

The south bank was shaken. All of the disciples who actually knew Bai Xiaochun felt like they suddenly didn't recognize the person standing there in front of them. He seemed like a stranger. The Bai Xiaochun they remembered loved to make people call him Sect Uncle Bai. He was a somewhat annoying person who made everyone feel like giving him a good beating. This person was completely different.

Gasps could be heard coming from the north bank audience. The disciples there stared blankly, and their minds spun. Although they hadn't known Bai Xiaochun for very long, he had already given them the impression that he was completely shameless. In sharp contrast, the person they were looking at now left them shaken to the core. Up on the balcony, Zheng Yuandong's eyes shone with an extraordinary gleam. The other peak lords had very serious expressions on their faces, and Li Qinghou looked on with a slight smile. A warm feeling filled his heart, along with a sensation of pride. All the other elders were also looking on with serious looks in their eyes. Shangguan Tianyou flew through the air a bit above the arena floor, coughing up blood, a blank look in his eyes. He couldn't believe that he was losing, and of all people, to Bai Xiaochun, whom he held in complete contempt. He had been injured, but the humiliation he felt exceeded the pain of his wounds. Just as he was about to fly off of the arena floor, he let out a powerful shout. "This battle isn't over yet, Bai Xiaochun!" With that, he bit his tongue and spit out a mouthful of blood. His hair instantly withered, and at the same time, he performed a double-handed incantation gesture. A moment later, he trembled as a blood-colored light shot out from the top of his head! The light surged up high above him, where it transformed into a blood sword! Numerous disciples in the audience instantly recognized what they were looking at. "One of the ten secret magics! True Self Sword!" "Hellfiend Formation!" Shangguan Tianyou's hands blurred as he performed another incantation gesture, then waved his finger toward Bai Xiaochun. Instantly, the blood sword transformed into countless strands of blood that swirled out to become a net of swords, which then shot toward Bai Xiaochun with an ear-piercing whistling sound. Bai Xiaochun simply extended his right hand and pointed out with his index finger. Up ahead of him, the air distorted as an enormous cauldron appeared. Although it was illusory, it seemed close to being corporeal. The complex designs which covered its surface were clearly visible, making it seem very realistic. "Violet Qi Cauldron Summoning!? Heavens!" "It's so realistic! That's not an ordinary Violet Qi Cauldron Summoning, that's the second level!" Cries of astonishment could be heard coming from the south bank audience, especially the disciples from Violet Cauldron Peak. Gasps could also be heard from the north bank audience as the violet cauldron and the blood-colored sword formation slammed into each other, causing a deafening boom to fill the air. Shangguan Tianyou let out a miserable shriek as he was sent spinning backward, blood spraying out of his mouth. Bai Xiaochun's expression was the same as ever as he stood there on the arena floor, watching the enormous cauldron fade away. At the same time, Ghostfang's eyes suddenly began to gleam, and without another word, he flew over to stand across from Bai Xiaochun. "Shangguan Tianyou is too weak to fight any longer," he said. "Let's make things simple... and fight right now!" Even as the words left his mouth, black mist began to pulse out around him, swirling into the form of numerous vicious ghosts who let out soundless shrieks. The ghosts were completely vicious in appearance. Some had disheveled hair, some had green skin, and some looked like rotting corpses. There were even some that carried their own heads in their arms. They were terrifying to the extreme. The entire arena floor began to fill with an aura of death, causing hearts to

