

Martial 781

Chapter 781, Death Arena

The Death Arena was the biggest feature of Sand City, many great characters from all corners of the Demon Land would raise fighters or captured slaves and arrange them to fight life or death battles in the Death Arena.

There were no rules or restrictions. As long they were a member of the Demon Race, they were eligible to enter and participate.

Regarding the naturally cruel and bloodthirsty Demon Race, this was undoubtedly very attractive. They could enjoy these blood-stained battles while also gambling and earning Crystal Stones, so the Death Arena's was always quite popular, and for this reason, Sand City was able to gather a great amount of wealth and supplies all year round.

Among the four Demon Generals, Xue Li was undoubtedly the wealthiest.

Yu Mo gave a simple explanation about the Death Arena to Yang Kai and then left.

With nothing to do overnight, Yang Kai simply adjusted himself to his peak condition.

The next day, at noon, Yu Mo came again and led Yang Kai out.

Leaving the giant palace, Yu Mo flew towards a certain position in Sand City where a huge ring-shaped arena had been set up.

The venue's setup was not poor and at its centre was a giant stage surrounded by a variety of sturdy barriers. Around this stage were a massive number of seats. Currently, these seats were filled with Demon Race spectators who were watching a battle between two cultivators on the centre stage.

The strength of these two cultivators wasn't very high, but the fight was quite fierce, both of them covered in bloody scars, each of them glaring hatefully towards the other. The two repeatedly used their artifacts and Martial Skills to hack, pierce, and slash at their opponent, dyeing the surroundings dark red.

When the battle finally came to an end, the crowds in the stands cheered raucously.

Yang Kai watched the whole situation calmly with an expression of indifference.

Yu Mo turned to him and sneered, "When your turn comes, you'll fight an opponent with a similar cultivation, but unlike you, he'll be able to use his full strength. Right now you can probably only use half your strength, so you best be careful. Although I don't care whether you live or die, Mistress hopes you can bring her some wealth, so you best not disappoint her."

"I know!" Yang Kai nodded lightly.

When the two of them arrived here, from the highest point in the stands, a cold look shot towards them. Yang Kai looked back and saw Xue Li sitting there, with An Ling'er standing by her side.

When their four eyes met, An Ling'er couldn't help wanting to call out to Yang Kai, but Xue Li immediately gave her a stern look.

Receiving this silent warning, An Ling'er didn't dare to say anything, and Yang Kai also shook his head, indicating to her that she shouldn't act rashly.

Having arrived at the Death Arena, Yu Mo led Yang Kai to a poorly lit underground tunnel and walked inside.

After arriving at the end of the tunnel, a faint light shone from up ahead, and a ramp leading to the interior of the Death Arena appeared.

A group of Xue Li's subordinates were waiting here and when Yu Mo arrived, they all respectfully greeted him.

"Sir Yu Mo, is this the little human brat that's fighting this time?" Asked a man with a sallow complexion.

"Good, the announcements have been made and the odds are set," Yu Mo nodded lightly.

The yellow-faced man snickered as he swept his eyes over Yang Kai, snickering under his breath, "Boy, best stay alert, your opponent isn't one to be taken lightly, he's won three times already, most cultivators in the same realm as him can't even last as long as it would take an incense stick to burn. Well, try not to die too pitifully out there."

"We'll talk about it again if he's able to last an incense stick worth of time," Yang Kai replied indifferently, not showing the slightest bit of panic.

"Ho..." The yellow-faced man was surprised for a moment before he sneered again, "Where did this little brat come from, acting so arrogant. Hah, grandpa here would like to see just how you plan to kill your opponent within an incense worth of time!"

Yu Mo also glanced over at Yang Kai and coldly snorted, obviously feeling like Yang Kai was boasting shamelessly. Although he had personally tested Yang Kai's strength and knew this human boy wasn't ordinary, now that the latter could only use half his full strength, even being able to survive would be questionable. As for such big talk, Yu Mo thought Yang Kai was simply overreaching himself.

Yang Kai no longer said anything and just waited quietly.

Inside the Death Arena, the battle between the two cultivators had already reached a conclusion. One person had been dismembered, the other had been crippled. Some people immediately came out and cleaned up the stage. The winner was now a disabled waste, so after quickly consulting with the Death Stage's administrators, the cleanup crew, obviously used to dealing with such situations, directly killed him before disposing of his corpse.

As blood stained the ground once more, cheers erupted from the stands again.

After waiting for the cleanup to finish, Yu Mo turned to Yang Kai and nodded, "It's your turn, remember what Mistress said yesterday!"

Yang Kai's expression remained indifferent, simply accepting the mask Yu Mo had prepared for him, covering his face, and stepping forward.

From the ramp on the opposite side of the stage, another man slowly walked out as well. This man was bare chested and had huge, rippling muscles, his entire physique seemingly containing a kind of explosive power. In comparison, Yang Kai, who was a head shorter, appeared somewhat scrawny.

As this competitor approached, a murderous intent rose from him like a fierce storm, seemingly wanting to tear Yang Kai limb from limb with just his aura alone.

However, Yang Kai remained unmoved, like a ten thousand year old reef. When the murderous intent struck him, it was as if it took the initiative to separate and flow past him.

High up in the stands, many people showed an interested look, thinking this life or death battle should be very exciting. An Ling'er, who was standing next to Xue Li, also silently gripped her fists and watched nervously.

A moment later, the fighters came to a stop less than ten meters apart and stared down one another.

The burly man opposite Yang Kai also seemed to be a human who had the misfortune of being captured by the Demon Race. According to Yu Mo, most of the cultivators that entered the Death Arena were prisoners like Yang Kai. In order to save their own lives, they chose to fight here. Others had taken the initiative to hire themselves to wealthy Demon Race masters specifically to participate in the Death Arena, using it as an opportunity to gain benefits and status. Still others were specially trained by certain powerhouses for the explicit purpose of fighting here.

No matter what reason they had for entering the Death Arena though, there was ultimately only one objective – killing the enemy!

“Boy, cowering behind a mask, are you too ashamed to show others your true face? Hah, if you kneel down to give I, your grandpa, three kowtows, I’ll give you a painless death!” The brawny man shouted, his voice like booming thunder, causing Yang Kai’s ears to ring.

The burly man’s outburst wasn’t just meant to intimidate Yang Kai though; it also contained a subtle Divine Sense attack. If Yang Kai’s Knowledge Sea defences were lax and this Divine Sense attack managed to affect his Soul, he would instantly lose all will to fight and would end up being suppressed by his opponent, unable to even resist.

However, such a low-level trick obviously wouldn’t work against Yang Kai, his aura not even rippling as he simply stared back at the burly man indifferently, slowly examining his body while circulating his True Qi.

Thanks to Yu Mo, Yang Kai’s current True Qi circulating speed was greatly reduced, and his own reaction speed had become much slower. Without lifting the seals placed on him, it would be impossible for Yang Kai to bring out his peak strength.

But Yang Kai still felt it wouldn’t be too difficult to handle this loud man.

“Boy, are you deaf?” The brawny man cried out once more.

Just as he shouted though, the burly man saw Yang Kai’s figure flicker and a pointed murderous intent rapidly approach him from the side. The big man’s eyes flashed a cold light as his mouth curled into a provocative grin but didn’t make any attempt to dodge.

Hong...

A dull thud resounded as Yang Kai's punch hit his opponent's ribs, but the burly man actually remained in place, his body as hard as an iron plate. In fact, it was Yang Kai who felt pain from the rebound of his fist hitting the other side!

The strength of this burly man was quite good! Yang Kai immediately realized why his opponent was able to win three games in the Death Arena. The combat experience and ability of this brawny man was obviously far beyond what an ordinary cultivator possessed. If it weren't, he would have died long ago in this forsaken place.

His initial strike having no effect, there wasn't even time for Yang Kai to withdraw before the big man smirked and responded. At some unknown point, the burly man had lifted his hand up high, condensed his entire body's True Qi into it, and swung it down mercilessly.

As his hand chopped down, the mass of True Qi burst out, transforming this knife-hand into the equivalent of a great hammer strike.

This attack has not even arrived yet the entire Death Arena's stage sunk from the pressure, showing just how horrifying the power of this strike was.

Yang Kai's eyes flashed and he responded somewhat clumsily, unable to withdraw his fist in time.

The next moment, the burly man's knife-hand chopped directly onto Yang Kai's arm.

With a crisp sound, Yang Kai's arm broke and limply fell to his side. It was only then that Yang Kai managed to retreat and open up some distance between him and his opponent.

From the stands, hisses of shock could be heard.

These Demon Race masters who were spectating the mask wearing Yang Kai's match had noted his calm appearance at the start and thought he possessed some kind of special skill, but now seeing his arm broken so easily, they were obviously disappointed.

"Ah!"

An Ling'er screamed as a look of worry flashed across her pretty face.

Xue Li's gaze sharpened as she stared at Yang Kai down below, grinning slightly.

Atop the Death Arena's stage, Yang Kai, who had his arm broken just now, had only just regained his footing when the burly man rushed in front of him, two black arcs of lightning swirling around his arms, giving him a fierce appearance.

From his sturdy body, a bloody and brutal aura burst forth as a cold light concentrated in the palm of his hands.

Immediately, on the burly man's palms, two black lightning-like balls of energy the size of washbasins appeared, emitting a thick murderous aura.

Both his palms struck towards Yang Kai.

Surges of lightning erupted!

The burly man clearly wanted to kill Yang Kai with this one strike!

Yang Kai didn't have any ability to resist and under the pressure of the black lightning which came at him from both left and right, he couldn't even dodge. In the blink of an eye, his whole body had been struck by countless palms, turning into a scared and bloody mess, making him look quite miserable.

The boos from the stands grew even louder.

What the crowd wanted to see was a bloody battle, not a one-sided slaughter.

The performance of Yang Kai really made one want to curse, and the unlucky Demon Race masters who had placed bets on him made no attempt to hide their dissatisfaction.

Even Xue Li's brow wrinkled slightly, her expression growing colder by the moment.

She suddenly thought that Yang Kai's earlier performance was nothing but a freak accident and that his real ability wasn't that good. If that wasn't the case, how could he be so pathetic in front of a cultivator in the same realm?

If he continued to take this assault like this, he wouldn't survive long!

[Another waste!] Xue Li's coldly snorted to herself, gradually losing all interest in Yang Kai.

Chapter 782, Tempering

Fresh blood stained the ground and Yang Kai looked more and more distressed. On the other hand, his opponent only became fiercer, trying to capitalize on his current advantage.

The burly man struck mercilessly, sending Yang Kai flying up into the sky with a punch to his jaw, then knocking him into the ground as soon as he fell back down.

Dust flew everywhere and no one was able to see what was happening on the battlefield. On top of that, because of the multi-layered barriers around the Death Arena's stage, even the Saint Realm masters in the audience couldn't gain anything more than a vague impression with their Divine Senses. All anyone could tell was that the fight had come to an end.

[How boring!] Many people thought to themselves.

However, before they could start grumbling out loud, a burst of murderous intent filled the air and a gust of wind burst forth, expelling all the dust from the stage.

After everyone saw the situation in front of them, they couldn't help calling out in shock.

Yang Kai, who should have fallen to the ground and been beaten to death, at that moment, had used his unbroken arm to grab hold of his opponent and pin him to the stage.

That hand was firmly gripped the back of the burly man's neck, like a great vice, and no matter how the latter struggled, he couldn't break free.

No one saw what happened just now, all they knew was when the dust scattered, this scene had appeared before them, it was truly surprising.

They had seen before Earth shattering counter attacks launched at the last moment in order to win a battle, but never once had a situation as strange or confusing as this one occurred.

As silence filled the arena, the mask worn by Yang Kai's face seemed to give off a cold glint.

Wind and Thunder Qi surged up in Yang Kai's palm and then poured into the burly man, forming a killing storm inside his body.

Peng...

In the next instant, the big man's strong body directly burst into a bloody fog, not even leaving behind any bones!

High up in the stands, Xue Li's beautiful eyes lit up as a hint of surprise flashed across them. She hadn't thought Yang Kai would put on such a strange and wonderful performance, her thin red lips curling into a grin.

"How great is his real strength?" Xue Li suddenly whispered to An Ling'er.

"I won't tell you!" An Ling'er shook her head repeatedly.

"You won't tell me?" Xue Li didn't get angry and instead showed a thoughtful expression while flashing a playful smile, "Then I'll just have to figure it out myself."

Turning her eyes back to the Death Arena below, Xue Li watched the scarred and broken armed Yang Kai walk step by step towards the exit, thinking to herself that this human brat she had randomly picked up was indeed out of the ordinary!

In the stands, after a long silence, an eruption of noise burst out, most people complaining loudly about this nonsensical result, discussing what exactly had just happened.

When Yang Kai returned to the dark ramp, Yu Mo's eyes flashed a cold light as he stared fixedly at him.

As for the yellow-faced man, he just dumbly stood in place, his eyes almost bulging out of their sockets.

After less than the time it would take to burn a stick of incense, this arrogant little human boy had really killed his opponent.

"Did the match look difficult enough for you?" Yang Kai took off the mask and shot a glance towards Yu Mo.

