

Avatar 1491

Chapter 1491: Cloud Wind Body

Lost?

It wasn't Mo Fan's first time losing, but the loss this time stunned him. He had been chased to death by his opponent for 2 minutes 34 seconds. He had everything he could think of, yet he had still failed to escape.

He went out of the player booth slowly and walked down from the stage slowly. As he passed Fang Rui, he made no reaction towards Fang Rui's "I'll take revenge for you".

When he returned to his seats and passed by Ye Xiu, he heard Ye Xiu say: "Your thoughts are still too single minded."

Some people's play styles were too single minded. Some people's techniques were too single minded. As for Mo Fan, Ye Xiu criticized him for his thoughts being too single minded.

Mo Fan didn't reply back. He sat down at his seat in the corner and reflected on these words.

Fang Rui received a warm welcome from Happy's fans. As they cheered, he strutted around as if Happy wasn't the team falling behind right now.

He walked onto the stage, waving his hands towards the crowd as if he had won. It was only until the referee rushed over and berated him did he go into the player booth dejectedly.

The crowd laughed.

The tense atmosphere from Zhang Jiale's 1v2 had lightened considerably.

The match began.

The public chat had been very calm previously, but Fang Rui's presence changed that.

"How mighty! 1v2!" Fang Rui gave praise towards Zhang Jiale.

"It's not over yet!" Zhang Jiale replied.

"It pretty much is," Fang Rui said.

As the two chatted, their characters moved.

The middle road again. There was plenty of content spread throughout the map, but up until now, all of them had taken place inside the central manor.

Every fight had been spectacular though, so there were no complaints from the viewers. On the other hand, Pan Lin and Li Yibo were analyzing Happy's reasons for choosing this map. So far, it looked like Happy's players were more comfortable because of their familiarity with the map, but it hadn't given them any definite advantage yet. Of course, there were a lot of factors in winning a match. Relying on the home game advantage was just one factor.

Boundless Sea and Dazzling Hundred Blossoms quickly reached the front and back of the manor, respectively.

Dazzling Hundred Blossoms didn't hesitate and went through the rear door. Zhang Jiale had made the same choice in all three of his fights.

As for Boundless Sea? Fang Rui looked to have a plan in mind. He opened the front door and strolled leisurely into the manor as if he were here to tour the place.

But the more attentive viewers had noticed that Boundless Sea's mana was dropping steadily.

He had evidently activated a skill that continuously drained his mana.

What was it?

"Cloud Wind Body!" Pan Lin shouted out.

Cloud Wind Body was a Qi Master high-level scouting skill. In the game, there would be a radar-like map in his view. When a character entered its range, the user would receive a notification.

But if that was all it did, the skill's value was too worthless compared to the mana it consumed. Cloud Wind Body increased the user's perception and also gave the user more precise control over their qi. "More precise control" meant auto targeting.

This effect seemed too amazing, but in reality, very few Qi Masters chose to use Cloud Wind Body. Sure, auto targeting was nice, but that didn't mean the user attacked any faster. Their attacks could still be interrupted. In the majority of Qi Masters' eyes, the low-level Reinforced Iron Bones was more practical.

In the team competition against Blue Rain, Fang Rui's Boundless Sea had relied on Reinforced Iron Bones at a crucial moment to great success. But in today's match, he had chosen to use a high mana consumption skill like Cloud Wind Body, but the effects weren't anything impressive.

"Fang Rui isn't hesitating to use Cloud Wind Body to quickly locate Dazzling Hundred Blossoms... it doesn't seem necessary?" Pan Lin had his doubts. It was a 1v1 group arena. There was no need to quickly kill the opponent. Fang Rui didn't need to be so impatient.

Li Yibo didn't say anything. Although he had the same doubts as Pan Lin, he decided that it would be better to wait and observe some more before further analysis.

Boundless Sea still looked like he was touring around the manor leisurely with Cloud Wind Body activated, but his movement speed had clearly increased. He wanted to minimize the mana consumption.

The viewers with their omniscient view watched as the two characters gradually drew nearer, but because of the walls, neither side could see each other. However, with Cloud Wind Body activated, he could use qi to sense his surroundings. On his radar, a little blip had appeared representing Dazzling Hundred Blossoms.

Fang Rui didn't immediately launch an attack like the everyone had thought he would. Instead, his movements made everyone confused.

“Does he want to ambush Zhang Jiale?” Pan Lin guessed. Fang Rui’s signature style was being dirty. An ambush was nothing surprising for him.

Li Yibo remained silent. He looked at Boundless Sea’s movements but couldn’t see any places for him to set up an ambush. But if he wasn’t going for an ambush, what else could he be doing?

Just when he asked this question to himself, Boundless Sea suddenly stopped. On his radar, Dazzling Hundred Blossoms’ little dot was clearly moving. Boundless Sea raised his hands and gathered qi.

“This is... Spirit Reaches to the Rainbow?” Pan Lin noted.

The Qi Master’s Awakening skill, Spirit Reaches to the Rainbow, gathered qi and circulated it throughout the body. Boundless Sea’s clothes looked to be fluttering violently in the wind as his entire body seemed to ignite into flames.

“What is he doing? He wants to attack from there?” Pan Lin was utterly confused. Boundless Sea and Dazzling Hundred Blossoms were separated by a wall. There was no door on this wall. There was no way for him to launch a sneak attack!

Li Yibo’s heart trembled.

“Zoom in!” He called out to the broadcast director.

The camera zoomed in, but Li Yibo’s gaze wasn’t on Boundless Sea, but the wall in front.

The large section of the wall paper was peeling off. The bricks that could be seen were covered with cracks.

This was damage left over from the previous two battles. Attacks from Dazzling Hundred Blossoms, Lord Grim, or Deception might have landed here. Li Yibo couldn’t remember right now, but he knew that this wall had already been damaged heavily. Fang Rui’s ambush would succeed because Boundless Sea’s attack would pierce through this wall, and Zhang Jiale probably wasn’t aware of it.

The dot on the radar continued to move towards this area.

Boundless Sea’s clothes continued to flutter wildly even making some sound, but this sound wasn’t loud enough to pass through the wall for Zhang Jiale to hear.

Closer...

Everyone knew what was about to happen. They could already picture it in their heads. The broadcast had already found the most suitable viewing angle.

The dot flashed again.

Dazzling Hundred Blossoms and Boundless Sea were now as close as possible.

Spirit Reaches to the Rainbow!

Fang Rui didn’t disappoint and attacked. The qi gathered in his body poured out. With a boom, the wall collapsed.

Zhang Jiale was startled. Boundless Sea's Spirit Reaches to the Rainbow tore through the wall, the glaring light flying towards him.

Roll!

Dazzling Hundred Blossoms rolled to the side.

It was a conditioned reflex for an experienced pro player to roll facing a dangerous situation where there was no time to think.

However, no matter how fast he moved, he couldn't escape from the system's auto-targeting.

The Spirit Reaches to the Rainbow adjusted in the air according to Dazzling Hundred Blossom's movements and crashed into him. The focused qi instantly exploded. It wasn't just beautiful, it also dealt frightening damage. The nearby ornaments instantly shattered.

Up until Spirit Reaches to the Rainbow hit the target, Fang Rui didn't deactivate his Cloud Wind Body, so the skill would automatically lock onto the target. Zhang Jiale's instinctive reaction was no match for the system's auto-targeting.

But because of the wall, the damage from the attack had lessened. The attack only took away 6% of Dazzling Hundred Blossom's health.

But this was just the start of Boundless Sea's attacks.

After a Spirit Reaches to the Rainbow, he instantly closed the distance. Once the qi scattered from the explosion, silence didn't follow. Before the qi completely scattered, a new wave of qi shot out from Boundless Sea's palms.

Time seemed to have frozen. All people could see was Boundless Sea's surging qi raging thunderously in this little room. Finally, when everything became peaceful again, the system announced: Glory!

Fang Rui's Boundless Sea had won!

The audience was dumbfounded.

A full health Fang Rui bringing down a 27% health Zhang Jiale wasn't surprising. The surprise was from the way he did it.

Ambush to death in one combo.

Was this dirty or tyrannical? No one was sure.

You could say it was dirty, but that explosive burst of qi was very heroic. You could say that it was tyrannical, but hiding behind a wall and gathering qi was very dirty...

In any case, Happy had won this round. It was a clean victory, chasing back the advantage that Zhang Jiale had gained. If Fang Rui's previous interactions with the crowd had eased the crowd's tension, then his dominating performance this round was a tranquilizer to Happy's fans. After the shock from such a clean victory, Happy's fans recovered. Their excited cheers resonated throughout the entire Xiaoshan Stadium.

Chapter 1492: Harmony

Zhang Jiale left the player booth. Despite the cheers for his defeat, he was calm. This loss was too insignificant for him. There was no loser in Glory more pitiful than him.

Zhang Jiale walked down slowly from the stage. The cheers from the crowd continued, accompanied with quite a few boos towards him as well. After his return, his popularity had dropped considerably.

Team Tyranny's third player stood up from his seat. The display on the big screen amply switched to an image of the player and character.

Lin Jingyan, Brawler, Dark Thunder.

He had been a part of Tyranny for two whole years, but even now, whenever Lin Jingyan saw his name alongside his character Dark Thunder, he would always feel a sense of unfamiliarity.

Three Hits. In the end, he couldn't forget the name of the Brawler that he had traveled through wind and rain with for seven years. Even though the two of them had never obtained any glorious achievements, he would always feel at peace controlling that character.

Two years ago, that peace was finally broken.

At the end of his career, Lin Jingyan became a drifting leaf, finally settling at Tyranny.

Lin Jingyan was grateful for Tyranny. During his most bitter moments, the team had looked highly upon him. He had decided that he would give the final light of his career to Tyranny. But in the end, what was different was different.

Lin Jingyan, Dark Thunder.

As Lin Jingyan walked, he looked at the name on the screen and then, at his opponent, Fang Rui, Qi Master, Boundless Sea.

Lin Jingyan suddenly laughed.

The fate of these two brothers were so similar! A different name accompanied Fang Rui too. Fang Rui had even switched classes. Lin Jingyan didn't only feel uncomfortable looking at the name Dark Thunder. He also felt uncomfortable looking at the name Boundless Sea.

Fang Rui, Thief, Doubtful Demon.

It was almost like he could see these names in front of him.

Lin Jingyan shook his head. Am I getting too nostalgic?

"Take revenge for me." Zhang Jiale said as he passed by him.

"I'll do my best!" Lin Jingyan smiled.

"Good luck!" Zhang Jiale didn't say anything else.

Lin Jingyan walked onto the stage and entered the player booth. He swiped his card and loaded into the match. He had repeated these motions who knew how many times in these nine years, seven years with Three Hits, two years with Dark Thunder.

Dark Thunder...

Lin Jingyan repeated the name of his character again. He loaded into the map, and the match officially began.

Both characters took the middle road again.

The audience was getting a little restless. Wasn't this the sixth round of the group arena already? Up until now, no player had taken a roundabout route. All of them went straight towards the center. The manor wasn't a manor anymore, but an arena.

Then, one player at the front of the manor, while the other player at the back of the manor. Except, this time, the two players finally chose to do something new!

