



It didn't matter whom Liu Qing's opponent was. What Jiang Ning told her remained constant.

Jiang Ning would have said the same thing if Zhang Heng had stepped into the arena.

But of course, Liu Qing wouldn't stand a chance if Zhang Heng did decide to take her on personally. Jiang Ning was the one who was confident of winning, not Liu Qing. If Zhang Heng did step into the arena, Jiang Ning wasn't going to just sit there and do nothing about it.

Liu Qing took a deep breath. A look of determination gradually settled on her face.

She made her way slowly to the arena. Something about her had changed.

The atmosphere had transformed.

The entire crowd was watching her.

"I can't believe they allowed this to happen. Liu Qing isn't going to stand a chance."

"It's Senior Luo. Anyone who fights him is going to lose."

"Seems like Third Miss is going to be sent to the Outer Court. Hahaha!"

"Keep it down. You've got some nerve to be laughing out loud like this."

No one believed in Liu Qing. They had no reason to at all.

Liu Qing's opponent was Luo Heng.

He was the strongest disciple in the Inner Court.

This was Luo Heng, Zhang Heng's best student and the one who was going to enter the Portico and become the disciple of the Senior Elder.

"Hello, my dear junior," Luo Heng said with a faint smile. There was no hint of mockery in his smile because he didn't care at all. "You could yield now. It'll look better for you."

How could yielding look good in any way?

How could surrendering in a fight while so many people were watching look better for her?

There was no hint of emotion on Liu Qing's face. She would rather roll off the arena before she yielded.

She lifted her arms gradually and got into position. Luo Heng burst out into laughter.

"I guess I'll play along since my dear junior doesn't wish to give up. I won't go too hard on you."

Luo Heng's words dripped with unconcealed belittlement. His brand of indifference was different from Jiang Ning's. He didn't respect Liu Qing at all.

SWOOSH!

Liu Qing didn't say anything. With a light tap of her

foot, she charged forward at her top speed.

She swung a fist out in her usual style. Her attacks had become faster but they were still slow in Luo Heng's eyes.

PAK!

Luo Heng blocked her attack effortlessly without budging a single inch. He simply raised his arm. His defensive move nearly sent Liu Qing stumbling backward.

"You've shown some improvement," said Luo Heng with a smile. "But you should have aimed three inches lower. That would have been a better attack."

He pointed at the place where his heart was and invited Liu Qing to hit him there. They both knew that she wasn't going to get any chance to land a blow on his weak spots.

A stormy look appeared on Liu Qing's face as she remained silent.

She would have flown into a rage if someone had mocked her like this in the past.

She might have even thrown a tantrum, exploited her privileged status and tyrannized the other person.

Now, she merely kept quiet, regained her footing and charged again.

Her fists kept flying. She was giving her all as she

attacked Luo Heng in a frenzied manner. It didn't matter that her every attack was blocked by Luo Heng and that the impact from his defense sent her stumbling back every time.

"The difference between them is too big." Standing some distance away, Mr He sighed silently.

He could tell that Liu Qing had made great improvements. But she had started training too late.

It didn't matter if Jiang Ning was some kind of prodigy. There was no way he could turn trash into gold and allow Liu Qing to surpass Luo Heng in such a short period of time.

The gods themselves couldn't promise that.

They were leagues apart. Liu Qing was like a kid in front of Luo Heng. Her defeat was guaranteed.

He glanced at Jiang Ning unintentionally to find that the man was sipping his tea leisurely. Mr He frowned.

How could he drink tea at a time like this?

That was some impressive composure he possessed.

Liu Chuandao couldn't help himself as he shook his head lightly.

He was consoled by how much Liu Qing had improved. He had witnessed with his own eyes

the hard work that Liu Qing had poured into improving herself. She had given her all.

But you couldn't count on talent alone. To develop your innate talent, you needed hard work and time.



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NH

Liu Qing knew what she had to do. She simply needed more time.

The outcome of this match was clear.

The disciples in the audience could see the outcome now. They saw Liu Qing defeated and her eyes red as she left the arena. They saw her being sent to the Outer Court...

Not Jiang Ning though.

He simply sat there. The expression on his face had not shifted since the beginning of the test.

He stared at Liu Qing as she stood in the arena and thought to himself, "If she were an actress, she would have won the award for best acting. What a great performance."

BOOM!

A deafening attack sent Liu Qing flying. She skidded some distance across the ground before finally steadying herself.

The more berserk she became, the calmer Luo Heng tried to appear. He seemed to be sending Liu Qing a message that no matter how desperately she tried, she was going to fail.

The outcome of their match had been determined before the fight had started.

"You can attempt to ambush me from the back. You won't stand a chance if you mount a frontal attack," said Luo Heng. "I'll pretend that I didn't

NH

see you run behind me. How does that sound to you?”

His flippant words were piercing needles that stabbed into Liu Qing’s heart.

She let loose a sudden roar in a display of her fury. Her fists sped up as she attempted to strike him.

Luo Heng burst out into laughter as he blocked her attacks. He spoke as he fought. “Dear Junior, don’t get mad. I’m just joking with you.”

He could tell that Liu Qing was mad. She was beginning to lose her reason and her moves were turning unruly.

When your opponent could easily manipulate your emotions in the middle of a fight, it meant that you were weak in both body and mind.

Luo Heng threw a punch at Liu Qing. She blocked the attack with both arms hastily, but the force of the blow still sent her sliding back a few steps.

“Alright, junior, I can’t keep playing with you. You’re not the one I have to beat.”

Luo Heng had reached the end of his patience.

He should have ended the fight a long time ago.

After a series of testing, he concluded that Liu Qing still had to put in a lot of work before she could be his match.

It was meaningless to continue taunting her.

Luo Heng sped up suddenly. His fists appeared to dance lightly in the air but the force behind those fists had increased suddenly.

He was going to end this match with a single blow.

This ended here.

Everyone knew that the match had ended the moment that it had started. Liu Qing...

SWOOSH!

They watched as Luo Heng appeared in front of Liu Qing. His fist shot towards her shoulder. But just as it was about to land a hit, suddenly—

Liu Qing disappeared!

Numerous disciples reeled at that instant.

What swift reflexes!

How had she done it?

That had been an attack from Luo Heng!

Luo Heng hadn't expected to miss as well.

Luo Qing had nowhere to run.

Just as he was about to pull his fist back and start a new round of attacks, he felt a sudden blast of air rushing at his chin.

NH

“Dear senior, have you ever seen a fist that’s the size of a sandbag?”

As soon as she had spoken, Liu Qing’s fist surged upwards and smashed into Luo Heng’s jaw.

A loud crack pierced the air instantly. Luo Heng howled. His jaw was broken.

Before he could do anything, Liu Qing unleashed three punches in quick succession in a mad frenzy. Her fists darted out like bolts of lightning.

One struck Luo Heng’s nose. Blood splattered from his nose and blurred his vision.

One landed on his shoulder and incapacitated his right arm. He wasn’t going to be able to lift it anytime soon.

The final blow hit him squarely in his chest.

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

It was too quick.

Liu Qing’s reflexes were astoundingly quick. Within a blink of an eye, she had dodged Luo Heng’s punch and, at the same time, unleashed three attacks of her own.

This was the move that would hold any enemy down.

KABOOM!

Luo Heng was flung backwards. He rolled twice on the arena and fell right off the elevated arena before he could do anything about it.



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