

Martial 2881

Chapter 2881, Mysteriously Appearing and Disappearing

The city that once belonged to a huge Clan of the Barbarian Race was now filled and surrounded by Demon Qi since it was long ago occupied by the Demon Race. However, at this moment, the huge city appeared to be quiet and silent. Not even a single person could be seen on the streets, as if it had become a dead city.

Clouds of black mist floated from a distance at an extremely fast speed, and stopped in the sky above the city in the blink of an eye, revealing the figures of several Demon Kings.

There were quite a few of them, as many as five, and the leader among them did not have any flesh and blood but was just a dark and tall skeleton with two constantly flickering ghost fires in his eye sockets.

Bone Demon Fei Li.

“We were too late!” A Demon King standing behind Fei Li swept his Divine Sense across the city as his complexion sank. The other Demon Kings did not look pleased either, except for Fei Li, who could not show any expressions without a physique; however, the ghost fire in his sockets danced even more animated as if reflecting the anger in his heart.

“This is the nineteenth place! Damn that foreign race bastard!” The Demon King who was speaking gritted his teeth as if he held deep grudges against someone.

Another Demon King stood forward and frowned, “I remember that before that foreign race escaped from Senior Mo Duo, he once said, three hundred thousand of the South Barbarian Clan were annihilated, and we Demons would have to pay the same price. Is he really planning to kill three hundred thousand clansmen before he gives up? Where does he get the energy?”

That was three hundred thousand Demons, not three hundred thousand insects. In fact, even three hundred thousand insects would take a lot of effort to kill.

But facts showed that this foreign race had infiltrated deep into Demon occupied territory since the day he fled, and wherever he went, all Demons stationed there would be wiped out, including Demon Kings.

Within a month, just one month, that foreign race boy had already raided nineteen places, turning the nineteen Demon Race bases into ghost towns with no survivors.

Mo Duo was infuriated about this and even personally went to track down the whereabouts of the foreign race. What frustrated the Demon Saint though was that this boy was extremely cunning and managed to avoid him every time, even managing to escape when they came within a hundred kilometres of one another.

He never confronted the Demon Saint and only targeted weaker subordinates.

Moreover, the way he killed the Demons was extremely strange. Ninety-nine percent of the Demons who died had no obvious wounds, only a look of terror on each of their dead faces. It was as if they had encountered something that petrified them, and then they died of fear.

That foreign race's savage harassment exhausted a large part of the Demons' energy. In one month, more than a hundred thousand Demons, including five Demon Kings, had died at his hands. Such a loss could not be regarded as a small one for the Demon Race, and although there were as many as two hundred Demon Kings who participated in this invasion, even that number could not withstand such intense consumption.

Most of the Demon Saints were recuperating from their injuries at this time, and although Mo Duo rushed here to provide reinforcements, for certain reasons he could not exert his full strength. The Demon Kings were the mainstay force of the Demon Race, the firm rock in the stream that was their war against the foreign race. It would be extremely detrimental to the future of the Demons if too many of them were killed.

The Demons' front line shrank rapidly, and the Demon Kings no longer dared to act alone, instead gathering in groups of three to five, partly to resist the attack of the foreign race army, and also to track the whereabouts of that foreign Shaman Grandmaster.

Looking at the city below, Fei Li stated, "I remember this is Ba Han's territory, but I can't detect his aura. Someone go take a look and find out what happened to him."

"I'll go and investigate," The Demon King who spoke first hesitated for a moment before taking the initiative to volunteer, turning and descending into the largest building in the city.

The remaining four Demon Kings released their Divine Sense in vigilance. Although they had not encountered that foreign race during this period of time, every place they went was a cemetery, and no one could guarantee that the foreign Shaman Grandmaster would not try to ambush them here.

Every Demon King was terrified of that foreign Shaman Grandmaster because he had the ability to kill Demon Kings!

The surroundings were quiet, but the air was inexplicably cold. Except for Bone Demon Fei Li, the remaining three Demon Kings felt slightly nervous.

Right at this moment, a wave of Demon Qi fluctuated and disappeared in a flash, followed by a building below suddenly collapsing into dust.

The expressions of several Demon Kings changed as their Divine Senses surged over that area like a tide; however, they were baffled by their findings because there was nothing there, not even the companion who offered to investigate the situation, his aura vanishing entirely.

Someone started calling the name of the Demon King, but there was no response.

The hair-raising situation made them faintly realize that their companions had probably encountered tragedy.

"He's here!" Fei Li shouted in a low voice, his skull twisting left and right, the ghost fire in his eye sockets flashing wildly, as if he was searching for the enemy's trail.

The remaining three Demon Kings, perceiving danger from the hidden enemy, each took out their Demonic Artifact, pushed their Demon Qi, and prepared for battle.

The air seemed to have frozen, and the tense atmosphere sent every hair on the Demon Kings' bodies upright. They searched desperately, but still could not detect a trace of the foreign Shaman, leaving them feeling helpless and frustrated.

This was how it always was, with this strange enemy appearing and disappearing mysteriously, leaving them constantly on edge.

But every Demon King knew that the enemy had not left, but was still hiding in the dark, ready to deliver a fatal blow to any Demon King who let their guard down.

Many wished that Mo Ke Tuo was here! She was a master at concealment and assassination, and with her ability, she could definitely track down the foreign Shaman Grandmaster.

"Behind!" Fei Li suddenly shouted, causing the three anxious Demon Kings to react instinctively. Fei Li already raised his hand, and a wildfire-like attack shot towards that direction.

The other three Demon Kings also released their attacks together towards the empty space.

They could not sense the aura of the foreign Shaman Grandmaster, but Fei Li was the strongest and most senior among them, so they all believed his judgment.

All the attacks converged at one place, but did not produce the desired effect, and just when the three Demon Kings were still in befuddlement, a muffled grunt echoed.

One of the Demon Kings looked down at his chest with wide eyes, and saw a skeleton hand passing through it, holding onto his two Demon Hearts.

This skeleton hand was very familiar, and this Demon King simply could not believe what he was seeing.

"Fei Li?"

The other two Demon Kings were scared out of their wits by the sudden change. Unable to fathom why Fei Li, who had been fighting side by side with them, would suddenly move against his own people, their minds froze up for a moment.

A ghostly figure appeared at that moment and rushed at them like lightning, sweeping past a Demon King and stopping ten steps away.

Pu...

There was a sound of blood gushing out, and the Demon King fixed his eyes on a figure about seven metres tall covered in scales with short horns on his head; that could only be the foreign Shaman Grandmaster!

However, at this moment, the foreign Shaman Grandmaster was holding half of a corpse in each of his hands. Blood and viscera spilled wildly from the Demon King that was completely torn apart by him.

"Shaman Niu!" The remaining Demon King shrieked, feeling his blood freeze in his veins.

There were five of them originally. No one knew what happened to the one who went to investigate the empty city, but his end was likely disastrous. One was attacked and had his Demon Hearts taken out by Fei Li, condemning him to death in the near future, while another Demon King was torn apart by Shaman Niu.

Only one remained now!

This survivor's expression changed rapidly at that thought and eyes moving from Yang Kai to Fei Li, he asked with heartache, "Why?"

Fei Li had obviously betrayed the Demon Race, otherwise he would not have attacked his companions, and even more misled and attracted others' attention to himself. If it weren't for him interfering, no matter how powerful this foreign Shaman Grandmaster was, the several Demon Kings would have the power to fight him, but now?

It's just that he couldn't understand why Fei Li betrayed the demons. He was a Demon King, and he was the best among those in the same Realm. What could the Human Race possibly give him to make him throw away his dignity as a Demon?

"Since you have already guessed it, why do you need to ask?" Fei Li replied coldly. As soon as the skeleton hand exerted some force, the demon heart in the palm of his hand burst open, and the light in the eyes of the Demon King who's his chest had been punched through quickly dimmed and went out.

Fei Li shook his hand, as if he had to clean off something dirty, and the Demon King's body plunged straight down.

"You are a disgrace to the Demon Race!" The eyes of the Demon King who was still alive blazed with unprecedented anger, as if to burn Fei Li.

Between enemies and traitors, the latter has always been more abhorrent.

The ghost fire in Fei Li's eyes jumped for a moment, and rushed towards him without saying a word.

The two Demon Kings immediately started fighting each other, and when the Demonic Qi surged, they were inseparable.

But Fei Li was much stronger than them. Judging by what Yang Kai could see, Fei Li was a High-Rank Demon King. Even among the High-Rank Demon Kings, he may be ranked high, but his opponent was only a Mid-Rank Demon King.

The difference might just be a small realm, but this was a chasm that cannot be bridged.

It's like the gap between a Second-Order Emperor and a Third-Order Emperor.

This battle didn't last long. Under Yang Kai's cold eyes, Fei Li only spent a stick of incense before smashing the opponent's body, shattering his Demon Heart, and making it so he could not be resurrected.

Five Demon Kings came here together, and in the end, only Fei Li survived.

"Sir!" In that huge battle, Fei Li did not show any signs of fatigue, and bowed his head to salute Yang Kai.

Yang Kai lifted the Dragon Transformation Secret Technique and restored his original appearance. In order to kill him with one blow he had to use it. After all, the Demon Kings were not that easy to kill.

Glancing at him coldly, Yang Kai said, "Why did not tell me earlier about Mo Duo's arrival?"

A month ago, if Yang Kai had got the news of Mo Duo a day or two earlier, then the Southern Barbarians might not have perished. At least they would not have suffered so many losses. But it was just one or two days of delay, and 300,000 of the Southern Barbarian Tribe were lost.

Chapter 2882, Prove Yourself

Facing Yang Kai's question, Fei Li answered bitterly, "None of us had thought that Mo Duo would come so suddenly. He began this deployment after his arrival, and I always had to follow him, so I did not have the opportunity to deliver any messages."

Yang Kai was silent, which made Fei Li a little nervous. He wondered if Yang Kai would be mad with him because of the demise of his Clan. Fortunately, after a while, Yang Kai asked another question, "How much strength can Mo Duo use now?"

Fei Li let out a sigh of relief as he replied, "He was wounded when passing through the passage of the World Barrier. Right now, he should only be able to use sixty to seventy percent of his true strength, but if he is given enough time to heal, he will become stronger and stronger and eventually recover to his peak."

"Sixty to seventy percent..." Yang Kai mumbled. It seemed that his guess was right. Although Mo Duo was comparable to a Great Emperor, he could not exert his full strength at the moment. However, even a Great Emperor with sixty to seventy percent of their strength was by no means someone he could compete with.

"Sir, I've been exposed. I'm afraid I can't go back now." Fei Li remarked.

He left with four Demon Kings on this mission, and now he was the only one alive. If there was no Demon Saint, many of the Demon Kings would not have much of a say for his strength was superior to theirs, but if he had to face Mo Duo when he went back, he would definitely be suspected.

"En." Yang nodded, obviously anticipating this, "I want you to take me to Fort Torrent."

"Fort Torrent!" Fei Li was surprised, and immediately understood Yang Kai's plan, "Sir, do you really want to kill three hundred thousand Demons?"

"Did you think I was joking?" Yang Kai glanced at him faintly.

Fei Li shivered, and replied anxiously, "But there are more than a hundred thousand Demons at Fort Torrent!"

Over the past month, close to two hundred thousand Demons had died at Yang Kai's hands, and adding those Demons in Fort Torrent, it would be almost three hundred thousand.

However, the largest base that was recently destroyed by Yang Kai was only garrisoned by ten thousand Demons. Moreover, because of his hunting everywhere, the defensive line of the Demons shrank more and more, and the scattered Demons were all summoned to one place, which turned Fort Torrent into one of the biggest strongholds. As far as Fei Li knew, there were as many as eight Demon Kings there, along with more than a hundred thousand clansmen. Why was Sir Shaman Niu so daring to target such a place?

Yang Kai glanced at him, "I'm not alone!"

Fei Li was stunned but soon realized what Yang Kai meant.

It seemed that it was time for the chess pieces placed by Sir Shaman Niu in the Demon Clan to shine.

Fort Torrent was originally the capital of a huge Barbarian Clan, but it was destroyed by the invasion of the Demon Race, so the territory was occupied.

Hundreds of thousands of Demons gathered here, and their Demon Qi almost turned the entire place black. Eight Demon Kings were in charge here, with countless Demon Great Generals and Demon Generals under their command, securing this place.

Because they were still in the rear, the Demons here had not fought with the foreign race for the time being; however, these bloodthirsty and aggressive Demons yearned for a fight every day. They could not wait to slaughter those weak foreign races and capture this vast land.

Fei Li's uninvited arrival surprised the eight Demon Kings who were guarding here. However, with Fei Li's strength and reputation, even if everyone was surprised, they did not show much vigilance. Instead, they warmly welcomed him while subtly probing his purpose for coming here.