Not through the door, or onto the walls!

Lin Jingyan's Dark Thunder went counterclockwise from the back of the manor, while Fang Rui's Boundless Sea went counterclockwise from the front of the manor.

Dark Thunder arrived at the front of the manor. Boundless Sea arrived at the back of the manor. Then, the two went in cautiously through the door.

Everyone was speechless.

These two former partners had become opponents, yet the two were still in harmony? You're circling around? I'll circle around. You're going counterclockwise? I'll go counterclockwise. You're going through the door? I'll go through the door...

The two characters tiptoed their way through the manor as if they were mirrors of each other.

The audience was helpless. They could only wait for the two to run into each other.

But it was as if these two guys had made an agreement not to meet. The two had wandered through the first floor of the manor for a minute, yet neither side saw even a glimpse of the other.

Afterwards, the two seemed to be tired. They crouched down at a corner and took a breather.

At this moment, the public chat was put to use.

"Hey, are you in the manor?" Fang Rui asked.

"Yeah!" Lin Jingyan replied. He didn't ask the same question back. The way Fang Rui asked the question made it clear that he was in the manor too.

"How did you start the match?" Fang Rui went straight to the point.

"I circled around to the front." Lin Jingyan went straight to the point.

The playoffs was a death match, yet the two were chatting so nonchalantly. It was as if this was normal day-to-day practice.

“Fuck.” Fang Rui cursed. The referee immediately jumped out, giving him a yellow card. Swear words were not permitted.

Lin Jingyan immediately understood. He didn’t need to ask. Fang Rui had definitely circled around to the back. Their actions were equivalent to swapping positions. They had the same thought: avoid getting caught and carefully scout the surroundings. I avoid you, you avoid me, and so the two went in circles, unable to find each other.

“Keep going!” Lin jingyan was determined to resolve this predicament. Both sides were incomparably familiar with each other’s habits and thoughts. To out-predict the other, just predicting one step ahead wouldn’t be enough because the other side would also predict one step ahead. As a result, neither of them would be able to get the right prediction.

Dark Thunder stood up from the corner, taking the lead. Lin Jingyan switched perspectives imagining what Fang Rui would do next. Then, he would formulate a plan through deeper reads.

The two characters started going in circles again.

Another minute passed. This time, the two didn’t disappoint them. The two players met at the spiraling staircase. The encounter wasn’t sudden, instead seeming very natural, as if the two had agreed to rendezvous here at a certain time. The two took their own paths and finally met.

Finally, some fighting. The viewers thoughts to themselves.

But the two just stared at each other.

To think they would bump into each other here.

What did that mean? It meant the two were still in harmony. They had a deep understanding of each other, so they tried to out-predict each other. But in the end, their predictions were at the same depth.

“XX!” Fang Rui cursed, typing XX.

The corner of the referee’s mouth twitched. XX wasn’t a violation of the rules, but it was obvious that the XX had the same meaning as “fuck”. Fang Rui didn’t say any profanities, but he got the idea across.

The two stared at each other for a good three seconds. Besides Fang Rui’s “XX”, neither said anything. Suddenly, the two acted simultaneously.

Qi Bullet!

Sand Toss!

Each player used a long-ranged skill. They launched their attacks at the same time and dodged at the same time. In the end, neither side was hit by the other’s attack.

Again!

Brawler and Qi Master went back and forth, putting up an intense fight.

Everyone watching could feel their jaws drop.

Was this a fight? Or was this a synchronized show?

Attack, dodge, the two mirrored each other perfectly. You missed, I missed. They went back and forth, appearing more like a dance than a battle.

“Ahem!” After half a minute, Lin Jingyan typed a word into the chat. Dark Thunder’s offense suddenly halted. Fang Rui’s Boundless Sea also stopped.

They realized where the issue lay.

Even though they were good friends, this was the playoffs. They had a responsibility as pro players to help their team win, so they used their familiarity with their opponent, hoping to turn it into a weapon. But since the two had a similar level of understanding of each other, the decision that they made were pretty much the same. Their familiarity didn’t become a weapon, instead neutralizing any threat between them.

The deep understanding between the two of them obstructed their fight.

This wasn’t a good feeling.

They were proud of their deep understanding of each other, but in this match, it became their obstacle. To win this fight, they needed to see who could get rid of this connection, the connection of their past.

Another three second pause and then, attack!

The Brawler’s tricks and the Qi Master’s qi collided.

The two started getting hit.

You punched me, I’ll brick you.

The fight was intense, but to the more skilled players, it was unbearably rough.

This was a match that required understanding of their background. The roughness was because of their familiarity, because both sides knew each other too well, making what methods they had unusable.

Instead, attacking without any skill would achieve better results.

They weren’t supporting each other anymore. Instead, they schemed, plotted, and set up traps...

Many players with partners couldn’t bear to keep watching.

What a cruel competition. To win, the two turned their former understanding and complete trust in one another into all sorts of sinister schemes.

Huang Shaotian, who had been communicating with Yu Wenzhou throughout the match through text, fell silent.

Sun Zheping, Zhang Jiale, Han Wenqing, Zhang Xinjie, Ye Xiu, Su Mucheng... all of these people knew what it meant to be “partners”, but these former partners were destroying everything they had established before.

For victory.

For glory.

Every player had many restraints, but for their dreams, they had no choice but to ruthlessly cut off these restraints.

As time passed, their health bars dropped. The people who understood the match didn't want to analyze the details. Only people who didn't understand cheered according to the ups and downs of the player that they supported.

No matter how cruel it was, all things came to an end.

No matter how unwilling you were, in the end, there would only ever be one standing in the end.

Fang Rui, Qi Master, Boundless Sea.

In the end, the screen left only a single name. Lin Jingyan, Brawler, Dark Thunder turned dim as his time was over.

The crowd cheered for Fang Rui and for Happy's win.

The pro players, watching in the stadium, stood up and applauded. They applauded for a match that didn't have any impressive or brilliant plays.

They applauded for the mutual understanding between the two players, for their determination to win.

They applauded for their everlasting ambition to be the champions, an ambition that would always be worthy of pride.

Chapter 1493: Referee Assistance

In the end, I still lost!

Lin Jingyan sighed as he walked out from the player booth.

Although it was a pity, he didn't feel upset. Losing to Fang Rui was an acceptable outcome.

After all, he was in his declining years, while Fang Rui was at his peak.

In terms of getting rid of the past, it had been two years, yet he still could not forget his Demon Subduer. As for Fang Rui? He had even switched classes. Fang Rui had evidently been more decisive than him in this matter.

I really have turned old, while Fang Rui has a long road ahead of him left!

Looking towards Happy's seats on the other side, Lin Jingyan felt it was a pity that this was a group arena. Fang Rui was not allowed to leave his seat until his role was over. Lin Jingyan wanted to use this opportunity to give Fang Rui his well wishes; he didn't know if the two of them would ever have another chance to face against each other again on this stage.

After gazing in silence at that side for awhile, Lin Jingyan walked down from the stage. His well wishes could only remain in his heart.

Good luck, my friend!

With the end of this fight, the group arena was at the halfway mark. Happy had three players left, including Fang Rui. Tyranny only had two players left.

As Lin Jingyan walked down from the stage, Tyranny's fourth player stood up.

Tyranny's Song Qiying, a Striker rookie. He had joined this season, steadily maturing. It seemed that he would be Desert Smoke's successor. And in this important playoffs stage, Tyranny had the confidence to send him onto the stage. Tyranny was not Happy. They had other options besides a rookie. Even so, Song Qiying had been fielded as Tyranny's important fourth player in the group arena; the team's intent to raise him could clearly be seen.

However, placing him in this position didn't mean he was the anchor of this group arena. From a certain perspective, fielding him as the fourth player showed Tyranny's attitude towards this group arena.

"Tyranny's fourth player is Song Qiying! It seems that Tyranny had no plans of ending this group arena with their fourth player!" Pan Lin immediately started to analyze this arrangement. In the playoffs, the fourth player was oftentimes the team's core player, trying to win the group arena 4-5 to take a two point lead into the team competition. The more aggressive teams would even place their core player third to take a three point lead.

But Tyranny had placed Song Qiying fourth. It was likely that their fifth player would be their core, captain Han Wenqing. That would be the most appropriate arrangement.

Li Yibo had come from Tyranny, and Tyranny's captain and core player had been Han Wenqing for all ten years. The team's captain hadn't changed, and the team's core hadn't changed. As a result, it was hard for the team's temperament to change. Even though Li Yibo had left Tyranny many years ago, he still had a good grasp of the team. But today, Han Wenqing avoided Ye Xiu and didn't even take the fourth position, instead fielding Song Qiying.

The more familiar one was with the team, the more strange it felt encountering something unexpected. When Pan Lin raised the discussion, Li Yibo stared blankly for a long time before replying: "Away teams will often play more conservatively!"

It was a standard response. Li Yibo had lost confidence in analyzing Tyranny as former Tyranny player. The Tyranny today felt too different.

"Well, let's see how Song Qiying performs! It's also quite a coincidental matchup. When Song Qiying first appeared this season, he had to face Happy's Fang Rui," Pan Lin said, "But... Fang Rui shouldn't last much longer."

It could be said that Fang Rui had achieved a 1v2. He took down Zhang Jiale's Dazzling Hundred Blossoms, using quite a bit of mana. After that, even though he won against Lin Jingyan, it had been a bloody fight. Boundless Sea only had 14% of his health and 11% of his mana left. He was an arrow at the end of his flight.

“Winning for Fang Rui will be difficult, but with Fang Rui’s methods, if Song Qiyong is too careless, he’ll suffer the consequences,” Li Yibo said.

“It’s unlikely that he’ll be careless, no?” Pan Lin chuckled.

Li Yibo laughed as well.

The current Song Qiyong was no longer the same Song Qiyong as when he first fought Fang Rui. It had been an entire season. As one of the favorites to win the title Best Rookie, Song Qiyong had received much attention. Although he looked to be Desert Smoke’s successor, his personality was quite similar to Tyranny’s vice captain, Zhang Xinjie. He was careful and meticulous. He was young, but with his personality, how could he be careless?

The match began as the two commentators discussed this issue. Song Qiyong met their expectations. The match had just started, and his attitude towards the upcoming fight could already be seen.

As he traveled, it didn’t matter whether the battle would reach these areas, he would still carefully observe them. His line of sight constantly shifted left and right.

However, the route he chose was still the middle road. The viewers had given up on seeing a battle in water or a forest in this map because the manor at the center of the map had indoor rooms, which meant protection to a certain extent. Taking a roundabout route towards the manor had no meaning in this map, which was why neither of the two teams made that sort of choice.

One player towards the front of the manor, one player towards the back of the manor. The two players met again in the manor for the seventh time.

For someone with a cautious and strict personality like Zhang Xinjie, Song Qiyong had probably thought out his plan for this fight before he even got onto the stage. When Song Qiyong made it to the back of the manor, he didn’t go through the back door nor did he jump onto the roof. Instead, he adeptly searched for a window and went in.

The two teams had fought several rounds all inside the manor. Tyranny had a good idea of the structure of the manor by now.

When he jumped through the window, he immediately turned up, left, right, checking his surroundings. Song Qiyong quickly grasped his present situation.

