

Chapter 381: My Person (1)

A few days later, Ni Shang's injuries slowly healed, and Fei Ying finally heaved a sigh of relief.

However, Ye Qingtang remained in her room in these few days and never stepped out. Apart from asking Fei Ying to leave a few buckets of hot water at her door every two days, she did not have any orders and even settled her meals in the room by herself.

During this period of time, Ji Xianyuan heard that Ye Qingtang was about to enter the Life and Death Ring and came a few times but was blocked by Fei Ying, who said that Ye Qingtang was not receiving any guests.

Days passed, and the Life and Death Ring matter circulated around the entire inner sect.

The Life and Death Ring was not the same as normal rings since they were really battling with their lives.

Although there was such a rule in the inner sect, only a few dared to enter the Life and Death Ring. In the past three years, Ye Qingtang was the only disciple who initiated a Life and Death Ring challenge, and her opponents were as many as four people.

As everyone was absorbed in discussions, it was as though Ye Qingtang disappeared from everyone's sight, and almost no one saw her in any Martial Arts Hall.

"Could Ye Qingtang be scared already?"

"If it were you, wouldn't you be scared? Do you dare to go through such suffering? I think it's still not too late for her to regret now."

"I heard that Song Junqiu and the rest did not have any special reaction these few days."

"What reaction should they have? All four of them are more skilled than Ye Qingtang, and any one of them could play Ye Qingtang to death. Do they still need to train hard? Don't joke anymore."

Seeing that there was only a day left to the Life and Death Ring, everyone could not help but be curious about whether Ye Qingtang really dared to take on the challenge the next day.

In the courtyard, moonlight scattered over the ground in the dark night. Ni Shang, whose face was still bruised, walked to Ye Qingtang's room with a tray of dishes in her hands and saw Fei Ying guarding outside the door.

Fei Ying shook his head.

Ni Shang could not help but be worried.

"Miss has already cultivated in seclusion for ten days and never left her room. What should we do? I am all to blame... If not because of me, Miss would not need to enter whatever Life and Death Ring with those four bastards." Guilt was written all over Ni Shang's face. In the eyes of inner sect disciples,

attendant girls like them were no different from servants, and it was already lucky to not be mistreated or lambasted. No one had thought that the inner sect disciple they followed would stand up for them.

After regaining consciousness, she heard from Fei Ying that Ye Qingtang was to enter the Life and Death Ring.

One could imagine how shocking Ye Qingtang's decision was to Ni Shang.

"I'm so useless. I can't do anything for Miss and can only worry." Ni Shang bit her lips. A thought suddenly struck her, and she turned to face Fei Ying. "Fei Ying, if Miss doesn't enter the Life and Death Ring tomorrow, do you think she would be safe?"

Fei Ying was slightly stunned. "The Life and Death Agreement is already signed. If Miss doesn't enter, she would probably be ridiculed by everyone in the future. Given Miss's character, she will not be able to bear it."

Ni Shang pursed her lips, and a resolute expression flashed across her eyes. She suddenly handed the tray of dishes into Fei Ying's hands.

"Take care of Miss." With that, she prepared to leave.

"Ni Shang, what do you want to do?" An ominous thought emerged in Fei Ying's heart, and he quickly pulled Ni Shang's wrist.

Ni Shang took a deep breath and explained. "I cannot let Miss be involved in this. This matter was started because of me. How could I stand around and not do anything? I will look for them. I know what they want. As long as I beg them, perhaps they will let Miss off..."

Chapter 382: My Person (2)

Fei Ying's eyes suddenly widened as he stared at Ni Shang in disbelief.

"You..."

Ni Shang laughed bitterly and broke free from Fei Ying's grip. "Take good care of Miss for me. It is me who doesn't have this blessing. I've troubled Miss." Then, Ni Shang immediately headed out of the courtyard without turning back.

"Ni Shang!" Fei Ying was alarmed.

Ni Shang did not stop in her tracks at all. She walked to the entrance of the courtyard and pushed open the gate. Looking at the misty dark night, she knew that there was no return when she took this step.

However...

She did not regret.

Fei Ying panicked and instinctively wanted to rush up and stop her.

However, the tightly-shut door behind him suddenly opened, and a figure shuffled out behind him.

