that from today onwards, he could no longer wield a sword, his journey as a cultivation disciple had ended!

"If it's gonna rain, let it pour; wanting to die, no one else to blame!"

Seeing his opponent in painful agony, Wang Kun's face showed no sympathy, only a cold sneer, as if his opponent's death was insignificant.

"Wang... Wang Kun, you've gone too far!"

Below the stage, the participants in group ten were outraged, and even the cultivators watching the match thought that Wang Kun's actions were too merciless.

"All this noise, I hope you can be just as brave when it comes to facing me!"

Wang Kun, holding his blood-dripping treasure sword, smirked coldly, and then pointed his sword at Ye Fan, "Evil Emperor's Disciple, dare you face me in a battle right now?"

"Rice grain pearls shine too, today after this, Wang Kun shall be expunged from the Hua Xia Cultivation World!"

Ye Fan responded irrelevantly, stepping onto the stage with a subdued and forceful tone.

Chapter 633 A Punch to Break Through

Wang Kun's cruel methods and arrogant demeanor finally made Ye Fan unable to stand it any longer; for the first time, his face was overtaken by anger, and a cold killing intent emanated from him.

"Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!"

Ye Fan strode towards the arena, his steps steady and powerful, causing the air to resonate around him as if thousands of troops and horses were thundering forward—an intimidating momentum that cracked the tiles beneath his feet.

Hmm?

Ye Fan's sudden outburst startled Wang Kun, the smile on his face freezing as he stood rooted to the spot.

Outside the arena, the cultivators and other contestants from the tenth group were also stunned by Ye Fan's astonishing surge of aura, standing like statues.

Even Master Kong Ming, serving as the referee, had his complexion change!

Although Ye Fan's anger and killing intent were directed at Wang Kun, he too felt the repercussions, sensing a thick danger that sent chills down his spine.

"Way to go, Brother Ye!"

"That bastard is too arrogant, take him down!"

"Cut off his hands, destroy his dantian, and completely erase his name from the cultivation world!"

After a brief moment of shock, several other contestants from the tenth group began to voice their support for Ye Fan, eager for him to teach Wang Kun a lesson immediately.

"Unmoving as a mountain, striking like thunder, the disciple of the Evil Emperor indeed has a terrifying presence!"

"That's right, in terms of presence alone, the disciple of the Evil Emperor truly lives up to the reputation of a seed contestant!"

"The martial arts genius Wang Kun from the Kunlun Sect is also strong. This showdown is like a spear against a thorn, absolutely thrilling!"

Outside the arena, the onlooking cultivators regained their senses from the shock, discussing fervently.

Besides them, many cultivators hearing about Ye Fan's impending battle with Wang Kun rushed over from other arenas to witness the fight.

Not only did onlooking cultivators gather around but representatives of various sects and supreme strongmen in the Gang Qi realm in the VIP seats and spectator stands also turned their attention toward the tenth arena.

"Brother Kun, your disciple is about to face the heir of the Evil Emperor so soon, are you confident in your disciple?"

"Although the heir of the Evil Emperor only lit up seventy-five symbols in yesterday's trial, he only used his martial arts cultivation. As we all know, he cultivates both magic and martial arts. If both sides don't conceal their abilities, the heir of the Evil Emperor is clearly a cut above."

"Such talk is misguided. Martial arts competitions and simple tests of attack power are two different things. There are many factors that influence the outcome of a match, and strong attack power doesn't necessarily mean true strength."

"Brother Kun sitting calmly at the angler's desk suggests he is confident in his disciple."

"A worthy master fosters a worthy disciple. The pupils taught by the Evil Emperor cannot be compared to Kun, but I hope Kun can unleash his full strength and show the elegance of Kunlun swordsmanship."

Sect Leader Kun Yuzhong of the Kunlun Sect spoke with false modesty, his gaze sweeping the VIP seats, attempting to see Chu Xuanji's reaction, only to find that Chu Xuanji's expression was as calm as water, apparently not worried about the upcoming match at all.

This discovery made Kun Yuzhong's complexion change slightly, but thinking of Wang Kun's preliminary understanding of his newly created supreme martial skill, he was reassured.

"Stripping me of my name in the cultivation world? Heh, your tone is even bigger than athlete's foot!"

Atop the arena, after being overwhelmed by Ye Fan's aura, Wang Kun quickly regained his composure, scoffing repeatedly, "Soon, I will let you understand that the Yanhuang Organization listing you as a seed contestant was a mistake—you're simply not worthy of being a seed contender!"

Without a response, Ye Fan stood still, waiting for Master Kong Ming to announce the start of the match, while mockingly watching Wang Kun as if enjoying a monkey's performance.

"Don't flaunt your arrogance in front of me. In my eyes, you are nothing but a waste who relies on a woman and the halo of the disciple of the Evil Emperor!"

Ye Fan's gaze, full of contempt, was like a needle piercing into Wang Kun's heart, deeply wounding his pride and causing him to become irate, growling nonstop like a mad dog.

"Master Kong Ming, this dog's barking is annoying. Please start the match so I can shut him up," Ye Fan turned his head to look at Master Kong Ming.

"You..."

Wang Kun was completely enraged and almost lunged at Ye Fan with his sword.

"Although your match is scheduled for the afternoon, according to the rules, if both parties agree, it can start early. Now, I need confirmation: do you both agree to start the match now?" Master Kong Ming interrupted Wang Kun,

"Agreed!"

Ye Fan and Wang Kun both spoke simultaneously.

"Begin!"

Master Kong Ming stepped back to the edge of the arena and, with his arms crossed, announced the start of the match.

"Don't try to anger or paralyze me with words again. It won't work."

As soon as the match began, Ye Fan did not attack but stood with his hands behind his back, expressionless, and slowly said, "Don't say I didn't give you a chance. Make your move, let me see your trump card!"

"Uh..."

Hearing Ye Fan's words, the onlooking cultivators outside the arena were startled and then looked at Wang Kun with a mix of surprise and inquiry as if asking: Was Wang Kun intentionally showing a fit of rage to provoke and paralyze the disciple of the Evil Emperor?

"Heh, the disciple of the Evil Emperor doesn't seem to have a reputation for nothing, at least his mindset is quite good. However, martial arts competitions are about strength, not mindset. No matter how good your mindset is, it's futile without strength."

Seeing that Ye Fan had seen through his 'psychological tactics,' Wang Kun stopped pretending, his forced rage was gone, replaced with arrogance, "With one move, I only need one move to defeat you! This move, created by my master after stepping into the Gang Qi realm, has yet to be revealed to the world. You should feel honored to be defeated by it!"

"My patience is limited. If you continue to babble, I won't hesitate to rob you of even this last chance to make a move."

Ye Fan spoke lightly, as if defeating Wang Kun was as simple as playing house.

"Sword Gang Shattering Nine Provinces!"

Wang Kun's war intent escalated to the extreme, his blood qi boiling. With a roar, he brandished his sword towards Ye Fan!

"Whoosh—"

Sword swung, Qi surged!

A majestic stream of Gang Qi burst forth from the sharp tip of the sword, transforming into a three-meter-high mountain descending from the sky and bearing down on Ye Fan with unstoppable momentum.

Gang Qi turned into a mountain!

As soon as Wang Kun made his move, the representatives from various sects in the audience changed their expressions, and even among the supreme strongmen on the main stage, a flash of admiration crossed their eyes.

With their keen vision, they could see that this move "Sword Gang Shattering Nine Provinces" directly evolved into the shape of Kunlun Mountain.

In the long history of China, Kunlun Mountain holds an illustrious status as the "Ancestor of Ten Thousand Mountains," with the ancient people referring to it as the "Ancestor of China's Dragon Veins."

This move "Sword Gang Shattering Nine Provinces" not only evolved into Kunlun Mountain but also subtly incorporated the essence of "Mount Taishan Pressing Aura," blending the single might of "Mountain Sword" from the Heavenly Mountain Nine Swords, containing the power of heaven and earth—it could truly be described as shockingly extraordinary.

This discovery made many in the audience and on the main stage turn their gaze towards the Sect Leader of Kunlun Sect, Kun Yuzhong.

Kun Yuzhong had a smile on his face, seemingly very pleased with the power displayed by Wang Kun's "Sword Gang Shattering Nine Provinces."

Not only did the strong in the audience and on the main stage notice the similarities between Wang Kun's "Sword Gang Shattering Nine Provinces" and the "Mountain Sword" of the Heavenly Mountain Nine Swords, but Ye Fan noted it as well—and felt its power was far superior!

However—

Even so, Ye Fan did not dodge its sharpness; instead, he suddenly swung his right fist!

"Whoosh!"

As he punched out, an evil aura permeated the air, and a surging Gang Jin flowed from Ye Fan's right fist, conjuring an airflow wave like a tidal wave, rolling towards the mountain shadow created by the Gang Qi.

"Crack! Crack! Crack!"

The airflow swept through, the air exploded creating a vacuum, directly colliding with the mountain shadow of Qi Ray.

"Boom!"

A muffled sound echoed, the tidal wave of airflow dispersed, and the Qi Ray mountain shadow shattered, eventually fizzling into nothingness.

Crackle and pop!

Terrible energy fluctuations burst forth like ignited explosives, shattering the air within a ten-meter radius, the sounds of air blasts incessant to the ears.

Broken with a single punch?!

Witnessing this scene, the strong ones in the audience and on the main stage were all astonished.

In their view, although Wang Kun's power was too weak and his understanding of the move "Sword Gang Shattering Nine Provinces" was insufficient, the power should not be underestimated. It would be difficult even for dominant figures within the Half-step Gang Qi realm to break this move—let alone ordinary Half-step Gang Qi Realm cultivators.

Under such circumstances, they all thought Ye Fan would dodge its sharpness.

But—

Ye Fan, who had only reached the Innate Great Perfection realm and was famed for his Magic and Martial Arts, chose neither to dodge nor to avoid confrontation. Instead, he met the challenge head-on with a punch that easily shattered the attack, not at all at a disadvantage!

This somewhat shook them!

If even they were moved, what about Kun Yuzhong, the creator of the move?

"It... it was broken just like that?!"

The smile on Kun Yuzhong's face disappeared, replaced by sheer astonishment!

Apparently, he couldn't believe that his meticulously created ultimate martial arts technique was so easily defeated by Ye Fan!

"How... how is this possible??"

Compared to Kun Yuzhong, the shock in Wang Kun's heart was even greater. He stared wide-eyed, his face showing utter disbelief, as he gazed at Ye Fan who remained unharmed—hardly able to believe what was happening before him.