grow cold among the disciples of both banks. As that happened, numerous figures flew out of the crowd on both sides, people with very serious expressions on their faces. They weren't Outer Sect disciples, but rather, Inner Sect disciples from both the south and north banks who were extremely interested in the final match of the Chosen battles! Even the divine sense of the prime elders atop Mount Daoseed was completely focused on the arena floor. All eyes were glued on Bai Xiaochun and Ghostfang! Bai Xiaochun slowly turned to face Ghostfang, his expression serious. He had seen Ghostfang fight several times during the Chosen battles, and each time had been astonishing. A single wave of his finger had almost killed Lu Tianlei, and that had been only seventy percent of his power. It was hard to imagine what it would be like if he unleashed all of his battle prowess. In the moment that Bai Xiaochun looked over at Ghostfang, Ghostfang's eyes flickered with a mysterious light. Then he waved his finger at Bai Xiaochun, causing rumbling sounds to fill heaven and earth. A gigantic clawed ghost hand appeared next to Ghostfang, filling half of the arena floor. Surging with astonishing levels of power, it rocketed toward Bai Xiaochun. In the blink of an eye, it was upon him. Bai Xiaochun clenched his right hand into a fist, and silver light flashed, making him look like a silver statue. Then he struck out toward the incoming clawed ghost hand. From a distance, Bai Xiaochun's slight frame seemed completely insignificant compared to the shocking clawed ghost hand. And yet, as soon as his fist made contact with it, an ear-splitting blast exploded out. BOOOOOOOOOMMM! The thunderous explosion caused disciples on both sides of the arena to tumble backward, astonished expressions on their faces. Some of them even saw stars swimming in their eyes. As the shockwave spread out from the contact point, the clawed ghost hand trembled. Cracking sounds rang out, and fissures spread out to fill its entire surface. One breath of time passed, and then the gigantic clawed ghost hand shattered into countless pieces. Black mist exploded out in all directions, and the entire arena floor shook violently. Ghostfang's eyes shone brightly as he fell back a single pace before slamming his foot down to stop himself. Cracks spread out in the ground from the foot he stomped down. As for Bai Xiaochun, he also fell back a single pace, his face flushed, his hand glittering with silver light. If you looked closely at that hand, it was possible to see it trembling slightly. The surrounding disciples gasped, and both sides of the arena immediately burst forth with cries of shock and astonishment. "I can't believe... Bai Xiaochun is... so strong!!" "He's actually at the same level as Elder Brother Ghostfang! Back when the Luo Chen Clan turned traitor, I heard that he barely escaped with his life, but killed a bunch of them in the process. I thought those stories were exaggerations, but now...." "That's the first time I've ever seen anyone destroy Ghostfang's clawed ghost hand!" The Inner Sect disciples were equally astonished, and all of them felt their hearts pounding with bitter astonishment as they looked at Bai Xiaochun and Ghostfang. As far as they were concerned, these two weren't even Outer Sect disciples any more. Oftentimes, years would pass without a single inhuman disciple rising up from within the ranks. And yet now... two had appeared at the same time. Up on the balcony, the sect leader's eyes shone with joy, and the other elders' eyebrows were raised in shock. Bai Xiaochun frowned at the tingling sensation he felt in his hand, but the feeling soon went away. Looking over at Ghostfang, he realized that he was facing a formidable opponent. Ghostfang's eyes shone with what appeared to be happiness. "I only used fifty percent power, but you still destroyed my finger attack. That means you're a lot stronger than anyone else I've faced. Well, in that case... I can safely use eighty percent power." Right hand flashing with an incantation gesture, he waved his finger again at Bai Xiaochun. Instantly, black mist swirled into being above Bai Xiaochun. The air was ripped apart as, unexpectedly, another huge ghost hand appeared. This one was even more massive than the one which had nearly killed Lu Tianlei, and caused rumbling sounds to echo out in all directions as it descended toward Bai Xiaochun like a mountain. Bai Xiaochun looked up, clenched his right hand into a fist, and then launched into the air, turning into a bright beam of light that shot directly toward the clawed ghost hand. Silver light spread out in all directions as the power of his fist caused heaven and earth to shake. Bai Xiaochun's Undying Skin erupted with power, causing the ghost hand to tremble, and then begin to break apart just like the previous one! Ghostfang's face flickered as he performed more incantation gestures, sending a third, a fourth, and a fifth finger attack out in quick succession. In the blink of an eye, Bai Xiaochun was facing four enormous clawed ghost hands. Although all of this takes some time to describe, it happened in the briefest of instants. As the four ghost hands bore down on Bai Xiaochun, the Outer Sect disciples cried out in alarm, and even the Inner Sect disciples were left completely shaken. On the balcony, the sect

leader and the others shot to their feet, and Li Qinghou's eyes glittered. However, a moment later, they all realized that there was no need to intervene and rescue Bai Xiaochun. In the time it takes a spark to fly off of a piece of flint, a huge boom echoed out as the ghost hands all landed on Bai Xiaochun, and the arena floor was reduced to nothing more than dust. The resultant cloud of dust that filled the air obscured Bai Xiaochun. However, a moment later, a flicker like that of lightning could be seen in the dust as a figure shot out at top speed toward Ghostfang. "Throat Crushing Grasp!" The only thing that could be seen was flickering, silver light. Then, two fingers appeared directly in front of Ghostfang, filling him with an intense sensation of deadly crisis, the likes of which he had never felt before. He let out a hoarse shout, causing mist to surge up around him in the form of a defensive shield. At the same time, he fell back in retreat. However, at that very moment, a powerful gravitational force erupted from Bai Xiaochun's two fingers. Not only was Ghostfang prevented from retreating, he was actually pulled toward the fingers. When his defensive shield made contact with the fingers, it was crushed in the briefest of moments. None of his subsequent defensive measures did anything, not even the three bucklers he summoned. The first was instantly shattered, the second cracked into two pieces, and the third, despite remaining whole, was sent spinning away. None of them could stop Bai Xiaochun! The two fingers crushed anything in their path as easily as a hammer destroying ice. Ghostfang let out a miserable shriek, and shockingly, more than thirty percent of his hair turned white as he paid a shocking price to suddenly become transparent and disappear! Bai Xiaochun's two fingers passed directly through him, clasp down onto nothing but air. A boom rang out as the air was crushed and shattered. A moment later, Ghostfang appeared some distance away from Bai Xiaochun, coughing up blood, his face wrinkled as if with age. Panting, he said, "You forced me to use one of my life-saving magics, Bai Xiaochun.... I underestimated you!" Instead of retreating, he actually seemed like he wanted to continue fighting. However, he was unsure of what divine ability had just been used against him, something that seemed to vastly exceed the battle prowess of the Qi Condensation stage. Blood oozed out of the corners of Bai Xiaochun's mouth as he stood there, skin cracked, skin covered with lacerations; even his aura was in chaos. He had managed to stand up to five of the clawed ghost hands, but it had been very difficult. Without his Undying Skin being at the silver level, he would surely have been defeated. Sadly, his last powerful attack had been avoided.