

The Good 531

Chapter 531: Inter-academy Tournament (21)

A disguised Shen Yanxiao entered the venue with her group companions. Soon, the four of them found front row seats while the other spectators were engrossed in their conversations.

“There are over two thousand participants, how many days will this take?” Shen Yanxiao propped her jaw. She was shocked when she learned the number of participants in the tournament.

The inter-academy tournament would start with a one-on-one qualifying round, and there were more than two thousand participants. Even if there were 60 arenas, the competition would never reach the finals in a day or two.

“Time is not of importance. The later the final round, the more advantageous it is for you. You’ll need to observe all the competitions from those six professions. Pay attention to each of the professions’ characteristics and attack methods. That would be good for your future battles.” Yun Qi chuckled as he knew that his little disciple itched for a fight.

Even though Shen Yanxiao was talented, she was still very young. Yun Qi hoped that she could learn more about the strength and weaknesses of other various professions so that she would win the finals.

“I understand.” Shen Yanxiao nodded. She knew that Yun Qi had her best interest at heart.

On the contrary, the Vermilion Bird and Lan Fengli were not interested in the competition.

Lan Fengli was quite obedient. He sat by Shen Yanxiao’s side quietly and kept his gaze on her. It was as if the surrounding crowd was just an illusion.

However, the Vermilion Bird was extremely restless. He blinked his black eyes that had been dyed with magic as he looked back and forth at the crowd.

“Hmm... Junior Magus? Garbage.”

“Advanced Priest? Trash!”

“Great Magus? Tsk...”

Bang!

“Qiu?” The Little Phoenix tilted its head and stood on the Vermilion Bird’s head. It had curiosity written on its face as its large eyes looked as if they were about to pop.

The Vermilion Bird’s eyes welled as he held onto his head after Shen Yanxiao’s fist knocked on it. He looked at his abusive master.

“Why did you hit me?” Could he not look at other people?

Shen Yanxiao glared at him with a look that said, ‘you looked like you needed a beating’.

The Vermilion Bird could not understand why she would hit him when he did not do anything wrong.

Shen Yanxiao could not restrain herself when the Vermilion Bird looked down on those from the Advanced Magus and Advanced Archer professions as she was also part of them.

“Sister, will you be competing here in a few days’ time too?” Lan Fengli blinked his lipid eyes as he innocently looked at Shen Yanxiao.

“Yes.” Shen Yanxiao nodded. After their interaction for the past few days, she had successfully turned Lang Fengli into an adorable pet. Furthermore, she was also accustomed to his behavior.

An adorable yet arrogant mythical beast called her master all day long, and another beautiful and innocent young man called her sister with a soft voice.

Shen Yanxiao felt as if her life was full of ups and downs!

“Sister, what will you be competing in? Can Xiao Feng help?” The adorable killing god had an innocent face as he asked that. He did not know which profession Shen Yanxiao would compete in, but he wanted to help her and increase his sense of presence in her heart.

He was like an adorable pet that would wag its tail for love and food.

He was more like Shen Yanxiao’s contracted beast than the Vermilion Bird.

Shen Yanxiao looked at Lan Fengli with a calm expression. Then she stroked his head as complicated emotions surfaced in her eyes.

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Would she have a killing god, who had merged seven different powers into himself, participate in the tournament?

A massacre scene with a river of blood and a fight to the death suddenly swirled Shen Yanxiao’s mind.

If that were to happen, she believed she would not be the champion of the inter-school tournament. Instead, she would be the target of the entire Longxuan Empire!

“There’s no need for that. I can do it myself,” Shen Yanxiao said with a serious tone.

The Vermilion Bird and Lan Fengli turned around obediently, but there were several gazes from the people around them.

No one would look twice at Shen Yanxiao and Yun Qi, but the Vermilion Bird and Lan Fengli had notable appearances. Shen Yanxiao had wanted them to wear a disguise, but the Vermilion Bird refused to budge. Lang Fengli acted as if she had mistreated him when he saw the mask in her hand. Shen Yanxiao could not bear to do that to him.

Finally, she agreed for them to head out in their own look.

The delicate Vermilion Bird, the handsome and fair Lan Fengli, and the incredibly adorable Little Phoenix instantly struck the hearts of all female creatures around them.