Before coming to participate in the Tian Shan Sword Sect competition, he had used this move to directly defeat a Half-step Gang Qi realm power figure in the Kunlun Sect!

It was for this reason that he was brimming with confidence, believing that as long as he took the first strike, Ye Fan would be absolutely unable to resist the attack—the final victor of the tenth set would surely be him!

But now, at this very moment, his confidently wielded trump card was merely a joke in front of Ye Fan—shattered by a direct punch!

Just one punch!!

This outcome gave Wang Kun the surreal feeling that he was in a dream. He shook his head maniacally, murmuring to himself, "Impossible! This cannot be possible! Even if your Martial Arts Cultivation has broken through to the Half-step Gang Qi realm, you couldn't possibly destroy this move so easily!"

"If I were to break through to the Half-step Gang Qi realm, a single finger would suffice!"

Ye Fan withdrew his fist, took a step, and walked towards Wang Kun.

"Arrogance! Take another sword strike from me!"

Wang Kun completely lost his mind, fully activating the remaining Gang Qi in his body, lustful to slash the second sword!

"I told you, you only have one chance to make a move," Ye Fan stated as he suddenly accelerated, dashing towards Wang Kun at high speed!

Chapter 634 The Might of a Battle

Because he wanted to witness Wang Kun's most powerful secret move and completely crush his hope, Ye Fan gave Wang Kun a chance to attack.

At that moment, having shattered Wang Kun's confidently executed technique 'Sword Gang Shattering Nine Provinces', Ye Fan felt it was meaningless to drag the fight on any longer. He took the initiative to strike, instantly accelerating to his limit, covering the tens of meters in the blink of an eye.

"Die!!"

Ye Fan's terrifying speed caught Wang Kun off guard, so he had to forgo using 'Gang Qi Shocking Nine Provinces' again and instead thrust his sword at Ye Fan.

It must be said that Wang Kun, as a martial arts genius from the Kunlun Sect, was not without merit. His combat experience was extremely rich, and this thrust was so sudden that it caught one off guard.

"Hmph!"

Ye Fan sneered, his right foot stepped back as he sidestepped, dodging the sword tip and the radiance it emitted, while his hands swung out like lightning, gripping like a pair of steel pliers, and directly clamped onto the sword body!

"Clang!"

With his hands clamping the sword, Ye Fan didn't pause; he channeled his power, twisted fiercely, and the sword body snapped into two pieces with an echoing sound!

A move that broke the sword!

Ye Fan's inconceivable performance shocked the audience once again, as well as some of the strong people on the main stage, while the surrounding cultivators were left dumbfounded.

Even Wang Kun himself was momentarily dazed.

Swish!

Seizing the opportunity, Ye Fan pinched half of the sword body with two fingers and slashed towards Wang Kun's right wrist.

"Puchi—"

Blood sprayed wildly as the sharp blade instantly broke through Wang Kun's protective Qi and, like cutting through tofu, severed Wang Kun's right hand clean off.

Likewise, as had happened with a previous swordsman whose hand was sliced off, within Wang Kun's hand that was still clenching the hilt, blood poured down!

All of this, though complex in description, happened in the blink of an eye, so fast that the cultivators around could not see the specific process, only the outcome.

"Sss..."

Seeing Ye Fan break Wang Kun's treasure sword and sever his hand in the blink of an eye, the cultivators watching from outside the ring gasped in shock, their eyes wide and mouths twitching from sucking in the cold air.

Before Ye Fan and Wang Kun clashed, they all thought this would be an evenly matched duel, tit for tat. How could they have imagined that Wang Kun would be so easily defeated by Ye Fan?

Unlike them, the strong people seated in the audience stands and on the main stage knew that the match lost its suspense once Ye Fan shattered Wang Kun's killing move 'Sword Gang Shattering Nine Provinces'.

However, they did not anticipate that Ye Fan would defeat Wang Kun in such a thrilling manner!

Master Kongming who was the referee, also did not expect it. He was momentarily lost and did not call off the match right away.

"Aah—"

Having his right hand chopped off, Wang Kun let out a heartrending wail, his left hand transformed into a sword, jabbing at Ye Fan's throat!

At that moment, Wang Kun displayed his brutality to the fullest. Even with his right hand cut off, he still attacked Ye Fan, hoping to catch him by surprise!

However—

Previously, when he held his treasure sword and fully channeled the killing move "Sword Gang Shattering Nine Provinces," he hadn't even scratched a single hair on Ye Fan. Now, with his right hand severed and his internal Qi-blood in chaos, grasping at straws in a death throe, could his attack possibly harm Ye Fan?

Whoosh!

The answer became apparent as Ye Fan's hand lifted and the sword fell. Gripping the sharp sword body between two fingers, he swung it like a beam of white light, instantly severing Wang Kun's left wrist, with scalding blood spraying out!

Bang!

Ye Fan channeled his Power, creating a gust that repelled the splattered blood, then his right foot shot out like a cannonball, striking Wang Kun's Dantian squarely.

Wang Kun, like a football kicked away, flew out of the arena. His Dantian and Power Seed shattered to pieces, his entire cultivation rendered void, and thus he became a cripple.

"Pfft—"

Below the arena, Wang Kun spat out a mouthful of scalding blood, then his head lolled to the side, and he completely lost consciousness.

Above the arena, Ye Fan tossed away the broken sword, standing as straight as a spear, like a War God descending into the world.

"Little Kun!"

In the spectator stands, the Kunlun Sect Leader Kun Yuzhong closed his eyes in despair, feeling as if his heart were being carved with knives.

Wang Kun had excellent cultivation talent and outstanding comprehension skills, capable of learning his "Sword Gang Shattering Nine Heavens." He was the only martial genius in Kunlun Sect that could be considered a true prodigy. Now, however, Ye Fan had disabled him in mere moments by severing both his hands and destroying his Dantian, reducing him to a cripple!

The result was too cruel, enraging him to the point of madness, like a wild beast provoked, wishing nothing more than to tear Ye Fan to shreds.

But—

The remnants of his sanity told him that if he were to make any rash move, let alone Chu Xuanji intervening, even Gu Yun sitting on the chairman's stage wouldn't allow him to succeed.

"At the Innate Great Perfection Realm, with bare hands, without employing any Magic Artifact, relying solely on the move 'Qi Rushes to the Sky' to break with a single punch the sword strike that even half-step Gang Qi realm tyrants struggle to catch, then with close combat, breaking the sword, severing hands, smashing the Dantian..."

On the chairman's stage, Lv Family Patriarch Lv Yuan looked in shock at Ye Fan's figure, straight as a spear. Then shaking his head, he smiled bitterly and asked, "Brother Xuanji, I'm really curious, how did you manage to groom such a monster? How can his body and Power quality be so incredibly strong?"

"Indeed, this completely defies common sense; what's going on?"

Hearing Lv Yuan's words, even Gu Yun, known as an old antique in the Yanhuang Organization's Inner Sect and the Cultivation World, showed a face full of surprise.

Without answering, Chu Xuanji casually glanced towards the Wudang Sect Leader Heavenly Master Zhang, Granny Jiang, and Jie Dao.

At that moment.

The three of them had very unsightly looks.

Because they had all been deeply shocked by Ye Fan's unfathomable performance, which overturned the cultivation world's understanding!

Among them, Heavenly Master Zhang was the most affected!

He brought Yuan Feng to participate in the Qing bang competition, hoping above all for Yuan Feng to defeat Ye Fan in public to regain honor for himself and the Wudang Sect!

And... with his discerning eye, he could naturally see that with just the martial prowess Ye Fan had displayed, if he were to use the High-level Magic Artifact Black Iron Fist set and the Ghost Ring, Ye Fan could definitely compete with Yuan Feng!

If Ye Fan were to use both magic and martial arts during the fight, Yuan Feng's chances of winning would be very slim!

And there was another premise—Ye Fan had not been hiding his skills!

If Ye Fan had still been holding back up to now, Heavenly Master Zhang thought that Yuan Feng needn't bother to fight!

Faced with such a situation, how could his expression not be ugly?

Although Jie Dao and Granny Jiang of the Jiang Family, despite Ye Fan's recent performance, did not lose confidence in Emperor Bai and Jiang Ying, they still had some worries in their hearts—by now, they could use their toes to figure out that Ye Fan had come well-prepared!

Just now, Ye Fan demonstrated an unbelievable level of physical strength and power quality, who knows what trump cards he has left to reveal?!

"True strong people never boast about their strength, just like Brother Ye does!"

"Compared to Brother Ye, that Wang Kun just seems like a clown! "

"Thank you, Brother Ye, for relieving us of a piece of anger!"

At the same time, several other contestants from Group Ten approached the edge of the ring, cupped their fists to Ye Fan, and thanked him.

Especially the swordsman whose right hand had been severed, who looked at Ye Fan with a gaze full of gratitude!

Obviously, he was well aware that Ye Fan had just used a taste of Wang Kun's own medicine against him, largely because of Wang Kun's previous brutal methods!

"No need for thanks, it's what I should do."

Ye Fan chuckled lightly, slowly walked out of the ring, and prepared to head to Ring Number One to see if Su Liuli's match had ended.

"What was supposed to be an evenly matched competition turned out to be completely one-sided."

"Indeed, they are not on the same level at all, the disciple of the Evil Emperor won very easily."

"It isn't just about being on different levels, it's like one is in the heavens and the other is buried underground—the disciple of the Evil Emperor didn't even use magic artifacts and skills!"

"By now, I have every reason to believe that the disciple of the Evil Emperor is not merely boasting, but came fully prepared, possessing the strength to compete with other seeded contestants!"

Watching Ye Fan's retreating figure, the cultivators outside the ring came back to their senses after their initial shock and began to discuss heatedly once again.

After this battle, their impression of Ye Fan was completely altered, and they marveled at his strength!

Meanwhile, as those cultivators were discussing fervently, Master Kong Ming quickly swept up to Wang Kun's side, helped him up, fed him a Golden Sore Pill, and then used Gang Qi to shatter another Golden Sore Pill, sprinkling the powder on Wang Kun's wounds to stop the bleeding.

To prevent accidents from happening to contestants during the competition, the Yanhuang Organization provided a large quantity of Golden Sore Pills and a small number of Nirvana Pills, which were distributed to the judges of the groups, allowing them to treat injured contestants.

Although Master Kong Ming disliked Wang Kun's actions, he still performed his duties well and provided immediate treatment to Wang Kun.