Yu Mo's mouth twitched once before he nodded lightly.

Not only did the match appear difficult, it was quite realistic, without the slightest flaw. Even Yu Mo thought that Yang Kai was dead, only to be surprised at the last moment.

[This boy's courage really isn't normal. Wasn't he even slightly worried about taking so many attacks head on?]

Yang Kai tightened his muscles and with a crisp sound his broken arm snapped back into place.

"Next time, arrange a Second Order Transcendent opponent for me, that way I can earn more profits. The sooner I accumulate enough wealth, the sooner I can go free!" Yang Kai grinned.

Yu Mo couldn't help feeling a bit annoyed suddenly.

Returning Yang Kai to the palace, Yu Mo then left to allow the former to recuperate.

After this time's victory, Yang Kai's treatment also improved greatly. Many good dishes to help him recover his stamina and strength were served to him and An Ling'er even received permission from Xue Li to visit him once.

The two of them talked for quite some time before An Ling'er left.

After a three day interlude, Yang Kai's second bout was scheduled.

Perhaps because of his bizarre performance last time, when the masked Yang Kai appeared again, he attracted a lot of attention.

This time, his opponent was a genuine Second Order Transcendent.

After a hard fight, Yang Kai barely managed to escape death and obtain a come-back victory, causing all the Demon Race spectators cry out in surprise, none of them able to believe what they had just seen.

Defeating someone in a higher realm was a feat not many could achieve, especially after one reached the Transcendent Realm where each Minor Realm represented a massive increase in combat power.

Normally, a Second Order Transcendent cultivator would easily be able to put a First Order Transcendent to death, but this common sense was actually flipped on its head by Yang Kai.

Just like last time, Yang Kai's True Qi had been restricted by Yu Mo's sealing technique, so he wasn't able to display his full strength, so unlike the act he had put on before, this time Yang Kai really was fighting desperately.

In a life or death struggle, Yang Kai was able to grasp many things he had been unable to before, causing him to somewhat rejoice. He felt fighting such a desperate battle was of great benefit to his growth.

As such, Yang Kai didn't actually feel much resentment about having to participate in these fights and was instead almost looking forward to it.

This was a rare opportunity for him to temper himself!

The growth of a cultivator couldn't be separated from reality, fighting real life or death battles would often bring one more benefits than simply remaining in secluded retreat. Of course, this was premised on being able to survive such fights.

After thoroughly understanding this, Yang Kai began urging Yu Mo to arrange stronger opponents for him!

Yu Mo was dumbfounded and often stared at Yang Kai as if he was staring at someone screwed loose in the head. He had never seen a captured prisoner like Yang Kai actually requesting to fight more often in the Death Arena.

Xue Li on the other hand was quite open-minded, arranging fights for Yang Kai whenever he requested them.

The strength of Yang Kai's opponents also continuously increased, causing him to suffer more and more hardships with each passing bout. But each time it looked like it was all over for him, Yang Kai would somehow pull off a miracle and win.

(PewPewLazerGun: Plot Armour... get some!)

(Silavin: Well, not really Plot Armour when he has done it multiple times by now. I think his actual strength is at Saint Stage already but barely at that level.)

Over the next three months, Yang Kai fought a total of fourteen times on the Death Arena's stage. All fourteen of his opponents were Second Order Transcendents. Some were from the Human Race and Monster Race, while there were still others belonging to the Demon Race, each of them competing in this blood sport for one reason or another, but all of them eventually finding defeat at Yang Kai's hands.

Through these life or death battles, Yang Kai reaped a huge harvest, not only gaining a greater understanding of his own strength, but also all the accumulated insights into the Heavenly Way and Martial Dao of his defeated opponents after he devoured the remnants of their Souls.

The rate at which his strength grew could only be described as astonishing.

After three months of repeated fights, Yang Kai had also inadvertently become something a celebrity, there was basically no one who lived in Sand City that didn't know of him. Xue Li's masked human subordinate who, despite only having a First Order Transcendent cultivation, had killed more than a dozen Second Order Transcendents.

In the Death Arena, the odds of Yang Kai winning changed over and over again, but this still couldn't stop others from betting on him with great enthusiasm.

Xue Li, as the arena's banker, naturally wouldn't lose money in this kind of gambling, but seeing Yang Kai's horrifying rate of growth caused her some suspicion.

She, compared to anyone else, understood what was happening, how Yang Kai was achieving his rapid increase in strength by constantly defying death in combat.

One day, a messenger arrived at Xue Li's palace and requested an audience. After meeting with Xue Li for some time, the messenger finally departed with a satisfied look upon his face.

An hour later, Yang Kai was summoned.

Inside a side hall, Xue Li was lying upon a great bed, her perfectly shaped bottom facing upwards as her proud peaks were squeezed beneath her body, her chin resting gently upon her hands, a most stimulated posture.

An Ling'er was half-kneeling beside her while massaging Xue Li's shoulders.

There was a delicate, mature fragrance lingering about the hall that tickled one's nose.

Yu Mo brought Yang Kai into the hall, bowed, and then moved to the wall, not daring to lay eyes upon Xue Li.

On the other hand, Yang Kai stood at the edge of the bed and swept his eyes over Xue Li's wondrous body.

This Demon General was as vicious as a snake, but it was undeniable that she was a great beauty filled with mature charm, unlike An Ling'er who still retained a kind of youthful innocence.

Such a woman had a fatal enticement to any man.

However, a character like Xue Li probably would not be tempted by any man, the only thing that could move her was strength, overwhelming and all conquering strength!

After waiting for quite some time, Xue Li suddenly said, "Gou Qiong sent me a messenger a moment ago."

"Hm?" Yang Kai's brow wrinkled, "Is it related to me?"

"Yes, Gou Qiong seems to want to kill you."

"Then how did you reply?" Yang Kai looked at her coldly as he mockingly asked, "Don't tell me you agreed to sell me?"

"This King indeed thought about it, but I still refused him!"

"Why is that?"

"Because he is Gou Qiong!" Xue Li sneered, "If he wants something, obviously I won't happily comply; however, his messenger made an interesting proposal which I did agree to."

Yang Kai didn't ask anything and just waited for her to explain.

"Tomorrow, on the Death Arena's stage, you'll fight someone sent by Gou Qiong! If you win, you'll be able to earn enough ransom money to free yourself. If you lose, you'll have nothing, including your life!" Xue Li said lightly.

Yang Kai raised his brow and snickered, "The fighter sent by Gou Qiong shouldn't be weak, right?"

Xue Li glanced at him teasingly and nodded, "A Third Order Transcendent!"

Hearing this, even Yu Mo, who had been keeping his head down to the side, also showed some response.

"Seems you two are collaborating to put me to death," Yang Kai grinned wryly, not showing the slightest sign of panic.

"He indeed wants you dead, but I, I want to know where your limit is!" Xue Li's pretty face became slightly cold, "Don't think this Queen doesn't know you're still concealing your true strength, it seems you still have a lot of cards you've yet to play!"

Yang Kai shrugged his shoulders, not acknowledging or denying her speculation.

"Therefore I am very much looking forward to your performance tomorrow, don't disappoint me."

"You'll just have to wait and see!"

Xue Li sneered lightly, calling out to Yu Mo next, "Remove all the seals on him, I want to see if he can survive against Gou Qiong's pawn!"

Yu Mo nodded lightly, quickly revolving his True Qi and lifting the seals that had been dampening Yang Kai's strength.

"I have a question. If I win tomorrow's match, you said I'd have collected my own ransom. What about An Ling'er?"

Xue Li looked at him and grinned, "Of course you'll only have collected enough for yourself, but... I can give you a chance. If you win tomorrow, I'll let both of you go!"

"You've said so yourself!" Yang Kai laughed, "A Demon General's words should be credible, yes? I hope you won't go back on them!"

Xue Li closed her eyes and made no response.

Chapter 783, Killing Intent

The surrounding earth was dyed completely red from the countless lives which were reaped here, traces of battles wherever one looked. This was the Death Arena!

A number of Demon Race powerhouses who had access to inside information were already waiting in the stands early today. After watching a few fierce battles, a masked human slowly came out of the underground ramp.

In an instant, the arena was filled with cheers.

Over the past few months, Yang Kai had shown many thrilling and suspenseful battles to these demons, making him famous throughout Sand City.

Today, the battle between Yang Kai and another master was the ultimate finale.

Because there were rumors that his opponent this time was different from the past, it was actually a Third Order Transcendent master!

Since the opening of the Death Arena, there had never been a match between two opponents with such a great disparity in cultivation realms. With two Minor Realms separating the fighters, in the eyes of those who were uninformed, the result was a foregone conclusion.

But for those who had seen Yang Kai's dozen plus battles, there were still some who had hopes he would create a miracle one again!

Hatred between different races played no role here, because Yang Kai's performance was just that astounding, providing the very height of entertainment to the Death Arena's loyal customers.

"Is this the little human brat who has won more than a dozen matches in the Death Arena, the one who barely survives each time?" In the stands, a Saint Realm master with sharp eagle-like eyes turned to the man beside him and asked.

"Yes, Senior Feng Biao. His performance is really outstanding, even the elite juniors from our Demon Race are far inferior to him!" The person next to him replied immediately.

“Hmph, after today, he’ll be nothing but another corpse!” Feng Biao coldly snorted, looking as if he was quite reluctant to allow Yang Kai to continue breathing.

“What Senior says is absolutely right... After all, his opponent is different from the previous one,” The man nodded repeatedly, suddenly lowering his voice as if he had some concerns, “But Senior, he is the champion trained by Senior Xue Li, if we really kill him and Senior Xue Li decides to blame us...”

“She won’t,” Feng Biao shook his head decisively, “This fight was set up at Sir Gou Qiong’s request. I negotiated with Xue Li personally yesterday and reached an agreement that no matter what happens today she will not hold us responsible!”

The man heard this and suddenly showed a somewhat confused expression, wondering why General Gou Qiong was so concerned about this Human.

Only a small number of people knew that the son of Gou Qiong was saved by Yang Kai. Feng Biao had been sent here this time specifically to deal with this issue once and for all, but he had been ordered to keep his mouth shut about the details, so even the subordinates he had brought didn’t know the whole story.

Although Xue Li was no friend of Gou Qiong’s, she also wouldn’t do something as petty as spreading such a story around to shame the latter, she was only interested in confronting Gou Qiong head on!

“Senior, that Yu Mo is coming!” The man whispered suddenly.

Feng Biao’s eyes narrowed as he glanced up to see Yu Mo flying towards him from a distance, the latter landing next to him a moment later and sitting down casually.

Both of these two were First Order Saints and served Demon Generals who were at odds with each other, so naturally there was no goodwill between them.

As their four eyes met, it was as if invisible sparks filled the space between them.

“Yu Mo, it’s been so long since I last saw you!” Feng Biao greeted with a cold look upon his face.

Yu Mo smiled back lightly and replied, “Feng Biao, even after not seeing you for so long, I still can’t get used to your face. Every time I see your dumb look, it makes me want to kill you!”

“Same to you!” Feng Biao sneered back, his True Qi slowly beginning to condense, his hostility filled eyes glaring towards Yu Mo.

Yu Mo curled his lips at that moment and continued, “This time I haven’t come here to pick a fight with you, I just want to ask you something.”

“What?”

“Looking at you, it seems that you’re quite confident about today’s battle!”

“Hmph, saying something so obvious!”

“My Sand City’s Death Arena promotes gambling. If you’re so confident, why not make a bet with me. When the battle is over, you may be able to pick up some extra benefits that way!”

“Do you think you need to remind me of that?” Feng Biao said with obvious displeasure, “I’ve already bet 200,000 Crystal Stones!”

Yu Mo wore an expression of surprise and said, “Worthy of Feng Biao, such boldness! It seems you want to take my Sand City for all its worth.”

“Can’t you handle even that little?” Feng Biao smiled contemptuously, “If I can’t afford it, I can withdraw right now, as long as you, Yu Mo, in front of everyone, bow down and apologize to me!”

“You must be joking, since Sand City has opened this business, naturally, no matter how big the bet, we can swallow it. In fact, I just wanted to ask you, since this is such a rare opportunity, why not wager some real money?” Saying so, Yu Mo shot a provocative look towards Feng Biao.

In response, Feng Biao narrowed his eyes and asked, “Real money?”

“En, how about wagering everything you own. If I remember correctly, you have a number of good artifacts on you, right?”

Feng Biao frowned as he stared suspiciously at Yu Mo, coldly saying, “Seeing you like this, it appears you have quite some confidence in that human boy.”

“Think whatever you’d like. Maybe he’ll win, maybe he won’t, but whether you gamble or not is up your own courage!”

Feng Biao stared at him deeply. Although he knew that this guy, who was always as incompatible with him as fire was with water, was provoking him, he couldn’t back down now and simply nodded “Good, then I’ll bet all my artifacts as well!”

Saying so, he flicked his wrist and a glowing chainmail armour, a long halberd with a shocking aura, and a jet black saber appeared in front of Yu Mo.

These three items were all Saint Grade artifacts, each one of them a priceless treasure. These artifacts were the ones Feng Biao most valued and frequently used. If he were to lose them in this time’s gambling, his combat effectiveness would drop significantly.

