

THE MOST GENEROUS MASTER EVER Chapter 182

The intense battle continued. Facing their continuous attacks, Little Linglong resolved them one by one. However, her strength was also consumed very quickly under this siege.

Clearly, these people wanted to use the tournament-style battle to tire her out. When she was exhausted, they could easily eliminate her. However, ideals were very voluptuous, and reality was very cruel.

Little Linglong, who had originally consumed half of her stamina, suddenly took out a pill and ate it, instantly reviving her energy.

“F*ck! What kind of pill is this? It can instantly recover her energy?”

Everyone was shocked. Even a supreme-grade pill didn't have such a terrifying effect, right?

Outside the arena, everyone looked at Ye Qiu at the same time, making him feel a little embarrassed.

“Haha, low-key, low-key. It's a mere Connate Great Recovery Pill. It's not a treasure.”

Everyone was speechless. What did he mean by a mere Connate Great Recovery Pill? This was an existence that was even more terrifying than a supreme-grade spirit pill. And yet, you call this 'mere'?

At this moment, even Perfected Zi Yang was a little depressed. He asked, “Young friend, how many Connate Great Recovery Pills did you prepare for them?”

It seemed like they had seen Ye Qiu's disciples eat this kind of pill more than once, right?

Perfected Zi Yang couldn't help but start to worry. At this rate, as long as they still had pills, it was impossible for them to exhaust their spiritual energy.

Ye Qiu looked at him and smiled faintly. "Not much. Just... a few hundred."

"F*ck!"

As soon as these words were spoken, everyone cursed in their hearts. A few hundred? How rich are you? Are you eating the Connate Great Recovery Pill as a snack? This was too much. He was cheating.

Ye Qiu smiled in his heart and didn't explain when he saw their shocked expressions.

Actually, there were no hundreds of Connate Great Pills. Before they left, Ye Qiu gave them three each and gave Lin Qingzhu five. There were probably only fourteen in total. It was not a lot, but it was enough.

Lin Qingzhu had yet to use a single one.

It was definitely not a problem to fight a long battle.

This chaotic battle was earth-shattering and chaotic.

Little Linglong's hammer swings became more and more straightforward. Her movements were also extremely agile. Her body was small to begin with and was very agile.

She calmly weaved through the crowd and would hammer them from time to time, making their scalps tingle.

On the other hand, Lin Qingzhu and He Wushuang's battle had also entered a state of anxiety.

The two of them tested each other for more than a thousand moves. They had a certain understanding of each other's moves, characteristics, and strength.

After a smile, He Wushuang slowly retreated to the clouds behind him and said, "As expected of the disciple of the Sword Immortal. You really live up to your reputation."

Lin Qingzhu replied indifferently, "You're not bad either."

The two of them praised each other and had already begun to silently condense sword intent.

At the end of the battle, it had already reached the stage competing with sword techniques. Be it moves or sword intent, both sides were on par. At this moment, the only thing that could determine the outcome was the battle of the sword techniques.

"Fairy, there's no need for us to probe anymore! Let's decide the outcome with a single strike."

He Wushuang suggested. Lin Qingzhu nodded. "That's my intention."

The two of them reached a consensus. They each retreated to a cloud and prepared for the last strike.

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He Wushuang stretched out his hand and the Mystic Water Sword left his hand. He moved his fingers slightly, and the Mystic Water Sword swayed with his fingers.

“Sword Control Technique?”

When the people outside the arena saw this, they immediately recognized the sword technique that He Wushuang used. It was the famous sword technique of the Heavenly Lake Holy Land.

Heaven-grade secret technique, Sword Control Technique!

He controlled the Mystic Water Sword and it slowly came behind him, hanging above his head. In an instant, a sword intent erupted. As his body trembled, thousands of Mystic Water Swords immediately appeared.

“Convergence of Myriad Swords!”

At this moment, everyone’s expressions changed. Their faces turned pale as they looked at the tens of thousands of Mystic Water Swords behind He Wushuang.

The Convergence of Myriad Swords he used was the highest profundity of the Sword Control Technique. One sword turned into ten thousand swords, conforming to a sentence in the Dao Scripture, the profundity of One Qi turned into Three Pure Ones.

The moment the ten thousand Mystic Water Swords appeared, Lin Qingzhu’s heart trembled, and the Violet Cloud Sword in her hand began to tremble.

Lin Qingzhu lowered her head and didn’t say anything. After a moment of silence, she said, “Are you starting to get excited too?”

A crazy joy appeared in the corner of her eyes. Holding the Violet Cloud Sword, Lin Qingzhu suddenly soared into the sky. She was like a fairy in white who had landed on the moon. Her figure was stunning and peerless.

In an instant, a door opened in the sky.

The light of the heavens shone down on Lin Qingzhu's beautiful face, and an endless sword intent instantly spread out.

Everyone was shocked when they saw this scene. They knew what she was going to do next.

“One Strike Opened the Heavenly Gate against Convergence of Myriad Swords!”

“Haha, exciting, too exciting...”

Seeing this scene, everyone's expressions tensed up and they were incomparably excited. Such a powerful sword technique battle was rare in their lives.

Although the Sword Control Technique was a heaven-grade secret technique, it was also an existence infinitely close to a divine technique. Especially the sword technique, Convergence of Myriad Swords. After so many years of comprehension, Perfected Zi Yang had improved it slightly.

This was definitely one of the most exciting battles in the history of Mount Yun Ding. Perhaps only Daoist Xuantian's invincible posture of sweeping through nine people with a single strike could compare.

Under the light of these two people, everyone seemed dim and they stopped.