After doing all this, Master Kong Ming knew that even though Wang Kun had been spared his life, he would be forever disconnected from the Cultivation World after today, and he would not even be able to fend for himself in daily life.

In the spectator stands, Kun Yuzhong, the Sect Leader of the Kunlun Sect, also saw the situation clearly, but he still rose and swept towards Ring Ten.

Clearly... he knew that even if it was just for show, he had to check on Wang Kun's condition; otherwise, the reputation of the Kunlun Sect would be greatly impacted if word spread.

On the main stage, Chu Xuanji understood that even if Kun Yuzhong had ten times the courage, he would not dare to attack Ye Fan under his watchful eyes, and therefore did not pay any attention to Kun Yuzhong, instead focusing on Ye Fan.

Ye Fan stepped out of the crowd, intending to head to Ring Number One to watch Su Liuli's match, but he noticed Xiao Selang, the genius of the Wudang Sect standing outside the crowd at Ring Eight, looking at him with a dazed expression.

Seeing this, Ye Fan knew that Xiao Selang might have observed his match, but he didn't care and quickly withdrew his gaze, heading straight for Ring Number One.

However—

Ye Fan didn't want to deal with Xiao Selang, but Xiao Selang took the initiative to step forward, blocking Ye Fan's path.

"Is there something wrong?"

Ye Fan frowned, his impression of Xiao Selang not being good; Xiao Selang had first bullied others with the support of Wudang's Inner Sect Elder Meng Bai, forcibly taking the Snow Ginseng, after losing to Ye Fan later, he had misrepresented the facts in front of Sect Leader Cang Bo of the Wudang Sect.

"You... you're just at the Innate Great Perfection Realm, how could you be so strong?"

Xiao Selang asked, disbelief written all over his face.

Just as Ye Fan had gauged, Xiao Selang had indeed witnessed his fight with Wang Kun.

As a cultivator who also wielded a sword, Xiao Selang knew very well how terrifying the power of Wang Kun's move 'Sword Gang Shattering Nine Provinces' was!

Even now, after comprehending the Seventh Form of the Heavenly Sword, 'Thunder Sword', he was not confident he could withstand that sword strike.

And yet, Ye Fan had shattered it with a single punch, shocking Xiao Selang beyond words!

"I am here to defeat Emperor Bai, not to die."

Ye Fan spoke sternly and without looking at Xiao Selang any longer, he continued forward.

"Uh..."

Xiao Selang wanted to say something upon hearing Ye Fan's words, but found his mind completely blank, simply gaping speechlessly as Ye Fan walked away.

"It's not that he's too strong, it's that I'm too weak."

Watching, Xiao Selang forced a bitter smile, feeling helpless deep inside.

He went to great lengths to improve his strength, thinking he could avenge his previous humiliation, only to face an even more brutal blow— he wasn't even qualified to be Ye Fan's opponent!

Chapter 635 The Battle Horn (Second Update)

Ye Fan couldn't guess what Xiao Selang was thinking, nor could he imagine the impact his recent battle with Wang Kun would have on Xiao Selang; he merely headed straight for ring number one.

Hmm?

A few steps later, Ye Fan's peripheral vision unexpectedly caught sight of a duel on ring number nine.

One of the young men was wearing a black robe embroidered with an assortment of odd and unusual mutant beasts, and atop his head was a crown fashioned from the bones of mutant beasts, exuding a strangely alluring aura.

The Wu Sect demon, Wu Zi!

With just one glance, Ye Fan recognized Wu Zi.

Ye Fan had learned from Lv Zhan that Wu Zi was one of the few magicians in this Qing bang tournament, and besides himself, the only other magician among the top ten seeds—except he specialized in Illusion Technique.

Before the competition started, Ye Fan had been curious about Wu Zi and now, upon encountering his match, he stopped in his tracks, deciding to watch.

On the stage, as the referee announced the start of the match, Wu Zi stood still in place, motionless, his gaze sharp like a knife as he stared down his opponent, his eyes flickering with an obscure light, like two black holes, mysterious and eerie.

Across from Wu Zi, the axe-wielding martial artist shuddered violently the moment he met Wu Zi's stare, then stood there dumbfounded, like a puppet being controlled, stiffly immobilized in his place.

Immediately after, the martial artist's giant axe seemed to slip out of his hands for no apparent reason, slowly rising to float in front of his neck.

"Wu Zi, wins!"

Seeing this, the referee immediately announced the outcome of the match, his voice loud, attempting to awaken the axe-wielding martial artist.

"What... what happened?"

The axe-wielding martial artist suddenly snapped back to reality, only to discover that his giant axe was suspended in front of his neck, less than an inch away from his adam's apple, causing his complexion to go pale and his hair to stand on end with fright.

"This magic is just too eerie, it kills without a trace!"

"Wu Zi has caused his opponents to lose their bearings mysteriously in two consecutive matches. With such power, it's terrifying. Apart from the seeded players, no one seems able to resist his Illusion Technique!"

The cultivators surrounding the ring commented in amazement, acknowledging the wonder of magic and Wu Zi's strength.

Ye Fan's mind was clear as a mirror.

As a magician himself, he understood that Wu Zi had used Illusion Technique to trap his opponent in an illusion and then activated his telekinetic power to control his opponent's giant axe, bringing it to his opponent's neck to end the match.

Hmm?

Having just finished the fight, Wu Zi sensed Ye Fan's aura. His gaze swept over, and he immediately saw Ye Fan's figure.

This discovery stirred Wu Zi's heart, and he subconsciously launched a probing Illusion Technique attack.

He wanted to test Ye Fan's depth!

"Heh..."

Ye Fan smiled faintly, unperturbed, his mind exceptionally clear.

Resisting an Illusion Technique attack relies solely on a cultivator's will.

A strong will keeps the mind clear, entirely unaffected.

A weak will leads to being trapped in illusions. At best, it leads to a brief stupor; at worst, one gets lost in the illusions, unable to extricate oneself.

Both scenarios are exceedingly fatal in life-and-death battles!

From a young age, Ye Fan's will had been tempered by Chu Xuanji. A year ago, he left Spirit Mountain, recognized Ye Wenhao, and completely resolved his heart knot, solidifying his Martial Arts Will. Later, during the process of eradicating Nanqinghong and Hongwu Sect, he encountered numerous life-and-death struggles, and his will had become far stronger than that of other cultivators at the same realm.

In the past half-year, to save Ye Yuanshan's life, Ye Fan went through both Heavenly Tribulation and Dan Tribulation, facing the test of life and death, and his will was honed to an incredible extent!

Solely in terms of willpower, Ye Fan was confident that no one below the Gang Qi Realm could match him, and even cultivators at the Gang Qi Introduction Realm may not be stronger than him!

Hmm?

Unaware of all this, Wu Zi sensed that Ye Fan was completely unaffected by his Illusion Technique and his face immediately changed!

Above the ring, there was not a hint of joy for a victor on his face, only solemnity!

Although the Illusion Technique attack was a probing one and he had only used half his strength, he felt that Ye Fan's will was far stronger than he had imagined and that Ye Fan would be a formidable opponent in the round-robin matches!

"What comes around goes around!"

As if to confirm Wu Zi's guess, Ye Fan silently thought to himself and reciprocated with a telekinetic attack towards Wu Zi.

Whoosh—

A streak of golden light flashed by, and the Mind Power generated by Ye Fan instantly entered Wu Zi's Yintang point, aiming straight for his consciousness.

Swipe!

Wu Zi's complexion changed drastically as he swiftly firmed up his will and mobilized his Mind to resist.

"What's wrong with Wu Zi?"

The sudden turn of events confused the observing cultivators around the ring.

The judge of the ninth group, upon seeing Ye Fan walking away from the left side of the ring, vaguely guessed what had happened, but dared not confirm it.

Seconds later, Wu Zi completely neutralized Ye Fan's Mind Attack, but he was sweating bullets—his rationality told him that Ye Fan's Mind Attack had also been tentative, otherwise it would have been a disaster for him!

Ignoring this minor episode, Ye Fan left ring nine and quickly made his way to ring seven.

"Hmph!"

Down by the ring, Yuan Feng, who had just finished his match, spotted Ye Fan immediately and snorted coldly.

He had not witnessed Ye Fan's previous battle with Wang Kun and was unaware of the astounding level of strength that Ye Fan had displayed. He subjectively believed that Ye Fan had come specifically to gauge his combat abilities in order to assess his strength.

Confronted by Yuan Feng's challenge, Ye Fan did not respond but continued forward.

Soon, Ye Fan arrived beside ring six and clearly saw two contestants engaged in a duel on the ring.

One of them, a young man wielding a long spear, launched wave after wave of attacks, his spear swirling fiercely in his hands, displaying overwhelming momentum.

The young man's opponent was Ye Hei.

Ye Hei was dressed in a black martial arts uniform, wielding a dagger, moving like a ghost, dodging left and right. He appeared to be in a very dangerous situation, yet he seemed completely at ease, everything under his control.

"From the moment you made your move, this is the tenth opening you've revealed."

Suddenly, the situation on the field changed dramatically. Ye Hei, who had been evading, eerily appeared behind the spearsman and pressed a dagger against the young man's neck, drawing a line of blood.

"Hiss~"

The spearsman was so shocked that his body stiffened, his hair stood on end, and he inhaled sharply, his voice trembling as he said, "Tha... thank you for showing mercy."

"Don't thank me; I never kill for free."

Ye Hei retracted his dagger with a smile. His smile seemed honest at first glance, but to the cultivators watching the match around the ring, it was like the grim smile of the Death God.

A fatal strike!

Ye Fan thought to himself, well aware that Ye Hei was an extremely dangerous person. He was decisive in not taking action, but once he did, it was always lethal, and he was exceptionally skilled at disguise!

Such a fighting style significantly boosted Ye Hei's combat prowess, especially in reality, where he could easily assassinate opponents stronger than himself!

Hm?

Ye Hei was just about to step down from the ring when he suddenly sensed Ye Fan's presence and promptly turned to look at him.

As their eyes met, Ye Hei's smile did not fade, instead, it became even more guileless, with not a trace of killing intent or wariness in his entire being.

Ye Fan returned the smile with a nod as a greeting, then stepped away and kept walking.

"Brother Ye, you've finished your fight so soon? Why not play around a little longer?"

As Ye Fan approached Ring Five, Lv Zhan, who was 'battling' on the ring, immediately sensed his presence. While dodging his opponent's attacks, he greeted Ye Fan with a laugh.

