

## **The disciples of the south bank looked at Bai Xiaochun in admiration, and even began to give voice to their feelings.**

"Sect Uncle Bai... is a god!" "Sect Uncle Bai has become the archenemy of the north bank, a path that cannot be returned from. But how far will he go...?" Many of them were even rejoicing at the fact that Bai Xiaochun wasn't from the north bank. If he were, it was impossible to imagine how much the south bank would have suffered. "Sect Uncle Bai is enough for our south bank. He alone can drive the north bank crazy." Xu Baocai had already been struck speechless numerous times on this day, but it was only now that he realized... that Bai Xiaochun's power seemed limitless. Regardless, the atmosphere of the Chosen battles had been completely changed. And yet, the matches would continue. The south bank side was filled with admiration, and the north bank stewed in their madness as the fourth set of matches began. Shangguan Tianyou, Ghostfang, and Bai Xiaochun all had three victories to their names, so their presence wasn't even needed to finish the final rankings for the fourth, fifth, and sixth place spots. The Gongsun siblings and Xu Song took the floor to finish things. In the end, Gongsun Yun defeated Gongsun Wan'er, as well as Xu Song. No more battles were necessary to determine the rankings. Xu Song was not a match for Gongsun Yun, and even if he fought Gongsun Wan'er and lost, that one battle wouldn't change the final rankings. As such, Xu Song took fifth place. With five defeats, Gongsun Wan'er lost a bit of glory and took sixth place. Fourth place went to Gongsun Yun. Next to be determined were the final rankings for the top three disciples! Everyone was watching with keen anticipation to see how Bai Xiaochun, Shangguan Tianyou and Ghostfang would end up in the final standings. Of course, the north bank disciples glared angrily at Bai Xiaochun the entire time. They approved of Ghostfang and Shangguan Tianyou, but their opinion of Bai Xiaochun was that he was completely shameless and despicable. The north bank's hopes all rested on Ghostfang. As far as they were concerned, it wouldn't matter what plots Bai Xiaochun hatched, he was no match for Ghostfang in terms of power, and would be crushed like a twig. "First battle. Bai Xiaochun versus Shangguan Tianyou!" Apparently due to Bai Xiaochun's antics, Ouyang Jie's voice was no longer as cold and sinister as it had been, and in fact, it almost seemed like he was sighing. Shangguan Tianyou looked up, a powerful gleam in his eye as he thought about how he'd been outdone by Bai Xiaochun in the qualifying round. As he walked out onto the arena floor, the breeze lifted his hair, making him look even more handsome than usual, like a precious sword that would cause countless disciples' eyes to glitter. Of course, none of the south bank disciples dared to cheer. After all, Bai Xiaochun was also from the south bank, and had many tricks up his sleeve. They feared that if they cheered for his opponent, he would remember, and hold it against them. Therefore, they had no choice but to bite their tongues. The north bank, on the other hand, actually did start to cheer for Shangguan Tianyou. In response, Shangguan Tianyou frowned, aware that they weren't really cheering for him, but against Bai Xiaochun. The north bank would cheer for any opponent of Bai Xiaochun's, even if it were a pig. The thought left Shangguan Tianyou even more displeased than before. Bai Xiaochun cleared his throat and walked out onto the arena floor. Looking over at Shangguan Tianyou, he flicked his sleeve and smiled. "Listen, there's no need for all this. We're both--" Before he could finish speaking, however, Shangguan Tianyou's eyes blazed, and he waved his finger. Instantly, his flying sword pierced through the air as fast as a bolt of lightning. It moved so quickly that before Bai Xiaochun could even react, it was right there, a few inches in front of his face! Pupils constricting, mind bursting with a sensation of imminent crisis, he ducked down. A blast of wind from the sword buffeted him from above, and one of his hairs was severed, which then floated down in front of him. "When cultivators fight, we seize every opportunity," Shangguan Tianyou said coolly. "Even if you hadn't avoided that sword, it wouldn't have killed you. You are naughty and mischievous, and severely lacking in good family values. Since your father and mother didn't discipline you, I guess I'll step in to provide you with a bit of education. However, you'd better not use any vile or treacherous methods, and lose face for the south bank." As