Burning gazes kept their looks on the three of them. If it were not for Yun Qi, the esteemed old man by their side, those female creatures would have already rushed to them and ravaged them a few hundred times.

Soon, the seats around them started to fill up as more people arrived at the stadium.

A moment later, the bell rang to indicate the start of the tournament, and the noisy stadium immediately silenced.

An old man in long robes walked to the center of the stadium. As he looked at the silent crowd around him, he said, "This year's Longxuan Empire's Inter-Academy Tournament will begin soon. During the next few days, young talents from various academies will engage in intense battles for themselves and the academies they represent. It is not only about your personal honor, but your entire academy's as well. After the tournament starts, the venue for each profession's matches will simultaneously hold ten competitions for the preliminary round. It is the survival of the fittest where the winner would proceed, and the loser would be eliminated. The preliminary round is divided into six stages, and ultimately, the top five contestants from each profession will be selected to have a rematch amongst themselves. After the rematch, the most outstanding contestant from each profession would be selected to participate in the final round."

Six major professions, six preliminary rounds, and 360 competitions would have to occur before they could get the qualifications to enter the final round.

The tournament's intensity was on a different level, and all the spectators in the venue had to hold their breath. They looked forward to the great and exciting matches and hoped that it would begin as quickly as possible.

"Without further ado, would all contestants please come onto the stage to draw your lots. There will be two different sessions for today's tournament, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon. Contestants who had no matches today are allowed to leave the stadium."

Then, the participants entered the venue and went to their various professions areas to draw lots.

Shen Yanxiao propped her chin as her gaze swept across the dense crowd before she found four familiar silhouettes.

On the Magus stage, Qi Xia stood rather still as he lazily narrowed his eyes.

Yan Yu quietly waited for his turn at the Priest area, and he looked quite indifferent. It was as if he was not there for a fight.

Yang Xi was in the Knight section. He had his hands crossed, and his tall and slender figure stood out among the crowd of students.

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As for Tang Nazhi, he was in the Swordsman area...

Shen Yanxiao quirked her eyebrows in doubt. He seemed to be absent-minded; it was as if he was searching for someone. He took advantage of his height and started to look around the crowd.

“Idiot.” Shen Yanxiao chuckled. Even though she was unhappy that Tang Nazhi had hidden things from her, she was genuinely happy to see him in a position that belonged to him.

After they drew their respective numbers, Yan Yu, Yang Xi, and Tang Nazhi left the stadium as their matches were not held that morning.

Only Qi Xia remained in the venue.

When the tournament officially began, two contestants with an extremely solemn expression went to the arena. They stood quietly before each other as they waited for the bell to ring.

A referee stood by each arena stage, and three medical teams were in every corner to prevent any death or injury in the tournament.

“Isn’t that the young master from the Qilin family?” The surrounding spectators had recognized Qi Xia.

In one of the Magus’ arena, Qi Xia leisurely stood opposite a young magus, and his handsome face looked quite sleepy. His eyes drooped as if he was only half-awake.

“Ha! This is worth it! I didn’t expect to see such a heavyweight in the first match!”

“I really pity the magus set against him. It’s too tragic to fight against Qi Xia!”

Before the match even began, the majority of the attention was directed to Qi Xia.

With the Qilin family’s name and the label of a genius magus, Qi Xia soon became the main focus of the entire stadium.

“Sister, is that brother very powerful?” Lan Fengli asked as he looked at Qi Xia with an expression of puzzlement.

Shen Yanxiao stroked her chin and thought, ‘This is really hard to answer.’

However, a young lady nearby indulged in Lan Fengli’s curiosity.

“Of course he’s powerful! Little Brother, have you never heard of Qi Xia’s name? He is the Qilin family’s third young master, famous for his innate magic ability.” That young lady explained excitedly as if she could not imagine Lan Fengli’s ignorance.

Lan Fengli looked at the excited young lady and subconsciously shrunk to Shen Yanxiao’s side and softly said, “I didn’t know.”

“You’re still a kid. The swordsman and magus professions are two of the most powerful and prosperous professions in our Longxuan Empire. Qi Xia is the most famous magus from the younger generation of magi. He was already an intermediate magus before he reached adulthood, and no one knows how far he has improved. Most people are sure that he has already reached the standards of an advanced magus!”