Whoosh!

Startled by Lv Zhan's comment, the cultivators watching the match around the ring simultaneously turned to look at Ye Fan.

Meanwhile, on the ring, Lv Zhan's opponent turned purple with rage and intensified his attacks.

"Damn it, just because a tiger doesn't show its power doesn't mean you can treat me like a sick cat!"

After cursing under his breath, Lv Zhan dodged to the side, shifting from defense to offense. In a swift move, he stepped forward and grabbed his opponent, lifting him in the air like a chicken.

Seeing Lv Zhan treating the fight like a game, just like he did, forfeiting the use of Magic Artifacts, and fighting barehanded, Ye Fan shook his head with a bitter smile and continued walking without stopping.

"Brother Ye, wait for me!"

Lv Zhan tossed his opponent out of the ring and leapt over the heads of the cultivators surrounding the ring, following Ye Fan.

Seeing this, Ye Fan had no choice but to stop.

"Brother Ye, where are you headed?"

Lv Zhan approached with a grin, enthusiastically throwing an arm over Ye Fan's shoulder as if they were the best of buddies.

"My match is over, I am going to check on Su Liuli's match," Ye Fan replied.

"I happen to be quite interested in Miss Su Liuli, let's go watch together."

Lv Zhan sounded excited, then realized he might have misspoke and hurriedly clarified, "Don't get me wrong, I'm interested in her strength, not in her personally—friends' wives should not be coveted, I understand that!"

"__"

Ye Fan was tempted to flip Lv Zhan over his shoulder, but he held back, allowing Lv Zhan to walk with him towards Ring One.

As they passed Ring Four, Jiang Ying had just begun her match, slapping her opponent right off the stage without giving any quarter!

"That woman is too much of a bully!"

Seeing this, Lv Zhan was visibly displeased. In his view, Jiang Ying wasn't competing in martial arts; she was outright bullying, showing no mercy to her opponent.

Ye Fan didn't say anything, just glanced at Jiang Ying and noticed that she was looking at him with a cold, mocking smile full of provocation.

Ye Fan chose to ignore it and didn't even stop walking.

As Ye Fan and Lv Zhan passed Ring Three, Leng Feng just ended a match, winning with ease.

On the ring, Leng Feng glanced at the two of them, brimming with fighting spirit.

"I... I admit defeat!"

Meanwhile, on Ring Two, a contestant turned white, shaking uncontrollably. Before the referee could start the fight, he surrendered on his own initiative.

"He is smart to do so; otherwise, by the time the referee started the match, he wouldn't have had the chance to surrender."

"Indeed, in the first match, just as the contestant was about to speak, Emperor Bai split him with a single strike!"

Seeing the contestant concede without fighting, the cultivators around the ring did not scorn his cowardice; instead, they agreed with his wise decision.

"Heh, not even giving his opponent the chance to surrender, Emperor Bai really is ruthless. Isn't he afraid of retribution?"

Hearing the crowd's comments and looking at the still-fresh bloodstains and uncleaned flesh remnants on the ring, Lv Zhan could imagine how brutal Emperor Bai's strike had been.

Retribution?

Emperor Bai's gaze swept over Lv Zhan coldly before fixing on Ye Fan.

Ye Fan narrowed his eyes slightly, meeting Emperor Bai's crimson gaze.

In that instant, their gazes crossed in midair, sparking an invisible flame.

A terrifying killing intent pervaded the entire venue, sounding like a clarion call for battle!

Chapter 636 - Just How Strong Is He?

The terrifying killing intent swept across Arena No. 2 like an icy tide.

Spectating cultivators around the arena were terrified, feeling as if they were in a cold cellar, shivering from head to toe.

Even the referee from group two felt a palpitation.

"Could it be... could it be that the battle to the death between the disciple of the Evil Emperor and Emperor Bai is about to start early?"

Shocked, the crowd couldn't help but silently question themselves.

"Brother Ye, as the saying goes, 'vengeance is a dish best served cold.' Let's let him jump around for now, and when the top ten round-robin competition comes, we'll finish him off!"

Seeing that a great battle was about to break out, Lv Zhan spoke, breaking the silence without fear of Emperor Bai.

Ye Fan, knowing it wasn't the time to have a decisive battle to the death with Emperor Bai, withdrew his gaze.

Emperor Bai, seeing this, also withdrew his gaze but did not restrain the killing intent emanating from him. Like a god of death, he moved, and people all around hurriedly cleared a path.

"Emperor Bai is so terrifying, does the disciple of the Evil Emperor really have the strength to fight him?"

Sensing the terrifying killing intent of Emperor Bai, the observing cultivators couldn't help but secretly question themselves.

Without an answer, Ye Fan and Lv Zhan left side by side, heading toward Arena No. 1.

On Arena No. 1, Su Liuli in a white robe was competing against a disciple of the Ba Gua Sect.

The Ba Gua Sect was once a renowned sect within the Huaxia Cultivation World, famous for their ultimate skill, the Ba Gua Palm.

Two instruments generate four symbols, and four symbols generate the eight trigrams.

The Ba Gua Palm focuses on palm techniques, with eight basic palms corresponding to the eight trigrams. When striking, it requires walking in a circle using stepping and hooking motions to cover all eight directions, unlike regular fist techniques that move in a straight line or towards points on a square, hence the name "Ba Gua Palm."

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

On the arena, the disciple from the Ba Gua Sect clearly grasped the essence of the Ba Gua Palm; his footwork was mystifying and unpredictable, his palm strikes fierce, shattering the air with each strike, causing a continuous barrage of sonic booms.

Facing the Ba Gua Sect disciple's tidal wave of attacks, Su Liuli did not make a move but simply kept dodging.

"Huh, could it be that the heir of the Buddhist Supreme Bodhi Wu Yin and I have the same taste? Treating the competition like a game?"

Seeing Su Liuli, who was clearly much stronger, only dodge and not attack, Lv Zhan was first taken aback, then spoke with self-admiration.

"Originally, the contestants in Group One chose to concede, but the heir of the Buddhist Supreme encouraged them to go all out and showcase their sect's martial arts."

Among the crowd, a cultivator who heard Lv Zhan's words blurted out a response, then turned his head and saw Ye Fan and Lv Zhan, pausing in surprise.

Simultaneously, many of the spectating cultivators noticed the two and turned to look.

To this, Ye Fan paid no mind, his gaze fixed unflinchingly on the graceful figure on the arena.

"Lady Su is truly powerful, I admit defeat graciously,"

Soon, the Ba Gua Sect disciple finished demonstrating a complete set of Ba Gua Palm techniques and stopped his attack, bowing his hands in concession.

Su Liuli returned the gesture with a smile and then, with a leap, jumped off the platform and approached Ye Fan and Lv Zhan.

"Why are you here?" Su Liuli asked Ye Fan with a hint of surprise.

"Miss Su, you can't just treat me like I'm invisible!" Before Ye Fan could speak, Lv Zhan interjected with a tone of frustration.

"He is the Lv Family's successor, Lv Zhan."

Ye Fan casually set up a Soundproof Array and introduced Lv Zhan to Su Liuli with a wry smile. Then, seeing Lv Zhan reaching out for a handshake with Su Liuli, he stepped in between and continued, "I heard that your opponents all want to concede, but you insisted on sparring with them to accumulate combat experience?"

"Mm."

Su Liuli nodded and sighed, "Although my master passed on his power to me, I had not fought anyone before coming here, just slain some mutant beasts. I'm lacking in combat experience, so I'm taking the opportunity of the knockout rounds to hone my skills."

"So, we're not quite on the same page..."

Lv Zhan appeared a bit disappointed, then a thought struck him, and his eyes lit up as he said, "Lady Su, if you don't mind, I'm willing to be your sparring partner for free—and I'll keep at it until dawn!"

"Brother Lv, you wouldn't be considered mute if you kept silent!" Ye Fan frowned and gave Lv Zhan a stern look.

"Just kidding, just kidding. One should not covet a friend's wife; I understand that!"

Lv Zhan chuckled, then hesitated for a moment before his smile faded and he seriously said, "Miss Su, although you have a high realm and strong power, based on your recent matches, your fight experience is quite lacking. If ever you face Emperor Bai or Leng Feng, chances are you will be in great danger."

Ye Fan also noted this and after a moment of thought, he said, "If you feel there is danger during the match, concede in time."

"Don't worry, I will be fine."

Su Liuli said with a calm smile, "What I received from my master isn't just power, but also includes martial arts insight and combat experience. If I wish, I can use my master's combat experience at any time."

"No wonder my grandfather once said that Master Bodhi Wu Yin's comprehension is the best of our age. It's indeed as legendary as they say, to have created such a heaven-defying Inheritance Secret Technique!"

Lv Zhan's mouth fell open in shock, "If you use Master Bodhi Wu Yin's combat experience, it's akin to transforming into the Gang Qi Introduction Realm Master Bodhi Wu Yin. You would absolutely dominate everyone!"

Ye Fan too was visibly astonished, marveling at the magical Inheritance Secret Technique created by Bodhi Wu Yin.

"Miss Su, if that's the case, why do you still wish to temper your own combat experience? Could it be that using Master Wu Yin's combat experience could affect your future cultivation?"

It must be said that as a prodigy of the Lv family, Lv Zhan had sharp insights. Although he was not aware of the drawbacks of the Inheritance Technique, he had nearly hit the mark with his guess.

"My master's greatest wish is for me to rely on great perseverance and wisdom to break the imprint left by the Inheritance Technique and forge my own path, then explore that unknown domain. If I use my master's combat experience in battle, it is indeed powerful, but it would deepen my master's influence over me, making the path ahead even harder. Therefore, unless it's absolutely necessary, I wouldn't resort to using my master's combat experience."

Seeing that Ye Fan was also looking at her, Su Liuli did not hide anything and openly shared the secret. Then, changing the subject, she continued, "Of course, if I encounter some jerks, I wouldn't mind using my master's combat experience."

"Miss Su... I take back my previous offer, you should just have Brother Ye be your sparring partner!" said Lv Zhan, shivering at the thought.

Ye Fan let out a silent sigh.

He knew that the person Su Liuli referred to as 'deserving a slap' was none other than people like Emperor Bai and Jiang Ying.

"Treat this competition as a trial, I'll handle those people," Ye Fan said after a moment's thought.

"Mhm."

Su Liuli nodded lightly, the corners of her lips curling into a smile brimming with happiness.

For her, accepting the inheritance early was solely to help Ye Fan with his troubles. Now that Ye Fan could handle it himself, she was naturally happy to be the little woman being protected.