He didn’t see Boundless Sea. Afterwards, it looked like he already knew what to do as River Sunset walked towards the right corridor. When he reached the second door along the corridor, he went in. He moved step by step as if he were following steps in a guide.

Fang Rui’s Boundless Sea was inside the manor too. He didn’t have much health nor mana, how could he openly welcome his opponent? Last round, he took a roundabout route to the back of the manor, but he was too in harmony with Lin Jingyan. He didn’t want to use the same method twice though, so he had Boundless Sea climb onto the walls of the manor. He didn’t climb to the roof, instead climbing onto a balcony and entering the manor through the second floor.

The second floor was much more intact than the first floor. Only two battles had taken place here. Ye Xiu and Qin Muyun had fought here. Ye Xiu had launched a surprise attack onto Zhang Jiale here too, but the aftermath of it was just a hole in the floor.

Fang Rui had Boundless Sea move towards that hole. When he reached the hole, he took a look at the surroundings. After picking a spot, his Boundless Sea crouched down.

Crouch...

Guarding a tree-stump and waiting for rabbits. In vast open maps, this sort of ambush tactic rarely worked. It only had value if you knew the target's pathing. But Fang Rui hadn't done any investigation, yet he still went straight for this hole and crouched there...

Everyone started wondering when a system notification would come.

If someone just sat there patiently not caring if the opponent actually came or not, how long would the match take? As a result, the Glory had rules to prevent it. The referee could judge according to the circumstances whether the player was complying with the rules and then interfere if necessary.

Of course, there needed to be some concrete rules too. The referee couldn't just start interfering as soon as a character hid behind a corner. The referee could interfere after no target was seen for 18 seconds.

The players familiar with Glory's rules started helping Fang Rui count.

They were familiar with the rules. How could the master of playing dirty Fang Rui not be either? When it became 17 seconds, Boundless Sea switched postures.

Glory's referees weren't machines. This sort of clever loophole in the rules could be denied based on their own subjective views. However, it looked like the referee was okay with Fang Rui's cleverness and didn't interfere after 18 seconds.

Boos started coming from the crowd, from Tyranny's fans. Tyranny's loyal fans were familiar with the rules. They started booing at the referee because they felt that the referee was being biased towards the home team.

The referee ignored them because the boos were quickly suppressed by the applause. Tyranny's fans wouldn't be able to affect a referee's decision. This was Happy's home stadium.

"Fang Rui only switched postures. His goal hasn't changed. Isn't this violating the 18 second rule for sitting and waiting?" Pan Lin called the referee's decision into question.

"The referee can make decisions based on his own discretion. First, the two characters are inside the manor, greatly reducing the search area and increasing the chances that Fang Rui's patience will pay off. Second, Song Qiying's River Sunset is very close by. It's very likely that he'll walk into Fang Rui's range. My guess is that the referee acknowledged the increased success rate, so he judged that it was fair and didn't interfere. If Song Qiying chooses to break away from his current route, my guess is that the referee will probably interfere," Li Yibo was quite knowledgeable about the referee's thought process.

"I see... but from a certain perspective, by not interfering, isn't the referee leaking information to the player?" Pan Lin said.

Li Yibo stared blankly. When he looked at the match again, Boundless Sea was no longer crouching, but standing up. Qi was gathering in his palms. However, he couldn't actually see any traces of River Sunset, yet he was already preparing his ambush as if he knew River Sunset was coming.

Silly referee, his decision seemed very rational, based on the circumstances of the match, but Fang Rui exploited it.

This master of playing dirty took advantage of the rules. Seeing that the referee didn't interfere, he judged that Song Qiying must be nearing his ambush location.

Chapter 1494: Heroes Come From the Young

"What guts!" Pan Lin cried out.

The dirty style gave people a feeling of despicableness without any sense of heroism. Fang Rui crouching and waiting there was quite despicable, but exploiting the referee was extremely daring. He already had a yellow card, yet he still dared to challenge the referee.

"That's why he made a movement after 17 seconds," Li Yibo said, "He was giving himself a buffer for the punishment. If he was punished, because of this movement, he would only receive a warning and not a yellow card.

"But what if Song Qiying doesn't end up coming over? Then, would the referee directly give him a yellow card?" Pan Lin asked.

"We'll know soon." Li Yibo was wise. Why would he guess when the answer would be known soon?

On stage...

Qi gathered around the palms of Fang Rui's Boundless Sea, but this time, he wasn't charging a Spirit Reaches to the Rainbow. With Spirit Reaches to the Rainbow, he would crash into his opponent alongside the qi. He had been facing Zhang Jiale's Spitfire previously, so he was not afraid. But now, he was facing a Striker, the number one close combat class, throwing himself at the opponent was risky; it could turn into a situation similar to throwing a steamed bun at a hungry dog.

Boundless Sea didn't have much health or mana. Fang Rui was extremely cautious. He didn't want to make any risky moves. As a result, he gathered qi in his palms and prepared to shoot a Sky-Piercing Cannon.

Fang Rui couldn't see Song Qiying's River Sunset yet, but the viewers watching could see him. Sure enough, River Sunset was making his way over step by step.

"Careful!" Tyranny's fans couldn't help but be anxious. Even though Boundless Sea was an arrow at the end of its flight, a successful ambush could result in heavy injuries to River Sunset.

One step a time. Fang Rui's perspective was displayed on the big screen in the stadium. A small window showing Fang Rui's perspective, could be seen in the broadcast as well.

But at this moment, Song Qiying's line of sight suddenly shifted.

His gaze was fixed on that hole in the ceiling.

Tyranny's fans felt excited upon seeing this sight, while Happy's fans were feeling gloomy.

Had Fang Rui been discovered?

The fans on both sides sighed, but for different reasons.

No, not yet!" Li Yibo stated with certainty.

"Song Qiying is only aware that it's a possibility," Pan Lin shouted.

How could the careful Song Qiying neglect such an important detail? Even though he didn't know that Fang Rui really was lying in wait there, he was completely prepared for the possibility of it.

Qi Bullet!

River Sunset sent out a probing attack.

Qi Bullet was a low-level Qi Master skill and could be used by all Fighter classes. River Sunset had learned it, but it clearly hadn't been leveled very high. There didn't seem to be much qi swirling inside the Qi Bullet.

Even so, it shot accurately towards the hole in the ceiling and crashed into the edges of the hole. It didn't make much of a sound before dissipating.

Boundless Sea didn't move.

Fang Rui wasn't fooled by this probing attack. The qi gathered around Boundless Sea's hands didn't even tremble.

The crowd erupted into cheers in praise of Fang Rui's calm.

Not only had Song Qiying failed to scout out Fang Rui, this attack was equivalent to telling Fang Rui: he's here, get ready!

Pan Lin and Li Yibo sighed. A rookie was a rookie. Song Qiying was too naive! Running into someone as crafty as Fang Rui was truly a rookie's greatest misfortune.

But soon afterwards, everyone was stunned.

After Song Qiying's River Sunset fired a Qi Bullet at the ceiling and didn't discover anything, he turned around and left.

He didn't keep going?

Happy's fans weren't laughing, but Tyranny's fans weren't laughing either.

Song Qiying probably wasn't sure, so he decided not to pursue it. But this sort of evasion was not a style that Tyranny's fans appreciated.

Even if you had your suspicions, why not just keep probing? Why run away?

They were too used to seeing the boldness of Han Wenqing's Striker. They weren't used to seeing Song Qiying's extreme caution.

As a result, when they saw him avoid Fang Rui's ambush, they weren't too happy either. They weren't just looking forward to seeing the ambush fail. They were hoping to see their own player smash apart Fang Rui's ambush and let him know that traps and schemes were nothing but paper tigers.

However, Song Qiying chose to retreat.

Pan Lin and Li Yibo praised him for his caution and calm, but Tyranny's fans weren't feeling too pleased.

River Sunset reached the door. It looked like he was about to push the door open to leave, but who would have expected him to do it in such a manner? He punched the door and sent it flying.

What is he doing?

Everyone was stunned.

River Sunset went through the doorway. Then, after a few steps, he turned around and looked to be gauging the distance before making a sprint.

River Sunset sprinted through the doorway and jumped!

Running allowed his character to jump higher. River Sunset jumped onto the wall on the opposite side and pushed off it to jump again. At the same time, he swung his fist, Through the Back Fist!

Its name said fist, but in reality, it was a palm.

River Sunset pushed his palm against the ceiling, letting out a muffled sound.

But then, crack!!

River Sunset hit the ceiling, breaking it as if it were a dried-up branch. A hole appeared in the ceiling. River Sunset's head went through first. He quickly checked his surroundings and saw Boundless Sea hastily turning around and pushing out his palm.

River Sunset's arms trembled.

Reinforced Iron Bones to welcome the Sky-Piercing Cannon!

Qi thundered. Although River Sunset had Super Armor, he had no foothold, so there was no avoiding the knockback from the charged Sky-Piercing Cannon.

Thousand Ton Drop!

River Sunset had shrunk into a ball after using the Through the Back Fist, so he could get onto the second floor faster. He had made it through the hole, so he immediately used Thousand Ton Drop. His two feet stepped onto the edges of the hole, using Thousand Ton Drop to eliminate the knockback from Sky Piercing Cannon.

But a new wave of qi from Boundless Sea had arrived. River Sunset jumped practically parallel to the floor, avoiding the attack. He rolled and got up. Boundless Sea sent out another palm, but with the

Super Armor from Reinforce Iron Bones, River Sunset didn't dodge. He tanked the damage and counterattacked!

Boom!

The crowd erupted.

There were a few unhappy Tyranny fans before, but now, their excitement had reached a peak so high that tears were about to come out.

Yes! This was what they wanted to see. Tough and fierce, not sparing anything to destroy the opponent.

They had completely misunderstood Song Qiying.

This kid was no doubt a young hero of Tyranny. He was cautious and calm, but at the same time, he hid the hot-blooded bravery to charge forward. He wasn't like what they had previously thought, a spineless coward who shrunk back at the slightest uncertainty.

"Good job, Little Song!!!" Tyranny's fans shouted. Happy's fans quickly cheered on Happy, smothering Tyranny's shouts. But so what if Happy's fans had a numbers advantage, would they shrink back? Of course not! Even though they weren't on the stage, they were supporters of Tyranny. If they didn't even have the energy to persevere, how could they ask the player on stage to?

Roar!

Tyranny's fans roared with all their might. The outcome of the fight was quickly decided. Fang Rui's Boundless Sea didn't have that much health left, after all.

Song Qiying won. Of course, he won.

There was no way he wouldn't win. However, the cheers from Tyranny's fans weren't just for the outcome, but more importantly, for how he did it.

From Song Qiying, they could see the future for which they hoped.

Fang Rui went out from the player booth, shaking his head. He didn't seem to be happy with the match. Even so, the audience still gave him applause.

Beating Zhang Jiale and Lin Jingyan, chasing back Happy's lead, his performance was without fault. His ambush didn't succeed, but through Song Qiying's unyielding attitude, Fang Rui was able to take away 12% of River Sunset's health. This meant that Happy had a slight lead.

"Good job!"

