

Martial 2831

Chapter 2831, The Sun Rises In the Morning

The three stood still in the Blood Sea.

Yang Kai spread his Divine Sense to his surroundings while his lightning sharp eyes darted around in search of Yeow. Chi and Zhu dared not to let down their guard either as they stood back-to-back to protect themselves from another ambush.

The Blood Sea was no longer trembling, but had calmed down into a tranquil state.

However, everyone knew that Yeow had not escaped and was still there.

It was not that he did not want to escape, but rather that he couldn't. Once he emerged from the Blood Sea, the peculiar and powerful Shaman Niu would not let him go. After witnessing Shaman Niu's skills, Chi and Zhu no longer treated him as a mere Shaman Master; after all, he was the person who could cut off Yeow's limbs and force him into a completely passive position with just a few moves.

"Do you think I won't be able to do anything to you if you keep hiding?" Yang Kai suddenly voiced out with ridicule and disdain, "Today, this Shaman will make you pay with your life!"

When those words fell, Yang Kai suddenly reached out and summoned a longan sized bead.

The bead looked ordinary, but when it was activated by Yang Kai, a black vortex with an irresistible suction force suddenly formed from it.

The Blood Sea that filled the whole sky rushed into the vortex.

Chi and Zhu's eyes lit up, silently thrilled.

Given the situation now, Yeow dared not to reveal himself and was counting on his Blood Sea to hide. The two of them had no effective way to catch him, so they were afraid that they would let Yeow get away if the situation persisted.

After all, they could not stay in this Blood Sea for the rest of their lives.

But now, when they saw the power of Shaman Niu's Shaman Artifact, it seemed that things had once again turned in their favour.

As long as the Blood Sea was completely removed, there would be no place for Yeow to hide. The only question now was whether the unremarkable-looking bead could absorb such a vast Blood Sea.

Of course, the answer was yes!

The Sealed World Bead was a whole world of its own, so although Yeow's Blood Sea was not small, it was nothing compared to the Sealed World Bead. It would be completely devoured sooner or later.

As Chi and Zhu watched nervously, the Blood Sea that shrouded the whole sky visibly decreased and shrunk while the suction power bead did not weaken at all, the huge vortex continually drawing in the Blood Sea.

Within a stick of incense worth of time, the Blood Sea had shrunk to half its original size.

At this time, Yeow, who was hiding in the Blood Sea to heal his wounds, could no longer sit back and do nothing. Eighty percent of his strength was based on this Blood Sea, and without it, he definitely would not be able to fight back.

The calm Blood Sea suddenly trembled again and under a vicious roiling, a figure swam towards Chi and Zhu, moving so silently and secretly that even the vigilant Chi and Zhu did not notice him.

Following a sound of a crash, Yeow abruptly appeared in front of Zhu like a bolt of lightning falling from the Heavens, a ferocious grin on his face. His arms and leg that were previously cut off by Yang Kai were somehow recovered with notably fair and tender newborn skin, though they were not as muscular as before.

In fright, Zhu quickly performed a hand seal and a Shield Spell lit up immediately.

At the same time, a wind blade slashed towards Yeow in an attempt to force him to retreat.

The Blood Sea surged, and a wall of blood formed in front of Yeow, serving as a blockade against the wind blade. The blood wall collapsed, but Yeow was not there anymore.

Zhu noticed that her Shamanic Spell Shield was broken and was scared out of her wits, feeling chills all over her body.

At that moment, a figure suddenly appeared in front of her, and although it was not tall and in fact, seemed quite scrawny and weak, it gave her an illusion of formidability.

[Shaman Niu!]

Yang Kai stretched out his hand and grabbed something. It seemed that he had caught something in the sky covering blood fog, and after a grunt, Yeow's figure reappeared. However, his neck was now grasped by Yang Kai, like a helpless chicken.

Zhu gasped for breath as lingering fear could be seen on her face.

Everything happened so fast that she could not react at all. If this Shaman Niu had not come out at the critical moment and accurately caught Yeow, who was hidden in the blood fog, perhaps she would have been killed.

[How did he do that?] Zhu's mind was blank, but she also wondered if this was the right time to think about such a thing. Now that Yeow was captured, given all the skills and strength that this Shaman Niu had displayed previously, Yeow would not be able to do anything, and it could be said that they had already won the battle.

Just when she began to feel relieved, she suddenly saw Yeow revealing a weird grin and asking in an aloof manner, "Do you think you've caught me?"

Zhu was confused, and she instinctively felt something was wrong, but she was unsure what it was.

“Do you think you’ve succeeded?” Yang Kai sneered as he asked back.

Yeow who had a victorious grin on his face suddenly showed a look of shock, and before he could say anything, Yang Kai tightened his grip, and snapped his neck.

*Hualala... *

Yeow’s broken body abruptly dissolved into blood, and returned to the Blood Sea.

“A Blood Soul Clone!” Chi and Zhu were appalled.

[If what Shaman Niu caught was Yeow’s Blood Soul Clone, where is the real Yeow now?] A realization dawned on both of them, and they turned around simultaneously. They saw that above the Blood Sea, Yeow had already reappeared in front of the bead that was continuing to draw in the crimson liquid. He reached out to grab the bead, obviously trying to snatch this Shaman Artifact.