If he broke through to advanced magus at the age of 16, then he might already be at the standard of an advanced peak magus. He had talents that could only be described as rarely seen in a century!

Lan Fengli nodded as if he had understood. He looked at Shen Yanxiao before he lowered his head and muttered, "My sister is also very powerful."

When the young lady heard his boast about his sister, she snorted with disapproval, but she felt strange about it. There were no females around them, so why did he continuously mention a sister?

"Let's watch the match." Shen Yanxiao smiled gently. She was curious to see the crafty fox's skills.

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Qi Xia had always behaved lazily. He did not even display his full strength when he had his class allocation examination.

"Teacher, do you know at which stage a magus can cast magic without chanting?" Shen Yanxiao suddenly recalled Qi Xia's strange behavior in the class allocation examination, and she was suddenly curious about it.

Yun Qi furrowed his eyebrows and said, "Without chanting? A magus' skills would require a short chanting period, but skilled teachers can shorten the chanting time. However, probably only a Great Archmagus like Ouyang Huanyu can cast magic without chanting."

Great Archmagus?

Qi Xia was a Great Archmagus?

Shen Yanxiao blinked her eyes as if she could not believe it.

A sixteen-year-old Great Archmagus?

It was no longer about whether he was a genius or an abnormal person; he was basically a god!

Even though Qi Xia was powerful, Shen Yanxiao did not think he could rival Ouyang Huanyu. He could not be a Great Arch Magus; it was impossible!

Since she could not get any leads from the no-chant issue, Shen Yanxiao decided not to think about it.

The tournament had begun right at that moment.

The stadium's 360 arenas started in full swing when the bell rang.

Dazzling magic flashed continuously in the Magus arena; they were similar to brilliant fireworks that looked gorgeous. In the Swordsman arena, sword auras shone like rainbows, and furious animal-like shouts accompanied by the friction of swords resounded throughout the venue.

As for the Archer arena, arrows descended one after another like rain, and the contestants' agile silhouettes formed as they scurried in their attacks.

The magi, swordsmen, and archers' battles were exceptionally intense as if bloodshed could happen at any point in time.

Compared to them, the knights and priests' battles were much quieter.

However, none of those fights affected a certain someone in the arena.

Qi Xia stood lazily in the arena with a beautiful staff in his hand. He looked frozen to the spot as if he had no intention to launch an attack.

The young magus opposite Qi Xia was from an average academy. When he realized that his opponent was the genius magus, Qi Xia, he nearly screamed to the sky, "Oh, heavens, why do you tease me so?"

Qi Xia remained motionless, and that young magus followed suit. Even though he was the top student in his academy, it was merely an average school. If he were to enter the Saint Laurent Academy's Magus Division, he might not even make it onto the top ten list.

Furthermore, his opponent was the top student from Saint Laurent Academy's Magus Division, Qi Xia.

As time went by, the people who focused on Qi Xia's match felt restless at a standstill, and so they shifted their attention to other matches.

Qi Xia acted as if nothing was wrong if he did not attack or utter a single word.

His behavior caused his opponent to feel so anxious that his body was covered with cold sweat. He had such a famous opponent that the young magi had to withstand such immense pressure.

He was prepared to be instantly eliminated by Qi Xia, but that beast remained motionless for so long that his adversary was surrounded by fear and tension.

That was even more cruel than if he were to defeat him!

The young magi felt like he wanted to cry when Qi Xia remained motionless and did not attack him.

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He did not want to run to Qi Xia and asked him to hit and abuse him.

'Come on and hit me! Please hit me! I beg you; please hit me!'

Those pleas played out in the young magi's mind hundreds of times.

Finally, Qi Xia moved!

He moved!

A charmingly evil smile blossomed on the corner of his lips as Qi Xia slowly raised his head to look at his nervous opponent.

"Are you afraid?" A dull voice echoed from Qi Xia.

The young magi nodded stiffly.

Qi Xia quirked his lips and spoke with a charming voice. "Yes, I like to fight with those who are afraid."

Before he completed his sentence, a Blizzard spell immediately covered the entire arena. In the blink of an eye, the nervous and fearful young man had turned into a block of crystal clear ice while he stood upright.

The audience who waited for a good show turned speechless.

Shen Yanxiao also had no words.

Third Young Master Qi Xia yawned and looked at the transfixed referee.

“Have I won?”