Fei Li kept silent and maintained a mysterious look, which made everyone not dare ask more, wondering whether he was here on some mission for Senior Mo Duo.

Strength Demon You La was among the Demon Kings in Fort Torrent and was able to learn a lot of information through Fei Li's eye signal, which made him nervous.

Soon, more Demon Kings arrived at Fort Torrent.

Shadow Demon Mo Ke Tuo, Flame Demon Lai Wen, Snow Demon Ah Shi Na...

In just three days, including Fei Li, a total of seven additional Demon Kings gathered here from all directions, which suddenly increased the number of Demon Kings in Fort Torrent to fifteen.

This situation was extremely rare.

After Mo Duo arrived, each Demon King had been given his or her own responsibilities and territory to protect, and they would not leave their duties easily. Nevertheless, the arrival of Fei Li and the others had broken this norm.

Even the most foolish Demon King would know that something was up.

Everyone continued to probe the newly arrived Demon Kings before finally coming to a conclusion, they were indeed sent here by Senior Mo Duo. However, no one knew the purpose of their coming here. Only Fei Li knew everything.

Unfortunately, Fei Li had secluded himself in his room all this time, which made it impossible for them to approach him.

This suspicion ended five days after Fei Li's arrival. In the largest building of Fort Torrent, a total of fifteen Demon Kings assembled together. Fei Li sat at the head of the hall, despite being a guest, and the ghost fire in his eyes was as calm as a spring lake.

The other fourteen Demon Kings were sitting on either side of the table, and no one was making any noise, every pair of eyes locked on Fei Li.

Fei Li looked up suddenly, and announced, "There are traitors among us!"

The hall suddenly fell silent, and only after a long time did one Demon King mutter, "Fei Li, are you kidding?"

"Yes, how can there be traitors among us? What can the inferior foreign race use to bribe us Demon Kings?"

"Fei Li, if this is a joke, it's not funny."

Several Demon Kings could not help clamouring.

Fei Li remarked, "This is Senior Mo Duo's judgment!"

The clamorous crowd instantly shut up and became serious, all of them starting to look around and examine their companions carefully.

They could laugh it off and choose not to believe it if it was Fei Li who suspected there were traitors among them, but if it was Senior Mo Duo's judgment, it must be serious.

Senior Mo Duo must have had enough evidence or even found out who the traitor was before he sent Fei Li here. In other words, there were indeed traitors among them.

"Who?" Mo Ke Tuo, who was sitting on Fei Li's left, questioned with a neutral voice. She had wrapped herself in a black aura, and no one could see her true face.

She asked the question in everyone's heart, and all of them turned to Fei Li together. As long as Fei Li spat out the name, that Demon King would be immediately lynched by the others.

"He knows himself very well." Fei Li put on a mysterious look.

"Didn't Senior Mo Duo give clear instructions?" One of the Demon Kings frowned and asked.

Fei Li got up and continued, "Senior Mo Duo naturally has a solution."

While speaking, he stretched out his hand, and a visible vortex formed in front of him. The vortex looked deep and dark, and even the Demon Kings could not pry any information about what was inside of it.

“What is this?” Another Demon King questioned curiously, for it was his first time seeing such a strange sight.

Fei Li answered, “This is something Senior Mo Duo gave me. There is a Saint Artifact inside that can illuminate one’s true thoughts. Everyone will just need to stand in front of the Saint Artifact, and the traitors will be revealed.”

Everyone turned solemn and were awed by Senior Mo Duo’s means.

“Please enter!” Fei Li invited faintly.

The remaining fourteen Demon Kings hesitated, exchanging looks with each other, none of them willing to take the lead.

At this critical moment, Shadow Demon Mo Ke Tu snorted coldly and stepped into the vortex with her body wrapped in Demon Qi, vanishing from sight.

Fei Li pressed on, “Only those who are guilty would hesitate!”

The remaining Demon Kings immediately turned solemn at the impact of that remark. Furthermore, Mo Ke Tuo had taken the lead, so no one dared to hesitate anymore, all of them walking into the vortex one after another.

The Demon Kings disappeared one by one, and soon, all had entered the strange portal.

Fei Li followed behind them and stepped into the vortex too.

It was the same world as before, with no Sun, Moon, or Stars, but with a picturesque environment.

When they saw Fei Li enter, one of the Demon Kings immediately shouted, “Fei Li, where is the Saint Artifact that can reflect our hearts? Why don’t I see it?”

He desperately wanted to prove that he was not a traitor, so he got a little impatient and had absolutely no idea this was all a trap, a trap that was set up by their fellow Demon Kings.

Fei Li did not answer him and instead turned to Mo Ke Tuo and the other Demon Kings, “Sir instructed each of you to take one and prove yourselves.”

The Demon Kings who garrisoned in Fort Torrent were confused, but the rest of the Demon Kings like Mo Ke Tuo, Lai Wen, and the others turned solemn. They clearly understood the meaning behind Fei Li’s words.

The next moment, Mo Ke Tuo let out a peal of sinister laughter, turned into a black fog, and wrapped up a Demon King nearest to her. A shrill scream rang out immediately, and everyone’s face changed drastically.

Before they could react, Flame Demon Lai Wen, Strength Demon You La, Snow Demon Ah Shi Na, and the others made their move, each looking for a Demon King with a look of absolute hatred as they unleashed their lethal skills.

Except for Fei Li, the fourteen Demon Kings were divided into seven groups, with two people fighting each other in each group. Demon Qi permeated the battlefield, and various Innate Divine Abilities shone one after another.

The Demon Kings of Fort Torrent could not react to such an unexpected incident, but they still fought hard when facing this crisis.

However, none of them understood why it seemed like there was a power that suppressed and hindered them from unleashing their full potential.

Under such circumstances, how could they match Mo Ke Tuo and the rest who were as fierce as tigers?

The Demon Kings collapsed one by one, their Demon Hearts crushed, all of them dying tragic deaths.

Before the last Demon King was about to die, a sudden realization dawned on him and he gasped in shock, "Are you all the traitors?"

Lai Wen's whole body was scorching in flame, as if he could burn all things in existence. He surrounded the Demon King with a raging fire and stated coldly, "It's too late to know now."

Under the burning flames, the Demon King only lasted for three breaths before he was burned to ashes, even his Demon Hearts melting under the intense heat.

After each of them killed a Demon King with their own hands, Mo Ke Tuo and the rest knew that they had reached the point of no return. Previously, although they were branded by Yang Kai's Soul Imprint and were enslaved to him, they could still claim that their actions were all made under duress. Even if they were caught by Senior Mo Duo, they still had an excuse to explain themselves. If Senior Mo Duo was in a good mood, perhaps they could still be pardoned from punishment.

But now that they had killed their own companions, they could no longer return to the Demon Race. From now on, they could only move forward in this path until they met their end.

Chapter 2883, Fort Torrent

Yang Kai's figure suddenly appeared, as if he had been hiding nearby all the time.

The eight Demon Kings with Fei Li as their leader all turned solemn and bowed together, "Sir!"

Yang Kai nodded, and instead of praising or greeting, he declared, "I want Fort Torrent to writhe in torment!"

After the words fell, he waved his hand, and the eight Demon Kings were thrown out of the Sealed World Bead, returning them to the hall.

Fei Li, Mo Ke Tuo, and the others looked at each other, each of them feeling a chill from the bottom of their hearts so cold that it threatened to freeze their blood. The eight Demon Kings knew that this was

Sir Shaman Niu's revenge toward their clansmen. The curse that he declared a month ago was no idle threat, but rather an oath he was determined to fulfil, and now, they were the most powerful tools in Sir Shaman Niu's hands.

"Let's discuss it." Fei Li had a slight headache. Although he had only a skeleton frame instead of flesh and blood, he still felt a throbbing pain in his neck he was unfamiliar with. Sir Shaman Niu truly gave them a difficult task.

Their strength was indeed outstanding, but given that there were about a hundred thousand Demons in Fort Torrent, they couldn't kill all of them with their own strength. If they were to complete this task, they needed to employ other means.

The only advantage they had now was that the Demon Kings who originally garrisoned in Fort Torrent were gone. There were no leaders in Fort Torrent, so if the eight of them operated properly, they may be able to control Fort Torrent and find a way to complete the task.

The eight Demon Kings gathered in the hall and began to discuss seriously. The content of their meeting was not about dealing with the foreign race, but rather how to kill the Demons in Fort Torrent.

Brainstorming, they soon came out with a set of plans and dispersed.

A day later, rumours came up in Fort Torrent and began to spread wildly amongst the Demon soldiers. Some rumours claimed that an army of the foreign race was coming, while some said that the Demon Kings had joined the enemy; still others said that the Demon Race was about to lose tragically.

No one knew where the rumours came from, but they seemed to only grow wilder by the day.

The Demons garrisoned in Fort Torrent had nothing to do while they all yearned to rush out to battle, so with natural tension and the lack of an outlet, their emotions became quite unstable. Therefore, the emergence of these rumours only amplified their anxiety, causing Fort Torrent to be shrouded in a strange atmosphere.

In the beginning, the effect of these rumours was not so obvious, but with the passage of time and without any clarification from the Demon Kings, many Demons started to believe them.

After three days, the anxiety which was aroused by the various rumours finally exploded. Every Demon was affected, whether it was directly or indirectly. Their thoughts were clouded and they could no longer behave rationally.

Fei Li and the other Demon Kings acted at that moment, each of them gathering a group of Demons under them, carving up the hundred thousand soldiers in the city into individual camps.

Soon, a civil war broke out.

In Fort Torrent, various groups of Demons fought each other for no reason in every corner of the city. Many Demons fell, and Fort Torrent almost overflowed with blood. These clansmen who were friends just a few days ago had now turned into sworn enemies.

No one knew what this was about, only that it was the orders of the Demon Kings, and they only had to obey.

No one would have thought that the honourable Demon Kings would betray them, and no one would have thought that these Demon Kings would point their swords at their own people.

Some Demon Great Generals and smart Demon Generals began to suspect something was amiss, but they were unable to live long because Fei Li and the other Demon Kings had been keeping an eye on them. Once someone started doubting, they would execute them for some made-up reason or excuse.

Fort Torrent seemed to have turned into a huge meat grinder, trapping more than a hundred thousand Demons in it, crushing and dismembering them.

The civil war raged without end, and at the late stage of the war, every Demon had already lost their mind, their eyes turned bloody red. They simply raised their weapons like drones and slaughtered all seemingly suspicious enemies.

The war lasted for three days and three nights, with the more than one hundred thousand Demons divided into eight camps slaughtering each other. Countless bodies were stacked in the streets and alleys of Fort Torrent, where flies and maggots invaded, and a foul stench penetrated the air.

Three days later, less than ten thousand people had survived, but all of them were injured. All of them were mutilated to various degrees, groaning in pain.

The eight Demon Kings looked down silently from the air at the purgatory before them.

Then, they took action together and sent the remaining ten thousand disabled Demons, together with the entire Fort Torrent, to Hell, leaving nothing left of that base.

With a flash, Yang Kai appeared like a ghost.

The eight Demon Kings bowed.

“You’ll follow me from now on,” Yang Kai announced. After this incident at Fort Torrent, Fei Li and the others could never return to the Demon Race again.

The eight Demon Kings nodded in acknowledgement with mixed feelings.

Yang Kai opened the gate of the Sealed World Bead, and the Demon Kings filed in one by one before he turned and flew off in a certain direction.

Ten days later, Yang Kai arrived atop a certain jungle and searched below him with concentration. A moment later, he seemed to have found something and rushed down to a certain place.

After landing, he looked in a certain direction and shouted, “Come out!”

A graceful figure appeared leisurely from behind a big tree, and after seeing Yang Kai, she immediately revealed a look of pleasant surprise and called out, “Sir, it’s really you. I thought I heard wrongly.”

While talking, she rushed towards Yang Kai.

Yang Kai looked at her coldly.

Sha Ya immediately stopped about ten metres away from Yang Kai, as if she had noticed something. Her beautiful face turned a little bloodless and she hurriedly explained, "Sir, I didn't betray you, really. Please believe me."

Yang Kai replied coldly, "You would already be a dead woman if you had even thought of betrayal."

Sha Ya's face turned even more pale as she looked at Yang Kai fearfully, the joy from reuniting with him disappearing entirely.

"Tell me, what happened? Why are you here alone? Where's Bao Qi? What about the Shaman Niu Clan?" Yang Kai asked several questions in one go.

He could sense that Sha Ya and Bao Qi were not together, which bewildered him, so he came here straight away. At first, he thought that one of the two Demon Kings, either Bao Qi or Sha Ya, had betrayed him and escaped from the Shaman Niu Clan, but he now found that he was wrong after seeing Sha Ya.