This was undoubtedly a wise move.

Yeow’s strength was established on the foundation of the Blood Sea, so now that Shaman Niu had a Shaman Artifact that could counter his Blood Sea, and given that Shaman Niu was already unreasonably strong, Chi and Zhu would do the same if they were Yeow, which was to find a way to snatch away the Shaman Artifact first.

Without the Shaman Artifact that could counter his Blood Sea, Yeow would be invincible.

Previously, the Blood Soul Clone that he used to ambush Zhu was just a distraction to lure Shaman Niu away from the Shaman Artifact.

The facts proved that Yeow’s tactic was quite effective as Shaman Niu’s attention on the Shaman Artifact was indeed redirected, and the unguarded Shaman Artifact was now grabbed by Yeow.

At this moment, Yeow should have been ecstatic, but... He instead showed a deep fear on his face.

His hand that was holding the Shaman Artifact shook violently, as if it was struck by lightning.

“Fool!” Yang Kai sneered as he casually walked over towards Yeow on top of the Blood Sea.

Yeow was panic stricken seeing Yang Kai approach and madly surged the Shaman Strength of his whole body, but he still could not free himself from the suction of the Sealed World Bead.

He thought that everything would be fine after snatching the Sealed World Bead, but he had no clue that Yang Kai’s very Soul was connected to it, allowing him to control the Sealed World Bead with just a single thought.

Shaman Artifacts were very different from modern artifacts. If the Sealed World Bead was really a Shaman Artifact, Yeow would have succeeded in snatching it; however, the Sealed World Bead was a world unto itself, so how could Yeow seize an entire world with his measly strength without first refining it?

Even if it was a Shaman King or a Shaman Saint, they would not be able to pick it up either.

Instead, he was locked in place by the suction force from the Sealed World Bead.

Seeing that Yang Kai was approaching closer and closer, Yeow started to look flustered. Previously, there were not many changes with his expression even when his two arms and leg were cut off. But right now, he felt true despair.

Not begging for mercy or showing any sign of cowardice, Yeow looked at Yang Kai coldly and grinned, "The Bone Devouring Clan will not let you go!"

When the words fell, he put on a resolute face and the Shaman Strength of his whole body began rampaging.

Yang Kai frowned, and stopped his movement.

The next moment, Yeow's body exploded with a loud bang, spraying blood all over the sky which then rained down on the ground, dying it red.

Yeow chose to self-destruct in his desperate situation, which demonstrated his strength of will.

However, most Ancient Barbarians were like him. It was very rare for them to choose to die a lingering death under the situation of certain death.

The Blood Sea disappeared, and the sky became clear again. At that moment, the sun had risen and dawn had come to the world, though a chill still permeated the air.

The battle below was continuing. There were seven to eight hundred people from the stone fortress of the Bone Devouring Clan, while even though only three hundred people of Raging Flame Clan and Fierce Wind Clan came here, they had some advantage in numbers after the addition of the prisoners Yang Kai freed earlier.

The only downside was that they had fewer Shamans than their opponents. There were only seven to eight Shamans from the three Clans, but the Bone Devouring Clan had twenty of them.

Therefore, the war remained an earth-shaking contest. Both sides were almost equal in strength, and more and more Barbarians were killed on the battlefield.

However, the balanced situation tilted the moment Yeow died.

When the Blood Sea that covered the whole sky vanished, everyone looked up to check the result of that fight. In a sense, the results of that battle were basically the final outcome for their current skirmish.

Seeing three figures standing up in the sky, the Clansmen of three Clans cheered wildly, while the faces of the Bone Devouring Clansmen went ashen.

"Kill!" Following a roar, the three Barbarian Clans launched a final assault. The Bone Devouring Clan that lost Yeow was no longer qualified to compete with the three Clans, and due to their loss of morale, the balance was broken in an instant.

Without saying a word, Zhu and Chi flew down and crashed through the battlefield with their powerful Shamanic Spells. Whenever they raised and waved their hands, enemies would die. The twenty or so Shamans of Bone Devouring Clan were all killed after less than ten breaths of time.

Without the support of their own Shamans, the combat power of the Bone Devouring Clan warriors was greatly reduced, and they were soon slaughtered.

It was a one-sided massacre in the later stage of the fight. Nevertheless, no one showed mercy, because the enemies in front of them were the Bone Devouring Clan! They were the scourge of the Barbarian Race, a Clan that should have been eliminated long ago.

The battle lasted for half a day, and when everything was over, the stone fortress was filled with blood and corpses while every last Bone Devouring Clansman was killed.

The clansmen of three Clans began to inspect the battlefield once the dust settled and gave the Bone Devouring Clansmen, whether dead or alive, a final strike to ensure their death.

Then, they began to gather the bodies of their clansmen.

As night fell, a simple ceremony was held outside the stone fortress where the dead from all three Clans were stacked together and cremated by Chi.

The Ancient Barbarian Race believed that after the death of a clansman, the hot flames could return them to the embrace of the Barbarian Gods.

Chapter 2832, One Month

After taking a whole night to clean out the stone fortress, the three Clans were ready to leave. Although almost everyone was injured and some even needed to be carried due to the loss of their limbs, everyone was delighted.