The referee looked at Qi Xia with a widened mouth. The young man was in perfect condition, and then he looked at that ‘ice sculpture’ that glistened under the sun. He gulped, and with great difficulty, he said, “Saint Laurent Academy’s representative, Qi Xia, has won.”

Qi Xia leisurely walked down the arena and left the venue as horrific gazes concentrated on him.

All the spectators felt as if they wanted to flip the table.

Was that a joke?

Had the match ended just like that?

Qi Xia had won the match in ten seconds!

There was not a single chant; he merely waved his staff lightly and then...

Had he won?

Was that an effort to fool the crowd? Everyone wanted to complain about it!

Even though the Blizzard spell’s visual impact was shocking, the duration was too short, and most of the crowd had no time to react before the match had ended.

Some of them did not even notice that Qi Xia had waved his staff and chanted!

“Xiaoxiao, did you ask me that previous question because of this kid?” Yun Qi narrowed his eyes as he looked at Qi Xia. He had associated Shen Yanxiao’s question with that kid, and he could confirm that her question was about Qi Xia.

“Yea. Teacher, do you think that he’s a Great Archmagus?” Shen Yanxiao had no intention to conceal anything, and so she asked a direct question.

Yun Qi pondered for a moment before he said, “This youth’s talent in magic is indeed shocking. Even though I’m not a magus, warlock and magus have the same origins that stem from magic. I can sense the dense magic aura in his Blizzard spell, but I don’t think he has the strength of a Great Archmagus. Even though he is very outstanding, he has yet to reach a standard that could defy the heavens.”

Yun Qi analyzed Qi Xia based on his life’s experience.

“Even though he’s not a Great Archmagus, his strength is near the level of an Archmagus, and it is only a matter of time before he advances to a Great Archmagus. I didn’t expect to see a youth with such shocking strength after so many years. If I am right, he would be the one representing the magi in the final round. You would have to face him then. He is a powerful opponent, so you’ll have to be careful. The explosive power of a magus is very strong, and since he does not need to chant, you might fall into his trap if you are careless. If he could land an attack, he could kill you instantly.” Yun Qi was worried about Shen Yanxiao. The progress of youths had far exceeded his expectations.

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“ ... ”

Be careful of Qi Xia? Belittle her opponent? Shen Yanxiao looked into the distance and thought about the matter. Even though she did not know Qi Xia's level of progress, she knew that she could swipe his staff in an instant if she wanted to do that.

He might not need to chant to cast a spell, but Shen Yanxiao wondered if he could still cast an attack without the staff.

Qi Xia was on his way back to the spectators' area when he felt a chill down his back. He frowned.

The match between Qi Xia and his opponent had an abrupt start and end.

The audiences had yet to have their fill of the match, and some even felt that it was a fraud, but they could only shift their attention to the other matches.

Except for Qi Xia's match and a few dozen others, the rest of the matches were still running.

After half an hour, they had confirmation for all the winners of the matches.

The first batch of participants from all professions was eliminated, and the rest continued to engage in fierce fights.

There were 307 participants from each profession, and every round was divided into ten matches. It would take about 16 rounds in a day before the first round of the preliminaries.

Groups of contestants entered the arena continuously, and the matches continued to start.

Shen Yanxiao observed those contestants' performance quietly as she listened to Yun Qi's explanation of each profession's advantages and disadvantages against warlocks.

The warlocks were not a dangerous profession, and all their curses were used to control their opponents.

However, those from powerful professions would never give the warlocks any opportunities to cast any curses.

In terms of each profession's characteristics, the knights and priests did not have any powerful attacks, but they were the cause of most headaches for the warlocks. The former possessed high defenses, and even if the curses could temporarily control their opponent, it would take a long time to defeat them on singular curses. Furthermore, singular curses would consume a warlock's magical reserves, and therefore, they could not endure a prolonged match.

The latter was the warlocks' nemesis. Priests had the ability to bless and heal, and they were the most troublesome profession for the warlocks. A priest could often dispel a warlock's curses with a blessing, and they could also heal a delaying curse like the Corrosive curse.

The swordsmen possessed high attack speed and top defenses, too, though not as exaggerated as the knights. The warlocks could still cast a curse to control their speed and then fight against them.