Sha Ya did not betray him, but she was indeed a little frightened, like a lost rabbit.

"Bao Qi is with all of them," Sha Ya hurriedly replied, "They were all captured."

Yang Kai narrowed his eyes, "Captured? Who captured them?"

There were twenty thousand people in the Shaman Niu Clan, including several dozens of Shamans, a thousand in cavalry, and several dozen Aerial Cavalry. It was a great force in this war, and although it was incomparable to the Demon Race in Fort Torrent before, it was extremely outstanding for a Barbarian Race army.

Who had the ability to capture twenty thousand warriors?

"It was your own Barbarian Race, it seems to be a Clan called... The Bone Devouring Clan!" Sha Ya recalled.

Yang Kai's face changed, "Are you sure it's the Bone Devouring Clan?"

"I don't know what the Bone Devouring Clan looks like, but that's what Tia said. She said those guys were from the Bone Devouring Clan."

"Why did the people from the Bone Devouring Clan pick on my Shaman Niu Clan, did they..." Before he finished, Yang Kai suddenly realized the problem.

Sha Ya continued, "Bao Qi and I were discovered by them. They seemed to think that the Shaman Niu Clan was controlled by us, so they started a fight. The twins tried to persuade them, but it was to no avail. Instead, they were hurt by those Shaman Kings. Bao Qi and I couldn't beat them, then Bao Qi ended up being captured while I found an opportunity to escape and hid here all this time."

Sha Ya really wanted to cry. A few months ago, she was still a Demon King who was in charge of an army of thousands of Demons, but now, she had fallen into this situation like a lost dog, chased down by everyone.

The Barbarian Race did not accept her identity and would definitely attack her whenever they saw her, while on the Demon Race side, she did not dare to go back because she was afraid of being caught by Mo Duo. As a Demon King, she actually had to live like a mouse, hiding everywhere to avoid being found.

“Were there any casualties in the Shaman Niu Clan?” Yang Kai asked.

Sha Ya shook her head, “Everyone else was fine, only Yue and Lu were slightly injured. Tiewa ordered everyone not to resist.”

“It was the right choice not to fight them.” Yang Kai nodded. If the Shaman Niu Clan really fought back, they would never be able to convince them of their innocence. It was reasonable for the Bone Devouring Clan to suspect them because it did not make sense for the Barbarian Race to work with two Demon Kings. Everything still could be solved if they did not start a fight, otherwise, the two Clans would certainly start a war.

On top of that, given that the Bone Devouring Clan managed to capture Bao Qi and force Sha Ya to retreat, they must have sent out many Masters, and the Shaman Niu Clan definitely stood no chance of winning.

“They were all taken to the Bone Devouring Clan’s camp, and I don’t know what their situation is now.” Sha Ya finished worriedly and quietly observed Yang Kai’s reaction, “Sir, are we going to save them?”

Yang Kai answered, “Of course, it is my Shaman Niu Clan that we’re talking about.”

“But I...” Sha Ya muttered.

“You don’t need to show up. Just stay still.” While speaking, Yang Kai reached out his hand and grabbed her. Sha Ya did not resist and was directly thrown into the Sealed World Bead.

Yang Kai turned around and looked in the other direction.

He did not require Sha Ya for guidance, because he could feel Bao Qi’s presence thanks to the Soul Imprint in the latter’s mind, which resulted in a connection that could not be easily cut off.

Without delay, Yang Kai rushed off at full speed.

He was not sure whether or not it was fate that the twenty thousand people of his Shaman Niu Clan fell into the hands of the Bone Devouring Clan, but regardless he was quite worried. The Bone Devouring Clan was originally different from other Ancient Barbarian Clans, and if not for it being protected by a Shaman Saint, it would have been wiped out by the other Ancient Barbarians long ago. Furthermore, Yang Kai had some conflict with the Bone Devouring Clan, so this alone was enough for Yang Kai to worry about the safety of his twenty thousand subordinates.

The Bone Devouring Clan never forgave and always sought revenge for the slightest grievance. Back then, a Shaman Chi escaped after being injured by Yang Kai, so a grudge had already been formed between them. If it were not due to the invasion of the Demon Clan, the Bone Devouring Clan would certainly have tried to take revenge against Yang Kai already.

Chapter 2884, Thousand Cuts

The Bone Devouring Clan was one of the four strongest Ancient Barbarian Clans and even had a Shaman Saint assuming command. The Bone Devouring Clan was also the cruelest and most violent of all the Clans.

Before the invasion of the Demon Race, no Barbarian Clan was willing to start a conflict with the Bone Devouring Clan, even though everyone hated this Clan and did not want to recognize them as a part of the Barbarian Race.

But it was undeniable that the Bone Devouring Clan played a great role in this war to resist the invasion of the Demon Race. The entire eastern front line was braced by the Bone Devouring Clan who marched forward step by step, slowly reclaiming most of the lost lands while slaying countless Demons.

The Bone Devouring Clansmen had proved the unyielding spirit and bravery of the Barbarian Race, and their ferocity and penchant for violence became an excellent weapon at this time. Many Masters of the Demon Race learned of their existence and always paid close attention to their movements.

Cang Er Mountain Valley was one of the fortresses of the Bone Devouring Clan, and there were more than a hundred thousand clansmen here, including five Shaman Kings. It was one of the most important locations to the Bone Devouring Clan, as well as to the whole Barbarian Race, because it was near the frontlines of the warzone.

Since the Bone Devouring Clan garrisoned more than a hundred thousand troops here, it had fought with an army of Demons hundreds of kilometres away more than six times. The Bone Devouring Clan won more times than it lost, achieving a remarkable record and results in the war.

However, for some unknown reason, the Demon Race seemed to be a lot quieter these past few months, resulting in some idleness in the Bone Devouring Clan.

But today, the whole Cang Er Valley became lively. Almost all of the hundred thousand Barbarians had gathered at the centre of the valley to look at the newly built stage with scorching excitement.

The clansmen of the Bone Devouring Clan would only show such an expression when they saw the most delicious and novel food.

On the high stage was a thick wooden stake to which a tall figure was bound using various Shamanic Spells. There were complex and strange patterns engraved on the stake and from time to time, lightning would burst from those patterns like a torrent and flow through the bound figure. The tall figure would twitch from the electrocution, looking miserable, as if he was suffering tremendous pain.

All the clansmen in the Bone Devouring Clan looked at the tall figure with exhilarated faces, and some even licked the corners of their lips occasionally. If not for knowing the true identity of this person, perhaps someone would have already rushed up and torn a piece of flesh out of this man to taste it.

It was a Demon King! A powerful Demon King!

It was captured by several of the Shaman Kings of the Clan, and although the Bone Devouring Clan had no taboo on cannibalism and in fact had practised it frequently for many years, no one dared to have the same thought for a Demon King.

No one knew whether they would be corrupted by the Demon Qi and turn into a Demon if they took a bite of the Demon King's flesh, but this 'worry' still could not suppress their inner curiosity and desire.

The more they thought about it, the more they wanted to taste the Demon King's flesh and wondered what would happen to them after eating him.

But it was pointless for those ordinary clansmen to fantasize because a Shaman King was standing beside the Demon King.

That person was Yang Kai's 'old acquaintance', Shaman Chi!

Shaman Chi held a dagger made of unknown material in his hand, his face filled with a ferocious and crazy expression. He took the dagger and sliced the Demon King's flesh again and again, his bulky hands moving with extreme precision. With each slice, only a thin piece of flesh was cut, no more, no less.

Many clansmen in the Bone Devouring Clan were quite particular about eating people alive because, for these people, fresh meat was more delicious than dead, rotten meat. If they could enjoy the struggling and crying of their prey in the process of their feast, it would undoubtedly be the most enjoyable meal.

As one of the strongest among them, Shaman Chi was particularly fond of this practice.

Bao Qi remained indifferent when the first piece of his flesh was sliced off, simply standing there glaring at Shaman Chi coldly, as if the slice of meat did not belong to him. As a Demon King, he naturally possessed strong willpower and sufficient determination. Back then, he also only submitted to Yang Kai because he was forcefully branded by a Soul Imprint and had no way to resist it.

He was not afraid of this Shaman King's tricks.

But Bao Qi knew too little about the Bone Devouring Clan.

When Shaman Chi excitedly put the piece of meat into his mouth, revealing an ecstatic look after devouring it, Bao Qi's face finally changed.

It was nothing to cut his bones and flesh off, but Shaman Chi's practice of eating his flesh raw was obviously beyond Bao Qi's expectation. He watched as his own flesh was munched noisily in the mouth of the Shaman King. Even in the Demon Race, this was not a common practice.

More than a hundred thousand clansmen of the Bone Devouring Clan stared eagerly at Shaman Chi, gulping down their own saliva. They were yearning to know whether the flesh of a Demon King was delicious, or how it was different from those they had eaten before.

The euphoric look on Shaman Chi's face did not fade as it seemed that he was enjoying the best food in the world with his eyes closed.

After a while, he gulped down the chewed meat, and shouted, "Delicious!"

The clansmen jumped in excitement, and cheered crazily, as if hot chicken blood was flooding their veins.

Shaman Chi turned to Bao Qi with a grim smile, "Don't die so easily. A Demon King is such a rare catch, you have to let all our clansmen taste your flesh before you perish!"

Bao Qi's face twitched slightly.

Although he did not make a precise head count, he knew that there were at least a hundred thousand Bone Devouring Clansmen standing here. In other words, this Shaman King would need to cut more than a hundred thousand slices of his flesh before he would be allowed to die.

A Demon King's resilience was incomparably strong, so even if he did have a hundred thousand pieces of flesh sliced from his body, Bao Qi would not die; however, it was obvious that such torture would bring him long and unbearable pain.

Shaman Chi grinned and cut off another piece of Bao Qi's flesh before throwing it out and shouting, "This is the punishment for your Demon Race. Our Bone Devouring Clan will devour all your clansmen, so that you will never dare to set foot in our territory again!"

That thin piece of flesh was thrown into the crowd, which immediately led to chaos. Many of the Bone Devouring Clansmen fought for the piece of flesh, and finally it landed in the hands of a particular female clansmen. She stuffed it into her mouth without hesitation before crouching down while holding her head down, enduring the beating of the other clansmen, shouting excitedly the whole time, "It's tasty. So tasty!"

"See? These are the clansmen of our Bone Devouring Clan. Your Demon Race is nothing!" Not only did Shaman Chi not mind about the riots below, but instead he grinned proudly.

Bao Qi was silent. If he stood in the position of the Demon Race, he would refute Shaman Chi with a few words, but he had long been subdued by Yang Kai, so although he was a Demon King, he had been working for the Barbarian Race.

Sadly, he was caught by these other Barbarians and had to die by a hundred thousand cuts. It was not that he did not try to explain, but no one in the Bone Devouring Clan believed him.

"Endure, you must live on!" Shaman Chi raised his dagger again, "You cannot die too easily. You are a Demon King after all; don't disgrace your Demon Race!"

Another piece of flesh was sliced off and thrown into the crowd by Shaman Chi, causing another riot.

After that, Shaman Chi sped up his actions. He did have good technique and the rate at which his dagger flashed, slicing off pieces of flesh, was almost faster than the eye could see. With each new morsal, the crowd would be stirred up into a frenzy as the Bone Devouring Clansmen competed for the prize.

In less than half a stick worth of incense, half of Bao Qi's arm was gone, exposing his white bones. During this period, he suffered at least three thousand cuts.

Even if he was a powerful Demon King, he could not help shaking as cold sweat dripped from his forehead and he clenched his teeth tightly to endure the severe pain.

Several tens of metres away, from where more than one hundred thousand clansmen of the Bone Devouring Clan gathered, twenty thousand people were watching quietly. These people were obviously different from the Bone Devouring Clan, because they appeared to be detained. They were surrounded by some Masters of the Bone Devouring Clan, and any unusual movement would lead to a beating.

These people were the clansmen of the Shaman Niu Clan, led by the twins, Yue and Lu. They looked at the wooden stage, and many had an unbearable look on their faces.

They all knew that Bao Qi had submitted to Yang Kai, and the former had contributed a lot in many previous victories. Although the clansmen were unable to recognize him as their companion due to his identity as a Demon, they had still once fought side by side.

At the moment, many of them could not bear to see Bao Qi suffer such torture. It was just the blink of an eye to kill a person, but the practice of the Bone Devouring Clan Shaman King was too cruel.

Yue walked towards a Bone Devouring Clan Shaman Grandmaster, stood behind him and gritted her teeth as she shouted, "I want to speak to a Shaman King!"

The Shaman Grandmaster turned around, looked at her, and sneered without answering.