After handing over these three Saint Grade artifacts, Feng Biao even took down his Universe Bag from his waist and tossed it over to Yu Mo, saying as he did so, “If we’re going to do this, we might as well do it thoroughly, what do you say?”

Yu Mo’s eyes brightened, didn’t speak any nonsense, and simply smiled, turned around, and left.

Feng Biao didn’t make any attempt to stop him nor did he ask any question. Although the two of them weren’t on friendly terms, they would still abide by the verbal agreement they had reached.

A moment later, Yu Mo returned to Xue Li.

“Is everything arranged?” Xue Li looked down at Yang Kai who was standing in the middle of the Death Arena and asked softly.

“Good, Feng Biao put out all his belongings,” Yu Mo nodded lightly, frowning in the next instant, “Mistress, are you really so confident about that little brat? To be honest, although his previous

performances were quite surprising, this time I honestly don't favour him. It's quite likely he'll die here. Him dying isn't a big deal, but with Feng Biao gambling so much money, when that boy dies, it will be a big loss to Sand City."

"I don't know!" Xue Li's said as she shook her head and some slight confusion flashed across her eyes.

Yu Mo was immediately dumbstruck.

As one of the four Demon Generals, a master that had few equals throughout the world, Xue Li naturally had extremely profound insight and vision, but this time it seemed like even she was uncertain about the situation.

"I am also gambling here. Although from any reasonable perspective, that little brat is undoubtedly a dead man, but..."

Saying so, Xue Li turned to look at An Ling'er who had been standing there silently the whole time and smiled slyly, "From beginning to end, this little girl hasn't shown any signs of concern."

Yu Mo couldn't help turning to look at An Ling'er and indeed found that this was the case. Even though this little human girl knew Yang Kai would be facing a very strong enemy today, her expression remained calm.

Xue Li had obviously realized some information from An Ling'er's behaviour.

"I asked her several times what the true extent of that boy's strength was but she always refused to answer me. But that only makes me even more curious!" Xue Li reached out and gently stroked An Ling'er's face, scaring the latter terribly.

"Tell me, has he ever fought with such an opponent before?" Xue Li suddenly asked in a solemn tone.

An Ling'er's beautiful eyes became dull in that instant but quickly recovered their light as a look of struggle appeared on her face, the scene of her and Yang Kai being chased down by Saintess Nan and facing off against the Sun Clan's masters in that Mysterious Small World flashing across her mind.

Even so, An Ling'er wore a pained expression as she somehow managed to shake her head.

Xue Li reluctantly sighed, "Her willpower is also quite remarkable, it seems she's cultivated a very powerful Secret Art."

"However, just from how she responded now, it's fairly obvious that boy down there had fought against such a master before and managed to survive, otherwise she wouldn't have been so relaxed just now."

"En," Xue Li nodded lightly, "If this time he still doesn't die, in the near future, he will definitely become the most dazzling person in the entire realm. At that time, he may even exceed the strength of the Demon Commander and become a supreme existence!"

Yu Mo's body trembled lightly, "Does Mistress really evaluate him so highly?"

"He has the potential!" Xue Li categorically said, a trace of cold killing intent flashing across her beautiful eyes.

“It’s a pity that such a person is not a member of our clan. If he was a member of the Demon Race, he would be worth cultivating,” Yu Mo had been following Xue Li for many years so he naturally knew what she was thinking right now and couldn’t help feeling a bit distressed.

Such astonishing aptitude only made this human boy a bigger threat, if such a genius was not killed early, it would inevitably have a significant negative impact on the entire Demon Race in the future.

As such, today, this little brat’s fate had already been decided, because even if he were to win this fight, Xue Li planned to kill him.

Looking down at the Death Arena’s stage where Yang Kai was silently waiting for his opponent to appear, Yu Mo sincerely pitied him.

After a long wait, Yang Kai’s opponent finally appeared. This person looked like he was walking in a leisurely manner but his speed was actually extremely fast, and in just the blink of an eye, he was already standing in front of Yang Kai.

Wearing plain black robes which could be found in any ordinary shop, this man had a majestic yet cold aura which was perfectly highlighted by his jet black shoulder length hair and profound gaze.

A surging malevolent intent pulsed from this man’s body and his Demonic Qi was incomparably pure; obviously, he was a lot stronger than an ordinary Third Order Transcendent master.

Yang Kai’s eyes narrowed as his heart sank somewhat.

Even with just a glance, he could tell that his opponent was no easily pinched persimmon, this time he would have to go all out if he wanted to win.

Although Yang Kai had his Soul Devouring Insects and was thus not afraid of any opponent under the Saint Realm, this situation was different. In front of so many Demon Race masters, he couldn’t expose his Soul Devouring Insects, so he could only defeat his opponent head-on.

Moreover, Yang Kai also wanted to test just how much he had grown during this period of time.

Chapter 784, Di Xiao

As Yang Kai was observing his opponent, his opponent was also observing him, his eyes focused intently as if they were trying to see through all this masked youth’s secrets.

Although the man couldn’t see Yang Kai’s face, he could feel the murderous intent pulsing from the latter’s body. This aura was extraordinarily rich and not the slightest attempt to conceal it was being made. Even facing an opponent whose realm far exceeded his own, the eyes of this masked youth only showed a burning desire to fight.

This was no ordinary opponent!

This man only observed Yang Kai for a moment before coming to this conclusion, a hint of caution flashing across the depths of his eyes.

With such a massive gap in cultivation yet still being so eager to battle meant only one of two things, either this youth was absurdly arrogant or he had complete confidence in his ability!

Someone who could win more than a dozen fights in the Death Arena could not possibly be the first. If that was the case, he would have died long ago, but did that mean this little human brat thought he could actually put up a fight against a Third Order master with his puny First Order Transcendent cultivation?

The man suddenly felt that things had become interesting.

When Yang Kai's opponent appeared, chatter erupted throughout the Death Arena's stands. Many Demon Race cultivators pointing towards Yang Kai were pointing towards Yang Kai's challenger with suspicion and excitement, many of them obviously recognizing the other's identity.

"Isn't that Sir Gou Qiong's subordinate Di Xiao?"

"It's him. When I visited Qing Liao City before, I saw him once. It really is Di Xiao!"

"Why would he appear in the Death Arena?"

"It's said that he is Sir Gou Qiong's strongest fighter below the Saint Realm and that he is only one step away from breaking through and becoming a Saint."

"This human boy versus Di Xiao, I'm afraid the outcome is set! Di Xiao's strength isn't comparable to an ordinary Third Order Transcendent. As Sir Gou Qiong's vanguard, he has made many great achievements in battle and is said to even be able to hold his ground against a Saint Realm master for a short time."

"En, what a pity. After today, I'm afraid we'll never get to see this masked kid fight on the Death Arena's stage again."

"A trivial human boy, who cares if he dies? I hope Di Xiao kills him quickly, this little brat has acted arrogantly for long enough. Does he think no one in my Demon Race is his equal?"

"Good, good, although I enjoy watching him fight, he is, after all, a human."

The whispering voices came from all over and reached Yang Kai's ears, causing him to wrinkle his brow slightly. He hadn't expected his opponent today to be so famous amongst the Demon Race.

Gou Qiong sending such a master to deal with him, it was obvious what kind of importance the former placed on this matter.

Di Xiao suddenly grinned and said, "Friend, although we come from different races, I heard that you have defeated more than a dozen Second Order Transcendent opponents, each time narrowly escaping death. I admire you quite a bit. If possible, I'd like to become friends with you, but since I was ordered by Sir Gou Qiong, this time I must take your life, when the time comes, please don't blame me."

Yang Kai's brow moved slightly but didn't speak, choosing to remain silent as always.

"Then... let's get started!" Di Xiao cupped his fists as he said these words and then, in an instant, vanished like a ghost.

Yang Kai's expression changed dramatically.

Quickly retreating from where he was standing, Yang Kai fell back a couple dozen meters, clenched his fist, condensed his True Qi, and then struck the ground with an earth shaking force.

Hong...

The entire Death Arena stage trembled violently, the rippling waves only stopping once they reached the ring's surrounding barriers.

A giant pit with a depth of several meters appeared in an instant.

From the pit, a flash of cold light shot out, as if it was tearing space, ignoring all obstacles and distance and arriving in front of Yang Kai's chest in the next instant.

Pu...

Like a blossoming red flower, blood splashed out as Yang Kai coughed, staggering back a few steps as he directed a dignified stare in front of himself.

On his chest, there was a longan sized wound which was leaking fresh blood even now, dyeing his robes a dull red.

Exclamations came from all directions as many eyes among the spectators flashed with surprise, shocked by Di Xiao's tyrannical strength.

Everything happened too quickly. Di Xiao had used some kind of profound movement skill, vanished from in front of everyone's eyes, snuck underground, then sent out a lightning fast attack that could pierce through any kind of defence and wounded Yang Kai before the latter had time to react.

Since his debut on the Death Arena stage, Yang Kai had fought more than a dozen times, and although each time he escaped from death he would become bruised and bloody, there was never a time as dangerous as just now. The match had only just begun yet he had already been injured by his opponent.

On top of that, this injury was not light, his face going slightly pale as he panted for breath, only able to steady himself some time later.

Di Xiao stood not far away, a smile upon his face, staring at Yang Kai as if he hadn't ever moved; however, if one looked closely, they would notice a trace of dissatisfaction between his brows.

Di Xiao thought that even if his attack wasn't able to kill Yang Kai, the latter would at least be wounded to the point where he would lose all ability to fight back; he hadn't expected this human boy to actually only receive a light injury.

[This little brat... was somewhat strange! His physique seemed to be quite tenacious and had invisibly resolved most of the power of my strike.] Di Xiao evaluated

"Fierce!" Di Xiao expressed sincere admiration, "I never imagined someone like you existed among the Human Race!"

"You're not too bad yourself!"

"Let's try this again!" Di Xiao snorted, not giving Yang Kai any time to recover, a number of tornadoes suddenly appearing around him. These tornadoes were massive and extended all the way up into the sky, throwing the entire Death Arenas stage into chaos.

The loose gravel on the ground was swept up in this whirling wind, making the tornadoes even more dangerous.

Next, an incredibly potent Demonic Qi burst from Di Xiao's body and dyed the tornados pitch black.

At some unknown point, dark clouds appeared in the sky over the Death Arena, obscuring the sky and creating an especially dignified atmosphere.

Countless incomparably sharp wind blades appeared at the edges of the tornados, whirling about at incredible speed, slicing through everything they touched with ease.

Xiu xiu xiu...

In an instant, the wind blade had completely wrapped up Yang Kai, leaving him no path to Heaven, nor road to Hell.

Yang Kai let out a low roar and the earth beneath his feet abruptly collapsed. Next, at his fingertip, he condensed a drop of Yang Liquid and transformed it into the shield which he then placed atop his head.

The wind blades struck in the next moment, bombarding Yang Kai from all directions, causing his True Yang Yuan Qi's shield to deform greatly. It was like Yang Kai was adrift the midst of a great storm, his boat constantly in danger of being destroyed, yet through this onslaught, Yang Kai remained unharmed, successfully resisting the innumerable wind blades.

All the Demon Race spectators up in the stands cried out in shock.

Yang Kai only had a First Order Transcendent Realm cultivation, yet he had actually been able to resist the powerful attack of Di Xiao, a genuine Third Order Transcendent powerhouse, without even suffering the slightest injury. This development made the audience quite uncomfortable.

Di Xiao was no ordinary Demon Race cultivator; he was one of Demon General Gou Qiong's most trusted subordinates and could almost be considered the first person in the entire Demon Race below the Saint Realm.

The number of masters who had died at Di Xiao's hands were countless; moreover, he was a talent Gou Qiong had personally taken an interest in, raising the former to become one of his future elites. As such, Di Xiao's strength was not comparable to an ordinary Third Order Transcendent.

Even from up in the stands, the Demon Race cultivators could feel just how horrifying Di Xiao's power was, yet such power couldn't even break the True Qi shield Yang Kai had hastily condensed, obviously this was an unexpected development.

"Mistress, he really does possess astonishing potential!" Yu Mo called out, "In all the matches he fought up to now, he never displayed such means."

Xue Li's beautiful eyes flashed a cold light, "Only using his True Qi, he was able to withstand that attack, it's obvious the purity and density of his True Qi is no weaker than Di Xiao's. Good, very good!"

The cultivators around Xue Li were also paying close attention to this match now, unable to hide their shock.

Only An Ling'er wore an anxious look upon her face. Although Xue Li had just been praising Yang Kai, An Ling'er did not miss the coldness in this Demon General's tone.

The more outstanding Yang Kai's performance was, the more determined Xue Li would be to kill him!

However, if Yang Kai lost to Di Xiao, he would still die.

In either case, Yang Kai's situation right now could only be described as perilous. An Ling'er thoughts were in chaos, not knowing what she should do.

"Interesting!" Di Xiao stared at Yang Kai as the latter continued to resist his attack.

Originally, when Gou Qiong sent him here to kill a little human brat, Di Xiao had thought it was a severe case of overkill and couldn't work up any motivation. It was only after arriving in Sand City and hearing about Yang Kai's various achievements that Di Xiao thought such a person was worthy of him executing.