Even though the archers' explosive ability fell short when compared to the magi, they do not require any chant to launch an attack. Their flexible mobility and long-range strikes could effectively prevent a warlock from getting close to them.

As for magi, everyone thought they were the most explosive profession, but Yun Ai ranked them last.

All magi needed to chant their spells, and that would give the warlocks a chance to attack their opponents.

As for the herbalists...

Experts from that profession had no combat abilities, and thus, Yun Qi did not even mention them.

After she listened to Yun Qi's analysis, Shen Yanxiao felt a little depressed. It seemed like all professions could restrain warlocks; no wonder people labeled warlocks as shady. They would have no chance to win against their opponent in face-to-face combat.

They are unable to defeat those with high defenses, nor reach those with low defenses.

Therefore, they could only bully the herbalists who could not fight.

"Actually, the strength of a warlock will truly shine after they advance to a Summoner. The early stages are mainly for accumulation. Accumulation..." When he saw how her expression darkened with every passing second, Yun Qi hastily amended his sentences to appease her.

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Shen Yanxiao's expression was filled with disbelief, so Yun Qi could only change the topic.

The exceptionally lively preliminary rounds finally ended after six long days, and the majority of the contestants were eliminated. Only 30 contestants from the six major professions managed to get to the rematch round in the end.

So, the semi-final round, which was the peak of the inter-academy tournament, had begun.

Representatives of various influential families had also begun to frequent the stadium as they intended to look for youths with potential.

It was no surprise that the four heartless beasts of Phantom had successfully entered the semi-final round.

Except for the unlucky herbalist who was there to fill the slot, all five students from the Saint Laurent Academy had won their matches. Meng Yiheng even won one of the top positions in the Archer's arena.

After six days of continuous battles, the crowd saw many talented contestants, including Shen Yanxiao's four heartless comrades.

Whether it was Qi Xia who instantly defeated the other contestants, or Yang Xi who eliminated his opponents with the blink of an eye, or Yan Yu, a priest who fought like a magus, or even Tang Nazhi who still managed to defeat his opponent while he was absent-minded, the four friends became everyone's focus of at inter-academy tournament.

Everyone was sure that those four youths would make it to the final round as their strength had far exceeded those who were their age.

Their heaven-defying talents had left the spectators tongue-tied.

All four of them were from powerful aristocratic families of the Longxuan Empire, so no one would question their strength or the strength of their families. Everyone expected one of them to win the tournament.

Shen Yanxiao sat in the stadium for the seventh time as she spectated the last round of the semi-finals.

Everyone cheered for her four friends as they won their respective matches. However, Meng Yiheng, the top student from Saint Laurent Academy's Archer Division, had lost to an opponent from a lower-ranked academy. It was beyond everyone's expectations.

"The final round is the day after tomorrow, and it looks like you don't have simple opponents." Yun Qi was worried. The six participants were strong in every aspect, and the slightly weaker one was that unknown archer.

Once again, everyone had overlooked the herbalists.

"As expected, the descendants from the five great aristocratic families are not your average joes. What a coincidence! With you in the final round, all five families have their representative here."

"Yes, that would seem like the case." Shen Yanxiao nodded.

"Are you confident about your chances?" Yun Qi asked.

"More or less." Shen Yanxiao decided to be ambiguous.

She had not had an opportunity to fight her friends. She had also used underhanded means when she fought with Tang Nazhi the previous time.

Shen Yanxiao had her own plans for the inter-academy tournament.

Yun Qi hoped that she could regain honor for the warlocks, but Shen Yanxiao knew that they used cruel curses in their attacks and so it would be difficult to convince everyone else. If she used the same attacks she used on Tang Nazhi, then that would not display the warlocks' prowess. On the contrary, the people in the Brilliance Continent would only regard the warlocks as a shady profession.

Therefore, she had to win the tournament, and she would have to win fairly!

She wanted to face the enemy head on and use her strength to tell the world that the warlocks were a powerful profession.

She would have to use her own methods to let the warlocks rejoin society!

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After the semi-final round ended, those qualified for the finals had a day off so that they could recover their strength to prepare for the battle.

However, another critical news spread during the semi-finals.

They had seven contestants for the final round, and one of them was a warlock, a profession that disappeared from the Brilliance Continent for ages!