Tyranny was praising their Song Qiying, while Happy was praising their Fang Rui. As he walked back to his seat, his teammates praised his performance.

But Fang Rui was unsatisfied.

"That little brat, playing with me like that," Fang Rui said.

"It's fine, you take down some of his health, too," Ye Xiu said.

Fang Rui shook his head. "It was too far from my predictions!"

"How much were you thinking you could get him down to?" Chen Guo was curious.

"Obviously until I got his severed head," Fang Rui said.

Suddenly, everyone ignored him.

Did you think this was a 1v1 in the online game? With that little health and that little mana, you think you can beat a pro player in the playoffs who came in with full health and full mana?

Even if Song Qiyang was a rookie, it wasn't possible for him to be bullied to that extent.

"Next, next." Ye Xiu completely ignored Fang Rui, urging the next player to go onto the stage.

Who was Happy's next player?

Everyone had been guessing as soon as Fang Rui went down from the stage. If it wasn't Su Mucheng, it was Tang Rou. However, when they saw the name on the screen, everyone was surprised.

Qiao Yifan, Ghostblade, One Inch Ash.

"They're sending out Qiao Yifan?" Pan Lin expressed his astonishment.

Li Yibo thought about it. Feeling that his reasoning made sense, he replied: "Considering what has happened throughout this group arena, Su Mucheng wouldn't be a suitable player to pick."

Pan Lin immediately understood.

Su Mucheng was a Launcher. Her greatest weapon was her long range. However, all of the fights so far had taken place in an enclosed space, which was very unfavorable for Launchers. Happy had chosen this map for the group arena and knew this might happen. Was that why they hadn't sent Su Mucheng out for the group arena?

Chapter 1495: Cautious Bravery

"Qiao Yifan versus Song Qiyang. This could be considered a battle between rookies, no?" Pan Lin remarked as he watched Qiao Yifan walk onto the stage.

"Pretty much!" Li Yibo nodded his head.

Qiao Yifan was no longer an invisible nobody. As Happy moved towards the spotlight as a dark horse, he became recognized as one of their outstanding players. His past had been dug out long ago. Thus, people with certain amounts of authority in the scene like Zuo Chenrui, who disliked Tiny Herb, often used Qiao Yifan as an example to criticize Tiny Herb for being so blind as to letting go of an incredible talent.

Qiao Yifan's plays had caught the attention of many. Some even felt sorry for him: this was his first time standing on the professional stage, but because he had been registered with Tiny Herb previously, he could not be considered as a first year rookie and could not contend for the Best Rookie title.

If not...

People like to talk about what ifs. Qiao Yifan himself never cared about these what ifs though. He was extremely happy with his place in the team.

He had switched classes to a Phantom Demon, but he had ample opportunities to go onto the stage. He was often given opportunities even in the 1v1 competitions, which weren't too suitable for Phantom Demons. This feeling of being valued was something he had never experienced before at Tiny Herb.

He had received quite the attention. Several teams had even privately contacted him, attempting to recruit him.

Qiao Yifan refused all of them without any hesitation. No team or promises could move him because he would always remember, in his time of greatest need, who the person who had extended a hand to him was.

Qiao Yifan didn't have any resentment towards being ignored, but he attached great importance to being valued.

He hoped that he could stay with Happy to realize his dreams.

The problem was that his dreams were being realized too fast.

Because of Qiao Yifan's past experiences, he didn't have high aspirations and was extremely cautious. His initial thoughts were to start over with Happy and become a pro player, one small step at a time.

Yes, his initial goal had been set very low. He didn't want to give up Glory, and he wanted to continue being a pro player; that was it.

But now, he stood on the playoffs stage, and his team had even smoothly made it past the first round.

His dreams were coming about too too fast to the extent that he was caught unprepared. What was his new goal now? Champion?

Was it really not a joke?

When reality hit him, Qiao Yifan had truly felt a bit dizzy. The seniors at Happy had kept on blabbering about being the champions, but Qiao Yifan always just felt like they were just trying to encourage the team, even if this sort of encouragement was ridiculous! But were the seniors at Happy really the type to keep repeating the same joke?

It turns out that it wasn't a joke.

It turns out that I just didn't have enough confidence in myself!

It turns out that we really do have the ability to fight for the championship trophy!

As the playoffs grew nearer and nearer, Qiao Yifan adjusted his frame of mind.

Because he realized that Happy truly did intend on walking the difficult path to become the champions.

Apart from feeling bewildered, he also felt excited.

I need to work even harder, so I don't become a burden to the team in our path to become the champions. He kept on reminding himself these words.

And now, he was about to stand on the stage alone to pave the way to Happy's victory.

Qiao Yifan took in a deep breath. He walked onto the stage and couldn't help but look back towards his team. His captain, Ye Xiu, had his arm raised, giving him a big thumbs up.

"You're far better than you think you are!"

Ye Xiu had said these words to him before he went up.

This wasn't the first time Ye Xiu had said these words to him. The way Ye Xiu said it would always fill Qiao Yifan with energy and confidence.

He couldn't let down his seniors or the team's hopes.

Qiao Yifan turned back and went into the player booth. He swiped his card, and his character loaded into the map. The opening was the same as all the other ones, the two characters headed towards the manor, one towards the front, one towards the back.

Song Qiying chose the exact same route as the previous fight, which made his scouting much more efficient, quickly filtering through room after room.

Qiao Yifan went in through the front door of the manor. He didn't make any unexpected moves and started moving through room after room too.

One Inch Ash moved much faster than Song Qiying's River Sunset, though. It seemed that he had a target location that he wanted to reach as fast as possible.

After going through the front door of the manor, One Inch Ash entered the main lobby. Past that, there were numerous hallways interspersed with rooms, 17 in total, serving various purposes.

Qiao Yifan's One Inch Ash went past two hallways and four rooms. When he reached a spot that he was satisfied with, One Inch Ash stopped.

Then, he slashed apart the door that he had just went through.

Then, the door in front and on the right...

All three doors in the room were cut apart by One Inch Ash. Afterwards, he leaned against the wall, his sword raised.

"Is he... waiting?" Pan Lin asked.

Li Yibo frowned.

It could be considered as waiting, but it was a bit different from how it was usually done. By cutting down those doors, Qiao Yifan was giving himself away, especially since the rooms in the manor weren't cut-off from each other. Song Qiying, who was scouting around, clearly heard the noise, and three times at that.

Qiao Yifan was lying in wait, but it gave off the smell of bait.

Wasn't the bait too obvious? With Song Qiying's cautious nature, he wouldn't rashly charge towards that area.

Song Qiying wouldn't be rash, but he wouldn't ignore it either, shrinking back and cowering wasn't Team Tyranny's style. River Sunset headed towards there.

Boom!

River Sunset also broke apart the doors as he rushed into the room to the right of One Inch Ash's room. The splintered wood from the door flew everywhere as Song Qiying observed his surroundings, quickly getting a picture of the room's interior. He didn't see anyone, but he could see the door that had been cut apart.

His gaze immediately shifted towards that room. Qiao Yifan's One Inch Ash was quietly moving towards that door, but after a few steps, he stopped moving. He had his sword raised in front of him, ready to attack at any moment.

The sword's name was Snow Stripe, a streak of white hidden amidst a dark purple light.

River Sunset's footsteps slowed the closer he got. When he was almost at the door, his footsteps had practically stopped.

The two players were clearly young rookies, but in this match, they seemed to have the caution of old generals. The tension in the crowd could almost be felt. This situation, where the two sides were separated by just one wall, had taken place before in the fight between Ye Xiu and Zhang Jiale. It was just that this time, the door was already destroyed. The two sides were just one step apart from seeing each other.

One Inch Ash raised his tachi, Snow Stripe, slightly. He could already feel that Song Qiying's River Sunset was right in front of the door. Light started to swirl around his blade. The contrast between the light and that streak of white appeared even more distinct.

One Inch Ash started casting, preparing to set down a ghost boundary.

As for River Sunset? He seemed to hesitate when he reached the door and then suddenly retreated.

The audience couldn't understand. But because of the previous round, Tyranny's fans weren't going to question Song Qiying anymore. They believed that Song Qiying was a true Tyranny hero. No matter what move he made, they wouldn't think it was because he was timid. Tyranny's heroes never cowered.

He retreated two steps and then moved horizontally, swinging his fists.

Pai!

His fist smashed into the wall. Everyone cried out in surprise. They thought that a repeat of the match between Fang Rui and Zhang Jiale would happen again, the wall breaking with a single punch.

The camera zoomed in onto the wall, a bit of the wallpaper could be seen coming off.

As for the wall itself? Not even a tremble...

Immediately afterwards, a second punch came out.

Punch after punch.

River Sunset kept on punching the wall. These were all normal attacks, which didn't consume mana. But at the same time, the attack power was pitifully low. Trying to breaking through the wall like this would require who knew how many punches. But Song Qiying didn't care. He just kept on punching.

After several punches, he moved to a different position and then continued his barrage.

People were beginning to see his intent.

Hadn't Qiao Yifan broken down the three doors? Now, Song Qiying wanted to bring down the entire wall.

It was quite a bold idea, but the execution was a bit brutish, just using normal attacks to punch the wall until it broke.

The two sides were only separated by this wall. How could Qiao Yifan not hear what was going on? Song Qiying didn't care though. He had made his decision, and he would go through with it.

The ghost magic swirling around One Inch Ash's tachi, Snow Stripe, gradually dimmed.

Pa, pa, pa, pa...

He could hear the sound of the punches hitting the wall.

Qiao Yifan quickly realized Song Qiying's intentions. For a moment, he was in a daze.

The other side unexpectedly wanted to break down the wall. This sort of cautious yet bold move was completely outside of Qiao Yifan's expectations.

Should I go around, or should I stay and wait?

There were only two choices. One Inch Ash leaned against the wall, feeling the tremors from the punches.

Stay!

Qiao Yifan made his decision.

Even if his opponent dispelled this trap with such a brutish method, Qiao Yifan felt like waiting would still be advantageous to him.

Happy's players knew how much damage the walls could take because this was the map that they had chosen.

They had a certain level of understanding of their opponents. They had a rough idea of Song Qiying's attack power.

In that case, how many punches would it take for River Sunset to break down this wall?

It was better to have a conservative estimate. That way, he could make plans beforehand. If it was necessary, he could finish off the wall himself and take the initiative.

One Inch Ash stopped leaning against the wall. He retreated back a few steps, his sword directed towards the wall.

I'll wait! I'll decide the winner of this fight here! Everyone could see his plans.

Pa, pa, pa, pa...

The sound of punches hitting a wall echoed throughout the stadium.

Chapter 1496: Fighting Blind

How many punches?

Not many people had the patience to count, but Song Qiying did.

164!

River Sunset had punched the wall 164 times so far. Facing normal attacks, this wall appeared extremely sturdy.

But after 164 punches, the wall was filled with cracks. Many parts of the wall weren't flat anymore.

Song Qiying drew in a deep breath of air.

Almost.

He didn't know how sturdy the wall was exactly, but just based on the fights today, their vice-captain, Zhang Xinjie, was able to figure out a rough estimate.

Walls had a health value. Although it was an estimated range, if it came from Zhang Xinjie, then it must be accurate.