A few minutes later, Ye Fan dismantled the Soundproof Array and returned to their respective arenas with Lv Zhan.

"The disciple of the Evil Emperor has arrived!"

"I heard that in his previous fight with Wang Kun, he revealed his true strength. He broke through Wang Kun's killing move with just his bare hands and Martial Arts Cultivation, and then quickly disabled Wang Kun, stunning everyone!"

"I've always felt that the Evil Emperor's Disciple was hiding his strength; otherwise, he wouldn't dare to make a life-or-death pact with the Little Saber King Bai Di..."

"Damn, a Monday Morning Quarterback, when will you ever change your habit of boasting?"

In a short amount of time, the news of Ye Fan maiming Wang Kun spread like a whirlwind across the square, sparking heated discussions.

The cultivators who came to watch the matches turned to look at Ye Fan and Lv Zhan as they approached.

However——

All of this had no effect on Emperor Bai.

Just like before, when Ye Fan passed by arena number two, Emperor Bai still looked at Ye Fan with murderous intent, as if he were gazing upon a dead man.

Not just Emperor Bai, but Leng Feng and Jiang Ying also did not take the battle between Ye Fan and Wang Kun seriously.

Firstly, although Wang Kun had performed well in the Attack Power test, he did not catch their Dharma Eye, and they hadn't even bothered to remember his name.

As a result, Wang Kun was naturally incapable of highlighting Ye Fan's strength.

Furthermore, in their eyes, Ye Fan's aura was still at the Innate Great Perfection Realm; how much stronger could he be?

"Hmph, defeating a nobody who doesn't even count as a seed player is hardly worth boasting about," Yuan Feng said, also dismissing the matter as inconsequential. In fact, he yelled disdainfully as Ye Fan and Lv Zhan passed by the seventh arena.

"This idiot is too arrogant, if he encounters me before he meets you, Brother Ye, I'll definitely leave a shoe print on his face!"

Yuan Feng's repeated provocations irritated Lv Zhan to the point that he made such a remark.

Ye Hei and Wu Zi, the two mysterious seed players, had some emotional fluctuations after learning about Ye Fan's astonishing combat record and encountering him once again.

Among them, Ye Hei's honest smile became tinged with excitement, seemingly very much looking forward to a battle with Ye Fan!

Wu Zi, on the other hand, grew more solemn.

He became even more convinced that Ye Fan was concealing his strength and was much more powerful than he had imagined!

As for... Xiao Selang.

Unexpectedly, he was defeated by a Shaolin Disciple from his group and was the only seed player to be eliminated, causing quite a stir!

After Ye Fan returned to the tenth arena, the competitor vying for the cycle race qualification with him straightforwardly chose to forfeit.

This left Lv Zhan, who had come to watch Ye Fan's match, quite frustrated.

But Ye Fan's mind was clear as a mirror.

He knew that the other party's direct choice to forfeit was due to lack of strength, and also because Ye Fan had previously taught the widely detested Wang Kun a harsh lesson, which made the other competitors in group ten grateful and naturally unwilling to challenge him superfluously.

"For the vast majority of participants, the end of the elimination round signifies the end of their competition," Lv Zhan couldn't help but remark as he looked at the faces of the eliminated players, filled with disappointment, "But for us, the real battle is just beginning."

"Mhm."

Ye Fan nodded in agreement; for seed players, the elimination round was merely a warm-up, and aside from the eliminated Xiao Selang, the others had essentially hidden their strengths.

"Brother Ye, guess what I look forward to the most in this Qing bang competition?" Lv Zhan suddenly asked with a hint of mystery.

"Winning the championship?" Ye Fan responded promptly, which was almost every contestant's wish.

"If it was three months ago, that would indeed have been my biggest anticipation, but not now," Lv Zhan shook his head lightly, then looked at Ye Fan full of expectation, "What I really want to know now is—how strong is your actual strength??"

Chapter 637 - Dark Horse Causes Stir, Master's Name Cleared

The afterglow of the setting sun spilled over, as if draping the white expanse of Mount Tian in a layer of golden gauze, sparkling with golden light.

Dusk had not yet arrived, but the elimination round had prematurely dropped its curtain, with all but the host from the Tian Shan Sword Sect, Xiao Selang, advancing from the top ten seeded competitors to the round-robin tournament.

In the square of the Tian Shan Sword Sect, heads crowded together, all participants stood below the podium and spectator stands, forming a square formation. The ten advancing competitors stood at the very front, exceptionally conspicuous.

"People believed that the Disciple of the Evil Emperor was the weakest among the top ten seeds, but the heavens played a joke on everyone. He was not only far from the weakest, but his strength was also the most concealed."

"Indeed, barehanded, without using any magic artifacts, relying solely on his martial arts cultivation, he defeated the formidable Wang Kun. His strength was indeed deeply hidden."

"They say that dual cultivation of magic and martial arts can make one invincible among peers and challenge those at higher levels. Now, he can challenge those at higher levels with just his martial arts cultivation. If he were to use both magic and martial arts, it's hard to imagine how powerful he would be."

Just as in the morning, the outskirts of the square were surrounded by cultivators who came to watch the matches, many of whom were now discussing Ye Fan, who had impressed in the elimination round.

By now, none of the onlooking cultivators dared to underestimate Ye Fan's strength anymore. Quite the reverse, they all believed that Ye Fan's strength could rank among the seeded competitors.

However, nearly everyone doubted that Ye Fan had the strength to challenge Emperor Bai.

"If the Disciple of the Evil Emperor is the most unexpected of the seeded competitors, then Su Liuli, known to be the top seed, is the most disappointing one."

"Before the competition, her attack power was astonishing. She pierced through the Trial Tablet with one finger, creating a sensational scene. Who would have known that in actual combat, she would be so inadequate— her combat experience is not just inferior compared to her peers, but even compared to cultivators at the Early Innate Realm."

"Everything is as Emperor Bai predicted before the match, Su Liuli's strength comes from the inheritance of Bodhi Wu Yin, not from her own cultivation. She can't exert her real strength. Looking at the current situation, although her realm is high and her strength great, against Emperor Bai and Leng Feng, it's difficult to say who would win."

"I have a premonition that this Qing bang tournament will break the ancient rule—a cultivator at the Half-step Gang Qi realm defeating a Gang Qi Introduction Realm strong person, creating an unprecedented legend! Su Liuli, the Supreme Heir of Bodhi Wu Yin, will become the foil to Emperor Bai and Leng Feng's legendary creation!"

In the crowd, a good number of people discussed Su Liuli, whose performance in real combat disappointed them, and they also believed that it was very likely for Su Liuli to be defeated by Emperor Bai and Leng Feng.

"Compared to the Disciple of the Evil Emperor and the Supreme Heir from the Buddhist sect, Shi Yongsheng from Shaolin should have been even more unexpected."

"Indeed, the previously little-known Shi Yongsheng, with his strength at the Innate Great Perfection Realm, effortlessly defeated the Tian Shan Sword Sect's genius Xiao Selang, becoming the biggest dark horse of this Qing bang tournament."

"Although his performance is enchanting enough, it's a shame that his realm is too low. Even if he defies heaven, he cannot compete with the strongest competitors, and even against the Disciple of the Evil Emperor, defeat is certain!"

Shi Yongsheng, who rose to be the biggest dark horse of the tournament by eliminating Xiao Selang, became the subject of more people's discussions. People marveled at his strength and yet sighed internally because his realm was too low; otherwise, he could definitely meddle as a dark horse in this Qing bang tournament!

Apart from Ye Fan, Su Liuli, and Shi Yongsheng, the other seven seeded competitors, including Emperor Bai, were being discussed as well, but those discussions were relatively scarce.

At the same time, on the podium and in the spectator seats, those Supreme Strongmen of the Gang Qi Realm and representatives from various Sects and Martial Arts Families also turned their gaze toward the ten advancing competitors at the forefront of the crowd.

Among them, Ye Fan attracted the most attention.

All this attention wasn't just because he was impressive in the elimination matches, but also because he was a descendant of the Evil Emperor, and had recently crafted the legendary Immortal Pill, creating a legend, and he had set a deathmatch with the leading figure of the younger generation, Emperor Bai!

This battle, not only was it a personal struggle between Ye Fan and Emperor Bai, but it also represented their respective masters and their families, making it hugely significant!

"After a day, the elimination round of this Qing bang tournament has come to an end, with Su Liuli and nine other competitors successfully advancing to the next round, entering the round-robin tournament to compete for the championship!"

Moments later, as the chief judge of this Qing bang tournament, Gu Yun, the leading Inner Sect Elder of the Yanhuang Organization, stood up and walked to the front of the podium, slowly saying, "They are the victors of this Qing bang tournament, and the strong figures of the future Hua Xia Cultivation World. Let us encourage them with applause, urging them to redouble their efforts in their future cultivation and to keep moving forward!"

"Clap, clap..."

As Gu Yun's voice fell, a tidal wave of applause erupted from the audience, with everyone clapping in unison.

After a few seconds, Gu Yun made a pressing down gesture, and the applause quickly subsided; soon after, the vast square fell silent once again.

"In every competition, there will definitely be losers. For those who didn't make it to the round-robin tournament, don't be disheartened. Being behind at the moment doesn't mean you're behind forever. As long as you persevere and cultivate harder, you definitely have the hope to catch up with them, even surpass them—you all are the future hope of the Hua Xia Cultivation World!"

Just like in all events, after praising the ten advancing competitors, Gu Yun began to console the eliminated contestants, which also triggered enthusiastic applause.

Chapter 638 - Dark Horse Causes Stir, Master's Name Cleared_2

As the applause fell once more, Gu Yun spoke for the third time, saying, "At eight o'clock tomorrow morning, the round-robin tournament will officially begin. According to the competition schedule, starting tomorrow, there will be one round of the round-robin tournament each day. This means that each of the ten contestants will have a match every day. The winner will score 3 points, a tie will earn 1 point, and the loser, 0 points."

"If a contestant concedes or withdraws from the competition due to injury or other reasons, their opponent will receive a bye and directly earn 3 points."

"Next, please welcome Sword King Hua Jian to draw lots for the upcoming round-robin competition!"

At the end of his announcement, Gu Yun intentionally turned sideways, casting his gaze toward Old Sword King Hua Jian behind him.