Just as Ni Shang was about to step out of the courtyard, a wet hand pulled her back into the courtyard hard, and a slender leg directly kicked the door shut!

With a clear bang, the gate was closed once again.

Ni Shang, who was dizzy by the sudden motion, was pressed on the gate with an arm.

“Where are you going?” A rather raspy voice sounded in Ni Shang’s ears.

Ni Shang looked up in surprise and saw...

Ye Qingtang, who was wearing only a thin garment, trapped her at the gate with an arm.

The faint moonlight cast on Ye Qingtang in the hazy night. Her damp hair hung loosely at the side of her face as drops of water fell from her hair ends. At that moment, her clear eyes were slightly narrowed as though her eyes were a galaxy—deep yet dreamy.

The pair wondrous of eyes were fixed on the astonished Ni Shang.

“Mi... Miss...” Ni Shang’s lips quivered as she looked at the stunning face near hers.

“Listen well.” Ye Qingtang lowered her head a little. Her breaths brushed across the tip of Ni Shang’s nose. Suddenly, she lifted Ni Shang’s chin with her wet fingers and stared right into Ni Shang’s eyes.

“You are my person. I will definitely not allow you to do anything that will harm yourself. Do you hear it?”

Ni Shang looked at Ye Qingtang, dazed.

Ye Qingtang silently pulled apart from Ni Shang and turned to face Fei Ying, who had blanked out behind her.

“Watch Ni Shang properly. If she sneaks out tonight, I will strip you naked and put you on display outside the courtyard.”

Fei Ying suddenly returned to his senses. Looking at Ye Qingtang who was bathing in the moonlight and hearing her warning, he swallowed his saliva.

Miss, you’re as gentle as a spring wind to Ni Shang but so heartless like a storm to me...

You cannot favor girls and not boys!

Although these thoughts ran in his head, Fei Ying still ran over and pulled Ni Shang aside.

Ni Shang returned to her senses and was about to say something, but Ye Qingtang covered Ni Shang’s tiny mouth.

“If you’re really worried, you and Fei Ying can just go to the ring tomorrow to watch.”

Ni Shang blinked. Confusion filled her eyes as she stared at Ye Qingtang, who exuded a devilish air.

Miss... seems to be a little different from usual.

Ye Qingtang gave Fei Ying a look, and he immediately dragged Ni Shang away, watching over her as per Ye Qingtang's orders.

Under the moonlight, Ye Qingtang looked up slightly, and she lazily stretched her body when the moonlight fell on her face.

"This cultivation method is really deadly."

However...

Its effects were satisfying.

Becoming more powerful was not to bully the weak but to protect the people around you.

Ye Qingtang looked down at her palm, and the corners of her lips tugged into an evil smile.

Song Junqiu, the few of you can just clean your necks and wait for death tomorrow!

Chapter 383: Come Up Together (1)

Ten days were over in the blink of an eye.

That morning, many disciples crowded around the Life and Death Ring.

Song Junqiu and the other three disciples arrived early in the morning. They stood beside the ring and chatted with other disciples.

"Senior Brother Song, do you think Ye Qingtang really dares to come today?" An onlooking disciple asked.

"Maybe not. Didn't you notice how she disappeared these past few days? She was nowhere to be seen even in the Martial Arts Hall. She isn't even cultivating. What does she have to fight you all on the Life and Death Ring with?"

"Perhaps she has been working behind closed doors."

"Working behind closed doors? Haha... Who does she think she is? If her cultivation level could increase by kneeling in the room, then why do we still need to enter the sect? Might as well kneel at home. Isn't that better?"

This group of disciples did not conceal their dislike of Ye Qingtang, with their words covertly supporting Song Junqiu.

Song Junqiu was related to an inner sect elder, and thus, there were naturally benefits to be on his good side. Ye Qingtang was merely a disciple who just entered the inner sect and came from Lin Town, which no one had heard about. How could she be compared to Song Junqiu?

There were two groups of people: one who flattered the powerful and trampled on the humble, and the other who watched the bustle.

Song Junqiu listened to the discussions, and although he did not utter a word, he stuck his chin out, revealing his arrogant attitude as always.