165, 166, 167...

After three punches, River Sunset temporarily stopped.

The next punches would be would enter within that range. Song Qiying had no plans of testing what the exact value was one punch at a time. He planned on using a powerful attack to break apart the wall in one strike.

He didn't know whether Happy's Qiao Yifan was still on the other side of the wall, but if he was, he would be ready. He pretended that Qiao Yifan was there, waiting for him with a field of ghost formations.

He had used around 160 punches to weaken the wall even though he didn't know if the opponent was even on the other side.

This method was a bit crude, but it was effective.

This way, he didn't need to worry about falling into a trap.

Song Qiyong knew what class his opponent was. Phantom Demons could completely fill the room with ghost boundaries, which was clearly why Qiao Yifan had chosen this room to begin with.

Several fights had already taken place in this manor. How could Tyranny not have a good grasp of it by now?

Then, the final hit!

He could attack as he moved past the wall!

Song Qiyong drew in a deep breath of air.

Attack!

Ferocious Tiger Flurry! He decided on the Level 70 skill, Ferocious Tiger Flurry.

In an instant, countless punches landed on the wall. In an instant, the wall crumbled. In an instant, River Sunset charged through.

After breaking through the wall, Song Qiyong could see One Inch Ash standing on the other side with his sword held in front of him.

Ghost Boundary?

With one glance, Song Qiyong confirmed One Inch Ash's position. With a second glance, he confirmed that there were no ghost boundaries nearby.

None?

Even if there were ghost boundaries, Song Qiyong's River Sunset would charge forward anyways, but he felt that it was strange not seeing any.

However, once a young hero of Tyranny made his decision, there was no retreating.

Ferocious Tiger Flurry didn't stop. River Sunset continued to charge forward, stepping on the broken ruins.

Everyone's eyes went wide at this scene, but their eyes weren't on River Sunset. Even the camera wasn't focused on this ferocious character.

The camera was focused on the ceiling above him.

Right when River Sunset broke apart the wall and rushed forward, the ceiling suddenly began to fall.

The viewers had known about this possibility. They had been observing Qiao Yifan's One Inch Ash through their omniscient view.

But at this moment, someone suddenly let out a cry.

The ceiling was much less sturdy than the wall. While Sunset River had been punching the wall, Qiao Yifan's One Inch Ash had jumped, leaving three deep cuts in the ceiling.

As a result, when the wall collapsed, the ceiling, which had been on the verge of collapse, lost its final support.

The wall crumbled, the ceiling collapsed.

But the noise sounded the same, so Song Qiying hadn't noticed this point. He didn't realize it until he saw that a shadow in front of him was getting larger and larger.

Song Qiying immediately figured out what had happened.

Ferocious Tiger Flurry.

River Sunset continued to attack, breaking apart the falling ceiling.

"Yes!!" Tyranny's fans cheered, seeing Song Qiying's fierceness.

But at this moment, One Inch Ash's Snow Stripe flashed with light, and a ghost boundary formed.

Qiao Yifan had probably deduced that Song Qiying's River Sunset could break apart the falling ceiling, but he didn't place down a ghost boundary ahead of time.

Because a ghost boundary wasn't a wall, it wasn't something that could not be entered. Song Qiying's aggression showed that even if he had placed down a ghost boundary, he definitely would have entered anyways.

If he had revealed the ghost boundary ahead of time, he would have let his opponent know when to advance and when to retreat, which would not have been good.

As a result, Qiao Yifan did not show his hand ahead of time. He waited until the battle began, and acted when his opponent had nowhere to run to!

This was the air of a pro player. It was the biggest difference between a pro player and a normal player.

Having the ceiling collapse was to scatter Song Qiying's attention and make it so that he could not move.

Song Qiying's method was simple and direct.

Qiao Yifan was not polite. He carefully set up a trap to face this simple and direct method.

Indeed, not many people had thought of breaking the ceiling.

Dark Boundary!

One Inch Ash started with a Dark Boundary, which inflicted Blind onto enemies.

After breaking free from the ceiling, River Sunset had lost the opportunity to interrupt the cast. The ghost boundary fell. Apart from hastily getting out of its range, there was nothing he could do.

Charge!

River Sunset continued to charge.

But after two steps, he had lost his sight because of the Dark Boundary.

Song Qiying's screen was black, but he didn't stop because of that. River Sunset continued forward, throwing a punch towards where he remembered One Inch Ash being.

Collapsing Fist!

A loud whistle accompanied the fist, but how could Qiao Yifan not be able to dodge a punch that the opponent had blindly threw out? One Inch Ash had quietly taken a step back a while ago.

Qiao Yifan was no longer in the position that Song Qiying remembered. He only knew that his punch had missed. Where was One Inch Ash? Left? Right? Behind? Behind to the left? Behind to the right?

Without any hesitation, River Sunset punched again. He stepped forward, Double Tiger Palm!

“AH!!” The audience cried out.

Song Qiying’s screen was pitch-black, but his step forward and his Double Tiger Palm made it seem like he knew exactly where One Inch Ash was. His positioning and his attack were completely on point.

The two palms covered a wide area. One Inch Ash could not dodge to the left nor the right.

His only choice was to keep retreating backwards!

Pa!

The two palms missed their target. Just the force of the strike alone was able to produce a clear sound.

Neither attack hit.

But these two attacks had been let out while blind. If a normal player were blinded by Dark Boundary, they would fall into a disadvantaged state. However, Song Qiying’s River Sunset continued pushing forward, forcing Qiao Yifan into defensive position.

Qiao Yifan felt a bit annoyed. He regretted not moving far away enough in the beginning and escaping cleanly from Song Qiying.

Song Qiying had guessed his position correctly both times. The first time was from memory. The second time? It was probably only because he wanted to continue pushing forward.

In the darkness, there was no way to know which way was out, so Tyranny’s players would always choose to move forward.

Qiao Yifan should have considered this point from the beginning. Even if he hadn’t escaped cleanly at the start, he shouldn’t have retreated backwards. Retreating was the same as cooperating with Tyranny’s fondness for advancing.

The Double Tiger Palm had forced Qiao Yifan to retreat backwards, but with this retreat, he was finally able to launch a counterattack. Even though he knew this counterattack would reveal his position, if he continued to let Song Qiying pressure him, not only would he be wasting his Dark Boundary, it was likely that Song Qiying would seize the initiative from him despite being blinded.

Moonlight Slash!

Sword light flashed alongside the sound of the wind.

Song Qiying couldn’t see, but he could hear.

It was the sound of a slash.

One Inch Ash was a Phantom Demon. He only had three low-level slash skills in his kit.

Ghost Slash, Moonlight Slash, Full Moonlight Slash.

Three skills. His opponent was directly in front of him. What angle would he attack from?

Song Qiying instantly made these deductions. River Sunset leaned to the side.

The audience cried out in surprise.

River Sunset had actually dodged this Moonlight Slash. He was able to dodge it despite not being able to see.

Whirlwind Kick!

River Sunset jumped, his legs sweeping through the air towards One Inch Ash.

Not only did he dodge the attack, he was able to counterattack too. The audience didn't know what to say.

Hit!

One Inch Ash was unable to dodge and could only take the blow. He raised his tachi in front of him and hastily used the Blade Master's Guard to reduce the damage.

One Inch Ash was kicked back. Right when River Sunset touched the ground, he jumped up again.

Soaring Tiger!

River Sunset jumped, chasing after One Inch Ash. It looked as if he wasn't blind at all.

Again and again, the audience couldn't help but cry out in surprise, let alone the two commentators.

Song Qiying played brilliantly, but Qiao Yifan didn't let his spirits drop. One Inch Ash put himself in a steady position, ready to counterattack at any moment because this attack should not hit!

It missed!

Just as Qiao Yifan expected, the Soaring Tiger missed.

Song Qiying's timing and thought process were precise and accurate, but if he couldn't see, he couldn't see. When Qiao Yifan put his guard, Song Qiying wasn't able to notice his slight change in position from just the feel of his attack connecting.

As a result, there was a slight error in his judgement.

Song Qiying was calm, but his opponent didn't panic and stayed calm despite the cheers and shouts from the crowd. In the end, Qiao Yifan was able to make use of the Blind on Song Qiying. He didn't waste this Dark Boundary.

Full Moonlight Slash!

He attacked the airborne River Sunset, striking him in the back and sending him flying towards a corner in the room. The Phantom Ghost's power residing in his blade began to flicker. Ice Soul, Ice Boundary.

And then Ash Boundary.

And then Plague Boundary.

Qiao Yifan calmly began his offense.

Chapter 1497: The Ten Year Captain

Glory!

The large word flashed across the screen.

No matter the process, the match would progress toward only one conclusion: victory and defeat.

In this round, victory belonged to Happy's Qiao Yifan. Thunderous applause instantly rose up within Xiaoshan Stadium.

Filled with regret, Song Qiyong walked out of the competitor booth. The stadium full of applause wasn't for him, but he didn't lower his head. The opponent had played excellently, but he hadn't had any embarrassing moments himself.

Perhaps, from the beginning, his thinking hadn't been meticulous enough.

Even as Song Qiyong walked offstage, he was already reviewing his own performance. Again and again, his mind replayed the scene of the ceiling collapsing and River Sunset losing his chance.

If it had been the vice-captain, he definitely wouldn't have overlooked this point. Song Qiyong looked at one particular person sitting in Tyranny's player area.

He was a Striker, the one in Tyranny who would inherit Desert Dust after Han Wenqing's retirement. The team had never hidden this point. Tyranny was just this kind of open and direct team, from top to bottom.

Song Qiyong wouldn't refuse this kind of arrangement, and he was proud of this, but he wouldn't hide his own views. Even though he very much liked his Striker class, in terms of player personality, he more greatly appreciated that of Tyranny's vice-captain, Zhang Xinjie.

Cautious, thorough, flawless.

In many people's eyes, perhaps this sort of steady style wasn't thrilling enough. But Song Qiyong felt that this was very cool. Maybe it was just because of his natural personality.

Tyranny didn't make any specific demands of him, nor had he purposely tried to imitate Zhang Xinjie's style. But even as he followed and developed the style that he personally liked, everyone in Tyranny looked at him like a little Zhang Xinjie.

Song Qiyong didn't object. He hadn't purposely tried to mimic it; this was just the style that belonged to him.

But it still wasn't enough!

Song Qiyong reviewed the match, searching for where he hadn't been good enough. And at this moment, Tyranny's group arena anchor had already stood up.

Han Wenqing. It could only be Han Wenqing. It had to be Han Wenqing.

He could step back when appropriate, but if he didn't appear in the group arena in this crucial playoffs match, then Tyranny's fans would definitely be disappointed, and Tyranny's players might also be very uneasy.

Ten year captain, ten year pillar.

In terms of the influence had over the team, Han Wenqing was absolutely the number one. Even his long enemy Ye Xiu had met an unhappy end at the hands of Excellent Era. Among the later players, Wang Jiexi came the closest; the influence he had at Tiny Herb was similarly significant. But compared to Han Wenqing, he was still just a bit lacking.

Han Wenqing used his personal spirit and charisma to affect the whole team. Tyranny's style today was because their captain and core from the very beginning was a player with this kind of style, and it continued within this team to this day.