As a veteran Sword King, Hua Jian's qualifications were highly esteemed. He shared his era with figures like Yan and Evil Emperor Chu Xuanji, and his strength was not much inferior. However, having sequestered himself in reclusive cultivation without meddling in worldly affairs, he was not listed in the Dragon Ranking or Divine List.

In both the Hua Xia Cultivation World and the global Cultivation World, Hua Jian's reputation remained formidable.

This was also why Gu Yun entrusted the important task of drawing the lots to Hua Jian.

Perhaps because Xiao Selang had recently suffered a near-disgraceful defeat to the dark horse Shi Yongsheng, Old Sword King Hua Jian looked somewhat displeased, showing no trace of a smile. Instead, his expression was stern, as if someone had stolen his Magic Artifact.

He silently stood up, his expression serious as he walked up to the podium.

At the podium, there was a laptop. The software it contained listed the names of the ten advancing contestants, including Ye Fan. With a simple click of the left mouse button by the Old Sword King, the software would automatically generate the matchups, times, and other details of the round-robin tournament, then display them on the large screen in front of the podium.

This technology-assisted method of drawing lots had been used in previous Qing bang competitions and was well-regarded for its fairness and impartiality.

Shortly after, under everyone's watchful eyes, Old Sword King Hua Jian gently pressed the left mouse button. The sight appeared quite incongruous and bizarre.

In the blink of an eye, the large screen displayed the results of the drawing.

Whoosh!

Instantly, the eyes of nearly everyone on the podium, in the audience, among the contestant camps, and among the cultivators watching the competition, turned toward the large screen.

Only three people remained unmoved.

Jie Dao and his disciple, Emperor Bai.

Among them, Emperor Bai's expression remained unchanged, his demeanor cold. Coupled with his overwhelming aura and dense Blood Qi, he seemed like a Killing God descended, intimidating to behold.

Jie Dao, on the other hand, watched Emperor Bai with a proud smile on his face.

At this moment, he felt proud solely because he had trained an outstanding heir like Emperor Bai!

As for the results of the drawing...

He simply didn't care!

In his view, no one could stop Emperor Bai's march toward the championship, not even Su Liuli, who severely lacked combat experience!

Apart from Jie Dao and his disciple, the other person who remained indifferent was Evil Emperor Chu Xuanji.

Hm?

When Jie Dao caught a glimpse of Chu Xuanji not looking toward the large screen, he was slightly stunned, but then a cold sneer rose in his heart: "Old Dog Chu, I'm curious to see how long you can keep up this act! When my disciple beheads your disciple, let's see if you can remain as composed as you are now!"

Seemingly noticing Jie Dao's gaze, Chu Xuanji turned his head and gave Jie Dao an unremarkable look, which startled Jie Dao and made his face shift slightly. He quickly withdrew his gaze, not daring to meet Chu Xuanji's eyes.

"The first round of the round-robin tournament doesn't even feature a strong matchup. What a disappointment!"

"Who says there isn't? Isn't the matchup between the disciple of the Evil Emperor and The Supreme Heir of the Buddhist Order a clash of titans?"

"It's said that The Supreme Buddhist Heir and the disciple of the Evil Emperor share an unusual relationship; they are very likely not to fight seriously."

"Exactly, The Supreme Buddhist Heir, to wager that the disciple of the Evil Emperor could defeat Little Saber King Bai Di, risked his own life in a bet, ensuring that even if they fought, it would only be to make a point!"

With the announcement of the first round matchups, lively discussions erupted onsite, the match between Ye Fan and Su Liuli becoming a focal point of those discussions.

Subsequently, the large screen began scrolling, sequentially releasing the matchups for the remaining rounds.

"The drawing has concluded. All contestants, please return to your residences to dine and rest. Shortly, someone will post the round-robin tournament map on the plaza," announced Gu Yun.

After all the matchup results had been played once, Sect Leader Cang Bo of the Tian Shan Sword Sect stood up and spoke.

As Cang Bo's words faded, the representatives of the Supreme Strongmen and various Sects and Martial Arts Families on the presidential platform began to leave the venue, the competitors did as well, but the cultivators who were there to watch the matches were reluctant to leave, chattering excitedly and spraying spittle as they discussed the results and pointed out strategies.

"Brother Ye, Sister Su, I am curious, will you two really go all out against each other tomorrow?"

As the crowd dispersed, Lv Zhan quickly caught up to Ye Fan and Su Liuli, asking with a mischievous grin.

"Lv Family demon, if I come across you, I will certainly fight you seriously."

Before joining the Buddhist sect, Su Liuli's skills in tormenting others were likely unmatched even if Lv Zhan gave chase.

Now, even though Su Liuli had converted to the Buddhist sect, undergoing significant changes in mind and demeanor, meeting Ye Fan had somewhat restored her former grace. Upon hearing Lv Zhan's deliberate tease, she responded earnestly.

"__"

Hearing this, Lv Zhan's face turned green, and he wanted to say something but then saw Shi Yongsheng in a yellow kasaya approaching from ahead, blocking their way.

Under the setting sun, Shi Yongsheng's gaze was sharp like a knife as he stared at Su Liuli, his eyes flashing with intense war intent.

"Do you have a problem?"

Seeing Shi Yongsheng's unkind approach, Ye Fan frowned.

"Su Liuli, I came to this Qing bang competition for you."

Shi Yongsheng completely ignored Ye Fan, treating his words as if they were air, and kept staring intensely at Su Liuli.

Su Liuli felt uncomfortable with Shi Yongsheng's attitude, her eyebrows arching slightly, "Monk, I don't believe I know you, do I?"

"Years ago, your master Bodhi Wu Yin stormed into Shaolin alone, defeated the top ten experts of Shaolin, and became known as the Buddhist Supreme."

Shi Yongsheng spoke solemnly, "In this Qing bang competition, I will defeat you to restore my master's honor!"

"Baldy, with just you? I think your incense offering has made you foolish."

According to the matchups, Lv Zhan would fight Shi Yongsheng tomorrow, and Shi Yongsheng, completely ignoring his presence and certain of his defeat, infuriated Lv Zhan, the Lv Family demon.

"I hope that before you fight me, you don't disgrace the Buddhist sect and that you come unharmed to show your strongest power in our fight; otherwise, I will feel the victory is undeserved!"

Just like previously ignoring Ye Fan, Shi Yongsheng completely disregarded Lv Zhan's words and continued to look at Su Liuli.

"Baldy, aren't you afraid of biting your tongue with all that wind? Get past your 'Lord Lv' first!"

Lv Zhan was truly angered and wished he could fight Shi Yongsheng right then and there.

Shi Yongsheng turned around and left, never once glancing at Ye Fan and Lv Zhan, his arrogance seeming deep-rooted and surpassing even that of Yuan Feng and Jiang Ying!

"This monk is a bit weird."

Watching Shi Yongsheng's retreating figure, Ye Fan frowned in contemplation.

Chapter 639 Start the Battle!

The next morning, before 8 a.m., the Tian Shan Sword Sect's square was already packed with people. The audience of cultivators had increased significantly, with many old masters among them, all of whom had specifically come for the top ten round-robin competition.

Unlike the elimination rounds, the top ten round-robin competition was not held all at once but rather one match at a time.

Since there was only one match, a temporary platform had been set up in the middle of the square.

The seats around the platform were reserved for the audience, only the representatives of the major sects, cultivation families, supreme strong people, and the contestants themselves were allowed to be seated, while the other cultivators could only stand around the outer perimeter of the audience seats.

As 8 o'clock approached, the representatives of the various sects and families arrived at the audience seats with their disciples and sat down in the pre-arranged positions.

Because the seed players of this Qing bang competition were extraordinarily strong, to avoid injuries and deaths during the matches to the greatest extent and ensure that the competition could be stopped at any time, Elder Gu Yun, the head of the referee team, acted as the referee for the top ten round-robin matches.

At 8 o'clock, Elder Gu Yun, the head of the referee team, appeared on time on the platform. He gave a salute to all four directions, then got straight to the point and said, "Now, let's start the first round-robin match, Yuan Feng of Wudang Sect against Wu Zi of the Wu Sect!"

"Whoosh—"

As Gu Yun's voice fell, Yuan Feng leapt onto the platform in an instant with a high-level magical artifact, the Taiyi Brush in hand, like a sharp arrow.

Under the gaze of all, Wu Zi slowly walked towards the platform.

"Who do you think will win between Yuan Feng and Wu Zi?"

"Probably Wu Zi. His magic cultivation is strong, and his mastery of the Illusion Technique is unparalleled, making him irresistible."

"I think it's Yuan Feng. Not only does he wield the Wudang Sect's high-level magical artifact, the Taiyi Brush, but he has also learned the Wudang Sect's secret 'Taiyin Mystic Technique.' Once he makes a move, Wu Zi won't be able to withstand it."

The match hadn't started yet, but it had already sparked heated discussions outside the ring, with some rooting for Yuan Feng and others for Wu Zi, creating quite a lively scene.

"Brother Ye, what do you think the outcome of this match will be?"

In the audience seats, Lv Zhan and Ye Fan sat next to Chu Xuanji and Lv Yuan, side by side, with Lv Zhan as always embodying the spirit of gossip.

"This match should end quickly, the victory or defeat will be decided in the blink of an eye. Yuan Feng probably won't be able to withstand Wu Zi's Illusion Technique attack."

Ye Fan made his judgment. During the elimination rounds, he had a probing exchange with Wu Zi, and Wu Zi's mastery of the Illusion Technique was quite impressive. It was just that his own martial arts will was too strong to be shaken.

"Heh!"

Hearing Ye Fan's words, Wudang Sect Leader Heavenly Master Zhang, who was not far away, let out a scoff, seemingly mocking Ye Fan's ignorance.

Ye Fan didn't say anything more but simply looked towards the platform.

On the platform, Yuan Feng and Wu Zi stood facing each other, a hundred meters apart.

A hundred meters, a distance that strong people in the Gang Qi Realm could cover in an instant. Under Gang Qi, hardly any cultivator could be there in a flash, making it a safe distance.

Elder Gu, acting as the referee, floated in the air, manipulating Qi, resembling an Immortal descending to earth, making the cultivators on the periphery quite envious.

"I'm sure you're both clear on the rules of the competition, so I won't go over them. You have three breaths' time to prepare."

Elder Gu floated in the air, looking at the two with a serious face, and stated.

"Begin!"

Three breaths later, Gu Yun solemnly announced the start of the match.

Just as Yuan Feng was about to rise and take the initiative with close combat, he suddenly found himself trapped as if in a mire, his body shaking violently, his face a struggle.

Illusion Technique attack!