“Senior Brother Song, if Ye Qingtang dares to come, just leave her to us. You don’t have to take the trouble to attack her,” said the other three disciples who were Song Junqiu’s partners-in-crime.

In their eyes, it was simply impossible for Ye Qingtang to win any one of them with her skills. Although Ye Qingtang did challenge the four of them, realistically speaking, she would probably not be able to even win against the first opponent.

Song Junqiu did not say anything. His eyes scanned the crowd, but Ye Qingtang was nowhere to be seen.

“The Life and Death Ring is about to start already. Why is Ye Qingtang still not here? Could she really be scared?”

“If she’s scared, wouldn’t she become a laughingstock in the inner sect from today on? She was the one who initiated the Life and Death Ring. She was so arrogant initially yet hiding in cowardice now. Does she still want her face?”

“Face? Do you think she wants her face or her life? If she really entered the Life and Death Ring, she would probably not be able to leave it alive.”

There was a clamor of discussions. Time passed, but Ye Qingtang was still nowhere to be seen. Then, everyone could not help but suspect if Ye Qingtang was really afraid and did not dare to meet for the challenge.

“Senior Brother Song, do you want to send someone to take a look?” One of the three disciples asked.

Song Junqiu waved a hand. Although he wanted to use this opportunity to kill Ye Qingtang on the Life and Death Ring, if Ye Qingtang did not have the courage to enter the ring and admitted defeat, there was no way he could force Ye Qingtang into the ring according to the rules.

It was all up to Ye Qingtang to decide whether to come or not.

However...

If she dared to stand up to them today, she would probably not be able to survive in the inner sect in the future.

If the elders heard that Ye Qingtang broke the agreement, her future prospects would basically be gone.

At that thought, Song Junqiu could not help but sneer.

The moment Ye Qingtang issued the challenge, she was destined to not have any way out.

As Song Junqiu guessed that Ye Qingtang would not appear today, there was suddenly a bustle in the crowd.

Three people walked into everyone’s sight, and the person in the lead was Ye Qingtang, whom everyone had been waiting for a long time!

Chapter 384: Come Up Together (2)

“Ye Qingtang... you really dared to come.” When Song Junqiu caught sight of Ye Qingtang, his lips tugged into a sneer, and a cold glint flashed across his eyes.

Since she was courting death, naturally, he was not going to be polite.

Ye Qingtang’s arrival instantly attracted everyone’s attention.

“Ye Qingtang really dared to come for the challenge? Does she not want her life anymore?”

“This junior sister is really bold...”

Under everyone’s eyes, Ye Qingtang walked to stand in front of the four people with Ni Shang and Fei Ying following behind her. When Ni Shang’s eyes landed on the four of them, a suppressed hatred emerged in her eyes.

“Junior Sister Ye, you made us wait for quite some time,” said Song Junqiu with a smile, though his raised brows and laughing eyes were proof of the smugness and sarcasm he felt at that very moment.

“Sorry for making you all wait for a long time.” Ye Qingtang smiled.

“It is about time. Do you still want to enter the Life and Death Ring, Junior Sister Ye?” Song Junqiu narrowed his eyes and spoke in a louder voice.

“Of course.” Ye Qingtang smiled faintly. Ni Shang tugged the hem of Ye Qingtang’s clothes worriedly, and Ye Qingtang slowly turned around. Pinching Ni Shang’s soft cheeks, she said softly, “Take a good look later.”

Ni Shang nodded nervously and finally released her grip.

After pacifying Ni Shang, Ye Qingtang took a leap and was the first to enter the Life and Death Ring!

“Which of us do you wish to challenge first?” Song Junqiu asked.

Her cold eyes glimpsed across the four people. Suddenly, her lips curled up, and she pointed in the direction of the four of them.

“There’s no need for sequence. You all can come up together.”

Everyone present was taken aback immediately.

What was Ye Qingtang saying?

She actually wanted to go against four people by herself at once?!

Was she insane!!

Ye Qingtang’s words stunned everyone.

They had seen people who did not want their lives anymore but not one who was so hurried to court death.

All four of them were at a higher level than she was, and she was probably not their opponent even in a one-to-one match, much less one-to-four.

She must really be tired of living!