It was a great achievement to save their people from the hands of the Bone Devouring Clan.

Not far away, Chi, Zhu, and Yang Kai were whispering while taking a walk.

“Shaman Niu, you have to be careful of the Bone Devouring Clan trying to take revenge!” Zhu reminded solemnly, “The Bone Devouring Clan seeks vengeance for even the slightest grievance, so they definitely won’t sit back and do nothing after we wiped out one of their subordinate clans.”

Chi nodded, “You should find time to meet the Shaman Kings of your Clan. It would be better for them to handle this situation; after all, it was the Bone Devouring Clan who started this. With the intervention of a Shaman King, perhaps this matter can be settled.”

“It’s not going to be so easy,” Yang Kai shook his head. “Didn’t you notice that Yeow’s Shaman Artifact was not something that a Shaman Grandmaster could easily possess?”

Zhu and Chi's face changed slightly at his words as they had obviously also realized this.

Yang Kai continued, "To have such a Shaman Artifact means Yeow's background is not simple. He's either the descendant of a Shaman King or the Shaman Saint of the Bone Devouring Clan. Either that, or he is highly valued by those Shaman Kings and Shaman Saint. We have caused great trouble by killing him, and it may not be resolved easily by the intervention of a Shaman King."

Zhu replied, "But no matter what, we will stand a better chance with the intervention of the Shaman Kings. We can't fight an enemy Shaman King alone with our current strength."

Yang Kai smiled lightly and said nothing.

He was a Shaman Master now, and it was true that he might be no match for a Shaman King; however, with access to his Divine Sense, he could actually use Space Principles, so he was not afraid of facing a Shaman King.

Furthermore, as long as he was given enough time, his strength would definitely soar.

On the other hand, Zhu and Chi had no power to fight back if they were confronted by a Shaman King from the Bone Devouring Clan, so it was reasonable that they wanted to seek the protection of the Shaman Kings of their own Clans.

The three walked and talked all the way, and although Chi and Zhu's cultivation was much higher than Yang Kai's, they dared not underestimate him anymore after the bloody battle yesterday.

They were not capable of forcing a Mid-Rank Shaman Grandmaster to self-destruct.

As such, they took the initiative to lower their status and had an equal exchange with Yang Kai.

Half a day later, the three Clans parted ways, and Yang Kai led the two hundred surviving villagers back to Blue South Village.

Blue South Village originally had three hundred villagers, but after this incident, a third of their people had been lost, and as the only Shaman left in the village, Yang Kai naturally became its new Chief.

Three days later, Yang Kai and the two hundred people arrived at Blue South Village. Seeing the village full of ruins, many villagers were somewhat dejected.

At the entrance of the village, Tiew suddenly appeared, looked at Yang Kai, and nodded at him.

Eight children came out from behind Tiew and ran to their parents respectively, hugging them as both sides cried loudly.

The villagers were surprised to see Tiew, a stranger here, but fortunately, the villagers had little contact with the outside world and were unfamiliar with the Nomad Clan, so they were just a little curious about her. Tiew's physique was somewhat similar to that of Ah Niu's, which was not as burly as that of ordinary Ancient Barbarians, so that actually made the villagers have a friendly impression of her.

Yang Kai briefly introduced Tiew, stating that she was his friend, to the villagers. Immediately, she was warmly welcomed by the clansmen.

Since the village was destroyed, it naturally needed to be rebuilt. Fortunately, the villagers were all tall and sturdy, so the task was simple.

The reconstruction took less than five days, and the dilapidated village returned to its former appearance.

Once restoration work was completed, Yang Kai sat cross-legged in a wooden house and checked the contents of his Space Ring for a while, eventually taking out a Ninth-Order Monster Core.

If it was before, Yang Kai would not have paid any attention to the Monster Core of a Ninth-Order Monster Beast. Back then, Yang Kai only picked up Ninth-Order and above Monster Cores while collecting them in the Ten Thousand Spirits Tomb of the Ancient Wild Lands. He did not keep any Monster Cores that were lower than Ninth Order, otherwise, he would have several million of them rather than just one million.

Nevertheless, this Ninth-Order Monster Core might still be too potent for him now.

The Monster Beast Cores that Yang Kai used for cultivating before were nothing special, the highest grade one only being equivalent to that of a Sixth-Order Monster Beast's Core. At the moment, this Ninth-Order Monster Core was just like a table of delicacies compared to the cabbage soup which Yang Kai used to eat, but he wondered if he could stomach it.

However, at this point, Yang Kai could not afford to hesitate. His physique was currently in good condition, so even if the energy of the Ninth-Order Monster Core would burden him, it shouldn't hurt too much.

Yang Kai opened his mouth and swallowed the Monster Core, then immediately circulated his Shaman Art.

This Shaman Art was not the one taught by the Village Chief, but the one received from Senior Qing's knowledge. It was a brilliant Shaman Art that was completely incomparable with the one taught by the Village Chief.

As the Shaman Art circulated, Yang Kai immediately felt a difference.

After all, he was an Emperor Realm Master and was naturally able to figure out the quality of a Secret Art with just a try. This Shaman Art was indeed amazing, boosting Yang Kai's rate of cultivation more than ten times compared to before.