Just as Ye Fan had predicted, the match had barely begun when Wu Zi activated the Illusion Technique attack!

On the platform, Yuan Feng's expression kept changing as he was confronted with a scene that caused him unbearable pain—Ye Fan taking his Magic Artifact the Taiyi Brush, destroying his Dantian, and trampling him underfoot!

"No... this isn't real!"

The illusion was as vivid as reality, and Yuan Feng's painful howls and struggles not only failed to break him out of the Illusion Realm but caused him to completely lose himself due to a lapse in his consciousness. He stood there as if he had lost his soul, expressionless.

"Wu Sect's Wu Zi, victorious!"

Seeing this, Gu Yun solemnly declared the outcome of the match.

Upon hearing this, Wu Zi bowed to Gu Yun, then promptly left the stage.

However, Yuan Feng awoke from the illusion, still somewhat dazed, and observing Wu Zi walking down from the stage, realized what had happened. His face drastically changed, and he roared loudly, "I haven't lost! I can break his Illusion Technique! I..."

"In the time it took you to be trapped in the illusion, he could have killed you with ease," Gu Yun said emotionlessly, interrupting Yuan Feng's roar.

"Smack—"

Upon hearing this, Yuan Feng, frustrated and angry, stomped and shattered the ground beneath him, very unreconciled.

Wudang Sect Leader Heavenly Master Zhang, on the other hand, had a dark expression on his face.

When Ye Fan had believed that Yuan Feng was certain to lose, Heavenly Master Zhang had scoffed in ridicule. Now, with the result revealed, it was as if he had swallowed a fly during a meal, feeling extremely uncomfortable!

"Wudang Sect's Yuan Feng, you are hereby warned. If you destroy the stage again due to a loss, your qualification for subsequent matches will be revoked!"

Gu Yun declared in a cold voice, then turned his gaze away from Yuan Feng, "The second match will now commence: Yanhuang Organization's Leng Feng versus Dark Sect's Ye Hei."

"Sss—"

Hearing Gu Yun's words and sensing the anger in his tone, Yuan Feng came to his senses. He dared not make more noise, jumping off the stage with a face full of unwillingness.

Meanwhile, Leng Feng leapt up, crossing several tens of meters in one stride, and landed directly on the stage.

"True to someone who can rival Emperor Bai, Leng Feng's strength is indeed powerful."

Leng Feng's impressive display immediately caused an uproar.

Seeing this, Ye Hei arched his eyebrows and in a flash, turned into a phantom and swept onto the stage.

Although it took him three steps, his speed was extremely fast, hardly any different from Leng Feng's.

"As the successor of Master Yan and having learned the essence of Yanhuang Fist, Leng Feng has a deep comprehension of the war realm. Once the battle commences, he fights like a war machine, invincible. Ye Hei practices the assassin's skill, his speed is remarkable, adept at finding the opponent's weakness and landing a fatal blow, but it's unlikely he can break through Leng Feng's defense," Lv Zhan predicted upon seeing the two fighters ascend the stage.

"Mhm, the constraints of the arena don't play to Ye Hei's strengths. It's indeed difficult to breach the defense with Leng Feng on guard in advance," someone concurred.

Ye Fan nodded in agreement, and then his tone shifted as he added, "But if this were reality, and Ye Hei were to carry out an assassination against Leng Feng, there would still be a certain chance of success."

Whoosh!

Once again hearing Ye Fan's judgments and comments, representatives from various sects and families in the audience turned to look, their eyes flashing with interest.

Clearly... they all agreed with Ye Fan's words—Ye Hei was indeed unsuited for the arena, better fit for assassination!

As Lv Zhan had predicted, the moment the match started, Leng Feng activated his Gang Qi to protect his body, and then unleashed the War Realm-infused "Yanhuang Fist," like an ancient warrior bloodied in battle, unstoppable.

Ye Hei managed to move around with his swift movement technique, exploiting two openings in Leng Feng's defense for attacks, but due to his insufficient attack power, he was unable to break through Leng Feng's defenses and was ultimately suppressed.

Had it not been for Gu Yun's intervention at the critical moment, releasing a streak of Gang Qi to dispel Leng Feng's Killing Move 'Yanhuang's Fury,' Ye Hei would likely have been severely injured and sent flying off the stage.

"I'm no match for you on the stage, but I will have a real test with you after the match, in the real world. I hope you will be prepared."

As expected, Ye Fan's prediction was confirmed. Ye Hei lost the match but was not dismayed; instead, he seemed resentful and eager to attempt an assassination on Leng Feng in the real world.

"Next time, there will be no Elder Gu to block for you."

Leng Feng sneered coldly, turned, and leaped off the stage, all in one step.

Ye Hei narrowed his eyes slightly, a flash of murderous intent passing through them, but he said nothing more and also left the stage.

Gu Yun did not stop the two from arranging a real-world duel, but instead looked back at the audience and announced, "The third match will now begin, with the Sword King's disciple, Emperor Bai, facing off against Ginger Family's Jiang Ying."

Swoosh—

As Gu Yun's words fell, Emperor Bai shot up energetically, his Blood Qi boiling over, surging out of his body, and enveloping him like a mist of blood, his presence exuding a terrifying killing intent that chilled to the bone.

Confronted with the murderous Emperor Bai, Jiang Ying was not intimidated; instead, she cheerfully climbed onto the stage and said, "I hope you'll go easy on me, Brother Emperor Bai!"

Emperor Bai, hearing this, gave no answer, but his killing intent receded.

"Emperor Bai's previous contests were about slaughtering all in his path, high and low alike, with his overwhelming bloodlust, yet he reined in his killing intent before Jiang Ying. Something's not right here."

"The word is that the Ginger Family has a marriage alliance with the Bai Family. It was thought to be just rumors, but now it seems to be true."

Jiang Ying's relaxed smile and Emperor Bai's unusual behavior sparked heated discussions among the spectating cultivators and representatives of the various sects and cultivation families on the stands.

Clearly, they all understood the significance of an ancient cultivation family like the Ginger Family forming a marriage alliance with a regal family like the Bai Family!

As if to confirm the audience's speculation, once the match began, Emperor Bai unusually did not attack with full force, but rather held back his strength to a level that Jiang Ying could withstand.

For a time, the stage was filled with the light of swords and clanging of weapons, the figures of the two combatants flickering unpredictably, and they fought for ten rounds in but a moment.

"Brother Emperor Bai is unmatched among the younger generation; Little Ying is no match for him."

After ten rounds, Jiang Ying and Emperor Bai's figures parted, and she voluntarily conceded defeat.

Emperor Bai heard this and, without a word, leaped down from the stage.

Jiang Ying, however, held her head high and pushed out her chest, proud as a peacock on the stage—showing off that Emperor Bai had been merciful to her!

"Master Gu Yun, I'm no match for Ye Fan, so let's not go through the motions of battling on stage. Let's move on to the fifth match."

Later, as Jiang Ying looked at Su Liuli with pride on her face, Su Liuli stood up and bowed to Gu Yun.

Whoosh!

Upon the stage, Jiang Ying, who originally wore a face of pride, trembled with fury, her complexion turning purplish, upon hearing Su Liuli's words, as if she had been slapped in public.

She subjectively believed that Su Liuli was deliberately targeting her by doing this, and fumed as she glared at Su Liuli, wanting to say something but powerless to refute, like a plucked peacock standing on the stage in utter ugliness.

And Ye Fan couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

Although Su Liuli had yet to say why she would participate in the Qing Bang tournament without having engaged in enough practice to accumulate substantial combat experience, how could he not know Su Liuli's intentions?

"As expected, the Supreme Heir of the Buddhist Order and the Evil Emperor's Disciple are not going to fight."

"Although the Buddhist Supreme Heir lacks extensive combat experience, her realm and strength are evident. Is she truly inferior to the Evil Emperor's Disciple?"

"You fool, she's clearly trying to elevate the Evil Emperor's Disciple in public!"

"That's right, rumors say that the Buddhist Supreme Heir knew the Evil Emperor's Disciple before taking refuge in Buddhism. Some even say that it was because of heartbreak caused by the Evil Emperor's Disciple that she turned to Buddhism. Given these circumstances, her actions are not surprising."

While many speculated that Su Liuli would not fight with Ye Fan, seeing Su Liuli conceding without even stepping onto the stage still caused a stir.

"Su Liuli, by doing this, you're not only losing face for Buddhism but also desecrating the Buddha."

Shortly after, without waiting for Gu Yun to speak, a voice suddenly resounded, overpowering all others.

From the stands, Shi Yongsheng, who had come to participate alone, suddenly stood up, staring angrily at Su Liuli.

"Can you represent Buddhism or the Buddha himself?"

Su Liuli responded coldly, irritated by Shi Yongsheng's repeated provocations.

Ye Fan also narrowed his eyes slightly, looking at Shi Yongsheng.

"Although I can't represent Buddhism or the Buddha, I will not allow you to desecrate the Buddha like this—I will clear you, this Buddhist scourge, tomorrow!"

Shi Yongsheng declared with righteous indignation.

"Baldy, there's no tomorrow; Lord Lv will send you back to Shaolin now!"

Lv Zhan leaped from his seat and onto the stage in two steps.

Chapter 640 - Public Breakthrough, Gaining the Upper Hand

As a demon of the Lv Family, Lv Zhan, having mingled in the secular world and honed himself for a period, did not carry the arrogance of Emperor Bai and Jiang Ying, but had acquired a bit of the Jianghu righteousness.

He and Ye Fan did not hit it off right away, but he felt a strong affinity and had already considered Ye Fan a friend in his heart.

In such circumstances, when Shi Yongsheng repeatedly provoked Lv Zhan's "future sister-in-law" Su Liuli, Lv Zhan felt extremely annoyed. Recalling Shi Yongsheng's disregard for him the day before, even the easygoing Lv Zhan was infuriated to the extent that he didn't wait for the referee Gu Yun to speak, and took the initiative to rush onto the stage.

"A master shows their skill the moment they make a move, and this Lv Zhan, stepping on the stage in two strides, is very strong indeed."

"Yes, the Ancient Cultivation Family truly lives up to its reputation; just the speed of Lv Zhan's movement technique alone doesn't disgrace the name of an heir of an Ancient Cultivation Family!"

The cultivators watching the match were originally surprised by Shi Yongsheng's sudden targeting of Su Liuli, but upon seeing Lv Zhan ascend to the stage in two steps, they immediately exclaimed in amazement.