Song Junqiu, similarly, had a surprised expression, but he returned to normal very quickly. "You wish to challenge the four of us at the same time?"

"Yes." Ye Qingtang replied without hesitation.

Looking at Ye Qingtang's behavior, a sarcastic look flashed across Song Junqiu's eyes. He exchanged a look with the other three people and announced. "Since it is Junior Sister Ye's request, we can only fulfill it."

Then, the four of them entered the ring.

Watching the five people on the Life and Death Ring, the onlooking disciples were instantly excited.

They originally thought that it was a match of which Ye Qingtang overestimated her abilities, but they did not expect it to actually develop to such a crazy state.

Not mentioning anything else, just Ye Qingtang's request to challenge four people by herself at once caused many to gasp.

"Do you want to bet? How long can Ye Qingtang last on the ring?" Some disciples joked around.

"At most one-fifth the time that an incense stick takes to burn."

"One-fifth? You really think highly of her. If it was one-to-one, perhaps she would be able to last that long, but now, she is dealing with all four of them!

Let's not talk about the other three for now, but Song Junqiu himself is famous for his underhand attacks. Previously, I've already heard that Song Junqiu once caused trouble for Ye Qingtang, but she landed him into trouble instead, and he was almost boxed by Feng Moli. With this chance, do you think Song Junqiu would let Ye Qingtang off so easily?"

Chapter 385: Come Up Together (3)

"There's such an incident?"

"Of course. If I were to say, Ye Qingtang would probably just die without being able to make a second move."

There was an eruption of messy discussions. Beside the ring, Fei Ying and Ni Shang's palms were sweaty from the nervousness. Everything they heard was unfavorable to Ye Qingtang, and while Ye Qingtang was set on entering the ring, they felt their hearts suspending in the air at that moment.

"Dear lord... I'm begging you... Please bless and protect Miss." Ni Shang clasped her hands near her lips and softly prayed to the heavens.

On the other hand, Fei Ying narrowed his eyes and glared at Song Junqiu and the other three on the ring. He clenched his fists quietly with an unusually baleful expression in his eyes.

If Miss was really defeated, he would definitely make the four of them pay with their blood!

On the ring, Song Junqiu and the other three wore a casual expression as they scanned Ye Qingtang quietly.

“Senior Brother Song, although Ye Qingtang overestimated her abilities, her looks... are really likable... It would really be a pity for her to die on the ring.” A disciple, who harbored evil designs on Ni Shang previously, had an evil thought after seeing Ye Qingtang’s stunning face.

“Even if it’s a pity, it can only be a pity. I don’t wish to see her stepping out of the ring alive today,” Song Junqiu said coldly.

Ye Qingtang damaged his reputation two consecutive times, and if he did not teach her a lesson, how was he to domineer the inner sect in the future?

With Song Junqiu’s words, the three disciples naturally knew how to act.

Song Junqiu looked up and straight at Ye Qingtang with a wicked gaze.

“Junior Sister Ye, you’re so courageous today, and we will naturally not be wet blankets. On the Life and Death Ring, it is up to fate whether one lives or dies. Take care, Junior Sister Ye.”

He quietly shot the three people a look, and they understood his meaning immediately. The four people separated out and trapped Ye Qingtang in the center of the ring from four corners.

There was a person at all four corners, trapping Ye Qingtang who was positioned in the center. Once the battle started, one could imagine how dangerous it would be when the four people attacked together.

“Song Junqiu indeed does not intend to go easy. I think Ye Qingtang really will die here this time.”

“Song Junqiu even brought the Glacial Frost Sword today. He did not intend to let Ye Qingtang off from the start.” A disciple’s sharp eyes noticed the sword hung on Song Junqiu’s waist.

“Glacial Frost Sword?”

“Song Junqiu brought this Glacial Frost Sword from his family clan. It is said that the sword is very expensive, and if placed in the Xuanming Pavilion, it would require sixty to seventy thousand Xuanming points to exchange for it.”

“I heard that the Glacial Frost Sword is not only extremely sharp but was also made using frozen iron and thus very sturdy. As long as you’re injured by the Glacial Frost Sword, the wound would be infected with ice poison immediately. Ye Qingtang is really dead this time...”