However, that was all, he hadn't really put Yang Kai in his eyes.

But now, after discovering that this human boy actually had enough strength to fight back against him, Di Xiao felt genuine excited.

Di Xiao was the kind of person who enjoyed fighting and was always eager to bathe in blood. On top of that, his favourite thing was to watch his opponent tenaciously resist yet ultimately fail and succumb to their demise.

At that moment, Di Xiao's mentality underwent a subtle change and he began to regard Yang Kai as a real opponent.

The Demonic Qi which spewed out from Di Xiao's body instantly increased a lot.

The tornados which were swirling around him like dark dragons also merged together and formed one giant mass, engulfing the entire Death Arena stage.

The surrounding barriers creaked under the impact of this wanton storm and ripples visible to the naked eye began to appear.

However, these barriers were all personally erected by Xue Li and obviously Di Xiao wouldn't be able to destroy them so the Demon Race spectators in the stands weren't worried, all of them still focusing all their attention on the match before them.

At this point, Yang Kai had been completely covered by wind blades and tornados.

The wind blade swept over him like a plague of locusts descending upon a field, overwhelming in number, their sharp auras constantly trying to tear him apart, the aura of death lingering about them.

There was nowhere to escape, and it was impossible to avoid them!

Yang Kai was cornered.

Kacha...

The shield he had condensed from his Yang Liquid was unable to withstand this persistent bombardment and directly collapsed.

In the next moment, Yang Kai's body was impacted by countless wind blades, his clothes shredded as blood splashed out. In less than a breath of time, Yang Kai's skin was filled with innumerable wounds and his robes were broken and tattered.

Di Xiao grinned as he stared mercilessly at Yang Kai, as if he was looking at a dead man.

The next moment though, Di Xiao's smile went stiff.

Yang Kai, who should have been killed, slowly straightened himself up while slightly lowering his head, staring back at Di Xiao with a gloomy and sinister expression, a burst of strange and creepy laughter leaked from his lips.

Chapter 785, Death-Match

With a sneer, Yang Kai stretched out a hand and pulled off his tattered shirt, revealing his toned physique and rippling muscles that seemed to contain a shocking amount of power.

Standing in the center of the raging wind blades, Yang Kai remained unmoving, like a great mountain, resisting the surrounding storm without flinching in the slightest.

"Friend, it seems your strength isn't much!"

An uproar spread throughout the crowd instantly when Yang Kai uttered these words.

The Demon Race spectators up in the stands were all shocked and amazed.

All of them had thought that this time, with Di Xiao personally taking action, Yang Kai would be swiftly defeated, even killed, but the situation in front of them differed greatly from their expectations, giving them a not small surprise.

Even wrapped completely in wind blades, Yang Kai's body didn't receive any noticeable damage, only suffering some minor cuts. It seemed his physique had reached an incredible degree of fortitude, allowing him to withstand such attacks head on.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Yang Kai's provocation made Di Xiao's expression become somewhat ugly, the latter smiling sullenly as he shot back, "You really don't know the immensity of Heaven and Earth! I must see how long you can keep spewing such nonsense!"

Saying so, Di Xiao waved his hands, and the swirling tornado that encompassed the entire Death Arena stage rapidly contracted, focusing all its destructive force on Yang Kai's position, firmly trapping him in place.

As the tornado rapidly contracted, the number and intensity of the wind blades also greatly increased, forming a dark, dense killing zone around Yang Kai.

Like an angry black dragon, it slammed and whipped against Yang Kai.

"Shaping True Qi is something I can do too!" Yang Kai grinned, and with a great roar, a huge dragon head appeared above his head.

A dazzling golden radiance cut through the dark wind, bringing with it a shocking and violent momentum.

A long body quickly formed behind the golden dragon head and in the next instant, it shot out, colliding with the dark tornado, the two entities tearing and ripping into each other.

Over the entire Death Arena stage, a swirling storm of gold and black rampaged.

The golden dragon Yang Kai had just summoned was the very same one that was tattooed on his back. Before, Yang Kai was only able to use this hidden power when he was in his Devil Transformation state, but ever since his visit to Ice Sect, where he had blended souls with Su Yan, he discovered he could release it even in his normal state. On top of that, the golden dragon was also linked to Yang Kai's Soul so it was far more agile and responsive than Di Xiao's simple Martial Skill.

The two dragons fought one another, creating an incredible fierce display.

Everyone's full attention was fixed on this magnificent scene, all of them staring up into the sky above the Death Arena stage, wondering which dragon would be the ultimate victor.

Hong Hong Hong...

With a series of deafening explosions, as if a volcano was erupting, the two dragons intertwined, and the dark tornado was gradually beaten back by the golden dragon, retreating in defeat over and over again, its colour quickly dimming.

True Yang Yuan Qi had always been the nemesis of Demonic Qi, so the aura the golden dragon radiated made every Demon Race cultivator present feel uncomfortable.

Suddenly, a pair of shouts resounded and the two figures who had been standing atop the Death Arena stage all this time flickered and collided, fresh blood splashing out as they did.

At some point, when everyone's eyes had been attracted to the two dragons colliding up in the sky, Yang Kai and Di Xiao had also begun engaging in a fierce battle.

Terrible bursts of energy filled the Death Arena stage. After the two figures separated from one another, Yang Kai wiped his hand across his chest, his fingers dripping with blood as he did.

Yang Kai felt an excruciating pain at that moment. Even though he had only clashed with Di Xiao for a few breaths, he felt like his body had been pierced by thousands of attacks, his chest and arms now bearing numerous bone deep wounds.

Gou Qiong's high regard for Di Xiao was no misplaced. As a peak Third Order Transcendent, the latter indeed possessed battle sense and combat experience far beyond average, allowing him to capitalize on any opening presented before him.

However, although Yang Kai's condition was miserable, Di Xiao's wasn't much better.

One of Di Xiao's shoulders had been torn apart and a great chunk of his flesh was now missing, causing blood to flow down his side uncontrollably, his imposing aura also showed some signs of disorder as his face distorted from the pain.

Staring at one another, panting for breath, the eyes of the two fighters atop the Death Arena stage both turned red at the same time. At this moment, blood-thirst had consumed both Yang Kai and Di Xiao's hearts, the only thought now being to fight and slaughter the opponent in front of them!

When she saw the blood flowing from Yang Kai's abdomen, Xue Li, who had been lazily sitting the whole time, suddenly leapt to her feet, her beautiful eyes trembling as she stared towards the Death Arena stage, a look of disbelief covering her face, as if she had discovered something impossible.

"Mistress!" Yu Mo saw this and couldn't help calling out.

Xue Li's brow furrowed deeply as she took in a deep breath, relaxing her shocked expression and sitting down again only several breaths later.

Yu Mo wore a puzzled expression, not understanding why Xue Li had suddenly had such a violent reaction. Although Yang Kai's performance was indeed far beyond everyone's expectations, could that alone cause her to act so out of character?

[What did Mistress just discover?] Yu Mo thought about it for a while before slowly shaking his head and focusing his attention back on the battle down below.

Killing intent flowed out in great waves, and even from where he was standing high up in the stands, Yu Mo could clearly sense it, quickly steadying his mind lest he inadvertently be affected by it.

Di Xiao and Yang Kai were evenly matched, each of them matching the other blow for blow; no one could predict what the final outcome would be now.

The thick and powerful Demonic Qi that emerged from Di Xiao's body created a dark domain around him filled with evil energy.

On the other hand, Yang Kai was like a small burning sun, his True Yang Yuan Qi surging towards his surroundings, blocking the attacks of Di Xiao's Demonic Qi. The two opposite energies collided with one another violently, each one trying to annihilate the other.

Both fighters pushed their strength to the extreme, neither of them daring to hold back or show mercy.

Great howls and deafening roars filled the air.

A shocking murderous intent pulsed from Yang Kai who now could only think of killing, shouting towards the Heavens, forgetting everything else, his only desire now was to destroy the enemy before him.

True Yang Yuan Qi madly surged forth and suddenly suppressed the other party's Demonic Qi.

Di Xiao's expression tightened and he didn't dare hesitate, his body flickering and instantly appearing above Yang Kai as he sent out a devastating palm strike filled with deadly aura towards the masked human youth below.

The surrounding ground instantly disintegrated and transformed into fine dust, but Yang Kai managed to avoid this strike at the last moment and counterattack, sending out his own palm strike filled with dense True Yang Yuan Qi towards Di Xiao.

Without the slightest reservation, the two fighters atop the Death Arena stage used all their skill and strength to clash with one another.

Di Xiao's cultivation was higher than Yang Kai's by two Minor Realms, but his Demonic Qi was being suppressed by Yang Kai's True Yang Yuan Qi so he could only bring out about eighty percent of his maximum strength, causing him to feel extremely annoyed and frustrated.

As the contest between Yang Kai and Di Xiao become more and more intense, the surrounding World Energy became increasingly turbulent, shrouding their figures and obscuring their auras.

The spectators up in the stands now could only see vague figures flickering about and were unable to determine the exact situation atop the stage.

This was a true death match!

Blood constantly spattered onto the cracked ground as deafening explosions continuously rang out. Both Yang Kai and Di Xiao had been consumed by madness and had lost track of everything else around them. This kind of fierce battle caused everyone who witnessed it to tremble from excitement and fear.

A variety of exquisite Demon Race Martial Skills were released from Di Xiao's hands, each one causing Yang Kai to suffer greatly. In response, Yang Kai used the flexibility and potency of his Yang Liquid to rip apart and penetrate Di Xiao's defences.

The two figures entangled and violently bombarded one another, each attack carrying with it a ruthless killing intent. As they fought, flashes of light constantly burst out and as the area around them seemed to explode as if it was being engulfed in a meteor shower, dazzling the spectating crowds.

Before anyone knew it, half of the Death Arena stage had been destroyed.

There had never been a battle which caused such destruction to the Death Arena before. Every Demon Race spectator felt his or her blood boil, many of them wishing they could throw all caution to the wind, jump down from the stands, and join this bloody fight to the death.

Di Xiao became more and more shocked as the battle dragged on. Never had he dreamed that a human boy whose cultivation was far lower than his own could actually possess such strength.

His own killings strikes continuously rained down on Yang Kai but often could only superficially wound the latter, never once delivering the intended fatal blow; his opponent's body was like a lump of steel, completely unlike the fragile humans he had fought before.

However, what shocked Di Xiao the most was Yang Kai's resiliency and endurance.

Each and every move the two of them made contained the maximum amount of force possible, neither of them holding anything back, so after such a long fight Di Xiao was very flustered and had consumed a massive amount of his Demonic Qi, causing both his momentum and strength to fall far below his peak.

But this Human boy was different, he had somehow managed to maintain the same level of output this entire time, never once weakening, even becoming somewhat more intense as time passed.

It was like his body contained an inexhaustible supply of True Qi!

In addition, the more Yang Kai was wounded, the more brutally he fought back, as if the pain was a drug stimulating his bloodthirsty nature.

As the battle dragged on, Di Xiao noticed something which truly made him afraid.

The wounds Yang Kai had suffered throughout their fight were actually healing at a speed visible to the naked eye; for instance, the dense injuries he had previously received from the opening salvo of wind blades had now basically disappeared.

[This kid can even restore his own injuries in the middle of a fight?]

Di Xiao hadn't seen Yang Kai take any kind of pill or elixir; moreover, there was no time for him to have done so.

For the first time, Di Xiao discovered that such a strange person actually existed, not only could he compete with the so called favoured Sons of Heaven, he actually far exceeded them.

This discovery struck a deep blow to Di Xiao's pride, causing his mood to become somewhat gloomy.

He was an elite amongst the elite of the Demon Race. At just eighty years old, he had already reached the very peak of the Third Order Transcendent Realm and was expected to break through to the Saint Realm before the age of one hundred!

A one hundred year old Saint Realm was a rare presence throughout the entire realm.

Some of the great forces of the Tong Xuan Realm managed to raise their own elite disciples to the Transcendent Realm at very young ages, but once they reached that realm, almost all of them would experience a sharp decrease in their rate of growth and fewer still managed to become Saints before the age of one hundred.

But he, Di Xiao, had such potential! Gou Qiong had high expectations for him and gave him the best cultivation environments and resources to support his growth.

Di Xiao has always been proud of this and felt that one day he could certainly become the first person below the Demon Commander, or possibly even the Demon Commander himself!

But now, he had received a devastating blow. If what Gou Che had reported was the truth, then this human boy who was even now fighting evenly with him was only twenty-five or six years old.

Could it be that he had been cultivating for so many decades in vain?

Chapter 786, Epiphany

When masters fought, it was not only a contest of their skills but also a battle of their wills.

As soon as Di Xiao's state of mind became disturbed, the stalemate was broken and his momentum collapsed, allowing Yang Kai to completely suppress him.

The Demon Race spectators up in the stands also quickly discovered that the situation had taken a turn for the worse. Originally, the gold and black auras in the Death Arena stage were equal in intensity to one another, but suddenly the dark Demonic Qi belonging to Di Xiao weakened while the annoying golden aura shone brilliantly.