But what about Wang Jiexi and Tiny Herb? He had changed his own style, assimilated into the team, and ultimately they had won two championships together. In terms of results, his two championships beat out Han Wenqing's one, but in terms of influence on the team, he clearly couldn't compete with Han Wenqing.

And now, this ten year captain stood up from his seat. Like so many times before, he was ready to defend that most crucial point for Tyranny.

The Tyranny fans who had traveled far to come here began to roar, as though they had suddenly ignited. In the face of the hopes of his fans, Han Wenqing didn't play humble. To the away team fans, he extended a fist.

The roars grew louder. At this time, Song Qiyong had walked off the stage, and arrived in front of Han Wenqing.

Han Wenqing's fist lowered, and pointed toward him. Song Qiyong immediately reciprocated, extending his arm toward him as well.

Fist-bump!

"Good luck Captain!" Song Qiyong shouted.

Han Wenqing nodded, and strode toward the stage.

Tyranny was currently at a disadvantage. Qiao Yifan had used 61% of his health to defeat Song Qiyong, leaving him with 39% right now.

This advantage was relatively significant, but now as Han Wenqing walked onstage, there wasn't a hint of worry in the eyes of those dedicated Tyranny fans. There was only resolve.

A match always ended in victory or defeat. Everyone understood this.

But what was revealed in the eyes of the Tyranny's fans wasn't belief in a sure-fire victory or anything. Han Wenqing brought them a steady confidence. They believed that, as long as he was here, then even if they lost, they wouldn't lose that fighting spirit or confidence. As long as he was here, they would only lose people, but not their determination!

Tyranny had never been a team that feared failure. In the early days of the Alliance, they had been eliminated by Excellent Era three times. Excellent Era and Ye Qiu had been called their weakness, their perfect counter. But, so what? In the Season 4 finals, on the highest stage of Glory, they ferociously defeated Excellent Era and proved themselves. The older Tyranny fans would never forget that day. That day had been the most beautiful demonstration of Tyranny's strength of character.

Unafraid of failure, always scaling new heights. Under this man's leadership, Tyranny had walked these ten years. Now, the Tyranny that he led once again advanced toward that highest peak, and he once again stood onstage.

In the televised broadcast, Pan Lin was currently describing all of this in the most poetic way possible. His partner Li Yibo had come from Tyranny and experienced that era, and even if he could no longer see all the strategies clearly, he would never forget Tyranny's spirit. Because, he was also a member of Tyranny, someone who had gone wild with all of them during that season. Hearing Pan Lin's passionate description, Li Yibo too felt his heart racing. He even had the urge to rush onstage, grip that mouse and keyboard once more, and battle!

"Alright, the battle's about to begin. Tyranny's captain of ten years, Han Wenqing, against Happy's rookie Qiao Yifan," said Pan Lin.

Even though Qiao Yifan had registered as a pro in Season 8, he had only appeared in official matches starting from this season, so when talking about him, he was still called a rookie.

The opening didn't change, they still charged toward the manor at the center of the map. Han Wenqing's fierce bravery and decisiveness could be seen just from the way he moved his character. Desert Dust's path was completely straight as he charged forward.

In front of and behind the manor, the same rhythm.

Qiao Yifan, like before, controlled One Inch Ash to take the front door, and then he quickly arrived at the location of the previous battle.

"Qiao Yifan still wants to fight here?" Pan Lin said. After watching the previous match, everyone very much understood how advantageous this whole area was for a Ghostblade. The room's size, the arrangement of the surrounding rooms, it had all been thoroughly used by One Inch Ash.

What was a home field advantage?

This was it.

Using the map to the maximum extent.

Watching from offstage, Tyranny's players, including Han Wenqing, all recognized this level of skill. But right now, Qiao Yifan still wanted to make this the battlefield. Wasn't that too wishful thinking? After

seeing how well he'd used this area, would Han Wenqing simply go along with his desires and fight him here?

Uh...

Han Wenqing?

Doubt, after encountering this name, caused the logic to grind to a halt.

It seemed like an illogical move, but if Han Wenqing did it, it suddenly felt more acceptable.

Because he was always like this. Even if he knew there was a tiger in the mountain, he would still head toward the mountain with the tiger. For anyone else, it would be an illogical move, but he could flip the situation in one burst of determination.

Qiao Yifan once again opened the battle here. A typical opponent probably wouldn't come, but Han Wenqing might actually just burst in. Maybe Qiao Yifan had anticipated this opponent's personality to make this kind of wishful plan?

And so, everyone looked at Han Wenqing's side. Desert Dust had entered the manor from the back, and he made a clean sweep of the area. He would arrive here shortly. This time, Qiao Yifan didn't need to split any doors, so there wasn't any sound to notify Han Wenqing. One Inch Ash just set up his ambush in this room, making his preparations for battle.

Because a wall had collapsed, the two rooms were now connected and seemed much more spacious than before. Qiao Yifan wasn't sure from which end Han Wenqing's Desert Dust would charge in, so he hid One Inch Ash in a corner, and prepared ambushes for the various possible angles.

He didn't have to wait too long before he heard footsteps.

The sound of moving footsteps wasn't hidden at all. Whatever was stepped upon made a sound, closer and closer.

Pa!

Suddenly, there was another sound, and One Inch Ash, pressed against a wall, felt a tremor.

There was no way that Qiao Yifan couldn't recognize this sound. Just last battle, Song Qiying controlled his character and made this sound over 160 times.

Han Wenqing's Desert Dust was also hitting the wall?

Just as Qiao Yifan reached this realization, pa! The second punch already resounded.

Qiao Yifan had already roughly judged where the sound had come from. As he looked over, he heard a boom, and the wall he turned to look at now had a hole in it.

Three punches to make a hole?

This of course wasn't because Desert Dust's attack power was so unbelievable, but because the wall he was punching was already fairly weakened.

There had been so many battles back and forth, all occurring within the manor, and most on the first floor. The room furnishings had already become so wrecked that there wasn't much more to wreck, and the walls had also suffered much damage during this process. Han Wenqing evidently had found a particularly weak point, and broke through in only three punches.

Was he working out his anger?

At the beginning, this was what everyone had thought!

But very soon, they saw Desert Dust and One Inch Ash meet eyes through the hole.

Seeing One Inch Ash's position, Han Wenqing of course immediately understood his line of thinking. Would he just boldly go forward and fight with Qiao Yifan in an area where the Ghostblade was most comfortable?

The Snow Stripe in One Inch Ash's hands was already beginning to flicker with light. But Desert Dust, after meeting One Inch Ash's eyes through that hole, actually walked past.

Pa pa pa pa, another number of punches, and another hole was opened in the weakened wall. And then, change position, hit again...

The sounds came wave after wave, progressing around in a circle. Qiao Yifan listened and listened, and gradually, he paled.

Song Qiyang had only wanted to tear down a wall. Was Han Wenqing preparing to tear down this entire manor?

Chapter 1498: Dismantle

"What's Han Wenqing trying to do?" The audience had a clear view of Desert Dust's actions, and they weren't so dumb that they couldn't figure out his intentions. This question was a rhetorical one, expressing their surprise. Even Pan Lin was wondering too, in the live broadcast.

Boom boom boom!

Weak spots in the wall were blasted apart, and soon enough, the two walls were full of holes.

Was the manor trembling?

A constant rumble could be heard now and Qiao Yifan wasn't sure if he was imagining it, but it felt like the walls themselves were moving, unable to support the weight. The ceiling seemed to be sinking bit by bit, as it had lost its support.

If this continued, the manor really would collapse!

Qiao Yifan didn't care if it was just his imagination or not, he made a resolute decision.

He couldn't lie here in wait any longer. Tyranny's old Striker was much more ruthless than their new Striker.

Qiao Yifan had no choice but to act. He was extremely familiar with the structure of this room. Han Wenqing's Desert Dust was destroying the wall in this area.

Using the sound of the attacks to locate an enemy's position.

With an approximation of Desert Dust's location, Qiao Yifan had One Inch Ash rush over.

Because he was familiar with the area, he predicted the area of the wall Desert Dust was going to hit next and decided to lie in wait there.

Crouching, One Inch Ash successfully arrived at the base of the wall, carefully poised for action as Qiao Yifan listened carefully to the sounds.

The sounds got closer and closer, and dust began falling from the ceiling above. Qiao Yifan raised his character's view to look. This time he was certain; the ceiling really was trembling, unable to properly support its own weight.

Qiao Yifan stayed motionless.

Desert Dust was near. If he moved, he'd expose himself.

Thwack, thwack!

Two punches, clear, solid hits. The sound didn't just come from the air, but the wall itself. Desert Dust had finally struck at the wall One Inch Ash was concealed near.

Boom!

The third punch went through the wall. One Inch Ash remained motionless against the wall. He could see Desert Dust's fist retracting back through the wall from his angle.

Thwack, thwack, thwack, he was still hitting this wall. Han Wenqing was aiming to find weak spots in the wall, the walls he had punched through hadn't completely collapsed yet, but once he punched out areas all across the wall, it was clearly unable to take much more.

Boom!

Another hole was punched into the wall, practically right next to One Inch Ash. Qiao Yifan could even see the outline of Desert Dust's knuckles within his famous silver weapon, the gauntlets Flame Fist.

The color of fire, Qiao Yifan could practically feel the heat radiating off of his fist, the blaze of battle lust and determination.

Thwack!

Another punch and Desert Dust broke through the wall a third time.

It wasn't at where One Inch Ash was hiding. Qiao Yifan had a clear, precise judgement, and would naturally choose a place where the wall was sturdy, a place Han Wenqing wouldn't choose.

The strikes sounded next to him and One Inch Ash slowly unsheathed his sword, wisps of light surfacing around him.

Boom!

Another hole appeared. Qiao Yifan didn't move, his view locked forwards towards the doorway Desert Dust was approaching.

That was when the wall behind him started to quake harshly and began to bend.

No way!

Qiao Yifan raised his head. Areas of the ceiling above were already starting to collapse.

Had it reached its limit?

The answer was yes, and Han Wenqing knew it as well.

Thwack!

Another punch struck the wall. This time, he was no longer picking weak spots, just hitting the wall, using attacks to cause it to quake and bend further. He was trying to hasten the collapse.

Just one punch and that half of the wall caved in. This punch was no longer a normal attack, but a more powerful skill in order to accelerate the manor's destruction. With the state the manor was in, it caused massive damage.

With this half of the wall collapsed, One Inch Ash was exposed, and the room reached its limits. Without needing for Desert Dust's further help, the ceiling crumbled with a thunderous rumble.

Qiao Yifan hastily tried to get One Inch Ash out of the way, but Desert Dust lunged forth, right under the collapsing ceiling.

Boom!

The ceiling smashed against the floor, sending dust everywhere. With one last roll, Desert Dust left the fallen ceiling behind him using his low position. When he jumped up, he threw a fist, meeting One Inch Ash's blade head on.

Collapsing Fist!

The Ghostblade's slash skills had nothing on the priority of a Striker's punch. This punch sent One Inch Ash flying, blade and all.

There was no pause in his steps as he flew into pursuit.

The walls were collapsing, the ceiling was falling, but Han Wenqing ignored it all. Desert Dust charged amidst the tremors.