The most important thing was that he had ingested a Ninth-Order Monster Core.

A burning sensation filled his stomach, like a burning flame. When the surging energy shrunk and expanded again, Yang Kai's belly inflated into a round swell in an instant. If his physique had not been strong enough, these changes alone would be enough to make him explode and die.

His face turned red, and veins surfaced on his forehead. Blood flowed out of Yang Kai's nostrils from the overwhelming energy, but he remained as motionless as a mountain, focusing his mind on refining this wild energy with his Shaman Art.

His breathing was like the waves in the sea, the wooden house shook, and the surrounding World Energy trembled, frightening the villagers, who were utterly clueless about what was happening.

On the other hand, Tiewa, who was teaching the children about the cultivating methods nearby, noticed some clues and stopped Ah Hu and the others from rushing into the wooden house.

Tiewa had integrated into the village very quickly and helped a lot in the five-day reconstruction. For the villagers of Blue South Village, she was already a member of the village, and everyone knew that she was a powerful Shaman like Ah Niu.

Naturally, everyone listened to her.

This bizarre phenomenon persisted for a whole day before the activity in Yang Kai's wooden house gradually subsided.

Inside the wooden house, Yang Kai's round belly became flat again. The Ninth-Order Monster Core was refined by his Shaman Art, fused into his physique, and turned into his own powerful capital.

His cultivation was greatly improved all at once.

Without hesitation, Yang Kai took out another Ninth-Order Monster Core and swallowed it.

Once again, the torrent of wind and energy fluctuations that shocked the villagers repeated in the shaking wooden house.

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A month passed, and over that time, almost all the villagers in Blue South Village had gotten used to all kinds of abnormal activities in Ah Niu's wooden house. They had changed from the initial curiosity to the present calm because they had experienced this abnormality countless times.

In the beginning, this kind of activity only happened once a day before gradually subsiding. However, this strange phenomenon became more and more frequent as time passed, and it subsided more and more quickly.

Tiewa explained that Ah Niu was cultivating.

The villagers knew nothing about Shaman Arts and Shamanic Spells, but they felt that this cultivation was different from that of their previous Village Chief. The Village Chief had cultivated before, but there was never such an alarming display. However, they just listened to Tiewa since she said so.

Ah Niu didn't show himself this entire month. The villagers worried that he would starve to death in his house, but Tiewa had stopped Ah Ni and the others from delivering food several times, causing Ah Ni to gain a little grudge against her.

However, if one wanted to point fingers, it was Ah Niu who was irresponsible for acting like this. Back then, when the Village Chief led everyone, he would guide everyone in every detail. Nevertheless, when Ah Niu became the new leader of the village, other than helping them in the five-day reconstruction, he just disappeared for the rest of the time.

Ah Hu and the others could only act according to the circumstances. If they faced some obstacles, they would approach Tiewa, and although she did not have much experience, she could still manage the affairs of the village pretty well, which helped the villagers a lot.

For now, even though Tiea's prestige was not as high as Yang Kai's in the village, it was only slightly inferior.

On this day, the peaceful village was suddenly alarmed by a sharp whistle.

The villagers rushed out of their wooden houses one after another. Ah Hu and the other youngsters looked solemn, ready to fight at any time because the whistle coming from the wall was a warning alarm.

This noise represented that an outsider had come to the village.

"What's the matter!?" Ah Hu ran up to the wall, and looked at the archer that was on guard duty.

"A Shaman Grandmaster has come!" The archer pointed forward, and Ah Hu looked in that direction. Sure enough, he saw a man flying their way from the sky.

A Shaman Grandmaster! A notably powerful Shaman Grandmaster!

Only Shaman Masters and those that were stronger could fly freely through the sky like birds.

Ah Hu's face suddenly darkened.

"He's injured!" Tiea's voice suddenly came from the side. Ah Hu had no idea when she arrived, but after knowing her for a month, Ah Hu and the others understood that Tiea was also an outstanding Shaman Grandmaster.

Since she said it, it must be so.

"Injured?" Ah Hu frowned. When he looked again, he indeed realized it too. The Shaman Grandmaster who was flying over was unsteady and trembling. As he was approaching, Ah Hu could vaguely see traces of blood on him.

The Shaman Grandmaster really was injured.

"It's the person from the Raging Flame Clan." Tiea remarked.

"Shaman Chi!" Ah Hu finally saw his face, and could not help exclaiming.

It was none other than Shaman Chi of the Raging Flame Clan. They met in the stone fortress of the Bone Devouring Clan a month ago. As far as Ah Hu knew, Shaman Chi was a Shaman Grandmaster, so who could possibly injure him? Looking at his appearance at the moment, it was obvious that he was in a bad condition. He had lost his right arm, and blood was spurting from the wound, staining half of his body red.

From the wound, it seemed that it was not caused by a sharp weapon, but was... torn off by brute force.

Thinking of this, Ah Hu felt a chill down his spine.

Chapter 2833, The Arrival of a Shaman King

Who could face an enemy capable of tearing off the arms of a Shaman Grandmaster?

In an instant, Ah Hu made the only decision he could, "Get Ah Niu here!"

