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Keep on winning.

That had been what Jiang Ning had asked of Liu Qing.

Honestly though, he shouldn't need to ask her of anything. This was simply the natural outcome of her diligent training, so it was something that should happen.

Liu Qing nodded.

"I know."

Her reply was succinct. She looked up and glanced at Liu Chuandao. There was something still lodged in her chest.

She wasn't interested in proving how amazing she was. All she wanted was to send a message to everyone. She was going to claim everything that she had lost with her own hands.

The test continued.

The next few matches that followed were intense fights with opponents who were equally matched. But the crowd's attention had fallen on Liu Qing instead.

They weren't looking forward to her winning. They just wanted to know how long it would take for her to lose a fight.

They didn't believe that she was truly that powerful. They were convinced that Liu Fang had gone easy on her.

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Liu Qing had lost terribly during the previous test. Yet this round, she had defeated Liu Fang with ease.

No one would believe that Liu Fang hadn't gone easy on her.

Liu Qing didn't care. She didn't pay any attention to the crowd. She was going to stay true to herself. She didn't need to care about what other people thought of her.

"Luo Heng has won!" Mr He declared loudly.

"Senior Luo is amazing! He's going to be number one this time. There's no doubt about it."

"He was first the last time. Senior Chen trails only slightly behind him."

"The three of them are going to win the top three places. Senior Luo is going to take the top place. It's going to be a piece of cake for him. Who cares about the other participants?"

Everyone began to discuss fervently. Their faces were filled with excessive admiration.

They desperately wished that Luo Heng would overhear their loud praises. If he were pleased by them, he might share a few tips with them. That would be a blessing indeed.

Luo Heng didn't seem to care though. He had grown used to such flattery.

He was a prodigy. He had been showered with

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attention and praises since he had been a child.

He didn't care for the praises that the crowd was singing him at all.

Luo Heng left the arena without sparing a glance at his opponent. He couldn't be bothered with the latter at all. He wouldn't have participated in the test if Zhang Heng hadn't told him to.

Luo Heng saw Zhang Heng beckoning him over and headed towards Zhang Heng immediately.

"Mr Zhang," Luo Heng greeted Zhang Heng politely.

"Luo Heng, you're the best disciple that I have. I was right in pinning my hopes on you," said Zhang Heng with a smile. "The Inner Court is counting on you to bring us glory today. Our guests are watching, so make the sect proud."

"Yes, I understand."

"No, you don't," Zhang Heng laughed. His eyes landed on Liu Qing, then returned to Luo Heng. Luo Heng appeared a little stumped. "I need you to do something."

"What is it?"

"I want you to..."

Zhang Heng's voice fell to a hushed tone as he whispered in Luo Heng's ear. A conflicted look appeared on Luo Heng's face.

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“But...”

“Don’t worry. Make sure you do a good job. You’ll be rewarded handsomely for it. The rewards that you’ll receive are beyond your imagination.” Zhang Heng smiled, then patted Luo Heng on his shoulder. “When have I ever lied to you?”

“Yes, I understand.” Luo Heng nodded immediately.

Zhang Heng had told the three of them to sign up for the test, but he had not given any specific instruction to the other two disciples because he had pinned his hopes on Luo Heng. Luo Heng wasn’t going to let him down.

Luo Heng walked away briskly.

Zhang Heng narrowed his eyes as he stared at Liu Qing and Jiang Ning. He turned his gaze fully towards Jiang Ning in the end. A streak of viciousness flashed across his eyes.

If he didn’t do something, how would he discover the true extent of Jiang Ning’s abilities?

In the arena, Mr He smiled after he glanced at the list of names in his hand. “Everyone’s performance has been exemplary. You’ve exceeded our expectations.”

“But this isn’t going to do. We have not yet shown the true strength of the Qingshan Sect.”

“You’re all prodigies of the Qingshan Sect. You’re the sect’s future. Show us the true extent of your


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capabilities.”