Song Junqiu had a prestigious background where his family clan possessed a strong influence. The Glacial Frost Sword in his hands was famous as well. Although it was not a top-grade divine weapon, it was still very powerful. With the ice poison attribute, its name was recorded in the weapons register.

Song Junqiu drew out his Glacial Frost Sword immediately, and cold air was emitted from the blade. He glanced at Ye Qingtang’s sword with a belittling expression.

That sheath was old and simple without any color. After taking a look, Song Junqiu raised a brow scornfully.

“Junior Sister Ye, draw your sword out.”

Chapter 386: Merely Like This (1)

Ye Qingtang’s eyes were narrowed as an evil smile played on her lips. She glanced at the four people and clasped on the handle of the sword quietly with her right hand but did not draw it out.

Song Junqiu saw that Ye Qingtang did not draw her sword out and smiled. “I’ve heard that Junior Sister Ye achieved a victory in the inner sect assessment just by the motion of drawing out a sword. It seems I can personally witness it today.”

The motion of drawing a sword required extreme speed and using all of one’s strength in the instant when the sword was unsheathed. The very essence laid in the moment the sword left its sheath.

That day, Ye Qingtang broke Ji Xianyuan’s defense with this move.

However...

There was a look of sarcasm in Song Junqiu’s eyes.

The sword in his hand was not an ordinary sword. Frozen iron was extremely strong, and ordinary weapons would definitely not be able to break it. Even if Ye Qingtang really knew how to use the motion of drawing a sword, there was no way it could break his Glacial Frost Sword!

Then, the four people exchanged a look and attacked almost at the same time. Four sharp swords aimed straight at Ye Qingtang, who was right in the center!

But when the four of them struck, Ye Qingtang did not react in the way one would usually do and instead closed her eyes and lowered her head slightly.

“What is she doing?” The disciples below the ring were shocked to see Ye Qingtang’s actions.

In face of four people striking at the same time, she did not hide or avoid and even displayed such composed posture. Wasn’t she heading for doom!

Ni Shang and Fei Ying were astounded as well. Seeing that the four swords were already right above Ye Qingtang’s head, their hearts raced furiously.

“Miss! Be careful!”

As Ni Shang cried in horror, Ye Qingtang suddenly opened her eyes. Her tiny frame moved slightly, and it was as though she turned into a stagger of countless shadows.

A glint flashed across her waist and became a whirlwind that swept all four sides!

Immediately, clanks rang in the air!

Song Junqiu and the other three disciples could not see Ye Qingtang's movement at all and could only feel pain in the palm where they held the sword. They instinctively withdrew backward.

A clattering of swords sounded subsequently.

What appeared before their eyes was...

Three broken swords laid on the wide ring!

"What happened?" The other three disciples were slightly startled, and it was only then they realized that their swords had actually broken. The tip of the swords fell near Ye Qingtang's legs.

How could this be!

Although their swords were not as impressive as the Glacial Frost Sword in Song Junqiu's hand, each one of them was priced above ten thousand Xuanming points.

They were clearly hard-earned swords, yet how could they actually be broken just like that!

In the center of the ring, an insolent and evil smile appeared on Ye Qingtang's exquisite face. She lifted her chin up and glanced at the broken swords in the three disciples' hands and then at the broken blades near her leg. "Senior brothers, your swords don't seem to be so good."

The three disciples' faces darkened, and they wanted to go forward instinctively, but this movement caused them to realize the piercing pain in their palm. They looked down at their palms and realized...

There was already a deep cut in their purlicue where their swords were held against. Gushes of blood dripped along the handle of the sword and onto the ground.

How could it be?

Chapter 387: Merely Like This (2)

Shock filled their faces.

Earlier on, they did not even manage to see how Ye Qingtang struck, and although they heard from Song Junqiu that Ye Qingtang knew the profound skill of the motion of drawing a sword, they were not too bothered with it.

After all, their skills overpowered Ye Qingtang's, and even if she used that move, it would definitely not be able to block one move from them.

But the three people were a little dumbfounded by everything that happened.

Four people attacked, and three swords were broken. Only Song Junqiu's Glacial Frost Sword did not have any traces of breaking.