He froze as soon as he spoke though, because he discovered that Ah Niu had already appeared behind him, floating mid-air, looking ahead coldly.

Chi, who sped over from the distance, also detected Yang Kai's presence, and while there was a touch of pleasant surprise on his face, he suddenly came to a halt. His eyes widened, and his face was filled with horror as he trembled violently, unable to move at all, as if he was squeezed tightly by a huge invisible hand.

His face turned blue then purple as he grit his teeth and roared, "Quick... Run!"

As soon as those words left his lips, his body suddenly expanded and the crude animal skin clothes on his body were torn apart, exposing the skin underneath that had become transparent, revealing the blood vessels inside.

*Chiii... *

His skin reached its limits soon and Chi's whole body erupted into a cloud of blood, without any remaining flesh and bones!

"Ah!"

Many villagers in Blue South Village were taken aback, unable to understand what was going on, all of them taking a few steps back in shock over Chi's miserable fate.

When they looked over at the location of the tragic incident again, a burly figure appeared. This man was clad in a heroic attire, and on his waist hung a few uneven-sized skulls, each of them exuding a chilling aura that enveloped the entire Blue South Village.

The strange man was holding something in his hand, all the while looking at Yang Kai with a grin while he gnawed at the food in his other hand.

"The Bone Devouring Clan!" Ah Hu muttered as he identified the man from the unique patterns on his face.

It was well known that the Bone Devouring Clan would seek revenge for the slightest grievance, so when Ah Niu and the other two clans cleared out a small fortress of the Bone Devouring Clan, Ah Hu was already a little worried that the Bone Devouring Clan would retaliate. He was planning to suggest to Ah Niu about migrating the clan, but he could not because Ah Niu had closed himself inside his house.

It seemed that his predictions were right; the Bone Devouring Clan had really come to retaliate.

And the strength of this person was absolutely terrifying. After all, even the Shaman Grandmaster Chi was killed by him. Would Ah Niu stand a chance against such a foe?

The villagers nearby who heard Ah Hu were shocked. They had a deep experience of the horror of the Bone Devouring Clan and as they took a clear look of the object the Bone Devouring Clan Shaman was holding, the blood drained from their faces.

It was a calf belonging to a child definitely not more than five years old, its skin soft and tender. Tearing off a large piece of flesh with each bite, the Bone Devouring Clan's Shaman chewed on the meat with relish, his appearance turning more and more ferocious.

The villagers felt extremely revolted, fighting hard to resist the urge to vomit.

Yang Kai's eyes darkened slightly as he glanced at the blood-drenched ground resulting from Chi's death and sighed.

Although he did not know what happened to Chi, he had a vague idea.

The Shaman of the Bone Devouring Clan did not kill Chi immediately, but rather deliberately pursued him torturously to locate Blue South Village. During this torturous period, he may have used many methods to prevent Chi from going to the main Clan of the Raging Flame Clan, forcing him to have no choice but to seek out other reliable allies.

But in any case, there was only one explanation as to how a Shaman like him was to be able to manipulate a Shaman Grandmaster like Chi. He was a Shaman King!

"I recognize the smell of your aura."

The Shaman of the Bone Devouring Clan suddenly spoke, eyeing Yang Kai with scorching eyes, "You were in the stone fortress."

Yang Kai sneered, "Yeah. I killed Yeow."

The Shaman scoffed, "You?"

He obviously did not think Yang Kai had the ability to kill Yeow. After what happened in the stone fortress, he used many ways and methods to reproduce the battle that day and even though the traces were vague, it was enough for him to track down the murderer.

He visited the Fierce Wind Clan and the Raging Flame Clan, destroying two small villages and killing everyone who had been in the stone fortress that day. However, his last target was difficult to locate, as if something was blinding his senses. In the end, he could only use Chi to lead him to the last culprit of that day.

The plan was very successful as the desperate Chi had led him to this backwater place.

When he smelled Yang Kai's aura, the Shaman decisively finished off Chi.

Now all he needed to do was destroy this small village. The majesty of the Bone Devouring Clan was inviolable, and any enemy who dared spill their blood would surely receive vengeance a thousand times over.

"You think I'm not capable?" Yang Kai asked with a smirk, and at the same time quietly transmitted a message to Tia, instructing her to take the villagers into hiding. Although Yang Kai's strength soared

during this month-long retreat, he was facing a Shaman King, so he wouldn't underestimate his opponent and could not afford to be distracted by the Blue South Village. If the villagers did not withdraw, the power of the upcoming battle would be sufficient to extinguish their Souls.

The Shaman snorted coldly, refusing to reply.

"Yeow felt the same way before he died!" Yang Kai snickered deeply.

The Shaman King asked condescendingly, "Are you trying to say that I, Shaman Chei, will end in the same way?"

Yang Kai shrugged his shoulders, but that gesture was undoubtedly a tacit approval.

Shaman Chei looked at Yang Kai for a moment before he began cackling loudly. The laughter was thunderous, and it actually had a mysterious effect. The villagers who were quietly evacuating were caught off guard by it and began oozing blood from their mouths and noses.

Except for Yang Kai, who was right in front of him and remained unmoved.