Crash! Crash! Crash!

The sound of rubble falling erupted all around, sending dust flying, devouring their surroundings. Two silhouettes fought in this catastrophic scene.

The entire area, all around them, had collapsed, even the areas that Desert Dust hadn't struck, were brought down by neighboring areas like dominos, having weakened from the battle prior.

Ruins, ruins everywhere.

The walls collapsed, the ceiling fell, the second floor's structures, and even walls, fell with it. The audience had long since forgotten about the battle occurring between the two, just watching the ancient manor and wondering if the entire thing would just go down.

It didn't. In the end, it didn't.

From the outside, the manor didn't seem like it had changed at all, but the interior had been completely overturned. The second floor, after a chain of reactions, no longer existed. The first floor was just rubble from the second floor, having turned into ruins.

Boom!

With a thunderous bang, the ruins exploded and a character was thrown out.

Who was it?

Everyone's gazes followed the figure.

One Inch Ash. It was Qiao Yifan's One Inch Ash! Soon enough, Han Wenqing's Desert Dust appeared as well. He ignored everything happening around them, and all that existed in his eyes was the target he had to fell. One last punch, the final blow.

Glory!

The system announced Desert Dust victory with the catastrophic scene playing background, the ruins, some areas still falling, crumbling.

The audience didn't know what to say anymore. A map advantage? Han Wenqing had demolished it. That was... pretty wild.

The Happy fans in the venue were all silent while the guest fans from Tyranny roared and cheered.

What style!

What a Tyranny victory!

Demolished the map with the enemy, destroyed it all, spectacular!

Qiao Yifan walked out of the player booth amidst the cacophony. The crazed Tyranny fans naturally weren't very friendly to him. Last round, he had Song Qiying completely suppressed. And this round? Han Wenqing had given the Tyranny fans a victory to feel good about, one that gave them the satisfaction of revenge.

Nothing was more satisfying!

The Tyranny fans couldn't be more excited, almost seeming to forget that this wasn't over yet. There was still one more member for Happy.

Thus, amidst their excitement, the big screen silently displayed Happy's fifth player, announcing the identity of their anchor.

Wei Chen, Warlock, Windward Formation

"It's Wei Chen!" Pan Lin's shout was one full of surprise. This really was a completely unexpected arrangement.

Wei Chen, Blue Rain's ex-captain, Wei Chen. In the first team competition against Blue Rain, he used his determination to help Happy build the foundations of their strategy.

He had struggled to the bitter end, but this was exactly why he was deserving of respect. Everyone could tell that this player still had his awareness and judgement, but his reaction and mechanics couldn't keep up anymore.

Wei Chen wasn't fighting Blue Rain, he was fighting the cruel passing of time.

His performance last time was practically miraculous. Perhaps it was because they had a home field advantage or he was familiar with Blue Rain's strategy, that Wei Chen could perform well enough to rival his youth.

When the match against Blue Rain ended, everyone thought that was where his contribution ended. He was their ace against Blue Rain.

However, now, against Tyranny, in the first match, the group arena, Wei Chen was the anchor?

How surprising, but Wei Chen was already getting up, waving at the fans energetically as he walked towards the stage.

He met Qiao Yifan halfway.

"You must've been scared!" Wei Chen grinned at Qiao Yifan.

Qiao Yifan paused, unsure how to react. What did that mean? How was he meant to reply to that?

"Watch and learn, youngster," Wei Chen ruffled Qiao Yifan's hair. After he completely messed up the other's hairstyle, he headed for the stage, satisfied.

"Happy's last player... is Wei Chen. What... is this about?" Pan Lin asked Li Yibo.

"Probably... Wei Chen... has a great grasp over this map..." Li Yibo answered weakly.

His random guess had, actually, hit the mark.

Wei Chen had thought that his playoffs journey would be done at Blue Rain, but when Happy ended up choosing this map for their fight against Tyranny, Wei Chen realized there might be more in store for him.

He was very familiar with this map and even more familiar with the manor in the middle of this map. Indoors battles wouldn't be able to get fast either due to the switches in small scenes. For a slower paced veteran like him, it was a match made in heaven.

He could fight on this map!

When Wei Chen volunteered, he saw Ye Xiu gazing at him.

He didn't need to speak to get the idea across, and so Wei Chen got another chance.

However, now... Wei Chen gave a self-mocking smile.

The one thing he was depending on had been obliterated by Han Wenqing. While sitting offstage, he had already cursed Han Wenqing to hell and back over one-hundred and eighty times.

Happy's group arena was all up to him, yet he had lost his one advantage.

Fighting Han Wenqing head on?

Wei Chen's heart was trembling. How could the current him take on that raging tiger? Though that tiger had grown old, he was practically old enough to be buried, yet he still crawled out to struggle this one last time.

They had gotten to this point yet the universe was still making things hard for him! Wei Chen couldn't help but grumble under his breath until the referee waved at him to hurry.

Then let's do this!

Wei Chen gritted his teeth and entered the player booth.

Han Wenqing? Let me experience your fearsome, tiger-like determination again after all these years!

Chapter 1499: A Ruined Map

Group arena, final round.

Although Han Wenqing was able to cleanly take down Qiao Yifan last round, it wasn't possible for his Desert Dust not to have taken any damage under those circumstances. His Desert Dust had 81% health left.

Wei Chen's Windward Formation was in high spirits, but with that small of a lead, how could anyone favor this old general? Let alone Tyranny or neutral fans, even the Happy fans felt uneasy. Some had trouble understanding Happy's arrangements for the group arena. Happy had sent a Phantom Demon, who wasn't suited for 1v1s, as their fourth player. Their fifth player was Wei Chen. Didn't that mean Happy hadn't planned on placing a fierce hero as the final checkpoint?

Or could it be that their third player Fang Rui was supposed to be their great general? Had their intention be to end the group arena in a 3v5?

But none of these possibilities were logical.

Pan Lin and Li Yibo discussed this issue as the round officially began.

How would Wei Chen face this deciding round? Everyone was curious about Wei Chen. Then, they saw Wei Chen act.

His character hadn't moved yet, but the trash talking had started.

"I say, Little Han, how outrageous. How could you tear apart the map like this?" Wei Chen typed.

Little Han...

A cold chill could be felt in the air.

In terms of careers, both of them had started in Season 1. Neither was more senior than the other in that sense. But in terms of age, Wei Chen's words held true. The problem was Han Wenqing, Little Han... it didn't feel right! Addressing him like that gave a sense of amiability and care. It didn't fit this captain of Tyranny at all.

How would Han Wenqing respond?

Everyone's attention shifted to the player chat.

Han Wenqing didn't reply. It seemed like he didn't want to bother with such uncouth trash talking. Desert Dust rushed forward.

Wei Chen's Windward Formation was on his way over too, but his movements seemed so sluggish. It was completely different from Desert Dust's lofty advance.

"Is there even a point in playing out this round?" Countless people felt that victory had already been decided just from the energy of the players.

Soon, the players reached the manor.

The inside had torn apart into ruins, but the outside looked pristine. The front door and rear door were still intact. Han Wenqing's Desert Dust went through the rear door and marched through the broken ruins in front of him.

Because of the destruction, he could see much more inside the manor compared to before. Even so, Han Wenqing didn't find any traces of Windward Formation.

"He didn't take the middle road?" Han Wenqing thought about what his opponent might do. The home team advantage for this map came from an understanding of the manor's layout. Now that the manor had been torn apart, the advantage had disappeared. Wei Chen abandoning this area wasn't too surprising.

After Desert Dust went in from the back, he moved across the first floor to the entrance at the front and surveyed the surroundings calmly.

But Tyranny's fans felt their hearts leap to their throats seeing his calmness.

Windward Formation didn't go elsewhere!

He had come to the manor. It was just that he had circled around to the back and was standing beside a window like a withered up plant.

The view on the first floor had opened up considerably, but it wasn't as empty as a grass plains. The broken walls and collapsed ceilings were still significant obstructions.

Windward Formation couldn't see Desert Dust from his position.

As a result, he switched positions and continued to peep like a pervert. Tyranny's fans wanted to rush onto the stage and tell Han Wenqing that Wei Chen was sneaking around behind him!

After moving to a different position, Wei Chen was finally able to see Han Wenqing's Desert Dust, who was standing outside, checking his surroundings. Was he planning on leaving?

Knock knock knock!

Wei Chen had Windward Formation swing his staff, knocking on the window sill with all his might. Even if he was a Warlock, he could still swing his staff like a melee weapon!

No one knew what material Death's Hand was made of, but whatever it was, it made an unpleasant sound when it hit against the stone window sill.

Wei Chen thought Han Wenqing wasn't able to hear him, so he swung his staff again.

"I'm here, I'm here!" He shouted in the chat.

Desert Dust turned around and looked towards him.

Wei Chen was very satisfied: "You saw me, right?"

Han Wenqing didn't reply. However, Desert Dust was marching over.

Windward Formation immediately shrunk back. Left? Right? The audience would know, but Han Wenqing wouldn't. Windward Formation moved around and found another observation spot. He took a furtive glance into the manor.

Han Wenqing was moving fast. Desert Dust was almost about to reach that window. It looked like he was planning on breaking it apart to move past it.

"He's really got a gift for breaking things!" Wei Chen mumbled. Windward Formation raised his Death's Hand. Dark energy began flickering. He had started casting a curse.

He was planning on mounting a sneak attack, but anyone could predict that. How could an experienced player like Han Wenqing not be able to?

Bang! The window broke. Windward Formation instinctively raised his Death's Hand, but... no one jumped through it.

Desert Dust smashed the window to pieces and then moved a few steps over to another window.

Bang! Broken again, but still no one.

"Being so clever. How boring. I won't play with you," Wei Chen typed. Windward Formation turned around and left.

Bang! Bang!

Han Wenqing had become a dismantler today. Desert Dust smashed two more windows. On the fourth one, his character rushed out.

Left! Right!

He turned to look at those ends.

No one...

After Wei Chen had said those words, his Windward Formation really did leave. He had made such a big commotion, and after saying he gave up, he really did give up.

As a result, Desert Dust seemed to break those two windows for no reason before charging out ferociously. It all looked somewhat comical.

To think the word comical would one day be used to describe Han Wenqing.

“Are you tired of living!!” Tyranny’s loyal fans roared. They were not happy with how Wei Chen had played with their captain.

As for Wei Chen? His Windward Formation was puffing and wheezing as he climbed up the side of the manor. As he climbed, he would look downwards from time to time to see if Desert Dust had made his way over. It made him look quite flustered.

Sure enough, Desert Dust quickly came!

Not seeing anyone to the left or right, Han Wenqing didn’t hesitate. He chose a direction and started giving chase.

Tyranny’s fans had been worried that their captain would forget to look up. Reality proved that Han Wenqing wasn’t nearly as careless as they thought. The moment he turned around, he looked up and down.

The flustered Windward Formation was immediately caught by him. Wei Chen, who was constantly looking downwards, noticed Desert Dust too.

Windward Formation hastened his movements, making him appear even more flustered.