"I must speak to your Shaman King!" Yue bellowed again.

The Shaman Grandmaster looked at her coldly, "Go back!"

Yue did not move and continued, "Bao Qi is a subordinate subdued by Sir Shaman Niu. He is now working for our Barbarian Race. You can't kill him!"

The Shaman Grandmaster sneered, "He is a Demon King. A Demon king can't be subdued by Shaman Niu. You've all been deceived by him."

"Sir Shaman Niu will explain everything. Please release him first. When Sir Shaman Niu comes, you will understand."

"Shaman Niu?" The Shaman Grandmaster smiled with disdain, "Who is that? I have never heard of him."

"Sir Shaman Niu is the Shaman Grandmaster of our South Barbarian Clan. He..."

"South Barbarian Clan?" The Shaman Grandmaster pretended to take her seriously for a moment and showed a sudden realization, "But the South Barbarian Clan perished!"

"South Barbarian Clan has not perished. We are still here!" Yue gritted his teeth as she bellowed.

"The South Barbarian Clan has not perished!" A group of people shouted from behind, all looking outraged. They stood behind Yue one after another and glared at the Shaman Grandmaster.

It had been a month since the appearance of the Black Brilliance and word of the destruction of hundreds of thousands of people from the South Barbarian Clan had spread widely. Everyone in the Shaman Niu Clan naturally knew about this, and although they may be the only group left in the South Barbarian Clan, as long as they lived, the South Barbarian Clan would never die.

Chapter 2885, Shaman King

The Shaman Grandmaster looked at the crowd with a deep meaningful smile, "The South Barbarian Clan will soon perish."

Yue frowned as her heart sank. She understood the meaning of his words and it caused her skin to crawl. Lu seemed to want to say something more, but immediately stopped when her sister tugged at her.

Yue went back directly to Tia and whispered, "Can't you escape?"

Among all the people here, Tia, who was a Shaman Grandmaster, was the strongest. If anyone could escape from this place, it would be Tia, but ever since they were caught, Tia had simply been staying quietly here without any intention to escape.

Tia shook her head.

"Aren't you from the Nomad Clan? Your concealment skills are without equal."

Tia replied, "But I'm just a Shaman Grandmaster, and there are five Shaman Kings here."

Yue had nothing more to say. The huge gap in strength really made it impossible for Tia to escape from here.

Yue continued, "We will be eaten by them. Someone must escape to find Sir Shaman Niu!"

Tia whispered, "He will come, and we won't be eaten."

"But..." Yue looked anxious. The words from the previous Shaman Grandmaster caught her attention. More than twenty thousand people in the Shaman Niu Clan were detained here, not just because they had an ambiguous relationship with a Demon King, but because the Bone Devouring Clan regarded them as rations.

The one hundred thousand Bone Devouring Clan clansmen gathered here had to eat and drink, but how could there be so much food for them in this chaotic battlefield? The twenty thousand people of the Shaman Niu Clan were like a delicious feast that delivered itself to them.

That was why the Shaman Grandmaster insisted that the South Barbarian Clan would perish.

"Isn't he already here?" Tia suddenly grinned as she turned to the front, as if she had already foreseen what was about to happen.

Yue, Lu, and all the others quickly turned around and looked up, their eyes shining brightly.

They saw Sir Shaman Niu's figure appear on the stage out of nowhere. He came in between Bao Qi and Shaman Chi, and grabbed Shaman Chi's right hand that held the dagger.

The hundred thousand clansmen of the Bone Devouring Clan were stunned by the sudden emergence of a person, and even Shaman Chi's face changed drastically. He instinctively pushed his Shaman Strength to resist, but found that he could not free his hand from the grip of this interloper.

When he looked up, the face that had given him sleepless nights appeared before his eyes.

"It's you!" Shaman Chi gnashed his teeth as he bellowed, his face immediately turning ferocious.

"Shaman Chi, you've grown old." Yang Kai looked at him indifferently.

Hearing this, Shaman Chi's face spasmed as he shouted angrily, "What Shamanic Spell did you use on me?"

Shaman Chi looked much older than half a year ago. When Yang Kai first met him, Shaman Chi looked only about forty years-old, but now he looked at least ten or twenty years older.

This was very unusual for a Shaman King.

But not for a Shaman King who was hit by the Time Flies Seal.

Time Flies Seal was the signature Divine Ability of Flowing Time Great Emperor and had the power to accelerate the passage of an object or individual's time. When Yang Kai was still a Low-Rank Shaman Grandmaster, he used the Time Flies Seal on Shaman Chi outside Blue South Village, and although he wasn't strong enough back then to make this a fatal blow, it still had some effect on Shaman Chi, aging him rapidly.

Shaman Chi had no idea what kind of Shamanic Spell he was hit with, and every time he recalled it, he would feel frightened and uneasy, but the hatred in his heart would also grow stronger.

"You wouldn't understand, and there's no need for you to understand!" Yang Kai responded faintly. How could the Shaman Kings of this world possibly comprehend the Divine Ability of a Great Emperor who would not even be born for at least another hundred thousand years? Yang Kai tightened his grip, and Shaman Chi could not help retreating a few steps back.

"Bao Qi is my subordinate!" Yang Kai stared straight at Shaman Chi, "He shouldn't receive such torture!"

"Sir!" Bao Qi shouted softly, holding back his trembling body. He thought that he would die here for sure, but Yang Kai's appearance brought him hope to live.

Although there were five Shaman Kings here, he still believed that Sir Shaman Niu could save him. It was his instinct, an intuition, and Bao Qi trusted it with all his heart.

Yang Kai nodded and a light flashed in his hand. Then as he tapped on Bao Qi's body, the Shamanic Spell that bound Bao Qi immediately collapsed, allowing him to regain his freedom.

"How dare you release him!" Shaman Chi reprimanded angrily. In order to capture this Demon King, the Bone Devouring Clan had put in a lot of effort, but now, Shaman Niu let him go as soon as he came. He simply did not put the Bone Devouring Clan in his eyes.

"Open your mouth!" Yang Kai ignored him and ordered Bao Qi.

Bao Qi opened his mouth as he was instructed. The next moment, something was thrown from Yang Kai's hand into his throat.

"Refine it."

Bao Qi immediately sat cross-legged on the floor and circulated his strength to refine whatever it was that entered his stomach. He instantly felt a cool sensation spreading all over his body, which greatly reduced his pain, and especially his arm that only had white bones remaining, even causing a tingling sensation to spread out from it

Shaman Chi was so angry at this scene that he glared at Yang Kai with a darkened face; however, he didn't seem to be in a hurry to make a move and instead just sneered, "Shaman Niu, I have to thank you."

"Thank me for what?" Yang Kai looked up at him.

As soon as Shaman Chi pushed his Shaman Strength, an extremely strong aura spread out.

Yang Kai raised his brow, "Oh? You're already a Mid-Rank Shaman King. Congratulations."

Shaman Chi continued, "Without you, I wouldn't have been able to become a Mid-Rank Shaman King so soon."

He suffered a great loss in his encounter with Yang Kai last time, but although he was injured, Shaman Chi recognized his shortcomings and strived hard to improve. During his recuperation, he had a breakthrough in comprehension and after countless battles with the Demon Race, he finally broke through from the Low-Rank Shaman King realm to the Mid-Rank Shaman King Realm.

"No need to feel grateful, it was all your own effort." Yang Kai smiled lightly.

Shaman Chi grimaced a little. Such a response was not what he hoped to see. Then he shouted, "Shaman Niu, the South Barbarian Clan has perished. If you want to live, you'd best understand what you must do!"

"The South Barbarian Clan has not perished!" Yang Kai corrected him with a solemn look, "I and my subordinates are still here, so the South Barbarian Clan has not died."

Shaman Chi laughed, "With only a Shaman Grandmaster like you? All the Shaman Kings of the South Barbarian Clan are dead. Without a Shaman King, your Clan has no qualification to exist. Don't you know that?"

The Barbarians Clans often annexed each other. Just like Blue South Village, if Yang Kai had not been born there, the village without a Shaman's protection would soon be annexed by other villages after the death of the old Village Chief.

The same was true in all Clans.

Having a Shaman King was the most important criteria for the existence of a Great Clan. A Great Clan without a Shaman King would lose its standing.

"We just need a Shaman King, right?" Yang Kai closed his eyes as he spoke, "If that's what you want."

When he opened his eyes again, they radiated intensely, and an exceedingly powerful aura suddenly exploded from his body.

Shaman Chi's face changed drastically as he thought that Yang Kai was going to attack him. In fact, he could not wait for him to do so, so that he could fight back without hesitation and obtain his revenge.

To his great surprise though, he found that Yang Kai did not have any intention to fight. Rather, the aura from his body grew stronger and more ferocious and in the blink of an eye, it exceeded the Realm of a Shaman Grandmaster and touched the Shaman King Realm.

"This is..." Shaman Chi was dumbfounded.

Before he could finish his sentence, Yang Kai's aura suddenly soared, as if the shackles restraining it had been broken through, allowing Yang Kai's Realm to climb to a new height.

Shaman Chi's eyes quivered violently as he could hardly believe what he just witnessed.

"If it's just a Shaman King, there's one here now..." Yang Kai grinned at him.

The twenty thousand Shaman Niu Clansmen who were detained not far away burst out in cheers after a moment of stunned silence. All of them were excited beyond measure, especially Yue and Lu. Shaman King! There was a new Shaman King in the South Barbarian Clan! That meant that in this war of two races, the South Barbarian Clan still had the right to act independently, and did not have to seek refuge under another Great Clan or become a vassal to one.

The cheers were soon suppressed, however, as several figures suddenly appeared, and spread out into four corners to surround the stage. All of them possessed profound cultivation, revealing the aura of a Shaman King. They were the other Bone Devouring Clan Shaman Kings assuming command in Cang Er Mountain Valley. They chose not to appear earlier because they did not think it was necessary. Shaman Chi should be able to deal with Yang Kai, who was just a Shaman Grandmaster, easily.

But when Yang Kai suddenly and inexplicably became a Shaman King, they had to show up.

Among them, a bald Shaman King had the most powerful aura and seemed to be a little stronger than the others. He looked at Yang Kai with his authoritative eyes, and remarked, "I've never seen such an effortless breakthrough to the Shaman King Realm."

"That simply means your knowledge is not broad enough." Even facing a High-Rank Shaman King whose cultivation was two Minor Realms above his own, Yang Kai remained calm and composed.

"Rumour has it that you received the favour of the Barbarian Gods. I didn't believe it at first, but it seems that it might be true." The bald Shaman King looked Yang Kai up and down as if he wanted to examine him thoroughly.

"Sir has heard of me before?" Yang Kai was surprised.

The bald Shaman King glanced at Shaman Chi, and continued, "I definitely would pay a little attention to those who could defeat stronger enemies and hurt Shaman Chi."

Shaman Chi's face turned ugly, glaring at Yang Kai angrily, as if his unhealed wound had been sprinkled with salt.

“But...” The bald Shaman King pressed on, “It’s meaningless even if you break through to the Shaman King Realm. Your South Barbarian Clan has perished. This is a fact, and no one can change it.”

“I’m still alive, and twenty thousand of my subordinates are still alive. We can rebuild the South Barbarian Clan!” Yang Kai continued with a deep voice, “Sir, don’t make a judgement too early.”

The bald Shaman King shook his head, “The Sacred Treasure of the South Barbarian Clan is already lost so... where did you get that?”

His eyes suddenly darted to an object that looked like a wood-carving that Yang Kai was casually playing with in his hand. There was also a similar wood-carving in the Bone Devouring Clan, but it was in the hands of their Shaman Saint. Even a High-Rank Shaman King like him was not qualified to touch it.

The Sacred Treasure was a symbol of authority over their Clan, and most people thought of it as just a token, but a few Shaman Kings knew that the Sacred Treasure had many other wonderful functions.

Being able to obtain a Sacred Treasure would be a great help to a Shaman King’s cultivation.

Chapter 2886, Bear The Consequences

The bald Shaman King could not understand how the Sacred Treasure of the South Barbarian Clan appeared in the hands of this man named Shaman Niu.

The descent of the Black Brilliance destroyed several hundred thousand South Barbarian Clansmen, including all the South Barbarian Clan Shaman Kings who were alive at the time. It only made sense that the Sacred Treasure was lost or destroyed together with the death of those Shaman Kings, yet now it appeared right in front of his eyes.

[Could it be that this Shaman Niu had been on that battlefield?]

This idea was extinguished as soon as it appeared though because as far as the bald Shaman King knew, a highly authoritative and mighty Demon Saint, which was equivalent to the existence of a Shaman Saint, was present that day. If this Shaman Niu really took part in the battlefield, how could it be possible for him to come back alive?