“We will proceed to the next round now!”

Mr He’s voice boomed thunderously and reverberated across the field.

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They weren't simply fighting to show off their abilities to these visitors to their sect. The fights were meant for Liu Chuandao and the elders in the sect too.

The second round began.

The mood in the field had transformed.

The participants who had been kicked out during the first round had pulled themselves together and were ready to observe the fights in the second round.

There was no question that the match that everyone was most looking forward to was Liu Qing's.

Two burly fighters were stuck in an intense fight in the arena now. The sounds of fists and legs striking flesh resounded in the air.

"They're really good," Liu Qing blurted out after staring for a long moment. "I never paid much attention to these fights. Today is the first time I realized something. They must train so much harder than I do."

She might be more gifted than them but save the hours that she had put into training recently, she could hardly compare with them when it came to the extent of effort that they had invested in bettering themselves.

She had been convinced before this that everyone was targeting her. But Liu Chuandao hadn't said anything and kept rebuking her for not working

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hard enough.

It seemed that he had been speaking the truth.

“Sometimes, hard work can triumph talent,” said Jiang Ning. “It’s going to be tough, of course. Only one in a million will succeed.”

“But hard work can change many things. At least, you don’t see everyone training so hard now that all they can count on is sheer talent to get ahead of their fellow disciples in the sect.”

Liu Qing replayed Jiang Ning’s words repeatedly in her head. Jiang Ning might appear young, but he seemed to have undergone a lot in life. The things that he said always seemed to make so much sense. Liu Qing couldn’t help but become increasingly convinced of that.

She wanted to ask Jiang Ning how old he truly was. Perhaps he simply looked younger than his actual age. Perhaps he was in his fifties or his sixties.

How could he be so wise otherwise?

“Can you surpass your limits with sheer hard work?” Liu Qing asked.

“There’s usually always room for more hard work. It’s usually too soon to count on sheer talent to get ahead of your opponents.” Jiang Ning pointed at the two fighters in the arena. “They display equal talent and have put in a similar degree of effort in their training. However, there are still some differences that distinguish them.”

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“What kind of differences?”

“The fighter in yellow will win within three moves.” Instead of answering her question directly, he employed a different approach.

Liu Qing shifted her attention towards the arena immediately.

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

The fighter in yellow was being attacked relentlessly at the moment. His opponent’s merciless attack had him falling back again and again, nearly forcing him to the edge of the arena. Another two steps, and he would fall out of the arena and lose the fight.

But Jiang Ning had said that he was going to win.

He was going to find himself out of the arena and take a fall if he were to take another step back. At that very moment, the fighter in yellow stooped down, then lunged upwards.

Like a cannonball, he shot up and rushed at his opponent. The sudden charge caught the latter by surprise. His opponent was left wrongfooted.

The fighter in yellow thrust his fist forward and punched his opponent squarely in the chest. The latter went flying with a loud thud and landed heavily on the ground, coughed loudly and finally

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spat out a mouthful of blood. He could no longer stand.

The crowd cheered. They had not expected the sudden turn of events. This was when they realized that the fighter in yellow had been waiting for the right moment. In fact, he had pretended to be cornered and had steadily lured his opponent into the trap of forgoing defense for attack and creating an opening for him to attack.

“This is the fighter’s instinct,” said Jiang Ning. “It’s similar to the agility I was trying to train into you.”

“It’s similar?”

Liu Qing’s heart was racing. She wasn’t doubting him. She had sensed it a while ago.

But she hadn’t known that something like this could be acquired through training.

“Of course, it’s not going to be the exact same thing,” Jiang Ning scoffed. “We’re not in the same league.”

He had said that in a mild tone and there wasn’t any hint of condescension or scorn in his voice. But he clearly thought little of the fighter who had won. Liu Qing could feel an overpowering sense of confidence beneath his indifference.

Jiang Ning always seemed to possess such self-confidence.

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