However, Song Junqiu's expression was frighteningly dark at that moment. The blood that flowed out of his purlicue gradually stained the sword handle red, and there was actually a one-finger-wide dent on the blade of the Glacial Frost Sword that he took pride in!

“The Glacial Frost Sword is damaged? How is this possible?”

The surrounding disciples below the ring took in the scene with their mouths hung ajar.

Ye Qingtang actually used one move to break three weapons and damaged the Glacial Frost Sword. How bizarre was that?

Everyone’s eyes landed on the unattractive sword in Ye Qingtang’s hands. At that moment, the disciples realized that the ordinary-looking blade seemed to hold many stars which twinkled brightly under the scorching sun.

“What is the sword in Ye Qingtang’s hand? How could it actually damage the Glacial Frost Sword?”

“I’ve never seen it before...”

Song Junqiu narrowed his eyes. He initially thought that Ye Qingtang would die from this combined attack of four people, yet unexpectedly, he embarrassed himself instead. Clutching onto the handle of the Glacial Frost Sword, he looked at Ye Qingtang’s sword and spoke coldly. “Junior Sister Ye’s sword seems to have some background. I wonder what sword it is?”

Ye Qingtang’s lips curled into a seeming smile. “Demonic Blood Sword.”

“Demonic Blood Sword?” Song Junqiu frowned slightly.

He had heard of the Demonic Blood Sword before. It was a pretty good sword that was extremely sharp, and it emitted a demonic air. However, in terms of strength, it was completely incomparable to the Glacial Frost Sword. If the two swords clashed head-on, the broken sword would definitely be the Demonic Blood Sword.

However...

Currently, his Glacial Frost Sword was the one that was chipped off!

Song Junqiu felt that there was something odd about Ye Qingtang’s Demonic Blood Sword. They underestimated her previously and did not expect Ye Qingtang to have such a good sword. However...

They would not give Ye Qingtang a chance again.

“Your sword is pretty good, but... to win the ring, you can’t rely solely on a good sword,” Song Junqiu said coldly. He exchanged a look with the other three people and immediately charged towards Ye Qingtang with a sword.

This time, only Song Junqiu attacked while the other three stood aside without moving.

A scoff flashed across Ye Qingtang’s eyes, and her sneer deepened as Song Junqiu came nearer.

In just a moment, Song Junqiu and Ye Qingtang were in a tussle, and their combined breaths were like a whirlwind that caused turbulence the surrounding air.

Song Junqiu was currently stage three of the First Heaven. His attacks were violent, and he had frightening strength. He knew that there was something strange about Ye Qingtang’s Demonic Blood Sword and thus simply did not intend to fight with her using swords. Directly closing their distance

without giving Ye Qingtang a chance to escape, he directed energy into his palm and crashed his palm towards her forehead.

Ye Qingtang dodged swiftly and avoided Song Junqiu's slap.

Chapter 388: Merely Like This (3)

The wind from Song Junqiu's palm attack passed Ye Qingtang and crashed on the edge of the ring.

With a loud boom, the sturdy ring was shattered by the wind of his attack, kicking up a storm of dust.

If his palm landed on Ye Qingtang, her internal organs and even bones would probably be crushed.

Song Junqiu fought with Ye Qingtang continuously. Vicious expressions appeared in the eyes of the three disciples who stood at three different locations. Then, with full concentration, they directed their energy, and a rush of spirit energy spread around them, forming into the shape of three huge dragons in midair!

Immediately, the three people attacked at the same instant, and the three huge dragons in the sky crashed straight into the center of the ring.

Song Junqiu took notice of the rapidly-descending illusory dragons from the corner of his eye. He sneered and immediately withdrew backward.

"Junior Sister Ye, take care..." Song Junqiu scoffed and was already a few steps away from Ye Qingtang the instant the three huge dragons were about to crash on her.

A rumble suddenly boomed in the air. Under the impact of the huge force, the entire ring was smashed into pieces. As spiderweb-like cracks spread all over the ring and clouds of dust were stirred up, dragon roars sounded one after another. The dust obstructed everyone's vision.

"Illusion of the Dragon's Breath? Are Song Junqiu and the rest crazy?!!" The onlooking disciples were astonished by the three illusory dragons.