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That news was like a nuclear bomb. All the conversations were about the warlocks who had advanced to the final round. The people in the Brilliance Continent had despised the warlocks since a long time ago. None of those in that profession had appeared before the masses since then.

No one had expected a warlock to appear in the inter-academy tournament. Troublemakers started to ask about the warlock and their academy as well. They wanted to know who would dare to sign a warlock for the competition.

Ultimately, they found out that the warlock was from the Saint Laurent Academy, but no one knew their identity. The academy had maintained a silent stance in that issue, so not a single piece of news had been leaked out to the spectators.

The mysterious and dangerous warlock had become the most popular topic of the day at Blizzard City.

The students and teachers from different divisions in the Saint Laurent Academy felt wronged. They did not deliberately conceal any information as they did not even know anything about the warlock. Ouyang Huanyu made the arrangement, so none of them had any idea about it.

However, who would know of their sufferings?

Ouyang Huanyu also felt that everyone had falsely accused him. He was not tight-lipped; he did not know where the little warlock had come from, and he had not even met the fellow.

He was kept so out of the loop that he did not know if Yun Qi would bring his mysterious student to the final round in the tournament.

While Ouyang Huanyu was nervous about that, Yun Qi found him and informed him that his student would represent the Saint Laurent Academy's Warlock Division in the final round. However, he did not explain anything else.

Ouyang Huanyu finally relaxed and secretly complained about Yun Qi's methods. It was already the last day before the final round, and yet that old man still concealed his student's identity.

Even so, it would be impossible to further hide his student's identity in the final round.

Ouyang Huanyu knew that Yun Qi had been distressed by the warlocks' decline for a long time, and he had always looked forward to the resurgence of the warlock's profession in society. That was why he had stubbornly guarded every inch of the Warlock Division.

The inter-academy tournament meant a lot to Yun Qi, and he would not give up on an opportunity for the warlocks to regain their fame.

Ouyang Huanyu only needed to wait and see the warlock when they appeared in the final round!

At the same time, Shen Jiayi was in bed with a copper mirror in her hands. Her red and swollen eyes stared at her bald head in the mirror; her eyes revealed shame and resentment.

When she woke up seven days ago, she was stupefied when she saw her bed was covered in hair.

However, there was not a single strand of hair on her head, and even her eyebrows were shaved clean.

Shen Jiayi had always been proud of her beautiful appearance, so she could not take such a setback. So, she remained locked up in her room as she did not want anyone to see her appearance.

“Sister, the final round is tomorrow. Don’t you want to take a look?” As the only person who had seen Shen Jiayi’s miserable appearance, he cautiously sat on the chair as he did not dare to look at the bed.

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“Go? How am I supposed to go?! Are you saying that I should meet people like this!?” Shen Jiayi threw the copper mirror in her hands at Shen Jiawei.

He ducked the item and looked at Shen Jiayi with a gloomy expression.

“Who was it? Who was the culprit?! I will turn them into mincemeat!” The more she thought about it, the more aggrieved she felt. How did she end up like that after one night of sleep? Her bald head reminded her of when she was set on fire inside Shen Yanxiao’s room. Her black and silky hair was burnt, and she did not think she would have the same experience again. She could not accept that reality.

“I’ve already sent someone to inform Father. He will find the culprit for you. Qi Xia and the others would participate in tomorrow’s finals, and one of them should be the champion. Don’t you want to be there to congratulate them?” Shen Jiawei asked.

Shen Jiayi bit her lips. She was even more annoyed when her brother mentioned Qi Xia and the rest.

She was someone who was like a moon with a myriad of stars that surrounded her, and yet she did not dare to take a single step outside. She was afraid that if those handsome youths saw her unsightly appearance, it would destroy their image of her in their hearts.

However, Shen Jiawei made sense too. With their talents, one of them would be the champion in the final round.

It was a critical moment for her to display her sincerity, and would it not be a waste if she were to miss out on that?

Shen Jiayi believed that their care and concern for her was because of their affection for her. She was hesitant to decide who she should ‘accept’ because she wanted to see who would win the inter-academy tournament. She wanted to choose a champion.

After some hesitation, Shen Jiayi reluctantly said, “Head to the Blizzard City and purchase some disguise items. You should know what to buy, and I’ll tell father if you don’t do well.”

Shen Jiawei opened his mouth like a fish but ultimately did not dare to say anything else.