Han Wenqing saw that his opponent was in front of him, but he had no way of attacking him. No one had a shorter attack range than Strikers. Blade Masters, Berserkers, the other melee classes could use the reach of their sword to extend their range, but Strikers only had their arms and legs.

Chase!

Han Wenqing was decisive. He looked at the side of the manor and quickly found a foothold. Desert Dust jumped, stepped, jumped, stepped, jumped...

Han Wenqing hadn’t deliberately practiced climbing on this sort of terrain before, but with ten years of Glory experience, how could his ability to adapt be normal? The speed at which he climbed seemed quite a bit faster than the flustered Windward Formation.

“Hehe,” Wei Chen suddenly laughed. Windward Formation didn’t keep jumping. He pointed his Death’s Hand down and started casting.

Although Desert Dust was fast, there was still some distance between them. It wouldn’t be possible for him to rush over in time to interrupt the cast.

But seeing Windward Formation casting a curse, the instant Desert Dust paused to jump off a foothold, he waved his hands.

Qi Bullet!

A low-level Qi Master skill flew out.

Strikers didn't have any long-ranged attacks. It was certainly a huge weak spot, so almost all Strikers would learn mid-ranged skills like Qi Bullet. Even though it wouldn't deal much damage, the purpose was to interrupt casts. For example, if Windward Formation dodged the Qi Bullet, he would have to cancel his cast.

But Windward Formation didn't move.

"Hehe." Wei Chen laughed again.

Pa.

Qi bloomed around his body, but the curse from Death's Hand was released simultaneously.

Was it really simultaneous?

Of course not.

Since he could cast the skill, it meant that the Qi Bullet had been a bit too late. It was a small detail that was hard to notice, but the system had no trouble making this decision.

The curse had been cast!

Wei Chen didn't have time to dodge the attack though. Fortunately, it was just a Qi Bullet, so the damage wasn't high. The knockback wasn't anything noteworthy either. Windward Formation seemed to be unfazed.

His skill was able to come out in the end.

Chaotic Rain!

Using this skill in this situation was truly too disgusting. Desert Dust, who was climbing up the manor, had no place to maneuver around.

He couldn't escape, but he could still dodge it.

Han Wenqing saw a place with cover. He temporarily gave up on chasing and had Desert Dust jump towards there.

Chaotic Rain fell, but Desert Dust was able to find cover in time and avoid the attack.

"Beautiful!" Wei Chen praised his opponent. Windward Formation didn't keep jumping up, instead dropping down.

After dropping down, Desert Dust was now in his line of sight.

A dark energy began swirling around his Death's Hand again.

Grasping Ghosts!

Desert Dust had nowhere to run. If he jumped out, he would be caught in Chaotic Rain, which would probably be even more disastrous for him.

The fierce tiger... was trapped. Caught between a rock and a hard place, the curse flew out and struck.

Chapter 1500: I Need to Complete It

Several shadow spectres coiled around Desert Dust.

Grasping Ghosts. It dealt damage over time and amplified the damage dealt by the Warlock. When the skill ended, the Warlock would be healed 33% of the total damage dealt to the target during the duration of the skill.

It was a skill that dealt damage, debuffed the target, and healed the user. When it first came out, everyone thought it was a completely broken skill. However, after some time, people figured out that while the skill wasn't bad. It wasn't broken because the effects of the skill were rather weak.

Even so, it was a must-have skill for Warlocks. Wei Chen knew that he was guaranteed to land a hit, so he started with this skill before continuing his assault.

Chaotic Rain continued. Han Wenqing looked completely helpless.

Was he going to keep getting played like a trapped animal?

Tyranny's fans burst out in fury. When had their captain ever suffered such humiliation?

Jump!

Everyone thought to themselves.

So what if you became Confused? The outcome is going to be bad anyways, but being trapped like this and getting trampled on was too stifling. From their understanding of Han Wenqing, they didn't think Han Wenqing would be willing to resign himself to this kind of fate.

However, Desert Dust didn't move...

Shadow Flames!

Windward Formation cast another spell. Dark purple flames began to whirl around Desert Dust. These 6 seconds of flames didn't only burn down Desert Dust's health, but the hearts of every Tyranny fan as well.

Why isn't he jumping?

They couldn't understand.

The Desert Dust in front of them was slowly drifting away from the Desert Dust in their hearts.

"What self-control!" Fang Rui sighed.

“Yeah,” Ye Xiu nodded his head.

Not only had Han Wenqing learned the word “retreat”, he became even more unyielding. His style had changed to the extent that those familiar with him couldn’t recognize it anymore. On the playoffs stage, these changes only became more apparent.

“How surprising! I thought you’d jump!” Wei Chen poked at his weak spot.

Han Wenqing didn’t reply. In the meantime, Windward Formation started casting his third spell.

With the duration of Chaotic Rain, he knew that his third skill would land. Darkness ripped apart the air.

Windward Formation had summoned Death’s Door!

How shameless!

Countless people cursed in their hearts.

In terms of ruthlessness, there was nothing to pick at. Wei Chen’s methods didn’t carry a shred of restraint. He wanted to annihilate his opponent.

The tear appeared in the sky, revealing an imposing Death’s Door. The Chaotic Rain stopped.

Whoosh!

A figure jumped from a window sill.

Who else could it be but Desert Dust? He had been forced into a location that would provide cover from Chaotic Rain and then forcefully tanked two skills. He had looked completely helpless at the time. But when the last drop of rain fell, he immediately jumped.

The Death’s Door next to him? It was as if Han Wenqing couldn’t see it. Desert Dust went straight for Windward Formation.

Determined and decisive without any hesitation. In this instant, the Han Wenqing that everyone was familiar with had returned. Tyranny’s fans didn’t have time to adjust their emotions, involuntarily letting out a cheer.

Tendrils of darkness extended out from Death’s Door, its target even bumping into it as it scurried away. The darkness immediately gave chase.

Han Wenqing ignored it. Desert Dust used the wall as a foothold and continued jumping. Keep charging forward even if the darkness behind him was in pursuit.

The fans of Tyranny stood up from their seats. They had completely forgotten about their indignation a few seconds ago from seeing Desert Dust cowering under that window.

Punch!

Desert Dust had swung his fist.

And Windward Formation?

Windward Formation wasn't able to escape in time. To attack Desert Dust, he had dropped down from his original position, moving closer to where his target was. This change in position became Han Wenqing's opportunity to attack. This decisiveness and ferocity had been outside of Wei Chen's expectations. He had calculated that Death's Door would be cast the moment Chaotic Rain ended. He had thought that there was enough time but now, he discovered that what he thought was enough was far from it in front of Han Wenqing's valor.

Just a bit more, and the tendrils of darkness would catch Desert Dust, but it was too late. Desert Dust's fist had already reached Windward Formation.

Bang!

Hit.

A solid punch had landed.

However, the slight pause from the punch was enough for the darkness to catch Desert Dust. The tendrils quickly coiled around him.

Was this punch just to vent his anger?

Everyone thought to themselves. But for Tyranny's fans, even if it was just that, it felt incredibly satisfying. To them, the journey was more important than the destination.

But Han Wenqing's thoughts weren't so simple.

After the punch landed, Desert Dust grabbed with his two hands.

Back Throw!

Windward Formation had been grabbed by him, and Desert Dust had been grabbed by Death's Door. Both of them were dragged away.

The two were dragged together towards the Death's Door, which then burst into a cloud of darkness.

Death's Door had accomplished its mission and disappeared. The two dropped from the sky.

One on top, one below.

One slow, one fast.

The faster one was Windward Formation. Although he wasn't affected by Death's Door, the Back Throw wasn't something the Death's Door could interrupt.

Desert Dust was able to complete the Back Throw, flinging Windward Formation crashing down. As a result, Windward Formation fell faster.

On the other hand, Desert Dust took the damage from Death's Door before free-falling down.

While in the air, Desert Dust assumed an offensive posture.

Wei Chen was helpless though.

Windward Formation wasn't free-falling. He had been tossed by Back Throw. Before he hit the ground, he would be in a Stunned state.

He could only watch as Desert Dust raise his foot, Eagle Stamp! Desert Dust dove down as if he were an eagle catching its prey. However, Windward Formation could do nothing.

Sigh...

Wei Chen let out a gentle sigh.

I was too slow.

If he had reacted faster or put in the inputs faster, perhaps that punch wouldn't have landed or he might have been able to dodge the Back Throw. In either case, he wouldn't be in his current predicament!

While Stunned, he could only watch as the Eagle Stamp came towards him. The instant the skill effect ended, would he be able to dodge in time?

Wei Chen felt a tremble in his heart. His fingers were starting to go stiff.

It was another contest of reaction speed and hand speed! That was what he was most afraid of and what he was weakest at.

But that's the only way to get out of this predicament!

If he was hit by the Eagle Stamp and let Han Wenqing close in onto him, his fate would be sealed.

Focus!

Wei Chen grit his teeth. He was no longer looking at Desert Dust, but carefully feeling Windward Formation's condition. The instant the Stun ended, he would immediately act.

I can move!

All of these thoughts happened in an instant. Wei Chen felt that the Stun had worn off. In that instant, his mind was blank. He had forgotten about the match, he had forgotten what he was doing. He only had one thought: complete it, complete this input.

Windward Formation raised his two hands in front of him...

Bang!

Desert Dust's Eagle Stamp was kicked Windward Formation's chest.

"OHhh!..." Tyranny's fans cheered for a moment before abruptly stopping.

Windward Formation poofed into smoke and dispersed into the air as Desert Dust continued to fall...

Han Wenqing turned around.

Windward Formation was back on the wall on the side of the manor.

Shadow Clone Technique!

I did it!

Wei Chen's heart was beating intensely. The lingering fear from the narrow escape from death made his whole body turn soft. It was just a low-level skill, but because of the focus he had put in, he felt like collapsing from exhaustion.

But it's not over yet! The battle had only just begun.

Wei Chen immediately continued. Windward Formation started casting another spell from the wall.

Soul Slice!

A blade of darkness cut through the air.

In this situation, at this distance, Wei Chen didn't think of using a high-level skill for a set-up. He simply wanted to take advantage of the fact that Desert Dust was in the air and could not dodge, so he could deal some damage.

He predicted where Desert Dust would land and aimed his Soul Slice. However, Eagle Stamp wasn't as simple as just a stomp.

Han Wenqing saw Windward Formation casting a spell and immediately finished his Eagle Stamp.

Pa pa pa!

Desert Dust stepped in the air three times. He didn't hit his target, but he used these steps to slow his speed down a little bit.

But... it still hit in the end.

Wei Chen was a crafty old fox! This little trick wasn't going to mess him up.

But apart from damage, the Soul Slice didn't do anything else. Desert Dust landed on the ground and darted towards the manor in pursuit. As for Windward Formation? He was once again climbing towards the roof in a fluster.

We're not going to see a repeat of what we just saw, right?

Many of the viewers started to worry.

"No." Li Yibo dispelled these doubts from the audience.

"His skills aren't off cooldown yet. How could we get a repeat so soon?" Li Yibo said.

"Of course, he can't use the same skills, but does he have the tools to do something similar as before?" Pan Lin said.

"Uh..." Li Yibo thought carefully about the Warlock's kit. It shouldn't be possible, right? He wasn't certain though, so he didn't say it.