This was one of the inner sect's cultivation techniques and was extremely lethal. No one expected that they would actually use such a move on Ye Qingtang.

"Exactly how much does Song Junqiu want to kill Ye Qingtang?"

As dust flew around the place, a vicious glint twinkled in Song Junqiu's eyes. The three disciples had already walked to his side, and the four partners-in-crime watched the dusty haze before them.

"Senior Brother Song, Ye Qingtang is really dead this time," a disciple said with a laugh.

Song Junqiu replied. "Since this is what she chose, she can't blame anyone. The winner is set. We can leave already."

The three disciples nodded slightly. The combined attack of three disciples who were at stage two of the First Heaven definitely was not what Ye Qingtang, who was at stage one of the First Heaven, could block.

They were certain that Ye Qingtang would die without a doubt and immediately prepared to leave the ring with Song Junqiu.

When they reached the edge of the ring, the three sharp-eyed disciples saw Ni Shang, who blanked out below the ring with tears in her eyes.

“Little beauty... I’m afraid your Miss is dead this time. What is the point of doing this? If only you obediently submitted to us, you would not cause her to have such an ending. She is already dead now, and no one will be able to protect you anymore. Wait for us alright,” those three disciples said insolently with despicable laughs.

One of them even bent forward and wanted to touch Ni Shang’s face.

Fei Ying hurriedly pulled Ni Shang behind him to protect her.

But just as that disciple stretched his hand out, a cold glint suddenly shot out from the storm of dust. With a flash, a shrill cry escaped from the mouth of that frivolous disciple!

The twinkling Demonic Blood Sword was stuck straight at the edge of the ring with traces of blood on it.

The hand that wanted to fool around with Ni Shang fell on the ring, and large gushes of blood jetted out from the disciple’s broken arm!

“My hand!!”

“You want to touch my person? You don’t have the ability to so.” An icy cold voice suddenly sounded from the center of the ring.

Chapter 389: Receive Your Death (1)

Alarmed, Song Junqiu and the rest turned around instinctively.

What appeared before them was a black shadow that suddenly flew out from the dust at such a rapid speed that they could not react in time.

The black shadow was like a force of evil. Accompanied by a cold glint, the shadow directly scurried to the side of those three disciples.

Before the three people could take a good look at the opposing party’s face, a sharp pain spread from their throats.

They wiped the spot instinctively but touched a warm liquid!

Before they returned to their senses, scarlet blood immediately spattered out from the cut on their throats and showered everywhere like a blood rain!

Everything happened merely in the blink of an eye. It was utter silence.

A fair hand silently plucked out the Demonic Blood Sword that was stuck on the edge of the ring. Against the splattering blood, Ye Qingtang’s devilish smile entered everyone’s eyes.

With three thuds, the three disciples whose necks were slit collapsed on the ground. They held on to the cut on their necks tightly, but blood never stopped flowing no matter how they tried to stop it.

Ye Qingtang swept a look across the three bastards with laughter in her eyes. When she caught sight of Ni Shang and Fei Ying, she could not help but smile.

“What are you crying for? Am I not well and alive?” Ye Qingtang looked at Ni Shang, whose face was full of tear stains, and threw a handkerchief over. “Wipe your tears away. Watch how these three people die.”

Ni Shang frantically caught the handkerchief and widened her eyes. Surprise and elation filled her eyes when she saw Ye Qingtang standing in the ring.

Miss is alright!

Miss is really alright!

Ye Qingtang turned around and looked at Song Junqiu, the only one out of the four who was still standing on the ring.

At that moment, Song Junqiu’s face was already covered in blood splatters. Below the blood, there was nothing but shock in his sinister eyes.

“Why... Why didn’t you die?!” Song Junqiu looked at Ye Qingtang in disbelief, completely unable to believe that Ye Qingtang was not at all injured from three attacks of the Illusory of the Dragon’s Breath!

“Die?” Ye Qingtang raised a brow, and her smile deepened. “How can three people at a mere stage two of the First Heaven be able to injure me?”

“What do you mean?” Uneasiness suddenly crept up in Song Junqiu’s heart.

Three people at a mere stage two of the First Heaven?

How could Ye Qingtang say this?

She was clearly only at stage one of the First Heaven!