It was somewhat different from the Bone Devouring Clan’s expectations that the South Barbarian Clan still had a Shaman King, and the Sacred Treasure still existed.

Led by the bald Shaman King, several Shaman Kings of the Bone Devouring Clan exchanged eye contact silently to communicate with each other and reached a consensus shortly after.

The bald Shaman King then spoke, “Shaman Niu, hand over the Sacred Treasure. Since you have taken refuge with the Demon Race, you are no longer a son of the Barbarian Gods.”

Yang Kai snorted, “Which eye of yours saw that we have taken refuge under the Demon Race?”

Shaman Chi barked sternly, "Do you still deny it? If you didn't take refuge under the Demon Race, why are you still saving this Demon King?"

Yang Kai replied, "I told you, he is my subordinate, of course I had to save him!"

Shaman Chi smiled contemptuously, "Based on your words, do you mean that this Demon King was subdued by you?"

"Exactly!"

Shaman Chi burst out laughing, obviously not believing it. The other Shaman Kings also shook their heads slightly, thinking that Yang Kai was too shameless to make such an exaggerated boast! Before this, Yang Kai was just a Shaman Grandmaster, so how could he force a Demon King to submit? A Demon King was an existence that was equivalent to them, the Shaman Kings. They had the same arrogance and pride, so if they were in the same position, they would never succumb to the tyranny of a Demon Great General and would rather die honourably than live in shame.

"You have been demonised, and you are also transformed into a Demon!" The bald Shaman King sighed, "Fortunately, you are not deeply affected by the demonisation. If you hand over Sacred Treasure, the South Barbarian Clan may still be pardoned."

"I would know if I had transformed into a Demon. Sir doesn't need to worry, I am here today to take away the people from my Shaman Niu Clan. I hope Sirs can grant my request!"

Shaman Chi boomed sternly, "Spare the nonsense, this guy is delirious. He just wants to rescue this Demon King. Let me kill him and take back the Sacred Treasure!"

Shaman Chi lost his temper and took action in a flash. His Shaman Strength was already activated when he spoke and a huge skull suddenly appeared and quickly expanded to the size of a house, opening its mouth to bite at Yang Kai, attempting to swallow him.

The bald Shaman King and the others watched indifferently, none of them attempting to stop Shaman Chi or help him, all of them apparently silently approving of his actions.

Yang Kai had seen this skull before. Shaman Chi summoned the same Shaman Artifact when the two of them fought last time. It was extremely vicious and sinister, and its power now seemed to be much greater than previously.

Yang Kai welcomed the sinister aura that rushed right towards his face with squinted eyes.

The skull descended and swallowed him whole.

Shaman Chi was stunned, as he did not expect it to be so easy. Joy crept up his face but quickly turned into shock because in the next moment, an Earth-shaking sword light escaped through the seven orifices of the skull. The entire skull flew out and began wobbling about like a headless fly through the air, regardless of how Shaman Chi tried to control it.

Shaman Chi's face changed drastically as he quickly changed his hand seal.

The skull opened its mouth wide, and Yang Kai and his sword were expelled in the form of a sword light. Whatever remained of the skull shrank rapidly at that point, greatly losing its spirituality.

Shaman Chi's eyes were about to pop from their sockets in fury as his heart ached terribly. How could the strength of this Shaman Niu be so terrifying? He suffered a small loss the last time they clashed when he was a Low-Rank Shaman King and Yang Kai was a Low-Rank Shaman Grandmaster, but Shaman Chi thought he would be able to regain some of his dignity this time and never expected his opponent's growth to be even greater than his own.

He was not Yang Kai's opponent at all. Even though it was only a short confrontation, Shaman Chi was sure of it.

[Luckily I'm not alone...] Shaman Chi thought silently as he looked up.

On the other side, in front of Yang Kai stood the bald Shaman King, who seemed to have foreseen this coming, and intercepted him ahead of time. He raised his hand and a pitch-black lance blasted towards Yang Kai. The power of the lance was amazing and seemed to flip the Heavens and Earth upside down.

A mighty blow without reservations from a High-Rank Shaman King was naturally extremely terrifying.

As he struck, he bellowed, "Shaman Niu, you are the matchless prodigy of our Barbarian Race. By right you would have great achievements in the future, but it's a pity that you had no self-respect and succumbed to the Demon Race. The Barbarian Race cannot forgive you, you must die here today."

Yang Kai laughed heartily, "Many have wanted my life, and none of them have had good ends. Sir, you will be no exception!"

Saying so, he pointed the Myriads Sword forward, and a cold light flashed before the sword swung with the ferocity of a dragon.

The pitch-black energy lance was shattered by the sword strike and its remnants melted like snowflakes under the scorching sun.

The bald Shaman King remained calm and quickly reacted. With a single thought, his hand seal changed, and the shattered black energy suddenly shrank, immediately transforming into a cage that attempted to capture Yang Kai inside of it.

At the same time, apart from Shaman Chi, the other three Shaman Kings had also arrived, all of them looking ruthless, holding no reservations.

They were determined to finish off Yang Kai here, not only because Yang Kai and the Bone Devouring Clan had old grudges, but also because he possessed the South Barbarian Clan's Sacred Treasure.

On top of that, the Shaman Niu Clan mingled with the Demon Race, so his death would not be worth pitying. Even if the entire Clan was slaughtered, the other Clans would not disapprove.

More than twenty thousand people from the Shaman Niu Clan gasped loudly. Yue and Lu, and the other Shamans were even more nervous and desperately wanted to assist Yang Kai, but unfortunately, they knew that they would not be much of a help with such a drastic difference in strength. They made up their minds that if anything happened to Sir Shaman Niu, they would immediately revolt and fight back, preferring to be killed by the people of Bone Devouring Clan than ending up as their food.

On the stage, in the face of the joint attack of the four Shaman Kings, Yang Kai remained calm. He swung the Myriads Sword in every direction in a seemingly chaotic, unorganized manner, but somehow the few

swings completely shattered the Shamanic Spells of the other Shaman Kings, leaving only the cage of the bald Shaman King, in which he remained firmly bound.

Yang Kai's body tensed at that moment as a majestic power erupted from within him. The formless black cage suddenly inflated several times its original size and began emitting a vague cracking sound, as if it might shatter at any time.

The bald Shaman King's face changed slightly at this sight and no longer dared to hesitate, chanting an obscure incantation between his lips.

The other four Shaman Kings looked solemn and joined in the chanting together.

The voices of the five Shaman Kings quickly merged together into one voice, where none of its components could be distinguished from the others. Followed by the change of incantation, a gigantic unmatched skeletal hand appeared out of thin air. The skeletal hand was almost a hundred metres in size and grabbed downwards at a seemingly slow but actually fast speed towards Yang Kai.

The grip of this skeletal hand was so powerful that even the surrounding World Principles were trapped by it.

Yang Kai inexplicably felt himself being choked as his body bent as if a giant mountain was pressing down on his neck, making it impossible for him to stand straight.

He was amazed by what he saw. Although he did not know what Shamanic Spell this was, since it required five Shaman Kings working together to cast, it could not be ignored. Kicking Bao Qi, who was next to him, out of the stage, Yang Kai flickered to the side.

There was a loud bang, and the skeletal hand clutched the newly built stage, crushing it into powder.

Before Yang Kai could stand firm though, the huge skeletal hand already made a second attempt to capture him. Yang Kai's face darkened, but just as he was considering testing the abilities of this skeletal hand by facing it head-on, he suddenly saw a visible scorching light radiating from its palm. The scorching light leapt across space in an instant and shot directly towards his chest.

Yang Kai hurriedly dodged again.

This repeated for the following consecutive attacks.

Yang Kai soon grew infuriated and shouted furiously, "Enough!"

Shaman Chi guffawed, "Flee, just continue to flee, let's see how long more you can flee!"

"Shaman Chi, you court death!" Yang Kai glared at him coldly.

"You are having trouble fending for yourself, and you still have the time to threaten me?" Shaman Chi curled his lips disdainfully, "You'd best care for your own life first."

"You already know why I must remain passive!" Yang Kai retorted coldly while evading the attacks of the chasing skeleton hand.

Shaman Chi chuckled, "Only someone incompetent would run. Everyone has the innate instinct to preserve his own life."

“You’re wrong.” Yang Kai shook his head slightly, and said plainly, “I just don’t want Sir Shaman Saint to chase me down.”

“Why would Sir Shaman Saint chase you down?” Shaman Chi frowned.

Yang Kai grinned cunningly, showing his fangs, “If I killed all of you, do you think Sir Shaman Saint wouldn’t hunt me down?”

Shaman Chi froze for a moment, and then burst into laughter as if he heard some funny joke, “Just you alone? Do you want to kill all of us with only your pitiful strength? Shaman Niu, are you still dreaming?”

Yang Kai stopped talking to him and turned to the bald Shaman King, “All of you shouldn’t die at my hands. The Demon Race is still raging across this land, so your strength should be used to deal with those Demon Kings!”

“You don’t need to worry about the Demon Kings, we will take care of them. You, on the other hand, should surrender without a fight.” The bald Shaman King replied coldly.

Yang Kai sighed, and finally remarked with difficulty, “It’s not too late to stop now, otherwise... you will bear all the consequences!”

The bald Shaman King seemed to become maddened too and shouted, “This is the first time I have seen a person blurt out such preposterous words. I hope you are more capable than your words!” With a snort, he pushed his Shaman Strength even more fiercely, causing the giant skeletal hand’s might to increase again.

“Then have a look for yourself if I am capable or not!” Yang Kai suddenly stopped fleeing and stood his ground, his Myriads Sword lifted slightly.

The five Shaman Kings of Bone Devouring Clan were horrified at the sight of it, knowing that Yang Kai was really going to take this seriously, and immediately urged the giant skeletal hand to grab him.

The tiny figure and the huge skeletal hand created a very sharp visual contrast to every Barbarian who watched this scene, whether it was the clansmen of Bone Devouring Clan or the clansmen of the Shaman Niu Clan. At this moment, none of them were aware that they were holding their breaths, as they witnessed something exciting enough to be recorded in the annals of history.

Chapter 2887, Kill

Yang Kai did not evade the grasp of the gigantic skeletal hand this time.

As the huge hand closed its grip, Yang Kai’s figure disappeared, and more than a hundred thousand Bone Devouring Clansmen cheered and worshiped their five Shaman Kings.

The faces of Yue and Lu turned pale, and they seemed to be unable to accept the scene in front of them; however, Tia’s voice immediately came from the side, “He’s fine!”

Tiea was a notably special existence in the Shaman Niu Clan. She was just a Shaman Grandmaster, but she seemed to have insight that even a Shaman King could not possess, her words never once being false.

She stated before that Yang Kai would come for them.

Then Yang Kai came.

Therefore, everyone in the Shaman Niu Clan seemed to be affected by her words and felt reassured.

On the contrary, the five Shaman Kings of the Bone Devouring Clan wore stern looks on their faces and did not seem to rejoice in their success.

A grunt suddenly came out of the gigantic skeletal hand. No one could make out the mutter clearly; however, after the grunt, a loud Dragon Roar suddenly burst out, followed by an incomparably huge Golden Dragon manifesting inside the palm of the gigantic skeletal hand.

A terrifying aura filled the air.

The five Bone Devouring Clan Shaman Kings who joined hands suddenly felt a sense of insignificance.

Kacha...

The gigantic skeletal hand was forced open by a golden light as a huge figure could be seen through its fingers, standing on its palm.

Followed by a swing of sword light, the skeletal hand trembled and its fingers were severed, falling from the sky like five small hills, frightening the Bone Devouring Clansmen below and forcing them to flee the mess.

Yang Kai, who used his Dragon Transformation, jumped onto the skeletal palm, dragging the Myriads Sword along with him as he ran up the arm, creating a series of screeches and sparks.

In the blink of an eye, Yang Kai reached the elbow of the skeletal arm, standing towering like a glorious king as he gazed down at everything below him.

The five Bone Devouring Shaman Kings looked up together, and saw a scene that they would never forget in their life.

The skeletal hand, which was jointly condensed by five of them, was cleaved by a newly promoted Shaman King with sheer brute force. A huge crack split from the wrist of the skeletal hand all the way to the elbow, like a ravine that represented a testimony of the passage of years and the changes of eras.

Yang Kai tapped his foot lightly, and the entire skeletal arm was split into two. The Shamanic Spell of the five Shaman Kings was broken, and the gigantic skeletal hand immediately turned into a million points of light before vanishing.

With his Myriads Swords pointing downwards, Yang Kai declared with a cold face, "I didn't want to fight with you, but that doesn't mean that I can't. Since you started this, I will give all of you an unforgettable lesson."

His eyes darted at Shaman Chi!

