

Bang! Bang! Bang!

At this moment, explosive sounds reverberated from the elevated platform in the middle of the stadium.

Leng Aotian and Blood Wolf, both Grandmasters, streaked across the elevated platform like apparitions and attacked each other. Every single punch contained Vitality Qi and carried an unrivaled force. Not to mention an ordinary person, even a strong Master would die from a single blow.

However, what astounded Leng Aotian was the fact that with each blow he landed, Blood Wolf merely took it placidly, not at all injured.

Even more daunting was the fact that Blood Wolf's strength was unbelievably strong, and every blow he landed shot a wave of pain up his arm, the pain so agonizing that his arm was about to snap.

Blows were exchanged successively, one after another.

When the big bosses of Jiangnan in the stadium saw the two figures fighting for their lives on the elevated platform, they were all stupefied.

"It's... it's so strong! With just the waves of Vitality Qi that are radiating off them, my entire

body feels limp!”

“This is too scary! Blood Wolf had been crippled. How did he come to be a Grandmaster?”

“That’s right. Plus, he’s actually on par with Grandmaster Leng now. This... this is inconceivable!”

Upon seeing Blood Wolf’s blows that were increasing in force, the surrounding big bosses of Jiangnan shuddered from the depths of their souls.

Both the master and disciple were Grandmasters. That was truly shocking!

Bang!

However, at this time, something that further staggered them transpired. With a loud bang, Blood Wolf’s punch landed heavily on Leng Aotian’s arm. That blow seemed to carry a tremendous force as Leng Aotian’s expression changed dramatically. He stumbled back with heavy thuds, only managing to keep his balance after stumbling more than ten steps backward.

Drip!

Drip!

Beads of sweat poured down his forehead.

The look in his eyes when he stared at Blood Wolf this time no longer held contempt but solemnity.

“Grandmaster He, I’m afraid I can’t defeat him alone!”

What?

When He Lanshan heard this, he was taken aback as well.

The fact that Leng Aotian, who was an arrogant person, would say such a thing made it apparent that Blood Wolf was truly vicious and daunting.

Instantly, without a second’s hesitation, He Lanshan rushed forward with a swoosh and attacked Blood Wolf together from two directions.

Boom!

The sight before them made the numerous big bosses of Jiangnan in the stands dumbfounded.

“Oh my God, Grandmaster Leng can’t defeat him, and they’re going for two against one?”

“Im... impossible! If Blood Wolf, who had just

advanced a tier, is this daunting, then how daunting will his master Blood Buddha be?"

Fear rose. At this moment, infinite fear pervaded all the big bosses of Jiangnan.

While they were shaking in their boots, Blood Wolf, who was on the elevated platform, chuckled disdainfully. "Grandmasters of Jiangnan? Ha ha... nothing worth mentioning!"

It was a humiliation, for his words carried great condescension toward Leng Aotian and He Lanshan.

Meanwhile, upon hearing that, the two Grandmaster's faces flamed bright red, enraged.

"You d*mn kid, get ready to die!"

Leng Aotian and He Lanshan let out a sudden roar before they attacked simultaneously from both sides, one from the left and the other from the right, launching a brutal strike at Blood Wolf.

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

Under the attack of the two Grandmasters, a gust of strong wind swept across the entire elevated platform as the two terrifying blows pressed forward swiftly with an unrivaled force.

"Die!"

When they closed the gap and drew very close to Blood Wolf, they both struck him ruthlessly, one after the other.

However, at that moment, Blood Wolf's figure flickered like an apparition and vanished with a swoosh.

"Is... is that Blood Shadow Pursuit?"

When they saw this, both Leng Aotian and He Lanshan were shocked as they had heard of this technique.

It was one of the Blood Buddha's greatest mystic techniques. Back then, he used this technique to annihilate the massive force in the northwest, leaving not a single soul behind, corpses trailing in his wake.

And now, Blood Wolf used it! They never thought that such a terrifying mystic technique would once again appear on him.

"Quick, dodge!" Leng Aotian shouted at He Langshan, his expression changing dramatically, and he quickly dashed to the side in an attempt to dodge.

Similarly, He Lanshan's reaction was not slow either. When his blow caught empty air, he had the intention to move sideways and dash away.

But when he had exhausted all his strength and hadn't had renewed strength yet, a sense of danger rose within him, causing his hair to stand on end.

"This is bad..." A shiver coursed through him. That feeling was as though there was a demon behind him, and his heart leaped to his mouth.

"Explode!"

He swiftly turned and swung his fist forcefully at the threat behind him.

Bang!

In the blink of an eye, two opposing fists struck each other brutally.

Then, a spectacle that had everyone reeling in shock transpired.

Snap, snap, snap!

Crisp cracking sounds rang out successively from He Lanshan's fist, forearm, and elbow; all of them were broken.

A mist of blood sprayed from him.

As though he had been hit hard by a train, he was thrown three or four meters away, collapsing heavily onto the ground.

Thud.

The entire stadium went dead silent; at the moment, all noise in the stadium vanished into nothingness.

All the big bosses of Jiangnan in the stands pinned their eyes on the elevated platform in the middle of the stadium. They saw the sloppy figure who was standing proud on the elevated platform, as well as the blood-streaked old man under his foot.

Shock saturated the air, while astonishment and fear suffused every single one of them.

Gulp. One of them gulped forcefully, and in a trembling voice, said, "How is this possible? Grandmaster He was... defeated in his first fight?"

Whoa!

When the crowd had recovered from the shock, the stadium was plunged into chaos; everyone was shocked to the core.

"Oh my God, one punch! Grandmaster He couldn't even withstand a single blow from Blood Wolf! How is this possible?"

"No... that was Blood Slaying Fist, another mystic technique of Blood Buddha! Oh my God, could it be that Blood Wolf had taken over the

mantle from Blood Buddha?"

"Blood Slaying Fist? D*mn, if Blood Wolf used it and defeated He Lanshan in a single blow, what if Blood Buddha uses it? That's mind-boggling!"

At that moment, the entire stadium was in an uproar.

Not only were the crowd in the stands shivering in fear, but even those on the elevated platform were in the same state.

Whoa!

He Lanshan lay sprawled on the ground. He felt a surge of liquid rushing up his throat, and abruptly, he spat out a mouthful of crimson blood.

His arm had been completely broken. That blow had taken away all his strength, and his face was as white as snow.

"Blood Slaying Fist! Is... is that truly the legendary Blood Slaying Fist?"

An expression of utter defeat was etched on his face. As with a rooster that had lost a fight, an air of despondency emanated from him.

Meanwhile, before Leng Aotian, who was at the side, had the time to be shocked, Blood Wolf

stepped forward, his lips curved into a menacing grin. "It's your turn now!"

Just after he said that, he swung his fist and once again struck viciously at Leng Aotian.



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