Ye Qingtang did not reply to Song Junqiu and only looked down as she wiped the blood off the Demonic Blood Sword. Without even lifting an eye, she uttered emotionlessly. “I originally intended to play with you all for a while more, but you all dared to touch my person and courted death yourselves. I’m afraid I don’t have that good of a temper to allow you all to live any longer.”

Terror filled Song Junqiu.

The instant Ye Qingtang finished her sentence, she suddenly struck. Her method of attack was completely different this time. In a split second, the Demonic Blood Sword was already blanketed in a scarlet sword aura!

In just a moment’s time, there was a reverse in the offense and defense. Song Junqiu lifted his sword in a flurry in an attempt to block Ye Qingtang’s attack.

The two swords clashed loudly. Sparks flew. Nervousness was nowhere to be seen on Ye Qingtang's face, which only had a smile blooming on her lips. On the other hand, Song Junqiu's forehead was already covered with sweat, and the arm that held the sword was already numb from the impact.

Chapter 390: Receive Your Death (2)

"What's going on? Ye Qingtang's attack completely changed?" The onlooking disciples who were still in a state of shock finally returned to their senses, but what they saw caused their jaws to drop in astonishment again.

On the ring, Song Junqiu was forced to retreat with every move by Ye Qingtang. Protecting himself was already a problem, much less fighting back.

"Impossible! Song Junqiu is at stage three of the First Heaven and is only a step away from the Second Heaven. To win him, one must reach the realm of the Second Heaven..."

"Could it be that... Ye Qingtang is already at Second Heaven of Martial Qi Level One?!!"

Exclamations erupted in the crowd.

Is this a joke?

How long did Ye Qingtang enter the inner sect for?

Ten days ago, she was only at stage one of the First Heaven. On what basis could she advance three realms and reach the Second Heaven in such a short span of time?

She can't be supernatural, can she!

While the disciples found these guesses hard to believe, the scene of Song Junqiu being overpowered fell into their eyes clearly, and they could only acknowledge their guesses however unwilling they were.

On the ring, Song Junqiu completely panicked. The three disciples had already died, and the smell of blood that diffused in the air provoked his nerves. Ye Qingtang was like a demon that crawled out from hell, and her every move was nothing but violent and simply not what he could block.

How could this be...

How could Ye Qingtang's skills improve so greatly in such a short span of time!

Song Junqiu was truly flustered. At that instant, his previous insolence and arrogance were long gone. Large drops of sweat trickled down from his forehead continuously, and a chill ran through his body.

He was not Ye Qingtang's opponent.

When this thought appeared in Song Junqiu's mind, he was engulfed by an invisible fear. Goosebumps rose as he looked at Ye Qingtang, who was smiling sinisterly.

Ye Qingtang wanted to kill him!

Song Junqiu was so terrified that cold sweat trickled down profusely. He clearly felt Ye Qingtang's intention to kill him.

Song Junqiu, who realized he was not Ye Qingtang's opponent, was alarmed. He forced Ye Qingtang back two steps with difficulty with all his might, and using the time she was pushed back, he turned around and leaped down from the edge of the ring.

On the Life and Death Ring, death was determined by destiny.

To live, the only way was to flee from the ring. As long as he was off the ring, Ye Qingtang could no longer murder him!

Song Junqiu's mind was madly filled with the thought of escaping for his life. At that very instant, he could no longer care about his reputation and dashed down the ring like a berserk dog. In the flurry, he suddenly saw the warden with whom he had friendly relations coincidentally passing by the ring and screamed shamelessly, "Warden Song, save me!"

Warden Song turned around at the sound and was astonished to see Song Junqiu fleeing from the ring in a panic.

What was going on?

Previously, he did hear Song Junqiu mention that he was going to enter the ring with a disciple who just entered the inner sect. Since the opponent was only at stage one of the First Heaven, he was not concerned, yet unexpectedly...

Such a scene would actually play out before him.

As Song Junqiu called Warden Song for help, a glint shot straight towards him!

Song Junqiu was only one step away from leaving the ring, yet this one step could not be crossed no matter how!

The Demonic Blood Sword already pierced through his shoulder and locked him right on the pillar at the edge of the ring.