Shaman Chi was in a panic and stepped back involuntarily upon sensing the strong murderous intent in Yang Kai's eyes.

"Save me!" Shaman Chi bellowed, and moved to get close to the other Shaman Kings. The bald Shaman King was the first to react and attempted to fly towards him.

But Yang Kai released a sword light from the sky to block his path, and when the sword light dissipated, the bald Shaman King was stunned in place as he stared at the scene before him. There, Shaman Niu had already rushed to Shaman Chi, his sword pointed at the neck of the Shaman Chi.

"Hundreds of villagers in Blue South Village died because of your Bone Devouring Clan. Killing one of your Shaman Kings today should be sufficient revenge for my people."

Appalled, Shaman Chi bellowed, "How dare you! Sir Shaman Saint will not forgive this! If you really kill me, the Shaman Saint will chase you till the ends of the world!"

Yang Kai sneered, "I've been chased by a Demon Saint for a month already, do you really think I'd fear your Shaman Saint? Besides, he seems to be recuperating, right? So, you'd best just die in peace!"

"Stop!" The bald Shaman King suddenly shouted.

Yang Kai asked steadily as he turned to him, "You have something to say, Sir?"

"Let Shaman Chi go and I'll let all of you go!" The bald Shaman King proposed in a deep voice.

Yang Kai smiled, and shook his head, "When I asked you to stop, you kept forcing me. Now that something has gone wrong, you want to make peace with me? Life is not so kind. I'm sorry, the decision is in my hands now."

The bald Shaman King pressed on, "Killing Shaman Chi won't do you any good. It will only forge a deep enmity between you and our Bone Devouring Clan!"

Yang Kai curled his lip, "And your Clan won't hate me if I don't kill him? You are a Clan that will seek revenge for the slightest grievance. If it weren't for the invasion of the Demon Race, you would have already attacked my Blue South Village again. Since we already have an old grievance, I don't mind adding a new one."

"A Shaman King is an indispensable force in the war of two races right now. You can't kill him."

"Funny!" Yang Kai snapped back, "I'm also a Shaman King, yet did you five not join hands to kill me just now?"

"That's because we thought you were transformed into a Demon."

"If I were transformed into a Demon, all of you would have to die today, not just one." As Yang Kai's words fell, the chilling light of the Myriad Sword in his hand flashed and Shaman Chi's head flew into the sky as a fountain of blood burst from his neck.

The remaining four Bone Devouring Shaman Kings all stared in horror.

They thought Yang Kai was just bluffing, and would not really kill Shaman Chi, but they did not expect him to really do it. Shaman Chi's body was still standing in place, while the expression on his severed head was one of utter shock. Obviously, he did not think his life would end just like this.

Instead of dying at the hands of the Demon Race, he died at the hands of a fellow Barbarian.

After killing Shaman Chi, Yang Kai teleported in front of the bald Shaman King and stabbed the Myriads Swords a hand length into his chest.

The bald Shaman King was instantly stiffened, and dared not to move a muscle.

"Don't underestimate me. I can kill all of you if I wish." Yang Kai stared at the bald Shaman King coldly as a drop of cold sweat rolled down the latter's cheek.

"But all of you still have some use. You can fight and kill Demons, so I will spare your lives today!" Yang Kai withdrew his Myriads Swords before staring down from above at the bald Shaman King and declaring in a fierce voice, "All of you better remember, don't provoke my South Barbarian Clan. Whoever dares will pay the price."

The bald Shaman King remained silent, obviously somewhat traumatized.

Stowing away the Myriads Swords, Yang Kai walked past the bald Shaman King and went straight to the place where the twenty thousand people of the Shaman Niu Clan were being detained.

The Bone Devouring Clansmen who stood in the way looked at Yang Kai in fear, as if they were looking at a fierce beast, and soon they split apart, opening a path for him.

When he reached the front of the Shaman Niu Clan, the Shaman Grandmaster of the Bone Devouring Clan who had been guarding them looked as if he had still not come to his senses. Yang Kai raised his eyes, and the Shaman Grandmaster immediately stepped aside, a breeze blowing by as he felt a chill shoot up his back.

"Sir!" Yue, Lu, and all the others came forward to salute him, their eyes were filled with awe.

"Let's go." Yang Kai called.

Ah Hu came forward and reported, "They took our mounts."

Yang Kai looked back at the bald Shaman King.

It was obvious that the bald Shaman King was struggling, and Yang Kai began to reveal a meaningful grin.

A moment later, the bald Shaman King seemed to have made the hardest decision of his life and shouted, "Return to them those things!"

The clansmen of the Bone Devouring Clan immediately rushed out, and a moment later, a thousand Demon Beasts and several dozen Giant Eagles were released from their cages and returned straight back to their masters.

The cavalry mounted their Demon Beasts, while the Aerial Cavalry rode their Giant Eagles into the air. More than twenty thousand people marched out of Cang Er Mountain Valley in an orderly fashion, each member of the Shaman Niu Clan holding their heads high, their backs as straight as javelins.

Behind them were the eyes of more than a hundred thousand Bone Devouring Clansmen, all of them filled with complicated feelings.

When the people of the Shaman Niu Clan finally left their sight, only then did the people of the Bone Devouring Clan let out a sigh of relief. The remaining four Shaman Kings all looked tired, as if they had exhausted all their energy.

Outside the mountain valley, the army was no longer able to contain their excitement and the silence was finally broken. People began to chatter amongst themselves about what had just happened, and the more they discussed, the more exhilarated they became.

No one stopped them.

Everyone had been detained by the Bone Devouring Clan and suffered mental torment for the past few days. Now that they had finally been rescued, not to mention in an extremely astonishing way, by Sir Shaman Niu, they naturally needed to vent their pent-up emotions.

“What do you want to say?” Yang Kai turned to Yue and asked. Since earlier, she had clearly been hesitant to say something. Even before she spoke though, Yang Kai already guessed what she wanted to discuss and asked, “Do you think I shouldn’t have killed Shaman Chi?”

Yue nodded, “He is a Shaman King of the Bone Devouring Clan after all, but now he died at your hands. If word of this spreads, other Clans may reject us. Our South Barbarian Clan is now in decline, so we should avoid drawing too much unwanted attention.”

Yang Kai smiled lightly and shook his head, “It is exactly because we are on the wane that we cannot restrain ourselves. We must let all the other Clans know that even if there is only one Shaman King and twenty thousand people left in the South Barbarian Clan, the South Barbarian Clan will not die. We will control our own destiny, not submit to others!” His eyes gradually narrowed, “The defence line of the Demon Race is narrowing and the war will become more and more intense. If we don’t become stronger and more ruthless, we will be used as sacrifices by other Clans sooner or later.”

After pondering for a while, Yue found his words reasonable and could only nod her head, “Perhaps you are right.”

Yang Kai pressed on, “Furthermore, it’s their fault this time. It’s wrong for me to kill a Shaman King, but I don’t think anyone will be in a hurry to stand up for Shaman Chi. The Bone Devouring Clan will continue to hate us and want to fight us, but that will only happen after the war between the two races ends. I just hope that they can survive until the end.”

“What about us?” Yue looked up at Yang Kai, like a child who had yet to mature.

“We will survive, drive away the Demon Race, and rebuild our homes!”

Yue’s eyes were filled with fascination as she visualized this beautiful future.

“Sir Shaman Dang died in battle!” Yang Kai suddenly declared.

The longing on Yue’s face was retracted, and her eyes drooped without a word, overwhelmed by sadness. Lu reached out to hold her arm, and the two sisters leaned closely together.

Chapter 2888, Two Years

The World wept as countless lives were extinguished.

It had been two years since the invasion of the Demon Race, and during this time, the two races fought thousands of battles. More and more Barbarian Clans were destroyed, and one Demon Race army after another had been slaughtered. War raged across the north of this world with warriors dying every moment of every day.

About a month ago, the Shaman Saints and Demon Saints had finally fully recovered and left their seclusion one after another. The two sides fought with each other again; however, everyone held back their strength this time and mostly probed the enemy this time.

Compared to two years ago, the Barbarian Race was at a disadvantage due to the addition of Demon Saint Mo Duo to the Demon Race side. The extra Demon Saint had broken the balance between the two sides.

Everyone who survived through the two years of grim war had grown a lot.

The only remaining army of the South Barbarian Clan grew stronger and stronger in the war, and it had now expanded to as many as a hundred thousand people. The reputation of Shaman Niu also spread throughout the two races. It was no longer a secret that he enslaved ten Demon Kings, and it was precisely due to these ten Demon Kings that the Shaman Niu Clan could remain ever triumphant in this long war.

Two years was enough to bring about a lot of changes.

The greatest change was the endless reinforcements of the Demon Race from the hole in the World Barrier. Although this opening wasn't completely stable, and powerful Masters could not pass through it freely, weaker troops could come and go as they pleased.

But this did not deter the Barbarian Race's desire to recover their lost land.

Almost every Clan of the Demon Race Hundred Clans had their own Innate Divine Ability, and without the ten Demon Kings who Yang Kai had subdued, the Barbarian Race would have suffered a great invisible loss. The Demon Kings knew the details of the Demon Race like the back of their hand, which Yang Kai had already summarized and passed onto the leaders of the other Great Clans. With this information, the Barbarian Race was able to drastically reduce their losses, otherwise, the war would not have been so smooth for them.

Although the Demons kept flooding in from the passage between the two worlds, compared to two years prior, the defence line of the Demon Race had shrunk to just a two thousand kilometre radius from the passage.

All the Demons gathered here, while various Great Clans of the Barbarian Race stationed themselves at the perimeter of this two thousand kilometre region. Millions of warriors from both sides now confronted each other in this place.

An incomparable huge rift stood in the sky, the large gap unable to close up due to the constant infusion of vigorous Demon Qi. The sight was truly terrifying, and it could be seen clearly by all even from very far away.

It was like a never-healing scar in the sky.

This was the channel torn open by the Great Demon God of the Demon Realm with his terrifying means. The Barbarians called it the Two Worlds Passage.

As long as this passage was not closed, this war would never end.

All the leaders in the Barbarian Race were aware of this; therefore, over the past two years, all the Barbarians had been working hard towards this goal, besieging the Demon Race everywhere, forcing them back so they could seal the Two Worlds Passage.

As long as Two Worlds Passage was sealed, the source of the reinforcements for the Demon Race would be cut off. No more Demons would be able to come from the Demon Realm, and the Demons remaining in this land would also be weakened, making them fish on the chopping block.

Several large-scale attacks by the Barbarian Race were resisted by the Demon Race, with many demonised Barbarians being used as sacrifices to hold back the enemy. Both sides suffered injuries, but there was no way for the Barbarian Race to break through to the Two Worlds Passage.

Yang Kai had gone out to check the Two Worlds Passage several times personally and confirmed that it was really connected to another Great World and even allowed the World Principles of that world to interfere with the native World Principles. Even if he was proficient in the Space Principles, he could not repair this gash with his current strength.

Only if he became a Great Emperor would that be possible.

He was just a High-Rank Shaman King now, and while he seemed to be very close to becoming a Great Emperor, he was still far away.

Over the last year or so, he had broken through from the Low-Rank Shaman King Realm to the High-Rank Shaman King Realm. It was a miracle without a doubt. No one had ever advanced so quickly in the history of the Barbarian Race, but Yang Kai did. Of course, part of the reason was that he had the attributes of an Emperor Realm Master to begin with, but the biggest help was the Sacred Treasure that was given to him by Shaman Dang before he died.

When he first obtained the Sacred Treasure, Yang Kai did not notice anything special about it.

Only after becoming a Shaman King did he become aware of the secrets of the Sacred Treasure.

Every time he cultivated in retreat, the Sacred Treasure seemed to turn into a medium that connected him to the Shaman Divine Temple.

The Shaman Divine Temple was the most sacred place to all Barbarians. Historical records and precious Shamanic Spells of all the Barbarian Masters over countless years were accumulated there, and Yang Kai was able to roam the Shaman Divine Temple with his Soul while he possessed the Sacred Treasure, allowing him to see the wonderful abilities of countless mighty experts and all of their legendary legacies.

This knowledge was much more extensive than what was passed down to him by the Evergreen Divine Tree.

After discovering this, Yang Kai understood why the Shaman Kings of the Bone Devouring Clan attempted to rob the Sacred Treasure from him. Obviously, they knew the value of the Sacred Treasure for cultivation and wanted to obtain it for themselves.

A Clan with a High-Rank Shaman King definitely could not be underestimated, not to mention one that had ten Demon King subordinates.

As the last remnants of the South Barbarian Clan, the Shaman Niu Clan had been recognized and approved by various Great Clans of the Barbarian Race. The twins, Yue and Lu had also successfully become Shaman Grandmasters and ranked only second to Yang Kai in the Shaman Niu Clan. Other Shamans had more or less improved too, with those who had followed Yang Kai since the beginning becoming the backbone of the Shaman Niu Clan.