As soon as the laughter stopped, Shaman Chei studied Yang Kai, and found that he was not pretending to be calm, but was indeed completely unscathed. Now, he found that this was a bit strange, "Hmm... it seems that this trivial Shaman Grandmaster does have... some skill..."

He was still a Shaman King, despite being a Low-Rank one, so how could his voice infused with his power be resisted by a mere Shaman Grandmaster? Nevertheless, Yang Kai stood there like an unchanging mountain, completely unaffected by his trick.

While muttering to himself, Shaman Chei dropped the calf in his hand and patted his stomach. Shaman Strength surged out as he belted out a howl and the skulls hanging around his waist emitted a freezing cold aura; their hollow eyes flashing with a green glow as they flew out together.

"How dare you to kill my Bone Devouring Clansmen; today, this Shaman will turn you all into food!"

As Shaman Chei roared, the flying skulls expanded in the air into the size of houses. They scattered and fenced the village, spitting an eerie and cold aura from their mouths, freezing the earth and log houses wherever it touched, extinguishing all signs of life.

In the blink of an eye, the village turned into a burial ground flooded with Death Qi.

Fortunately, Yang Kai had secretly made arrangements with Tiew and at this moment, the villagers had all gathered in the middle of the village and were about to retreat into the underground escape tunnel, so there were no casualties.

This tunnel was excavated under Tiew's lead. After the last experience with the Bone Devouring Clan, the existence of this tunnel was to ensure the villagers' safety if a similar situation occurred again.

When Tiew made this suggestion, Ah Hu and the others naturally cooperated wholeheartedly.

In a month, this tunnel was covertly dug out to a hidden place thirty kilometres away, enough to put a safe distance away from any disasters in the village.

However, the Death Qi was spreading extremely fast, and it took time for more than two hundred villagers to retreat. If nothing was done to prevent the Death Qi's expansion, they would certainly not be able to evacuate safely.

Fortunately, when the skulls began operating, Yang Kai also made his move.

With a flicker, he instantly appeared in front of a huge skull.

Seeing this situation, Shaman Chei could not help but raise his brows and snicker with disdain, "You court death!"

These skulls were Shaman Artifacts that he had been refining for years, and they were more difficult to handle directly than even he was. If Yang Kai had chosen to attack his body, Chei may have to make an effort to repel him, but this boy actually decided to target his Shaman Artifacts instead.

Shaman Chei communicated with the skull and the green glimmer in its eyes flashed wildly, spewing a massive amount of cold aura from its mouth to completely envelope Yang Kai.

This frigid Death Qi was made by collecting the grievances of all those who were killed and consumed by Chei. It was mysterious and powerful; not to mention Yang Kai who was just a Shaman Grandmaster, even if a Shaman King was enveloped by this Death Qi, they would be haunted by evil spirits and have their mind thrown into chaos. By that time, they would become easy to manipulate and kill.

Shaman Chei could almost foresee Yang Kai's end; he would be frozen on the spot by the chilling Death Qi, and then consumed by the skull.

All of a sudden, a five-coloured light ray burst out of the dense, cold Death Qi. The power of the Five Elements in the ray of light mutually reinforced and counterbalanced each other endlessly. It was like a pillar standing firm amidst the monstrous flood of Death Qi, and even seemed to be expanding slowly.

Shaman Chei frowned, instinctively doubting the situation.

His opponent was indeed just a Shaman Grandmaster, and in fact, he should be a Low-Rank Shaman Grandmaster. It was completely unreasonable for Yang Kai to be able to resist the power of his Shaman Artifact, but the scene before Chei was beyond his understanding.

The Five Elements Indestructible Sword Qi pulsed rapidly and the formidable Death Qi that could subdue a Shaman King was thwarted.

Yang Kai lifted his sword high, surging power from his entire body, and a beam of light suddenly materialized and soared into the sky with a force that could pierce a hole in the clouds.

In the next moment, with a slash, a sword light that could divide rivers and the seas fell, splitting the icy Death Qi into two clear halves before continuing on to the giant skull.

A sharp howl echoed, and the green ghostly fire in the skull's eye sockets flickered violently while under the sharp impact force of the sword light, the skull was sent flying so fast it looked like it would be thrown out of the world itself.

Chapter 2834, Many Spells

Shaman Chei was shocked. He never expected that a mere Shaman Grandmaster could exert such strength and hurriedly stretched out his hand to summon back his skull, which shrunk and returned to his hand.

Shaman Chei looked down at the skull and immediately became infuriated, his face twisting in rage.

There was actually a crack on his Shaman Artifact!

This was a Shaman Artifact of a Shaman King, so under normal circumstances, it would not take any damage no matter how much another attacked it, let alone a crack. However, the small crack on the Shaman Artifact now seemed to be mocking him for his ignorance with a big, wide smile.

While he was still examining the skull, he sensed a sudden movement and when he looked up, he roared, "Enough!"

The Shaman Grandmaster with a rather scrawny appearance was flying towards another skull and preparing to swing his sword at it. After suffering such a big loss previously, Shaman Chei learnt of his opponent's ability, and hurriedly summoned back all his Shaman Artifacts that were releasing the chilling Death Qi that was turning the village below into a dead zone.

The six skulls flew back together, shrunk back to their original size, and surrounded him like small moons.