Ever since Shen Jiayi was on close terms with Qi Xia and his friends, Shen Yue had valued her more, and so she would frequently step on her brother. As someone who did not dare to disobey Shen Jiayi in the

past, it was natural that he did not dare to say much and could only obediently follow Shen Jiayi's orders to go to the Blizzard City.

When she was in the room by herself, Shen Jiayi took a deep breath. In her opinion, Qi Xia and Tang Nazhi were most likely to win, and therefore, she had been exceptionally friendly to both of them during that period.

However, she was more inclined toward Qi Xia. His seductive laziness was like an addictive poppy flower that she could not resist.

Even though Tang Nazhi had some strong points, he did not have Qi Xia's elegance. She thought that all four of them were interested in her, and she had the right to choose between them.

The four friends had gathered after the semi-finals.

"Do you think Xiaoxiao will appear tomorrow?" Tang Nazhi slumped on the table and asked gloomily.

"Well, she's here, so she will definitely appear. Didn't you hear the announcement earlier? A warlock will join tomorrow's finals. How many warlocks do you think you can find in the Brilliance Continent?" Qi Xia smiled; he was not worried.

"We'll have to fight her tomorrow?" Tang Nazhi furrowed his eyebrows. He was not stressed about competing against the other three men, but to fight with Shen Yanxiao...

No matter how he imagined it, it was still uncomfortable.

If they had to share an arena, then Tang Nazhi felt he would be a target.

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All four of them were not interested in the championship title and as for the territorial rights in the Forsaken Land...

It was merely a joke to let those four well-off young masters develop a city in that remote and desolate land.

"We'll talk more at that time," Qi Xia declined to comment.

So, the other three did not say anything else.

A day passed by in the blink of an eye. Sunlight sprinkled on the land as the final round of the Longxuan Empire's inter-academy tournament was about to start.

The venue was packed with crowds who wanted to spectate the most exciting battle of the tournament and see the rumored warlock.

Almost everyone in Blizzard City was there, and the venue that could accommodate tens of thousands of people had been forcefully crammed with about 30 thousand spectators. Everyone had to squeeze together, and it was difficult even to take a single step.

Even so, there were still many people who did not manage to get it, and they caused a ruckus outside the coliseum.

It was a warlock! They had not seen someone from that profession in hundreds of years!

The masses feared the warlocks, but they were curious about them as well. They all waited for that one warlock to show up.

People could no longer recall the skills that a Warlock had since their decline, and no one remembered their fighting style. Everything about the warlocks was unfamiliar to them.

The majority of the spectators were curious, and some had doubts about the tournament.

They were doubtful about the decision to let the warlocks participate in the tournament. Most of them remembered the mistakes that the warlocks had committed in the years gone by. Even though they had not witnessed the disaster, the memories of the problems left behind were still fresh in their minds.

They despised that shady profession. They thought that warlocks were like rats that could only hide in the sewers, and they would never be on the same level as other professions.

The other six contestants had already arrived at the venue, and they watched the crowd at the stadium. They were still quite calm.

Only the herbalists looked melancholic. An expert from the Herbalist Division was still weaker than experts from the other professions.

The semi-final round of the annual tournament was like the final round for them as they could never participate in the real final round.

“Do you think Xiaoxiao will be here?” Tang Nazhi was still uneasy as he looked left and right in search of that familiar figure among the crowd. However, he could not distinguish any faces in the dense crowd.

Qi Xia glanced at him and lazily said, “This is the 134th time you’ve asked that question.”

“...” Tang Nazhi cleared his throat and remained silent.

Ouyang Huanyu stood among the crowd, and his powerful aura caused the people around him to retreat instinctively. As a result, he had occupied a more comfortable area in the crowded stadium.

He was also waiting for that little guy to appear.

Minutes and seconds elapsed, and the final round was about to start. However, there were only six silhouettes in the middle of the stage.

Everyone was curious, so they started to gossip.

They started to wonder if the rumor about a warlock in the tournament was real.

The old man presiding over the tournament walked toward the stage and looked at the six contestants. As he looked up at the skies, he called one of the staff to ask about something, and it seemed to be related to the warlock who had yet to appear.

After he got some answers, the old man nodded.

However, the spectators had started to get impatient due to the wait.

“Perhaps the warlock is scared and doesn’t dare to appear?”