"Well, before I deal with the Buddhist obstacle, I'll settle with you, the troublemaker, first."

Seeing Lv Zhan ascend to the stage in two strides, a gleam of light flashed in Shi Yongsheng's eyes, yet he was unafraid and even snorted coldly, walking calmly out of the audience seats toward the ring.

"This Shaolin monk is just at the Innate Great Perfection realm, how can he be so fearless?"

The words of Shi Yongsheng clearly reached everyone's ears, causing the surrounding cultivators to be astonished.

Even those competitors and sect representatives in the audience seats appeared puzzled, only a few Supreme Strongmen flickered with understanding in their eyes, seemingly having guessed something.

Meanwhile, Ye Fan had a thoughtful expression on his face.

Yesterday, Shi Yongsheng was incredibly arrogant, making Ye Fan suspect there was something odd about him, but he couldn't figure out what was amiss.

Today, the feeling in his heart was even stronger, but he still couldn't figure it out.

"Bald donkey, Su Liuli is the disciple of the Buddhist Supreme, Master Bodhi Wu Yin, who are you to call her a Buddhist obstacle? Lord Lv thinks you are the Buddhist Demon Monk!"

The fearless demeanor of Shi Yongsheng made Lv Zhan even more upset, and he didn't wait for Shi Yongsheng to step onto the stage before he started scolding him.

"I am the direct disciple of the Shaolin Abbot, Master Empty Zen, whose master is Dharma Ancestor, the foremost figure of the Eastern Land's Zen Sect."

Shi Yongsheng slowly ascended the stage, looking at Lv Zhan with a face full of pride, as if answering Lv Zhan's question, but also speaking to everyone present, "Years ago, when Bodhi Wu Yin single-handedly challenged Shaolin, overpowering Shaolin's top ten experts and was crowned by the cultivators all over the world as the Buddhist Supreme, she indeed didn't deserve such a peerless title—over the years, she has carried the title of Buddhist Supreme yet neglected Buddhist affairs, neither imparting Dharma nor skills, what virtues and abilities does she have to be revered as the Buddhist Supreme?"

"As for Bodhi Wu Yin's disciple, Su Liuli, who has relied on Bodhi Wu Yin's inheritance to achieve without labor the status of the first among the younger generation to enter the Gang Qi Introduction Realm, yet disregarded the Buddhist honor in such an important competition as the Qing bang contest due to worldly personal affairs, and surrendered without fighting; if she's not an obstacle, what is she?"

"This time, I'm representing Shaolin in the Qing bang contest with one purpose—to vindicate my master and to correct Shaolin's name—Buddhist obstacle Su Liuli, I must cleanse her."

Concluding, Shi Yongsheng employed the 'Shaolin Lion Roar,' with a voice loud and ringing, resonating like a bell striking, echoing through the skies, causing the eardrums of the audience close to the ring who had lower cultivations to swell and their blood to surge, some even being knocked to the ground.

"Bastard!"

Seeing Shi Yongsheng not only insult himself but also his master Bodhi Wu Yin, Su Liuli, who had converted to Buddhism, turned pale with rage and couldn't help cursing.

Ye Fan, however, slightly narrowed his eyes, feeling a desire to replace Lv Zhan and teach Shi Yongsheng a lesson.

"Merely being at the Innate Great Perfection Realm and you dare talk big about challenging Su Liuli, who has stepped into the Gang Qi Introduction Realm, aren't you afraid the wind might blow your tongue away! Enough, Lord Lv will teach you today how to be humble!"

On the stage, Lv Zhan smirked coldly, then looked towards the referee Gu Yun, saying, "Master Gu Yun, please announce the start of the match. I want to teach this arrogant monk a lesson on humility and respect for others!"

Upon hearing this, Gu Yun thoughtfully glanced at Shi Yongsheng, then soared into the air, hovered, and declared loudly, "The match begins!"

"Snap—"

Following Gu Yun's announcement, Lv Zhan wasted no more words. He sprung from the ground, leaping into the air, and his right hand slashed down in a smooth arc.

"Whoosh—"

A stream of Gang Qi burst forth from Lv Zhan's hand, transforming into a Qi Ray, whistling towards Shi Yongsheng at an extreme speed, tearing through the air and leaving a vacuum in its wake.

How powerful!

Although Lv Zhan didn't use a killing move to help Su Liuli discipline Shi Yongsheng, the attack was formidable, startling many cultivators who were watching and causing representatives of various sects and martial arts families in the audience to be moved, though the Supreme Strongmen remained unfazed.

However—

Faced with such a fierce attack from Lv Zhan, Shi Yongsheng didn't dodge or duck; instead, he stepped forward.

"Snap!"

With a crisp sound, Shi Yongsheng responded with a punch, the punch wind stirring, Gang Jin bursting forth, creating a stream of air that charged towards the oncoming Qi Ray.

A head-on collision!

In this moment, facing the young absolute strongman Lv Zhan, Shi Yongsheng, who was merely at the Innate Great Perfection Realm, chose to confront him head-on!

"Bang—"

In a flash, the Qi Ray and the Gang Jin-infused air stream collided, like two mountains smashing into each other, creating an astonishing uproar.

After the collision, the Qi Ray, sharp as a blade, directly pierced through the air stream but with slightly reduced speed and power.

Shi Yongsheng, still not dodging, abruptly raised his arms up like shields in front of him to block the weakened Qi Ray.

"Bang—"

A muffled sound echoed as the Qi Ray hit Shi Yongsheng's arms and exploded, sending Qi Waves scattering in all directions, forcing Shi Yongsheng to retreat five steps, the ground beneath his feet cracking with continuous snapping sounds.

"To withstand the Qi Ray merely with his body?"

Even though Shi Yongsheng was forced to take five steps back by the exploding Qi Ray, it still shocked everyone.

For, including those Supreme Strongmen, almost no one believed Shi Yongsheng could block the Qi Ray unscathed!

Soon, the mystery was unveiled—the sleeves of Shi Yongsheng's monk robe were shattered by the Qi Wave, revealing a pair of golden protective arms.

Those golden protective arms were the high-level magical artifact of the Shaolin Temple—the Golden Cicada Arm!

"I was wondering how he could possibly withstand a strike from Lv Zhan. It turns out he used this high-level magical artifact."

"Even so, his strength is astonishing. In the Innate Great Perfection realm, probably only the Evil Emperor's Disciple can match him!"

With the exposure of the Golden Cicada Arm, the cultivators watching the competition began to discuss animatedly.

Lv Zhan said in a deep voice, "Devil Monk, with this little strength, you dare to challenge Su Liuli? It seems you have become foolish from too much praying. Better hurry back to the Shaolin Temple!"

"Is that so?"

Upon hearing this, Shi Yongsheng was not angered but instead gave a cold laugh.

As his voice faded, Shi Yongsheng's blood Qi completely boiled over and escalated, its momentum terrifying!

"What's happening? Why has his blood Qi suddenly surged so much?"

The sudden change in Shi Yongsheng startled everyone, including Lv Zhan who was on the stage facing him.

The next moment.

The answer was revealed.

Under the stunned perception of the crowd, Shi Yongsheng's blood Qi kept climbing, seemingly without end, and streams of Gang Qi started to overflow from his body, causing his monk robe to flutter loudly.

Condensing power into Qi, Gang Qi leaked out!

On the stage, Shi Yongsheng publicly broke through to the Half-step Gang Qi realm!

And after his breakthrough, his aura suddenly surged, rolling like a tide, almost on par with Lv Zhan!

"My god, he actually achieved a breakthrough to the Half-step Gang Qi realm during the battle, this is unbelievable!"

Shi Yongsheng's breakthrough in battle caused an uproar at the venue, shocking nearly all the surrounding cultivators!

Since the Half-step Gang Qi realm is akin to having half a foot in the Gang Qi Realm, where the power inside one's body starts to transform into Gang Qi, escalating combat power, it's an incredibly difficult process to break through.

Shi Yongsheng's effortless breakthrough not only shocked the cultivators around, but also the many strong individuals on the main stage.

"It seems he could have broken through to the Half-step Gang Qi realm much earlier, but was suppressing it instead; otherwise, it wouldn't be so effortless, nor would his aura be so strong after the breakthrough!"

After the shock, a representative of a sect in the audience seats spoke slowly, revealing the reason behind it.

Once his words were out, most of the competitors in the seats had a sudden realization, while a few top-tier competitors like Ye Fan and Emperor Bai remained silent.

They too had noticed this point!

Shi Yongsheng had long been suppressing his own realm. Compared to other cultivators who were assaulting the Gang Qi Introduction Realm, his preparation was far too thorough.

All this allowed him, once he broke through, not only to instantly adapt to the Half-step Gang Qi realm but also to possess strength nearly as formidable as Lv Zhan's, making him a dominant force within the Half-step Gang Qi realm!

"Baldy, so you have been deliberately suppressing your realm all this time. No wonder you dared to be so arrogant."

Lv Zhan also noticed the trick but didn't take it to heart, instead sneering, "Do you think this will be enough to defeat me, Lord Lv?"

"Stop being arrogant!"

Shi Yongsheng roared, took a step, and crossed ten meters, his right fist shooting out like the wind, swinging with full force.

As he threw his punch, Shi Yongsheng's entire momentum soared again. Gang Qi filled the air, sketching a virtual image of an Arhat above his head.

That Arhat, just like him, also threw a punch!

"Arhat Fist!"

This time, Shi Yongsheng took the initiative to attack, using the Shaolin Temple's supreme technique "Arhat Fist," and he had mastered the essence of the "Arhat Fist," possessing not just its form but also its spirit, terrifyingly powerful.

In an instant, a Qi Ray burst from Shi Yongsheng's right fist, forming a Punch Ray and blasting towards Lv Zhan!

"Break for me!"

Lv Zhan remained unflustered, transformed his hand into a halberd, and slashed out with a Qi Ray.

This time, he used the Lv Family's unique martial arts, and the emitted Qi Ray was condensed and compressed, resembling the tip of a big halberd, emitting intense energy fluctuations.

"Bang—"

A dull sound erupted as the Punch Ray and Qi Ray collided, shattering almost simultaneously, the terrifying energy waves spreading from the point of impact, causing the surrounding cultivators watching the match to collapse on the ground, their complexions pale.

"Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!"

On the stage, Lv Zhan was forced back three steps by the Qi Wave, his face flushing red, his blood Qi churning inside him.

In contrast, Shi Yongsheng's feet were like nails hammered into the ground, unmoved.

After one move, he turned the situation around, taking the upper hand!