Without the skulls, the Death Qi that shrouded the village soon dissipated like snowflakes under the scorching sun.

Yang Kai rested the Myriads Sword on his shoulder and looked at Shaman Chi unconcerned, even laughing, "Not to boast, but you should really give this your all if you want to survive."

Shaman Chei's eyelids twitched. He would not even pay it any mind if another Shaman Grandmaster spoke to him like this; however, this Shaman Grandmaster in front of him... was a little different.

"Did you really kill Yeow?" Shaman Chei questioned coldly.

"Yes and no. He self-destructed in the end!"

"Then, it really is you!" Shaman Chei was maddened. He had some doubts before, because given Yeow's capabilities, how could he have been killed so easily? Chi and Zhu were not capable of killing Yeow, so Shaman Chei believed that a Shaman King from either the Fierce Wind Clan or Raging Flame Clan had taken part in the previous battle, but now that he witnessed Yang Kai's skills, Chei believed what he said was true.

Yeow had indeed died at this scrawny Shaman's hands. Otherwise, how could he know the details so clearly?

Yeow's strength was mostly dependent on his Blood Sea ability, which was linked to his Blood Bottle Gourd Shaman Artifact, but now it seemed that this Shaman Grandmaster who killed Yeow also possessed a powerful Shaman Artifact.

If it was only an ordinary Shaman Artifact, how could it manage to harm his skull?

However... He was still just a Shaman Grandmaster, so even if he had some skill, Shaman Chei was confident that he couldn't escape death.

"You will pay for your insolence!" Shaman Chi bellowed and abruptly raised his hands, causing the six skulls to tremble before shooting towards Yang Kai. The skulls did not enlarge this time, and even though they were not as intimidating as before, they were undoubtedly more flexible and unpredictable.

In an instant, the six skulls surrounded Yang Kai from all directions, opened their mouths, and breathed out a freezing cold aura.

It seemed that this cold aura could freeze all things, and not even a Shaman King could escape from it. Yang Kai tightened his grip on his sword and released a tremendous sword radiance to defend himself.

After a moment of scraping noise, none of the six skulls' attacks seemed effective. They were all blocked by Yang Kai's Sword Qi, and the skulls wobbled unsteadily instead.

Shaman Chei did not panic though, because he had expected this to happen. The corners of his mouth curved into a scornful smile as he moved his lips quietly, whispering an incantation before flicking his fingers. A powerful Shamanic Spell was launched silently towards Yang Kai.

Yang Kai, who was facing him from the side, seemed unprepared for it, and Shaman Chei sneered in his heart, anticipating Yang Kai's inevitable death.

A transparent Shield Spell strangely appeared at that moment, and at the same time, a semi-transparent evil spirit appeared and collided with it, letting out a miserable howl.

Yang Kai did not even look at it and simply grinned. While fighting against the six skulls with the sword in his right hand, he cast a fireball as big as a washbasin with his left at the evil spirit.

A despairing scream sounded as the shadowless and formless evil spirit was vaporized.

Jaw dropped, Shaman Chei looked at the scene in disbelief. How did this brat have the spare attention and strength to deal with his sneak attack? How could his Divine Sense be strong enough to notice and guard against his sneak attacks during this high-intensity battle?

Shaman Chei's face darkened as a sense of humiliation dawned on him.

He was a Shaman King, yet a Shaman Grandmaster actually managed to counter his spells?

Enraged by shame, Shaman Chei controlled the six skulls to keep exerting pressure on Yang Kai while waving his hands consistently to unleash one Shamanic Spell after another at Yang Kai.

Just because this little brat could resist him once, did not mean that he could resist every time. As long as he continued to distract himself, his Shaman Artifacts would eventually find a chance to kill this boy in one strike.

However, Shaman Chei was dumbstruck by the following scene.

Under the continuous attacks of Shaman Chei's Shamanic Spells, Yang Kai handled the situation without panicking. His left hand kept releasing Shamanic Spells of his own to respond to Shaman Chei's attacks in an orderly fashion.

For a moment, the two Shamans engaged in a competition of Shamanic Spells mid-air.

Although there was a Great Realm of difference between them, the Shamanic Spells that were released by the two enemies appeared equal in strength whether it was in terms of casting speed or killing ability. Their Shamanic Spells constantly collided and cancelled each other out, causing numerous dazzling explosions across the sky.

Perhaps at the beginning, Shaman Chei could still feel that he had an upper hand, and his opponent would be flustered occasionally; However, as time passed, his opponent was getting more efficient in casting his Shamanic Spells and the adjustment of his power also grew more and more refined.

[Damn it!]

This was just a small village that could not even be considered a sub-clan. Shaman Chei had purged at least eighty such villages in his life and knew that it was already fortunate enough to have a Shaman Apprentice overseeing such a tiny place, but this village was actually guarded by a Shaman Grandmaster.

What struck him more was that this Shaman Grandmaster could actually match with him in a duel of Shamanic Spells.

How could he have mastered so many spells though? Shamanic Spells of any clan could not be easily acquired and learnt. Every Shaman basically could only learn the Shamanic Spells from their own Clan that were passed on from generation to generation.