Seeing this scene, everyone couldn't sit still.

"Impossible! Can this boy even defeat Di Xiao?"

"How can this be? Di Xiao is a Third Order Transcendent, two full levels higher than him."

"If Di Xiao is defeated, my Demon Race will lose all face!"

"Is... is that guy really real? A First Order Transcendent being able to defeat a Third Order, if he were to become a Saint..."

Even Feng Biao, who had been sent by Gou Qiong to oversee this task, had a gloomy look upon his face as his brow furrowed deeply, his hands crushing the arms of his chair unconsciously.

Xue Li was also leaning forward now, her powerful Divine Sense penetrating the Death Arena's barriers as she carefully observed the changes in the battle.

No one in the audience had a clearer idea of what was happening than her because she was the one who had constructed the barriers around the Death Arena stage in the first place. Her original intention was to make it so that the cultivators who fought would not receive any interference from the gamblers on the outside, so even if they were top-level masters, if they tried to peep through these barriers, all they'd be able to discover was some vague details.

Xue Li was different though, her beautiful eyes easily able to track Yang Kai and Di Xiao's movements.

The battle turning out like this was truly beyond Xue Li's expectations, even if she managed to glean some clues from An Ling'er's behaviour, inferring the possibility that Yang Kai might win, it was still difficult to believe what she was seeing.

This fight was also far more exciting than she anticipated!

Also, as Xue Li spectated the match, the murderous intent that originally filled her eyes slowly faded and was instead replaced with a thick sense of confusion.

With a thunderous explosion, the gold and black energies which had been entangled with each other this whole time suddenly separated and two silhouettes retreated backwards, coming to a stop a dozen meters or so apart.

Dust blew about and the battlefield lay in ruins, everyone up in the stands held their breath, the entire Death Arena falling silent as all eyes stared towards the stage down below, wondering who had come out on top.

Gradually, the dust settled and the two fighters' figures appeared before everyone's eyes.

Sharp breaths were drawn as the Demon Race spectators couldn't believe what they were seeing.

Di Xiao was bathed in blood, with almost no part of his body still intact. All over his scarred skin there were clearly visible palm print, fist marks, etc...

Gou Qiong's elite subordinate seemed to be exhausted, his laboured breathing clearly ringing in everyone's ears, illustrating just how weak he currently was.

Yang Kai was also covered in blood that, under the strong rays of the sun, seemed to glow a faint golden colour, giving him a strange appearance. There were many scars and wounds all over his strong body, numbering no less than the ones on Di Xiao's.

The only difference between the two was the look in their eyes; Di Xiao's originally confident gaze was now dull while Yang Kai's was filled with strength.

Di Xiao had been defeated!

As long as one wasn't blind, they would be able to see this.

"I've underestimated you... you're truly strong!" Di Xiao coughed a few times, spitting out some blood and viscera from his mouth.

"Anyone who looks down on me has to pay the price!" Yang Kai grinned and took a deep breath before lifting his foot and slowly walking forward, his True Qi surging once more, his eyes filling with murderous intent.

It was clear he planned to kill the person in front of him and bring this deathmatch to a close!

Seeing his intentions, Feng Biao, who had been in something of a daze in the stands, came to his senses and stood up, shouting in an angered voice, "Little brat, you dare!"

As he shouted, his figure flickered, disappearing from where he stood and shooting towards the Death Arena stage like a bolt of lightning.

Despite Di Xiao disappointing Sir Gou Qiong's expectations, actually losing to a little human brat, he was still one of Gou Qiong's most elite warriors. Yang Kai couldn't be allowed to simply kill him here.

Feng Biao couldn't just sit idly by and watch, he had to take this opportunity to finish off Yang Kai!

"Yu Mo!" On the other side of the arena, Xue Li suddenly shouted.

Yu Mo nodded lightly and also shot out.

A moment later, Yu Mo appeared in front of Feng Biao, blocking his way.

"Make way!" Feng Biao shouted furiously, not having any scruples about this being Xue Li's site, sending out a palm towards Yu Mo as the latter responded in kind.

The two First Order Saints instantly engaged in an astonishing fight over the Death Arena, each move they made shaking the Heavens, causing the hearts of all the spectators down below to clench.

All the Demon Race spectators present were dumbfounded. They hadn't expected to see such a wonderful battle between peak Transcendent Realm cultivators today and now they were even being shown a rare fight between Saint Realm masters. This unexpected development immediately invigorated them, drawing their full attention.

"Yu Mo, what's the meaning of this?!" Feng Biao couldn't get rid of Yu Mo's entanglement and immediately interrogated him, "You know who Di Xiao is. If he dies here, can you withstand Sir Gou Qiong's anger?"

“Idiot! Whether Gou Qiong is angry or not has nothing to do with me!” Yu Mo sneered, “This is Sand City, my Mistress’ site, or did you forget even something so basic?”

“Are you trying to force Sir Gou Qiong and Xue Li into a war!”

“I have no such intent; however, the Death Arena has the rules of the Death Arena. Two people enter, only one may leave alive, this rule may not be broken!”

“You...” Feng Biao ground his teeth as he continued the fight with Yu Mo. Still managing to focus on the ground, Feng Biao saw Yang Kai arrive in front of Di Xiao and condensed his True Yang Yuan Qi into his fingertip and calmly pointed it towards the limp, Di Xiao.

Di Xiao was thoroughly exhausted and didn’t even have the strength to stand properly much less put up any kind of resistance. At this moment, he was simply looking to the sky helplessly.

Feng Biao quickly shouted, “Little brat, if you dare do this, you’re dead!”

Just as he said these words though, the True Qi gathered at Yang Kai’s fingertips transformed into a sharp blade and stabbed into Di Xiao’s chest.

Di Xiao’s body shook, and the blood gushed from his chest like a fountain, his eyes opening wide as he fell backwards.

Peng...

A puff of dust flew up.

“That little brat...”

“He really killed Di Xiao.”

“Interesting! I don’t think even Miss Xue Li can protect him now!”

“If Miss Xue Li doesn’t protect him, he’ll definitely die!”

In midair, seeing with their own eyes that Di Xiao had died, Feng Biao and Yu Mo also stopped fighting, the former’s face becoming extremely gloomy, his eyes staring hatefully towards Yang Kai, seemingly want to tear off the latter’s stupid mask to see just what kind of bastard was beneath it.

Yu Mo’s eyes also flashed as he was secretly shocked by Yang Kai’s boldness, quickly returning to Xue Li’s side without saying a word.

Next to Di Xiao’s body, Yang Kai stood quietly, his back straight and motionless.

Under the influence of the Demon Eye of Annihilation, an undetectable Soul remnant poured into Yang Kai’s mind and was absorbed.

Gradually, the atmosphere and aura in the surroundings became strange and the fluctuations pulsing from Yang Kai’s body underwent a subtle change.

The deep rage and hatred in Feng Bao’s eyes which were staring at Yang Kai were suddenly replaced with a thick shock and jealousy.

“Mistress...” Yu Mo also exclaimed, his eyes narrowing as he stared towards Yang Kai.

Xue Li’s complexion also changed again upon feeling the energy fluctuations coming from Yang Kai, a look of genuine surprise filling her face.

“Mistress, could it be...” Yu Mo’s voice trembled as he hesitantly spoke.

“En, it’s an epiphany, this boy...” Xue Li’s beautiful eyes flashed a strange brilliance, “A few months fighting life or death battles here have probably allowed him to comprehend many things and today’s battle allowed all of that to sublimate, resulting in sudden enlightenment.”

“Inconceivable!” Yu Mo cried out in amazement, “Does he want to break through here? Isn’t he acting a bit too supercilious?”

Di Xiao had just been killed by him and Feng Biao couldn’t wait to put him to death, the Demon Race spectators in the stand also were filled with indignation and many were clamouring for Yang Kai’s life. This was quite likely the worst possible time for a breakthrough.

If the situation wasn’t handled well, it might turn into a riot where the angry crowd directly swarmed him.

“Mistress, in this situation, do we just sit back and watch?” Yu Mo turned to Xue Li and asked.

As long as Xue Li didn’t speak, Yang Kai would definitely die today, no Demon Race cultivator wanted to let such a monstrous human boy continue breathing. Although Yang Kai had brought them a lot of excitement and entertainment, the situation was different now.

Everyone here was no well aware of how terrifying this boy’s potential was!

“Nonsense, of course we’re not going to just sit back and watch. Relay my command, anyone who dares to enter the Death Arena stage before he finished breaking through is to be killed without mercy!” Xue Li’s beautiful face filled with an inexplicable excitement.

“...ah?” Yu Mo let out a gaff; dumbfounded by the order he had just been given.

Just before, Xue Li had clearly decided to kill Yang Kai today regardless of whether he won or lost the fight, so this sudden and drastic change in attitude greatly confused Yu Mo.

If they really wanted to kill this human brat, they didn’t even need to act. Feng Biao and the other Demon Race spectators would happily murder Yang Kai while he was breaking through.

Earlier, Yu Mo had only blocked Feng Biao to suppress Gou Qiong and maintain the rules of the Death Arena.

Was this little brat’s performance so impressive that Xue Li was reluctant to kill him? Yu Mo secretly speculated but still couldn’t understand.

However, he didn’t ask anything and simply carried out his orders, spreading out his Divine Sense in the next instant to relay Xue Li’s command.

The next moment, from outside the Death Arena, a large number of powerful Demon Race masters appeared, taking up defensive positions around the broken stage.

Seeing this scene, everyone understood that Xue Li intended to shelter Yang Kai and immediately dismissed all thoughts attacking, contenting themselves to just holler and scream angrily.

Yang Kai, standing atop the Death Arena's stage, seemed completely unaware of all this.

But, in truth, he was also paying close attention to his surroundings, so the behaviour of Xue Li's subordinates also caused him to feel a bit confused. However, since this woman didn't seem to want to immediately kill him, Yang Kai focused his attention back onto breaking through safely, clearing his mind of all distractions and entering a state of enlightenment.

Chapter 787, We'll See

Outside the Death Arena stage, countless Demon Race spectators shouted and cursed but none of them dared to make any rash moves.

Atop the stage, the surrounding World Energy churned violently.

After what seemed like a long time had passed, a burst of energy that cracked the surrounding earth suddenly burst out with Yang Kai at its center.

All of the World Energy in the area began madly swirling about as if it were being drawn in by a giant whirlpool, crashing against the Death Arena stage's barriers.

"Such terrifying World Energy!" Yu Mo's eyes went round as he couldn't help calling out in shock.

Xue Li also had showed a look of surprise, her beautiful eyes flashing a strange light as she muttered under her breath, "He really has enough capital to act so crazily, this kind of World Energy baptism is comparable to something a Third Order Transcendent Realm Master would face. No wonder he was able to kill Di Xiao."

The spectating Demon Race cultivators who saw this scene also didn't have pleasant looks upon their faces. If the one currently standing on the Death Arena stage was Di Xiao, they would be cheering joyously, but a human boy showing such potential only made them feel uncomfortable.

As a tidal wave of World Energy flowed towards the Death Arena stage, Yang Kai closed his eyes, his face filled with a look of comfort as the faint golden glow shrouding him became more and more dazzling.

All of a sudden, the violent storm of World Energy rushed towards Yang Kai's body and within ten breaths was completely absorbed by him.

The chaotic aura within the Death Arena also became tranquil.

Staring at Yang Kai now, the expressions of the surrounding Demon Race masters were unsightly as they grumbled in their hearts but were unable to vocalize just how they were feeling at the moment.

Yang Kai, who had been severely wounded in his battle with Di Xiao, was now recovering at an astonishing speed, the minor injuries he had suffered already completely healed while the major ones were no longer a hindrance to his movement.

Xue Li beautiful eyes shrank upon seeing this and she licked her thin red lips as she stared excitedly towards Yang Kai.

Atop the Death Arena stage, Yang Kai gently clenched his fists and felt the power flowing through his body, extremely satisfied.

This time's breakthrough had gone incredibly smoothly.

The insights and sentiments he had gained over the past few months of difficult fights had been like nourishment for his body and Soul, allowing him to reach the edge of a breakthrough, and after a fierce battle with Di Xiao, he managed to spy on the mysteries of the Second Order Transcendent Realm.

The purity and density of Yang Kai's True Qi had risen to a new level, and even his Spiritual Energy had sublimated, becoming more powerful than before.

Yang Kai couldn't have been more pleased with this outcome. The only thing that made him feel helpless was that he was still standing in the middle of the Death Arena, surrounded by Demon Race masters.

What's more, Xue Li was looking on!

The killing intent Xue Li had towards him had not gone unnoticed by Yang Kai, so he never dropped his guard against her, but with the huge gap in their strength, he still couldn't help feeling powerless.

Although Yang Kai didn't understand why she suddenly decided to protect him and allow him to break through here, he knew this woman didn't do so out of kindness. His best option was still to leave Sand City as quickly as possible.

Considering all this, Yang Kai turned his eyes towards Xue Li and shouted, "Senior Xue Li, are the words you spoke to me before still valid?"

Xue Li's beautiful eyes narrowed as she laughed charmingly, "What words are you referring to?"