Tiea remained the same, however. It seemed that the two years of war did not bring any changes to her, nor did her cultivation improve in any noticeable way.

She did not seem to care about the war at all and simply followed Yang Kai all the time. She never appeared when Yang Kai did not need her, but as long as Yang Kai looked for her, she would always be there.

It was as if she could read Yang Kai's thoughts.

Even after two years together, Yang Kai could not see through this woman's thoughts.

The closed door was knocked on, and Yang Kai sighed softly, ending his wandering in the Shaman Divine Temple. He put away the Sacred Treasures as he looked up, "Come in."

The twins, Yue and Lu, pushed the door in with overly serious looks.

"What are the new orders from the Shaman Saints?" Yang Kai looked up at them. The sisters were just summoned by the Shaman Saints to discuss the matter together with the Shaman Kings of the other Clans. They actually did not have the qualifications to attend such a meeting, for they were just Shaman Grandmasters, but the situation of the Shaman Niu Clan was somewhat special, so no one fussed about Yang Kai not showing up personally.

During this time, Yang Kai had been cultivating, so he handed over the administrative matters of the Shaman Niu Clan to Yue and Lu.

Looking at their faces after coming back from the meeting, Yang Kai realized that something serious had been decided.

"The time for the final battle has come!" Yue replied, her voice trembling.

Yang Kai raised his brow, "Have they found a way to seal the Two Worlds Passage?"

This was the difficult problem the Barbarian Race urgently needed to solve. As long as the Two Worlds Passage was sealed, the Demons who invaded this land would be cut off from support, and the Barbarian Race would be able to eliminate them sooner or later.

However, this was also an unsolvable problem. Even the four Shaman Saints were incapable of shutting the Two Worlds Passage, which was the reason for this unending war between the two races. Both sides knew that the war would not end easily unless the Two Worlds Passage was closed.

But right now, the Shaman Saints suddenly declared a final assault. The thought that naturally came into Yang Kai's mind was that they had found a way to seal the Two Worlds Passage.

This was great news, but Yang Kai did not think that the Shaman Saints possessed such ability. It was not him underestimating them, but simply a fact.

"They seem to have found a method."

"Seem to?" Yang Kai frowned, "Is that how the Shaman Saints answered you?"

Anything uncertainty was intolerable in war, for a single accident would be enough to doom hundreds of thousands of people.

Yue continued, "By the looks of the Sirs, they seem quite confident, but they did not explain much about it."

Lu pressed on, "The Sirs want you to meet with them immediately."

Yang Kai touched his chin, "It seems like they really are confident."

If they were not confident, they would not specifically ask him to meet them again. The reason that they did not explain it clearly was because they were afraid that those Shaman Kings could not keep the secret.

Without delay, Yang Kai left the Shaman Niu Clan's station and rushed to the location of the Shaman Saints.

He had been here several times before, so he was familiar with the way. However, later on, when he had to cultivate, he did not want to waste time and just ordered Yue and Lu to represent him in meetings. Ever since then, he did not show up when the Shaman Saints called.

However, the situation now was obviously somewhat unusual.

In a simple and crude hall, Yang Kai saw Shaman Saint Xu.

Saint Xu was a special existence among the four Shaman Saints. He was an extraordinary character by any measure in any time, be it the past, present, or even future, because although he was a Shaman Saint, he did not know much about Shamanic Spells and instead relied completely on his physical prowess to reach his current height.

He was a Master who achieved Sainthood through Body Tempering.

The Warriors of the Barbarian Race focused on Body Tempering too, but in the past hundred thousand years, only Saint Xu had achieved Sainthood this way.

In the battle of the Saints two years ago, almost all the Shaman Saints and Demon Saints were injured while Saint Xu was the only one who escaped unscathed and returned with the other three Shaman Saints. His strength was unquestionable.

Although Xu was a Shaman Saint, he did not put on airs and Yang Kai had dealt with him several times, having a good impression of him. No matter what happened, this Shaman Saint was always smiling and seemed exceptionally amiable.

The other three Shaman Saints were absent, which Yang Kai felt slightly relieved about.

It was not because he was afraid, but he wanted to avoid the troubles of meeting the Shaman Saint of the Bone Devouring Clan; after all, there was a deep resentment between the Shaman Niu Clan and the Bone Devouring Clan. Back then, Yang Kai killed a Shaman King of the Bone Devouring Clan, and the Shaman Saint of the Bone Devouring Clan had been deeply upset with him ever since. If the Shaman Niu Clan had not been performing remarkably well in the war between the two races, killing numerous Demons and making great contributions, the Bone Devouring Clan would have attacked the Shaman Niu Clan long ago. This was also one of the reasons why Yang Kai did not respond to the summons of the Shaman Saints previously.

Xu looked young, barely forty years old. He had a wide mouth and nose, a square head and big ears. His dark red complexion, burly body, unusually long arms that almost hung down to his knees and extremely wide palms that appeared as if they could lift a huge mountain or block a river gave him a somewhat comical appearance.

Every time Yang Kai saw him, he was amazed by the fierce and surging vitality coming from his body, and this was after Xu restrained his aura to the maximum possible extent. If he had been unleashing his aura, his vitality alone would be a shocking sight to see.

Yang Kai believed that if a giant dragon appeared in front of Saint Xu, he could tear it apart with his bare hands.

If Yang Kai's body was like the rising Sun, Shaman Xu's body would be the scorching noon Sun. One would feel burnt just by standing before him.

Chapter 2889, The Final Battle

"Sir!" Yang Kai stood in the hall, crossing his fist across his chest.

Saint Xu turned around, but the smile that had always been on his face was absent this time, while his eyes were dignified and solemn. He asked quickly, "You should know why I called you over, right?"

Yang Kai replied, "I heard that there is going to be a final battle!"

“Indeed!” Xu gave a slight nod, “It’s the final battle, and our victory depends on this one move!”

Yang Kai frowned and asked, “Forgive me for asking, but how are we going to seal the Two Worlds Passage? Have you found a way?”

Xu finally smiled, “Yes! I can’t reveal the specific method to you yet, but I can guarantee that this is a feasible method.”

He was a Shaman Saint, so there was no need to promise a Shaman King anything, but since he said so, he obviously had great confidence in this method.

Yang Kai nodded to express his understanding, “Then what did Sir summon me for?”

Xu grew somber again and declared, “I need you to put this method into effect!”

“Me?” Yang Kai was stunned, “There are Shaman Saints here, why me?”

Xu explained, “This method needs to be carried out by surprise, so it’s too conspicuous for me or the other three Shaman Saints to do it. Only the Shaman Kings stand a chance to succeed, and among all Shaman Kings, you are the strongest, and the Shaman Niu Clan is also the most elite force, so we chose you, and your Shaman Niu Clan, to take up this task!”

Yang Kai fell silent for a while. He did not decline, but opened his mouth, “What are we supposed to do specifically?”

“You don’t need to know now. Someone will inform you before the final battle begins. You just need to tell me, can you take up this responsibility?” For the first time, there was a majesty in Xu’s gaze, and it felt as if a burning flame made manifest was staring at Yang Kai.

Yang Kai grinned, “I don’t think Sir would specifically summon me if I couldn’t.”

Xu laughed heartily, patted Yang Kai’s shoulder, and said warmly, “Rest assured, on the day of the final battle, all Barbarians will strive to create an opportunity for you. You only need to execute the plan.”

“When will the final battle be?” Yang Kai raised his head to ask.

“In five days!”

After returning from his meeting with Xu, Yang Kai did not cultivate in retreat.

Five days was not enough to improve his strength, so he walked slowly around the Shaman Niu Clan’s base, studying the familiar and unfamiliar faces of his clansmen.

Every Ancient Barbarian who saw him saluted with utmost respectfulness.

The news of the final battle seemed to have spread out, and the hundred thousand clansmen of the Shaman Niu Clan had already begun preparing. The warriors sharpened their weapons, and the cavalry fed their mounts, all of them preparing to perform their best in the upcoming fight.

The archers crafted arrows, and the Shaman Masters adjusted their breathing in retreat to maintain their most perfect condition, so they could display their best in five days.

Yang Kai bumped into many familiar faces, all of whom had followed him since the beginning of the war.

Less than half of the two hundred villagers from Blue South Village were left after this brutal struggle. Most of the villagers died in the war, but those who survived became far stronger.

There were more unfamiliar faces than familiar ones though. These people were recruited by the Shaman Niu Clan over the past year or so. They came from different backgrounds, but now were all part of the Shaman Niu Clan.

Yang Kai found Ah Hu, who was feeding his mount somewhere in the middle of the camp.

Ah Hu was exhilarated by Yang Kai's arrival, left his mount, and ran over.

"What are you doing here?" Ah Hu asked.

"I came to see you guys," Yang Kai laughed lightly, his eyes sweeping over the several dozen scars that marked Ah Hu's body. These were all proof of his bravery in battle. The war made people grow rapidly, and the Ah Hu today was no longer a small villager of Blue South Village, but the Captain of thousands of cavalry. Based on his own strength alone, he could fight on par with a Shaman Master.

"Come here, look at my mount." Ah Hu pulled Yang Kai to a Demon Beast. Just like his owner, this Demon Beast was covered with badges of courage, but it still brought its huge head closer to rub against Ah Hu affectionately.

Ah Hu grinned, "Not too shabby, right?"

Yang Kai reached out to pat the Demon Beast, and asked, "Have you named it?"

Ah Hu scratched his head shyly, and replied, "It's also called Ah Niu!"

Yang Kai guffawed loudly, "It's just like me."

"No. It was disobedient before, so I told it that I will ask Ah Niu to give it a lesson, then it quickly became quiet. Probably because it heard that name too often, it assumed that it was its own name. Now whenever I say the name Ah Niu, it will become obedient. Tsk, this one is the kind that bullies the weak and fears the strong," Ah Hu grinned good naturedly. Although he had grown tremendously, his smile was still the same from when he was a mere villager two years ago.

Demon Beast Ah Niu whinnied lowly, but no one knew what it meant.

"Go and see Ah Hua and the others," Ah Hu chuckled. "They've been working hard since we received the news that the final battle is about to begin."

Yang Kai nodded lightly again before he stared deeply at Ah Hu and said, "Live!"

Ah Hu responded in a laugh, "You too!"

Yang Kai turned and left.

Ah Hu shouted from behind, "Ah Niu, is this really the last battle?"

Yang Kai stopped in his tracks, and replied, "It will be the last battle, I promise!"

Ah Hu's smile was even brighter before turning to the rest of the cavalry group next to him and shouting, "Did you hear that? Sir said this is our last battle. Give everything you have and wipe out all those Demon bastards, then all of us can go home!"

Hou Hou Hou...

The cavalry group roared in excitement, as if they were not going to war but coming home after victory.

Five days was neither long nor short.

Yang Kai went through the entire station with a smile on his face, nodded at every Barbarian that met his eyes, and briefly chatted with some of them.

Everyone asked him if this was the last battle.

Although the two-year war was not long, it caused an enormous amount of pain and death. The Barbarians were tired and sick of it. Knowing that this was the last battle gave them hope, and they pursued affirmation persistently.

Yang Kai gave them the hope they wanted.

However, how many of them would really live to see the end of this war? Fifty thousand? Twenty thousand? Ten thousand? Less?

Although they did not know what the Shaman Saints expected from their Shaman Niu Clan to do, it was definitely a difficult task, and to complete such a task, one must be prepared to pay the price.

Most of the Shaman Niu Clan was going to die. This battle was different, and it would not allow any retreat and timidity. In this battle, either the Barbarian Race or the Demon Race would perish, there would be no backing down.

Early in the morning five days later, the Shaman Niu Clan was ready to depart.

The hundred thousand people divided into nearly a hundred army units and lined up neatly and orderly. Although there were many people, it was completely silent save for the pounding of hearts. Everyone's determined-filled eyes were cast on the scar in the distant sky.

Surrounding them were all allies consisting of the groups from the other Great Clans. Like the Shaman Niu Clan, everyone was silent. Nervousness and excitement bubbled within each of them, and they could not help but tighten their grip on their weapons, in hopes to get a little divine comfort.

At this moment, millions of Barbarians were all set to charge.

Without the slightest sign, a dull horn sounded.

The Shaman Kings of the Great Clans shook before they gave the signal to move out. The same went for the Shaman Niu Clan.

Yang Kai stayed at the forefront of his army, maintaining the same line with the surrounding allies. He looked around, and did not see the person Shaman Saint Xu mentioned, but he just shook off the doubts in his heart and thought about it no more.