he spoke, his flying sword circled back around and came to rest floating in front of him. The north bank went quiet for a moment, then broke out into cheering. The south bank maintained their silence. None of them seemed very happy with Shangguan Tianyou, and even some of the people who considered themselves his fans were frowning. After all, the south bank disciples generally didn't hate Bai Xiaochun. Although he was somewhat naughty and mischievous, it wasn't excessive. He left them feeling a bit helpless sometimes, but they actually liked him. The north bank hated him, but to the south bank, he represented their hope for glory. Furthermore, it was obvious to everyone that Bai Xiaochun had been on the verge of conceding. Clearly, he'd hoped to keep from getting into a fierce fight with Shangguan Tianyou, thus sparing Shangguan Tianyou some spiritual power to use in his final battle with Ghostfang. Shangguan Tianyou had been aware of that too, and yet had attacked anyway, and in an underhanded way at that. Then he talked about educating Bai Xiaochun, and even dishonored his family. Behavior like that left many south bank disciples quite uncomfortable! Bai Xiaochun knelt there, watching his hair float down in front of him. Slowly, his smile faded, and he looked up at Shangguan Tianyou, the word "education" ringing in his ears. "You're a Chosen, so if you want to look down on me, fine. I don't really care what other people think about me anyway." For some reason, something seemed different about Bai Xiaochun all of a sudden. "You want to use underhanded attacks? That's your business. I practice cultivation so that I can live forever. I don't like fighting and killing." He waved his right hand off to the side, tossing the defensive amulets away. All of a sudden, it seemed as if his veins were filled with, not blood, but steel. In the south bank audience, Hou Yunfei's eyes glittered, and he couldn't stop himself from shaking. All of a sudden, he was looking at the same Bai Xiaochun who had saved him from the Luo Chen Clan. "But what gives you the right... to step in for my dad and mom and educate me!?!?" Bai Xiaochun's eyes were completely bloodshot. His parents had both passed away when he was young, an event which had influenced him in profound ways. It was one of the biggest reasons why he began to wish to live forever. He was a generally optimistic person, an attitude he had intentionally fostered since a young age. There had been no other option. He had personally watched his parents die of illness. He remembered sitting with their corpses for days, weeping, refusing to believe that they were gone, even calling their names. Eventually, the corpses began to stink, and relatives came to bury them. Bai Xiaochun had been left in a daze, and at one point even took to talking to himself.... If a child grew up in such a manner, his entire life would be one of darkness. So Bai Xiaochun replaced the crying with laughter. He began to think about the idea of living forever. He would never forget how his parents had died, and although he missed them, it only made him want to keep living. He was stubborn and mischievous, but not to an excessive degree. Many of the things he did were even accidents. Deep down, he was a good person. He feared death, and seemed weak on the outside, but when his friends were in danger, he would fight to the death to protect them. If he needed to, he could bellow in rage and risk his life on the field of battle. He liked to joke, but was also deeply emotional. Big Fatty Zhang, Li Qinghou, Hou Yunfei, Du Lingfei, Hou Xiaomei, the sect leader, and all the other people who treated him well, were people he would never, ever forget. "What gives you the right?!" He suddenly burst into action, moving so quickly that he was instantly in front of Shangguan Tianyou. Shangguan Tianyou's eyes widened, and his hair stood on end, but before he could do a single thing in response, Bai Xiaochun's fist struck out, glittering with silver light. Rumbling sounds could be heard as Shangguan Tianyou's personal shield sprang up, but it was absolutely incapable of providing any defense. Bai Xiaochun's fist pierced through it like a hammer crushing ice. Just as it was about to land on Shangguan Tianyou, a tiny buckler appeared, which subsequently trembled and was sent flying off to the side. Bai Xiaochun's fist landed on Shangguan Tianyou's chest, causing blood to spray out of his mouth. Shangguan Tianyou felt as if a huge force had slammed into him, and he staggered backward ten paces, coughing up more blood, an expression of utter incredulity on his face. "Are you really Chosen?" Bai Xiaochun asked coolly. He didn't stick his jaw out. He didn't put on the air of a lonely hero. But everyone looking at him in that moment felt like they were looking at a blazing sun. Gasps could be heard among the south bank disciples, and the north bank audience was completely stunned. Ghostfang's eyes began to shine, and up on the balcony, the sect leader and the others had very serious expressions on their faces. "Bai Xiaochun!!" Shangguan Tianyou growled. Feeling completely humiliated, he roared and performed a double-handed incantation gesture. Five flying swords appeared, all of which emanated terrifying sword qi. Taking control of them with his spirit sword

body, Shangguan Tianyou sent them flying toward Bai Xiaochun. Rumbling could be heard as the swords blurred into motion, becoming five sword dragons, each one of them about two meters wide and thirty meters long. As they arced through the air, everything shook, and even the surface of the arena floor began to crumble. Based on the shocking level of energy they displayed, any one of the swords would be able to kill an ordinary disciple. Two would definitely take out other elite disciples. As for Chosen like Gongsun Yun, three would be enough to force him to concede. But now five appeared, filling the entire arena floor with a shocking sword aura. "I don't know anything about sword techniques," Bai Xiaochun said coolly. "Nor do I have a sword spirit body. But from what I know... that's not how you use swords!" With that, he waved his finger, and the Golden Crow Sword appeared, a golden beam of light that slashed toward the first of Shangguan Tianyou's swords! I don't care if you use three swords or five, I only need one! That one sword caused the sky to shake, and became an explosive stream of sword qi! That one sword used Heaviness-in-Lightness and Lightness-in-Heaviness! That one sword was backed by the perfect amount of spiritual power, without the slightest bit of wastage! It was true that Bai Xiaochun didn't really know anything about sword techniques. But he knew the Violet Qi Cauldron Control Art, Heaviness-in-Lightness, and Lightness-in-Heaviness. He knew that, although a leaf could not be used to lift a log, if you rolled it up, it could lift a small rock. Furthermore, if you tore the leaf into strips and wove them together, it could lift an even heavier rock! He knew the proper way to manipulate spiritual power! Sometimes, mastering one technique was superior to knowing tens of thousands of them. In the Qi Condensation stage... his skill combined with his Undying Silver Skin made him invincible! BOOOOOOOOOMMM! An ear-splitting explosion rocked the entire area, and countless chunks of rubble were thrown into the air. Bai Xiaochun's single sword strike became a tempest that slammed into Shangguan Tianyou's five sword dragons. The sword dragons twisted and distorted, and then exploded into countless fragments. Then the blast of wind continued on, slamming directly into Shangguan Tianyou's face. Bai Xiaochun stood there, his hair whipping in the wind, his expression placid. He didn't clasp his hands behind his back, and didn't flick his sleeve. He simply stood there, as calm as ice. It was a scene that would forever be etched into the minds of all disciples of the north and south banks. "Is that really... Bai Xiaochun?" Everyone felt as if their minds were about to explode.