"You promised me that as long as I can win in this battle, you will let me and my companion leave! It can't be that Senior Xue Li doesn't intend to keep her word?" Yang Kai continued to shout, making sure his voice could be heard by all the surrounding Demon Race spectators.

Xue Li let out a light snort as she stared at Yang Kai from far away, a trace of hatred flashing across her beautiful eyes.

Although the two of them indeed had such an agreement, Xue Li never had any intention of complying with it, but now that Yang Kai had exposed it in front of so many people, Xue Li would have to consider it again.

A Demon General failing to keep their word would greatly harm Xue Li's reputation.

"Smelly brat!" Xue Li ground her teeth angrily, fully realizing Yang Kai was doing this to force her hand knowing she couldn't refuse him in the presence of so many witnesses.

"Mistress, he's seeking his own death!" Yu Mo said, taking pleasure in Yang Kai's misfortune as he grinned, "Just let him leave, then he'll die without us having to lift a finger!"

As he said so, Yu Mo glanced over at Feng Biao who was even now exuding a thick murderous intent. Yu Mo knew that Feng Biao was the one who most wanted to put Yang Kai to death.

"The key is that I don't want him to die now!" Xue Li grumbled.

Yu Mo was stunned and didn't dare say anything more.

"Does Senior Xue Li want to renege on her promise?" Atop the Death Arena stage, Yang Kai shouted for the third time, his face was filled with an unreadable smile.

Xue Li let out a soft breath, causing her proud peaks to undulate exaggeratedly; slowly getting up, she said to Yang Kai in a calm voice, "Naturally this King will not, you and your female companion are free to leave. Wherever you decide to go now, you may go, no one here will try to stop you!"

Yang Kai stared at her deeply, cupped his fists and bowed lightly, "Many thanks, Senior Xue Li!"

Saying so, Yang Kai soared up from the Death Arena stage, arriving beside Xue Li in the blink of an eye, grabbed hold of An Ling'er, and shouted, "Let's go!"

"Little brat, I believe we will meet again soon!" Xue Li suddenly whispered, the words directly reaching Yang Kai's ear, causing his heart to tremble. Sweeping his eyes towards Xue Li, Yang Kai suddenly discovered that this vicious woman was staring at him profoundly.

[Cheap whore!] Yang Kai secretly cursed, realizing that Xue Li had no intention of letting him go so easily. In front of all these Demon Race spectators sitting around the Death Arena, going back on her word would make her lose too much face so she had no choice but to agree to his demands for now, but she was no doubt planning to make a move behind the scenes.

As soon as Yang Kai and An Ling'er left, he estimated multiple pursuers would follow!

Even so, Yang Kai simply smiled confidently and replied, "Really? I believe we'll never see one another again!"

"We'll see!" Xue Li coldly snorted.

Yang Kai brought An Ling'er up into the sky and soared off towards the horizon like a bolt of lightning.

From the Death Arena's stand, those who were particularly angry and wished to kill Yang Kai also got up and left in groups of three or four, quickly following after the latter.

Xue Li and Yu Mo both ignored this, pretending they saw nothing, making no attempt to block these people.

Feng Biao, who was Gou Qiong's representative, stood in place, his face showing a contemplatively look for a moment before turning his gaze to Xue Li, grinning meaningfully, and also flying off.

"Mistress, if all of them really pursue that little brat, he may really end up dead!" Yu Mo whispered.

Not to mention the First Order Saint Feng Biao who as pursuing him, just the gathering of Demon Race masters who had left to chase Yang Kai were enough to kill him.

Although Yang Kai's combat ability was out of the ordinary and he had just broken through a Minor Realm, he had just fought an intense battle with Di Xiao so it was likely he wouldn't be able to exert anywhere near his peak strength.

After the ones pursuing him caught up, the only possible result was his death!

“En, he’s dead!” Xue Li grit her teeth, obviously somewhat annoyed, “That little brat brought this upon himself. If he obediently stayed here I wouldn’t have killed him, but he just had to go seeking death all on his own.”

“Then...”

“Go bring him back!” Xue Li ordered, “Don’t let anyone else capture or kill him.”

“Yes!” Yu Mo bowed before chasing after Yang Kai.

“Hmph, actually daring to say we’ll never see one another again? I’d very much like to see what kind of expression you show this King when we next meet!” Xue Li smiled lightly, got up, and strolled casually towards her palace to await the moment Yang Kai was captured.

Outside of Sand City, Yang Kai flew while tightly holding An Ling’er, his speed pushed to his current limit, the two of them leaving a long afterimage behind them.

“Are you alright?” An Ling’er asked, full of concern, she had seen just how seriously injured Yang Kai was just now in his battle against Di Xiao. Right now what he needed most was rest but instead he had to madly consume his True Qi.

“I’m fine,” Yang Kai shook his head.

Yang Kai was clearer about his condition than anyone so he couldn’t help marveling at the astonishing restorative power of his Demon God Blood. Normally, after suffering such heavy injuries, Yang Kai would have to cultivate for several days in order to recover, but now, the Demon God Blood in his body was actually mending his wounds at a rate visible to the naked eye, so although he wasn’t perfectly healed, flying and even fighting wouldn’t be an issue.

On top of that, the thing Yang Kai least had to worry about was his consumption of True Qi; with hundreds of drops of Yang Liquid in his Dantian and more than sixty Divine Tree fruits in his Black Book space, his reserve of True Qi was essentially unlimited.

“It seems like someone is chasing us!” An Ling’er suddenly whispered, her beautiful face paling.

“Not one, many!” Yang Kai’s expression remained unchanged. With his unusually powerful Divine Sense, he had long ago noticed they were being pursued and even knew the exact number and cultivation of the ones chasing them.

There was quite a large number of Transcendents accompanied by two or three Saints in the lead group.

Behind these people was Feng Biao who had firmly locked his Divine Sense onto him like maggots on rotting bones.

Still further behind Feng Biao was Yu Mo!

Xue Li really had sent him to chase after them, causing Yang Kai to curse in his heart, swearing one day he would teach that viper woman a good lesson.

All in all, more than half of the masters from Sand City were now pursuing Yang Kai and An Ling’er.

Although bitter in his heart, Yang Kai revealed nothing on his face and simply continued flying forward at his current speed.

The Demon Race masters who chased after them from Sand City had all summoned their own artifacts and were doing their best to quickly shorten the distance between themselves and Yang Kai.

After half an hour, Yang Kai had flown several hundred kilometers but his pursuers were now closing in.

Noticing this, An Ling'er became anxious and hurriedly used her Secret Art to help promote the circulation speed of Yang Kai's True Qi.

"They can't catch us," Yang Kai comforted her gently while continuing to maintain his flight speed, waiting for the right opportunity.

From what Yang Kai could perceive, most of his pursuers were not worth being worried about. As soon as he released his Soul Devouring Insects, the vast majority of them would die.

The only ones Yang Kai needed to pay attention to were the Saint Realm masters and Feng Biao and Yu Mo behind them, these masters were still difficult opponents for him to face!

However, noticing that Feng Biao and Yu Mo were maintaining a certain distance from him and not approaching any closer, seemingly staying at the limit of where their Divine Senses could track him, Yang Kai immediately felt like his chance had come!

Chapter 788, Wolf Behind, Tiger in Front

Whether it was Feng Biao or Yu Mo, both of them obviously had great confidence in their own strength and were unwilling to work together with other Demon Race cultivators, so they consciously maintained some distance between themselves, the other pursuers, and Yang Kai.

This however gave Yang Kai an opportunity.

With a whoosh, Wind and Thunder Qi surged up and Yang Kai's Wind and Thunder Wings unfurled from his back.

With a flicker of these wings, Yang Kai's already quick pace suddenly multiplied several times over. Meanwhile, An Ling'er narrowed her eyes and circulated her True Qi in order to resist the violent surge in wind pressure around her.

In an instant, the pair left Feng Biao and Yu Mo's Divine Sense's coverage range.

An Ling'er couldn't help letting out a shout; although this wasn't the first time she had seen Yang Kai use his Wind and Thunder Wings, having already witnessed them back when they were fleeing from Saintess Nan, no matter how many times she saw them, should couldn't help feeling fascinated by their beauty.

Such a pair of wings should not be owned by a man, but instead by a woman.

Even so, seeing Yang Kai like this, An Ling'er felt he seemed quite heroic at the moment.

An Ling'er pursed her lips slightly as she stared at Yang Kai's profile, her eyes blurring slightly, unconsciously pressing her tender body closer to his as she tightly held onto him with her arms.

“Hey, why are you going starry eyed in this kind of situation?” Yang Kai immediately noticed An Ling’er’s abnormal behaviour and turned a dumbfounded gaze towards her as an amazingly soft and elastic sensation made contact with his arm, causing his fierce momentum and tension to rapidly deflate.

An Ling’er’s face suddenly flushed bright red and immediately shot back indignantly, “What nonsense are you talking about? I... I just thought that the outside world is truly filled with wonder, completely different from what I imagined it would be like back in the Holy Land.”

Since her first encounter with Yang Kai, An Ling’er’s days had truly been filled with excitement. All this stimulation frightened her and caused her much grief, but it was also incredibly thrilling; it was as if, so long as she stayed together with Yang Kai, no matter what kind of danger they encountered, they would be able to safely pass through it.

“An average person can’t have such an exciting life!” Yang Kai laughed somewhat dumbly, waving his wings rhythmically, pushing his speed faster and faster, transforming into a streak of light that shot across the sky.

The expressions of the Demon Race masters who had been tailing the pair all abruptly changed when this occurred. All of them were closing in on Yang Kai, but in the blink of an eye, they had actually completely lost track of him.

Amongst the group of pursuers, even three Saint Realm masters couldn’t hide their shock. Not daring to hold back any longer, they quickly pushed their speed to its maximum and shot off in the direction Yang Kai fled.

A moment later, two figures flew over and joined the pursuit. Obviously these two were Feng Biao and Yu Mo who noticed something had gone wrong and thus increased their pace.

The expressions of the two Saints were particularly awful, especially Yu Mo’s. It wasn’t until now that he realized that even in that brutal life or death battle with Di Xiao, Yang Kai had still been hiding his strength.

With the astonishing speed Yang Kai just displayed, it would have been easy for him to have Di Xiao dancing in the palm of his hand, but he had actually concealed it until just now; obviously he had done so in order to get his pursuers to lower their guard, giving him a chance to escape.

As a result, Yang Kai really managed to escape from his pursuers’ Divine Sense search range.

“That damn brat!” Yu Mo’s face twisted in anger as he cursed while continuing to chase after Yang Kai.

An hour later, the Transcendent Realm Demon Race masters who had been pursuing Yang Kai finally came to a stop. They had no idea which direction Yang Kai and the few Saint Realm masters had gone or any way to track them, so after letting out a few bitter sighs and curses, they turned around and headed back to Sand City.

Three thousand kilometers from Sand City, Yang Kai’s expression became gloomy.

He found that he had still underestimated the means of these Saint Realm masters. Although Yang Kai had already used his Wind and Thunder Wings to flee from the range of their Divine Senses, he could clearly tell that, using some unknown method, they were still actually chasing after him.

The Demon Land was vast, and Yang Kai wasn't even sure where he was, so he could only chose to flee in a random direction and pray that he eventually left this place.

Yang Kai's powerful Spiritual Energy played a vital role at this time; although his True Qi cultivation was only at the Second Order Transcendent Realm, his Spiritual Energy was no weaker than a Saint Realm master's.

His Divine Sense's strength was actually even greater than Feng Biao and Yu Mo's, allowing him to grasp their location even when they couldn't grasp his.

With this advantage to aid him, Yang Kai somehow managed to avoid populated regions and being discovered by other Demon Race masters, saving him a lot of unnecessary trouble.

After fleeing for a long time though, even Yang Kai began to feel fatigued. Whether it was physically or mentally, he had consumed a great deal of stamina, even An Ling'er's face was dispirited, obviously tired out.

Repeatedly escaping and hiding, the pair still couldn't get rid of Feng Biao and Yu Mo's pursuit. The other Saint Realm masters had given up after chasing Yang Kai for a few days, but these two were like rabid dogs, swearing not to rest until they sank their teeth into their prey.

Feng Biao and Yu Mo, who both found the other unpleasing to the eye, even formed a kind of subtle camaraderie born of mutual hatred during this seemingly never ending chase.

Time flew by and soon half a month had passed, then one month...

Carrying An Ling'er with him, Yang Kai had now crossed hundreds of thousands of kilometers of the Demon Land. The only upside was that the Demonic Qi which constantly lingered in the air seemed to be getting thinner, causing Yang Kai to secretly rejoice, feeling like he had not chosen the wrong direction and that so long as he kept this up, they would soon be able to leave the Demon Land.

As long as they left the Demon Land, Feng Biao and Yu Mo would likely stop pursuing them.

With a renewed sense of hope, Yang Kai suddenly became full of energy.

One day though, as Yang Kai was soaring forward, his expression suddenly became solemn and he quickly came to a halt, staring fixedly at a patch of jungle in front of him.

From the direction he was staring, Yang Kai noticed the aura of a large number of masters seemingly concealing themselves while waiting in ambush.