The sound of the horn was steady and dull, just like the pace of the millions of Barbarians, the ground trembling beneath their feet.

In the distance, the Demon Race army also began to advance. During the last five days, the Barbarian Race was not the only one preparing for war, the Demon Race had been making their own preparations as well, getting ready to respond as soon as they saw any action on the Barbarian Race side.

The armies of the two Races slowly approached each other, and the breathing of the warriors became heavy. The air was slowly drenched in murderous intent, which gradually turned into an invincible momentum.

The drums of war pounded, their rhythm gradually speeding up, and the Barbarian Race army increased their pace to a brisk walk. When the beating of the drums became even closer together, the brisk walk became a jog.

The distance between the two Races quickly narrowed.

When the distance between each other shrank to just fifty kilometres, the tempo of the drums suddenly rose again!

There was a roar, and one cavalry group after another rushed out from their respective Clans. The warriors that rode their mounts under them charged forward fiercely.

Demon Qi rolled and gathered on the side of the Demon Race, engulfing the many millions of them. Although the number of the Barbarian Race was not as great, they were superior in terms of grandeur, because all the cavalries were blessed by various Shamanic Spells, and every Barbarians cavalry flashed in colourful rays of light, especially the colour green, which was the most conspicuous. It appeared as though a green ribbon was closely connecting each of the members of the cavalry group.

It was one giant Life Chain, a powerful Shamanic Spell that helped many Barbarians survive this brutal war.

Before the cavalries reached the enemy, arrows were released.

The archers of the two Races each shot deadly sharp arrows at each other's force. The arrows flying through the sky were like locusts crossing the border. The dense arrows covered the sky and shrouded the ground.

The arrows fell from the sky, dropping one cavalry after another to the ground, but it did not stop the charge following behind from advancing, many trampling directly over the fallen. Even the strongest warrior would have been smashed into a pile of mashed meat if he was stomped on with such force.

Ah Hu turned around and looked over the crowd towards Yang Kai, while the Demon Beast under Ah Niu's hips growled lowly, as if it was unable to suppress its urge to join the war.

It was the same for the rest of the Shaman Niu Clan's cavalry.

But they did not move, because Yang Kai did not signal them to!

The Shaman Niu Clan was the only group that had not sent out its cavalry.

Yang Kai ignored Ah Hu's inquiring gaze and continued to look into the distance.

Seeing this, Ah Hu retracted his gaze in disappointment and suppressed the restlessness of his mount.

Chapter 2890, Seven-Coloured Mud

The whooshing noise filled the air as a few rounds of arrows were fired. The cavalries of both races suffered some injuries and the several-dozen-kilometre distance between them slowly narrowed, allowing the cavalries of the two races to clash with one another. Blood spurted everywhere in an instant, as flesh was cleaved from bone.

The cavalries of both races were knocked to the ground one after another. The ones who lost their mounts often died where they landed within ten breaths of time. It was the same for both the Barbarian Race and the Demon Race.

The arrows were still being fired, but their targets were no longer their opponent's cavalry but the archers of both sides. This was an archery competition; whoever had better marksmanship and agility would have the upper hand.

The Barbarian Race suffered a small disadvantage. The Barbarian Spirit Archers were riding on flying Barbarian Beasts, so all their evasion relied on the mounts. On the other hand, all the archers from the Demon Race flew under their own power, which undoubtedly gave them better mobility.

The dull war drum echoed endlessly, as if it were a call from Ancient Times, arousing the excitement in the hearts of all Barbarians.

Just after a stick of incense worth of time, the clashes of the cavalries of both sides resulted in mountains of corpses and rivers of blood.

The initial confrontation was followed closely by the collision of ordinary Warriors. Millions of Barbarians and Demons tore into each other as if they had agreed upon it in advance. Everyone had only one thought in their mind, kill all the enemies and win the final victory.

The world had turned into a furnace, with flesh and blood as the coals, and the flames of war burning more and more furiously.

The Shaman Niu Clan remained unmoved, however, its members all standing quietly just outside their camp, watching the battle in front of them. The hundred thousand clansmen were almost unable to contain the impulse to charge in their hearts.

"Take this to the bottom of the Two Worlds Passage!"

Tiea suddenly came to Yang Kai and handed him a mass of Seven-Coloured Mud.

Yang Kai took it and turned to her in surprise.

“This is the key to victory!” Tiewa remarked solemnly.

“Why is it you?” Yang Kai asked.

Tiewa shook her head and did not answer, but urged, “Go!”

Yang Kai threw all distracting thoughts out of his mind as he did not have time to ask too much. He clenched the Seven-Coloured Mud in one hand, raised the Myriads Sword in the other, and bellowed in a deep voice, “Kill!”

As the command fell, the hundred thousand warriors of the Shaman Niu Clan roared, their exhilaration apparent on their faces.

They had waited for too long and watched many of their clansmen get slaughtered by the Demon Race, so their hearts had long been eager to charge forward. Even death was better than standing in place as mere observers.

Yang Kai’s order came just in time, or it could be said that Tiewa’s message came at the opportune moment. Right now, the morale of the hundred thousand warriors of the Shaman Niu Clan had reached its peak.

Yang Kai charged at the head of his army on his Demon Beast, while thousands of troops in the cavalry led by Ah Hu followed closely behind. Amidst the army, hundreds of Shamans of various Realms chanted their incantations. They started with blessing the army with Light Body Spell so that everyone could keep up with Yang Kai and the cavalry, and then began casting all kinds of auxiliary Shamanic Spells.

All of a sudden, colourful lights flickered.

The Myriads Sword was still lifted high, and the dazzling sword light surged forth, as if Yang Kai was waving a grand banner, guiding the direction of the Shaman Niu Clan.

As he charged, Yang Kai was thinking about the Seven-Coloured Mud in his hand, wondering what it was.

Tiewa was undoubtedly the messenger mentioned by Shaman Saint Xu, but Yang Kai had no idea why it was her. However, it was meaningless to think about this at the moment. Right now, he needed to understand how this lump of mud was the key to the war.

Yang Kai could not understand what this Seven-Coloured Mud was, only that it was a high-grade material. If it existed in the future, it would definitely be an extremely rare precious treasure, something that would cause a reign of terror with its emergence.

This was not the important point though.

The important point was that Yang Kai felt a vitality in this Seven-Coloured Mud. This vitality was familiar to him, but he could not recall where he had felt it before. This Seven-Coloured Mud undoubtedly had the special effect of blocking out Divine Senses, so even if Yang Kai held it in his hand, he could not probe its interior to examine this life aura.

[The Shaman Saints expect the thing in the mud to seal the Two Worlds Passage?] Yang Kai was having doubts. He could not help thinking this was a joke, but Shaman Saint Xu's expression a few days ago did not seem to be one made in jest.

The arrow was already fitted to the string, and it had to be released. The Shaman Niu Clan bore an important responsibility right now, and it was not the time for second-guessing. Yang Kai put aside his doubts and led the army to charge forward.

The world suddenly trembled and rumbled as a Heaven-destroying and Earth-shattering aura rippled.

The aura was so powerful and frightening that it sent chills down everyone's spines.

The two races that were in the middle of battle were stunned for a moment as they looked around, only to see a seven-coloured giant dragon as long as a thousand metres, swaying and flying out from the rear of the Barbarian Race and rushing towards the rear of the Demon Race.

Another terrifying aura emerged behind the Demon Race as a pitch-black light soared up into the sky and towards the seven-coloured dragon at an extremely fast speed, almost reaching it in the blink of an eye.

The Shaman Saints and the Demon Saints had begun their fight.

The attacks from both sides collided in the sky over the battlefield, resulting in a startling bang. The seven-coloured and black lights began to wrestle, neither side giving way to the other.

The sky cracked like another terrifying Two Worlds Passage was about to open.

Everyone felt like they lost their balance, as if the ground they stood on had turned into a stormy sea, one with deadly waves that could swallow them whole at any moment.

Everyone suddenly felt a sense of insignificance at this moment and panicked.

The first exchange between the Saints of the two races ended in a draw. The gigantic seven-coloured dragon and the black beam vanished together and nine figures with profound auras suddenly appeared in mid-air.

The five Demon Saints and the four Shaman Saints stared at each other, and while the Demon Saints were grinning, the Shaman Saints looked indifferent.

After staring at each other for a short moment, the nine Saints clashed once more. The fight was not as fierce as in the beginning, because they all cared about their people below; however, as they rose higher into the sky, they started to unleash their world-destroying abilities.

The nine Saints soon disappeared, carrying out their final battle high above the clouds. No one could see the situation of that battle and could only hear bursts of rumbling noises from the sky while the occasional, dazzling radiance would make it seem as if a second Sun had risen.

The bloody war between the two races started again in heated spirits.

A hundred thousand clansmen of the Shaman Niu Clan threw themselves into the battlefield that was covered in millions of people. It was like a stone tossed into a lake, causing a small ripple which was quickly dispersed.

All their allies seemed to have been given clear instructions.

Wherever the Shaman Niu Clan passed, fellow Ancient Barbarians would surround them from all directions, charging out in front of them, and open a path for the hundred thousand Shaman Niu Clansmen with their own flesh and blood, slaughtering all Demons who blocked their way.

Overlooking from a high altitude, the Shaman Niu Clan mercilessly charged all the way into the battlefield of the two races like an awl. They were unstoppable, and their allies continued to support them from all sides to eliminate the Demons who tried to stop them, allowing the Shaman Niu Clan to pass through quickly and safely.

An hour later, besides a few hundred Demons who died under Yang Kai's sword, the Shaman Niu Clan did not encounter any real battles. This was unimaginable on such a violent and chaotic battlefield.

All the credit for this feat, however, belonged to the rapid response of their allies.

But even this support was reaching its limit after an hour.

Due to the allies' support, the Shaman Niu Clan successfully broke through a hundred kilometres, but because of such a rapid breakthrough, the line of the armies was stretched too thin. The Shaman Niu Clan now had to fight on their own, with fewer and fewer allies around to support them.

The Shaman Niu Clan almost fell into a situation where they were isolated and had to fight alone.

Yang Kai had expected this to happen, though, and came prepared.

He had assigned the ten Demon Kings to guard the two flanks of the Shaman Niu Clan. Fei Li and Mo Ke Tuo, who were the most powerful Demon Kings under his command, were arranged in the rear position. Therefore, even without the support of their allies, the pace of advancement of the Shaman Niu Clan was still unstoppable. In fact, the Shaman Niu Clan was getting faster.

There were Demons in all directions, and the hundred thousand clansmen of the Shaman Niu Clan finally saw the scene they were waiting for. They swung their weapons excitedly while following behind Yang Kai, killing all Demons who dared block their way.

"Mo Ke Tuo, Fei Li! How dare you betray our Demon Race? You are all disgraces to our proud Demon Race. Die here now!"

A roar came from the front as more than twenty Demon Kings gathered in one place, each of them releasing a powerful aura. Their Demon Qi converged like an insurmountable high wall, blocking the Shaman Niu Clan's path.

Yang Kai took out his sword and swung it horizontally, releasing a long, brilliant sword light at the twenty Demon Kings. All the faces of the Demon Kings changed as they felt the terrifying power of this blow and quickly scattered away without hesitation.

The wall of the Demon King that was blocking the way immediately fell apart.

And before they could stand firm, an overwhelming Shamanic Spell struck them.

The Demon Kings were infuriated and immediately launched counter-attacks one after another.

Followed by a flicker, Yang Kai disappeared from the back of the mount. When he reappeared, he was behind a Demon King, slashing down his Myriads Sword. The Demon King, who was on par with a Mid-Rank Shaman King, did not even have time to react before he was split in half by the sword, and his internal organs spilled all over the ground.

Yang Kai did not even spare a second glance at this victim before teleporting behind another Demon King, chopping off his head with his sword, then sending a palm towards another nearby Demon King.

Yang Kai launched three attacks and killed three Demon Kings like he was swatting flies.

This horrified the remaining Demon Kings. Demon Kings were all superior Masters; since when were they killed so easily? No one really knew what happened to allow this foreigner to possess such incredible power.

The morale of the Demon Kings immediately reached the bottom, and if it weren't for the orders of the Demon Saints, perhaps they would have turned around and fled.

Fortunately, the foreigner seemed to have consumed a lot of his energy killing three Demon Kings and showed no intention of slaughtering the rest, instead returning to his mount.

Exchanging looks, the remaining Demon Kings suppressed their fear and surrounded him again.

“Stop them!” Yang Kai bellowed.

The faces of Bao Qi and Sha Ya, who guarded beside Yang Kai, turned ugly at his command, and they hesitated for a moment.

Yang Kai glared at them furiously.

Only then did Bao Qi and Sha Ya grit their teeth as they flew towards their past companions.