When Yang Kai came to a stop, from the jungle below, a pair of cold eyes fixed onto him.

"Such a vigilant brat!" The Demon Race said in praise as a look of surprise flashing across his face. He and the people he had brought with him had perfectly concealed their auras and hidden themselves amongst the environment, but had unexpectedly still been discovered by their target.

"Still trying to act stealthy at this point? Just show yourselves!" Yang Kai observed for a moment before suddenly calling out.

The leader of this group of Demon Race masters grinned and no longer tried to conceal himself, soaring up into the air to face Yang Kai directly.

Observing this Demon Race master, Yang Kai couldn't help feeling somewhat suspicious. He had never met, or even seen this man before, but from the other side's attitude, it was obvious he was waiting here for him and An Ling'er.

This person's cultivation was also not weak, probably a Saint Realm master, and even if he wasn't as strong as Feng Biao or Yu Mo, he wasn't much worse. Behind this man, there were also a number of powerful masters who seemed to be curiously eyeing Yang Kai.

Hearing a rushing sound coming from behind him, Yang Kai's face sank, realizing that Feng Biao and Yu Mo were quickly approaching.

Sure enough, a moment later, these two made dogs appeared and stopped close behind Yang Kai.

"Yu Mo, this is the human brat you said escaped from Sand City?" The Demon Race master in front stared at Yang Kai and casually asked.

With an ice cold expression, Yu Mo nodded and said, "Yeah!" Then turning to Yang Kai and cursing, "Damn brat, you really run fast! If I didn't send word to City Lord Man to block your path, I'm afraid I really wouldn't have been able to stop you!"

As he spoke, a look of deep hatred flashed across his eyes.

After receiving Xue Li's orders, Yu Mo thought he would quickly be able to capture Yang Kai and return to Sand City, but after an entire month of pursuing the latter, not only was Yu Mo thoroughly exhausted, he had nearly failed his mission.

Right now, Yu Mo was feeling quite aggrieved and depressed, secretly swearing to himself to brutally torment Yang Kai the whole way back to Sand City after capturing him in order to vent the hatred in his heart.

After listening to Yu Mo, Yang Kai suddenly understood that, while chasing him, the other party had used some method to convey a message to this City Lord Man, telling the latter to set up an ambush here.

Yang Kai smiled bitterly. In the end, this was someone else's territory. Although he had managed to escape for a while, he was finally blocked today. This was no doubt a hopeless situation.

As Yu Mo and City Lord Man were conversing, Feng Biao simply stood to the side, his eyes drifting back and forth, seemingly observing the situation.

He and Yu Mo's purposes were different, his objective was to kill Yang Kai in order to complete the task given to him by Gou Qiong, but now that Yu Mo had called a helper, he suddenly felt that things had become difficult.

His eagerness to stir up trouble was not missed by Yu Mo and even City Lord Man could easily guess what he was thinking, the latter letting out a laugh as he said, "Isn't this Feng Biao? Instead of staying in Qing Liao City and serving Sir Gou Qiong, you've actually come all the way out here to this remote wilderness. What do you plan to do?"

Yu Mo said lightly, “Feng Biao, I’m not interested in embarrassing you today, withdraw!”

Feng Biao coldly snorted before turning his gaze towards Yang Kai, glaring hatefully at him for a moment before turning back to Yu Mo, backing off a short distance, and faintly saying, “If you want to catch him, so be it, I won’t interfere, but everything that’s happened up till now, I will fully report to Sir Gou Qiong. I hope you can afford the consequences!”

Seeing Feng Biao take a stand, Yu Mo no longer spoke any nonsense with him, turning to Yang Kai and sneering, “Little brat, will you surrender without a fight, or do you want me to catch you? I’ll tell you in advance, if you chose the second option, you won’t get off with just some light injuries!”

“Are you so confident that you can catch me?” Yang Kai smiled lightly.

Hearing this, City Lord Man’s eyes bulged for a moment before he snickered dismissively, “Yu Mo, what kind of background does this human kid have? His arrogance is simply heaven defying.”

In front of three Saint Realm masters, actually daring to spout such words, could it be this kid was messed up in the head?

“He has the capital to act so arrogant. Di Xiao was killed by him in the Death Arena of Sand City, one-on-one!” Yu Mo explained faintly.

“What?” City Lord Man was stunned, “Are you sure you aren’t mistaken? That Di Xiao was actually killed by him? He seems like he’s only a Second Order Transcendent!”

“I saw it with my own eyes, how could I be mistaken, and... when he killed Di Xiao, he was only a First Order Transcendent, after killing Di Xiao, he broke through to his present realm.”

“Is that true?” City Lord Man asked in disbelief, shocked to the point of speechlessness.

“Do you think Feng Biao and I would chase after him for an entire month if it wasn’t?” Yu Mo ground his teeth, “Fuck, don’t mention it any more, it’s shameful to even bring it up.”

“Ha ha ha ha!” City Lord Man burst into laughter, a look of ridicule appearing on his face, “You chased after him for a whole month yet still couldn’t catch him?”

As he laughed, his face suddenly became cold and he solemnly said, “If that’s the case, this little brat really must have some skill.”

Chapter 789, Damn Woman

Though City Lord Man seemed like a gruff and brutish person, he was no fool. He knew that given Yu Mo’s personality, there was no way he would be praising a human cultivator unless there was no other alternative.

Realizing this, City Lord Man immediately understood that there was probably something special about this human boy. Killing a Third Order Transcendent with only a First Order cultivation... No one from the Demon Race could accomplish this kind of feat. On top of that, the one who was killed was Di Xiao, a man who always killed people in higher realms than his own; this only further emphasized how absurd this human’s strength must be.

“Gu Man, this time I’ll have to bother you to take action while I stand guard!” Yu Mo glanced over at Feng Biao who was standing not far away, indicating that he obviously didn’t trust Feng Biao and was concerned the latter would try something once he saw an opening.

“No problem, I like destroying the pride and self-confidence of young brats, especially ones like this human... Hah, this will be fun!” Gu Man nodded casually, lifting his head arrogantly as he waved to his hand, “All of you go test his skill. Don’t get careless, I don’t want to have to collect your corpses if you screw up!”

The masters behind City Lord Man all snickered as they turned malicious stares towards Yang Kai.

Yu Mo frowned and faintly felt that this course of action was somewhat improper, but he soon felt that so many people dealing with Yang Kai shouldn’t be a problem so he made no attempt to stop them.

“City Lord, if we catch this human brat, can we get some kind of reward?” One of the masters suddenly asked, apparently wanting to extract some benefits from Gu Man.

“Rewards your ass! Father here was sent to the edge of the Demon Land by Sir Xue Li to serve as City Lord of this desolate waste yet you dare ask me to reward you? If you want something, ask Yu Mo,” Gu Man spat angrily.

Hearing this, Yang Kai’s eyes light up as his mouth curled into a slight grin.

Gu Man’s words were nothing but curses and complaints, but they had actually revealed a piece of information that made Yang Kai quite excited.

This place really was at the edge of the Demon Land! That meant that as long as he could escape from here, he could leave the Demon Land.

“Enough! After grabbing him are you still concerned you won’t get any benefits?” Yu Mo shouted, “Gu Man, you never change. If not, how could Sir Xue Li have sent you here? Your short-sightedness is the reason you never make any progress!”

Even after being insulted so, Gu Man didn’t get annoyed and just laughed heartily, “You heard that right? Yu Mo just said that there’ll be reward for catching him. What are you waiting for, hurry up you idiots!”

As soon as the masters behind Gu Man heard this, their auras became fierce as they directed menacing stares towards Yang Kai, quickly spreading out to surround him.

Yang Kai didn’t panic and simply observed his surroundings with cold eyes, secretly preparing to unleash his Spiritual Energy to release his Soul Devouring Insects and kill all the cultivators here below the Saint Realm!

Just as the two sides were on the verge of clashing though, An Ling’er suddenly shuddered and a look of fear and panic appeared on her pretty face, quickly pulling on Yang Kai’s clothes to get his attention.

“What happened?” Yang Kai brow rose slightly as he asked under his breath, thinking An Ling’er might have sensed the other side trying to pull some kind of trick he had missed.

However, An Ling'er's beautiful eyes simply trembled as she gently lifted her finger and pointed to the distant horizon, "Over there!"

Unconsciously glancing in the direction she was pointing, everyone was immediately dumbstruck.

In the distance, where the sky met the earth, a thick and tumultuous dark cloud had suddenly appeared and was now rapidly approaching them. From this dark cloud an ominous and eerie aura that made one feel particularly uncomfortable and a potent yet somewhat incoherent Spiritual Energy radiated.

Everyone present paled slightly upon noticing this newcomer.

"Saintess Nan?" Yang Kai asked solemnly.

"It must be!" An Ling'er gently nodded, her beautiful eyes becoming dim and gloomy.

"Fuck!" Yang Kai couldn't help cursing under his breath. Whether it was being chased by Yu Mo and Feng Biao or being ambushed by Gu Man, Yang Kai was still able to maintain his calm because he still had cards to play. He believed that as long as he used his Devil Transformation, he could successfully bring An Ling'er and escape from here.

But at this critical moment, this never killing before death, after death slaughter a million corpses previous generation Saintess had actually appeared, disrupting all of Yang Kai's plans and causing him a great deal of anxiety.

Yang Kai had already experienced Saintess Nan's methods and knew that he was unable to resist her, even if he had broken through to the Second Order Transcendent Realm, he didn't have any confidence he could flee from her.

Being able to escape from her hands last time was entirely thanks to the Void Corridor at the bottom of the sea, but now that Yang Kai had encountered Saintess Nan in this vast wilderness, there was no possibility of him fleeing successfully.

Yang Kai was agitated, but so were Feng Biao and Yu Mo.

They were both Saint Realm masters, so naturally they were able to sense how tyrannical the approaching person was. This was an existence that caused even them to feel dread.

Just what kind of powerful master would come to this remote place? Unable to understand, they both unconsciously glanced over towards Yang Kai, wanting to obtain some kind of clue from him.

"If you don't want to die, I suggest you let us go, my reinforcements will be here soon!" Yang Kai looked at them coldly, trying his best to put on a calm appearance.

Seeing this though, Yu Mo just snickered, "If the one coming is your reinforcements, why are they directing murderous intent towards you and that woman you're holding?"

Yang Kai curled his lips helplessly, knowing there was no way he could fool Yu Mo and the other Saints here.

"Boy, you sure know how to stir up trouble, actually provoking such a powerful enemy, you being able to live until today is nothing short of a miracle."

“Do you think I intentionally go around making powerful enemies?” Yang Kai grumbled indignantly. If he hadn’t inadvertently learned those three Nine Heavens Divine Skills from An Ling’er and become stained with her aura, Saintess Nan wouldn’t be targeting him like this.

“Yu Mo, this aura of that person is a little weird...” Gu Man frowned as he carefully probed the approaching master, feeling that the Death Qi aura coming from them was far too heavy and that they lacked any kind of vitality a living person should have. Shaking his head, he asked, “What should we do?”

“Quickly capture this little brat first!” Yu Mo didn’t dare to delay and immediately tried to seize the initiative. No matter how odd this newcomer’s aura was, Yu Mo was certain they possessed terrifying strength. Even if he and Gu Man joined forces, it was unlikely they’d be able to defeat this person.

Delaying here would only bring them more troubles.

“Don’t bother, I’ll go with you!” Yang Kai said freely and easily, his attitude taking a complete one hundred and eighty degree turn. If he went with Yu Mo and the others, there was a chance he could survive, staying here would only mean certain death. Right now, he still didn’t have the ability to resist Saintess Nan!

“Seems you know your limits, boy,” Yu Mo nodded lightly, expressing satisfaction, but soon his look changed again, a bitter smile appearing on his face, “I’m afraid it’s too late though... this person is too fast!”

Just as these words left his lips, from the dark rolling cloud which was still a fair distance away, a hand seemingly carved of the finest jade stretched out towards them.

As this jade-like hand reached towards them, it grew larger and larger until eventually it seemed to cover the entire sky, blocking out all traces of light!

Heaven Covering Hand! The hand that can cover the Heavens.

The Demon Race masters all began cursing while Yang Kai hastily retreated from this place together with An Ling’er.

Hong...

The earth shook and the patch of jungle that Gu Man and the others had previously hidden in was blown away, leaving behind only a dozen kilometer long palm print.

It was as if the region had been struck by some kind of natural disaster, the wind whipped and sand and dust flew in every direction. A few of the Demon Race masters with bad luck were unable to escape and were flattened on the spot.

Everyone else, by pushing their strength to its limits, barely managed to avoid this calamity.

Yu Mo and Gu Man gathered together, both their faces unsightly. Even though the two of them already knew the strength of the approaching person was higher than their own, it wasn’t until the other side attacked that they discovered they had still underestimated this person.

Second Order Saint! This person had at least reached such a realm.

Standing mid-air, Yu Mo and Gu Man didn't show any fighting intent, only wishing they could quickly flee from this place, but they didn't dare make any rash movements because ever since that huge palm had been thrown at them, a powerful Divine Sense had locked onto their bodies. Once they tried to escape, they would certainly be greeted by a ruthless attack.

Both of them took a deep breath and turned their eyes towards a certain spot in the distance. From the direction they were staring, the graceful figure of a woman dressed in a long white dress was slowly approaching.

She had exquisite looks and a noble and holy temperament; a rare beauty.

But at the moment, her expression was faint, and there was a thick Death Qi between her brows, making her complexion appear somewhat dark.

From her, Yu Mo and Gu Man couldn't feel the slightest trace of life.

As she walked forward, energy gathered at her slender fingertips, quickly shaping into sharp blades that shot towards everyone around her.

The Demon Race cultivators below the Saint Realm didn't have the slightest ability to resist and within a few breaths had all been killed by this woman.

Seeing this, Gu Man's eyes went red as he shouted, "Whore, you dare attack my, Gu Man's people?"

Yu Mo also wore a gloomy expression as he shouted out, "Damn woman, not even saying a word before indiscriminately killing everyone in sight, don't you think you're going too far?"

Facing the angry roars of these two men, Saintess Nan didn't respond at all and simply continued to leisurely step forward, her beautiful eyes not even blinking.

In his heart, Yang Kai cheered while maintaining a solemn look upon his face.

Saintess Nan was already dead and obviously wouldn't respond no matter what Yu Mo and Gu Man said, so naturally Yang Kai was happy to sit back and watch them confront one another.

The only problem now was how to escape from this previous generation Saintess. Even if Yu Mo and Gu Man worked together to intercept her, Yang Kai estimated that they wouldn't be able to block her for long!

Still standing in mid-air, as they watched Saintess Nan approach, the hairs on Yu Mo and Gu Man's necks all stood on end, the two of them quickly exchanging a glance before condensing their strength.

They knew that today, they could not avoid fighting this woman.

Even Feng Biao, who had so far been sitting back and observing, began to prepare himself. He too had been locked onto by Saintess Nan's Divine Sense, so if he wanted to live, he could only temporarily join forces with Yu Mo and Gu Man to resist her.

The three First Order Saints immediately gathered together and relaxed slightly, even if they couldn't defeat Saintess Nan, working together, they shouldn't have too much trouble escaping her.

A moment later, when Saintess Nan had approached within three hundred meters of them, a thick Demonic Qi burst out from the three Demon Race Saints, each of them using their full strength to launch a pre-emptive strike.

In response, a giant sword appeared in the sky and immediately slashed down towards the three Demon Race Saints, carrying with it an earth shattering power.

Profound Heavenly Sword!

This giant sword projected an overwhelming power causing Yu Mo, Gu Man, and Feng Biao to tremble in fear.

Chapter 790, Great Elder Xu Hui

The three Saint Realm masters from the Demon Race didn't know anything about their opponent and instantly found themselves embroiled in a difficult struggle with Saintess Nan.

Although there were three of them, Saintess Nan's cultivation was higher than their own by a Minor Realm so she wasn't at any kind of disadvantage.

Seeing this, Yang Kai was overjoyed.

Without a word, he quickly pulled An Ling'er and began escaping!

"That damned brat..." Yu Mo saw this but couldn't do anything about it, grinding his teeth angrily. He knew that he wouldn't be able to complete his task this time and thus directed his anger towards Saintess Nan, even summoning his Saint Grade artifact and launching one ruthless blow after another towards her.

After the time it would take to burn half a stick of incense, Yang Kai and An Ling'er had managed to flee about a hundred kilometers, but with this much distance between them, they could still feel the fallout from the battle of the four Saint Realm masters, causing them a bit of lingering fear.

Yang Kai had always felt that there was some kind of fundamental difference between the Saint Realm and Transcendent Realm. Yang Kai sensed that the energy flowing in every one of the Saint Realm masters he had met was somewhat different from the True Qi flowing through his meridians.

Not having arrived at such a height, Yang Kai didn't know much about the secrets of the Saint Realm, so he could only wait and ask about it later.

"Ah..." An Ling'er suddenly shouted, narrowing her eyes as she stared towards a spot in the distance, seemingly sensing something.

At the same time, Yang Kai's expression also sank. Using his Divine Sense, he had discovered several tyrannical presences in front of them that were rapidly approaching!

The auras of these people were no weaker than Yu Mo's and one of them was even comparable to Saintess Nan's!

In this remote wilderness, suddenly encountering so many Saint Realm masters was not something Yang Kai could simply ignore!

Just as Yang Kai wanted to draw An Ling'er away from the approaching masters, the latter suddenly smiled and her expression relaxed, "It's my Holy Land's people!"

"Ah?" Yang Kai was shocked.

"We're saved, it must be a team led by Great Elder Xu Hui!"

Hearing what An Ling'er just said, Yang Kai's brow wrinkled. Calling all of this a coincidence was a bit of a stretch. However, when he thought about it, if it really was a group of masters from Nine Heavens Holy Land, they only needed to follow Saintess Nan and they could sooner or later find An Ling'er, the premise being that An Ling'er was still alive of course.

Yang Kai's first instinct was to escape. He really didn't want to have any contact with the people from Nine Heavens Holy Land, but as soon as this idea came up, he immediately dismissed it.

If he were to suddenly flee at this time, it would only cause the approaching group of masters to be suspicious. Also, Yang Kai wasn't sure what Saintess Nan would do after he separated from An Ling'er. If Saintess Nan were to disregard Yu Mo and the other Demon Race Saints and instead chase after him, he wouldn't be able to resist. In this situation, Yang Kai's safest choice was undoubtedly to meet with the masters ahead.

"An Ling'er..." Yang Kai suddenly whispered.

"Hm?"

"During this time, how have I treated you?"

"How have you treated me?" An Ling'er was stunned by this question, quickly recalling the events of the past few months, her cheeks blushing slight as she replied softly, "Very good."

Whether it was the exploration of the Ancient Ruins, the time spent in the Mysterious Small World, or their stay in the Demon Land, Yang Kai had always taken very good care of her. Even during the times it was difficult for him alone to escape he had never abandoned her, the two of them sharing trials and tribulations together for nearly a year. An Ling'er has long ago regarded Yang Kai as someone she could trust with her life.

"Then do me a favour. When we meet your Holy Land's people, don't mention anything about me becoming a Holy Master candidate or about me learning three of the Nine Heavens Divine Skills from you!"

"You don't want to become Holy Master?" An Ling'er clearly understood Yang Kai's intentions behind this request.

Yang Kai slowly shook his head, "I've told you many times before, even if I don't become your Holy Master, I can still reach that height. If I become your Holy Land's Holy Master, I'm afraid it won't even be three hundred years before I become a pile of bones! I absolutely reject that kind of future as it will make many people sad!"

"Would those people happen to be women?" An Ling'er whispered, his voice containing a hint of bitterness.

“*Ahem*... only one or two...” Yang Kai’s face became awkward.

“Good, since you so firmly reject the idea, I won’t say any more. When we reach a safe place, you should find a way to leave on your own, I don’t think Great Elder and the others will try to embarrass you,” An Ling’er pursed her lips slightly.

“En,” Yang Kai nodded, his pace remaining unchanged, flying straight ahead to rendezvous with the approaching group of masters.

As the two were speaking, several power Divine Senses swept towards them. After only a brief examination, these Divine Senses revealed a hint of joy and excitement, clearly identifying An Ling’er’s life aura.

A few moments later, a few indistinct figures appeared in Yang Kai’s eyes and from the distance a voice called out, “Is that you, Your Highness Saintess?”

“Great Elder!” An Ling’er responded quickly.

“It really is Your Highness Saintess!” The figures immediately sped up and in the blink of an eye arrived in front of Yang Kai and An Ling’er.

Four Saints!

Leading this group was the so called Great Elder Xu Hui, the one An Ling’er said was a Second Order Saint no worse than Saintess Nan. He was a slightly older man with sharp eyes and a temperate demeanor.

Behind him, there were three other Saints, which should be masters from Nine Heavens Holy Land.

This kind of tyrannical lineup showed just how rich Nine Heavens Holy Land’s heritage was; after all, if the old Holy Master and Saintess Nan were still alive, there would be two more top level masters in this Holy Land.

Soaring Heaven Sect was considered a powerful force, but it only had two Saint Realm masters, Chu Ling Xiao and another old Martial Uncle Yang Kai had never met before.

Compared to Nine Heavens Holy Land, Soaring Heaven Sect was a bit weaker.

With this kind of background, Nine Heavens Holy Land could be considered an extremely powerful and influential force in Tong Xuan Realm, but after the old Holy Master and Saintess Nan fell, Nine Heavens Holy Land’s strength should have fallen greatly.

“This is surely the blessings of the Old Holy Master’s soul in Heaven. Your Highness Saintess is really safe!” Xu Hui quickly cupped his fists and bowed, looking as if a great burden had been lifted from his shoulders. The other three masters also showed similar expressions. It was obvious how worried they were about An Ling’er’s safety, quickly inquiring about her wellbeing the moment they met her.

An Ling’er waved her hand lightly and assured them she was alright.

As they spoke, the eyes of Great Elder Xu Hui suddenly shifted to Yang Kai, a look of approval flashing across his face as he asked, “Then this should be the future Holy Master?”

Yang Kai's face changed slightly, his brow furrowing. This old man saying such words the moment they met had caught him off guard.

An Ling'er was also taken aback and quickly shook her head, "No, Great Elder, you're mistaken..."

"Ho ho, Your Highness Saintess doesn't have to explain, everything that happened back in the Seven Family Alliance's archipelago, we have heard about from Qian Ning!" Xu Hui quickly said, revealing a look of appreciation and satisfaction, "So young yet able to comprehend several Nine Heavens Divine Skills all at once, this is a feat no previous Holy Master has ever achieved."

Yang Kai was even more shocked now, but he managed to maintain an indifferent expression, showing no intention to speak.

Instead, it was An Ling'er who asked anxiously, "Did Uncle Qian survive?"

Back in that remote archipelago, in order to buy time for Yang Kai and An Ling'er to get away, Qian Ning and the other Nine Heavens Holy Land masters had launched a suicide attack against Saintess Nan. Yang Kai witnessed Saintess Nan kill these masters, leaving not even bones behind, so logically there was no way they could have survived.

Indeed, Xu Hui shook his head and explained, "He died, everyone from that expedition team, with the exception of Your Highness Saintess, died; however, before he fell, Qian Ning managed to send out a message. It was because of this that we learned that the future Holy Master had been found. Ever since then, we have been chasing after Saintess Nan, hoping we would one day find the two of you!"

This was basically the same as what Yang Kai guessed had happened, but when he thought about Qian Ning, he couldn't help grinding his teeth. If he was determined to die then he should have just died, but in his last moments he had actually caused so much trouble. His death really wasn't worth pitying!

An Ling'er snuck a peek at Yang Kai, and seeing the unhappy look on his face, she couldn't help worrying, uncertain of what she should do in this situation.

"This isn't a place we should stay for long, we must quickly leave!" Xu Hui quickly swept his eyes around as he hurriedly urged.

The other Saints also nodded in agreement.

Yang Kai's brow wrinkled and finally spoke, "Saintess Nan... do you plan to just ignore her?"

Xu Hui smiled awkwardly and replied, "Saying this will likely make you laugh, but I may not be Saintess Nan's opponent, so even if we want to stop her, we can't!"

"Then, from now on, she will always chase after me and An Ling'er?" Yang Kai said in a disgruntled tone.

"Once we return to the Holy Land that won't be an issue. Once you enter the Holy Land, Saintess Nan will no longer pursue," One of the other Saint Realm masters quickly said.

"That is why we must swiftly return to the Holy Land!" Xu Hui explained, speaking as politely as possible to Yang Kai, seemingly quite respectful towards him.

The other Saints also showed a polite attitude, so although Yang Kai was unhappy about this situation and didn't want to have anything to do with Nine Heavens Holy Land, for now he could only agree to follow them back.

Yang Kai decided to observe the situation for now. If on the road things took a turn for the worse, he would immediately separate from this group and not appear before anyone from Nine Heavens Holy Land until he fully matured.

But Xu Hui and the other Saints here knew he had studied several of the Nine Heavens Divine Skills, so Yang Kai worried they wouldn't easily let him leave, causing him quite some headache.

Seeing him not object, Xu Hui's expression relaxed and quickly wrapped Yang Kai and An Ling'er in his True Qi before flying off.

A short time later, their group left the Demon Land.

Saintess Nan's Divine Sense, which had been locked onto Yang Kai and An Ling'er, was also cut off because of the increasing distance.

It was only now that Yang Kai breathed a slight sigh of relief.

As they flew along, Xu Hui appeared calm and composed, but in reality, he was secretly observing Yang Kai, a sense of amazement filling his heart as he did.

He could see that An Ling'er seemed to care deeply about Yang Kai, and not as a Saintess concerned about a future Holy Master, but as a woman concerned about a man. From time to time, when Yang Kai revealed a sullen or dignified expression, An Ling'er would appear panicked and her pulse would race.

This future Holy Master... was really quite extraordinary!

Who An Ling'er was, Xu Hui knew better than anyone else. Which Saintess cultivated by the Holy Land didn't have eyes atop their head? This future Holy Master actually being able to so quickly capture Her Highness Saintess' heart fully explained how great his charm and methods were.