As far as he knew, the Shamanic Spells of the South Barbarian Clan were mediocre at best. It was already impressive for a Shaman Grandmaster to master ten to twenty Shamanic Spells, and even if there were more Shamanic Spells, one would have no energy left to master them. Moreover, among these ten to twenty Shamanic Spells, only a small handful could be used offensively, while the others were defence or auxiliary.

As a Low-Rank Shaman King himself, Chei had only mastered about fifty kinds of Shamanic Spells! And there were only twenty-seven of his Shamanic Spell that could be used for offence, all of which he was truly proficient in. Some Mid-Rank Shaman Kings did not even have such an achievement.

However, this appeared insignificant when compared to this strange opponent.

Within this short one-hour duel, Shaman Chei saw Yang Kai cast at least a hundred different Shamanic Spells effortlessly, each without repetition as if he had practised them many times before.

Many Shamanic Spells aroused his jealousy, because those Shamanic Spells were the unshared secrets of many other Clans that only their Shaman Grandmasters could learn.

[Is this guy really a Shaman Grandmaster? From his appearance, he is definitely quite young, so where and when did he learn so many Shamanic Spells? How did he have time to master all of these to such a degree?]

Shaman Chei would not have been so surprised if his opponent was an old man as the Elders were always capable of amazing and unexpected things, but his opponent actually looked no more than twenty to thirty years old.

Shaman Chei became more and more frightened as he fought as he had the illusion that his opponent was the Shaman King, while he was just a Shaman Grandmaster himself, because the performance of this Shaman Grandmaster truly astonished him. He could not wait to catch him now and bite off his flesh while he was still alive to savour the wonderful taste.

Hong...

During another exchange, two Shamanic Spells collided with each other, but they did not dispel each other like ordinary. On the contrary, Chei's opponent's lightning strike charged at him unabated after breaking through his Soul Collecting Technique. The dancing lightning was like a venomous snake, opening its mouth and showing off its fangs.

Shaman Chei was appalled as his Shamanic Spell was actually broken through. In a hurry, he could only form a Shield Spell in front of him.

After successfully stopping the lightning strike, Shaman Chei's expression changed from fury to fear as he asked, "Are you... using this Shaman to train?"

Recalling the previous scenes, Shaman Chi suddenly had a bad feeling. If his guess was right, he would be in deep trouble.

Yang Kai burst into laughter and pushed back the six skulls around him with the sword as he remarked, "Many thanks for Sir Shaman King's help!"

Yang Kai had not had time to fully absorb the massive amount of knowledge he inherited from Senior Qing, but during this month's retreat, he had made some progress digesting this inheritance while cultivating.

Nevertheless, closed-door cultivation was never a substitute for practical experience. Now that a Shaman King had come to him, Yang Kai definitely wanted to seize this opportunity to test the results of his cultivation during this one month.

He was truly satisfied with the results. All kinds of ideas and thoughts he had during his retreat were verified today, and although there were some deviations from his expectations, that did not hurt him overall.

After receiving verification from Yang Kai, Shaman Chei's face turned even uglier. Being overwhelmed by a great sense of shame, he shouted, trembling in fury, "You court death!"

It was definitely a wrong decision to have a Shamanic Spell duel with this boy as he had actually been taken advantage of by the other party. The result of this was that the Shamanic Spells this scrawny

Shaman Grandmaster used had grown significantly more powerful, leading to Chei actually falling into a disadvantage.

This Shaman Grandmaster was truly horrifying. He could actually grow rapidly in battle, and this speed of growth made Shaman Chei uneasy.

As such, he decided to stop playing around and instead end this quickly.

As he bellowed, the six skulls that were lingering around Yang Kai suddenly flew back and returned to Shaman Chei in the blink of an eye.

With concentration, Shaman Chei chanted an incantation and the six skulls revolved around him faster and faster, gradually turning into a green light.

Chapter 2835, Take The Initiative To Visit You

When the light dissipated, Shaman Chei and the six skulls disappeared at the same time. Instead, the spot where they were was replaced by a monster. The ferocious-looking monster was about five metres tall and had a green face, scary fangs and dishevelled hair that at first glance, looked like a Soul-reaping evil spirit.

On the body of the evil spirit were many semi-translucent faces, struggling and wriggling, revealing all kinds of tragic expressions and making all kinds of shuddering wails and howls.

Yang Kai stood with his sword, and remarked with a cold face, "You really should go to hell."

The faces that were struggling to surface on the evil spirit were clearly real Souls! So, where did the Souls come from? Obviously, those were the Souls of people who were killed and gnawed on by Shaman Chei. They must have suffered great terror and torture before they died. Their flesh was consumed, and even their Souls failed to escape, being devoured and refined by Chei before being trapped in his body. They could not be reincarnated and fell into an endless purgatory.

Such a Shaman King would be known as an evil cultivator in the present day and would be an existence that was hated and chased down by all.

But in this era, he could just do whatever he wanted with the protection of the Shaman Saint of the Bone Devouring Clan.

After Shaman Chei turned into an evil spirit, his initially powerful aura rose to a new level, on par with a High-Rank Shaman King.

Grinning, the breath he exhaled seemed to radiate pure Death Qi, resulting in the surrounding trees and grass withering rapidly. Chei stretched his big hand widely, which turned into a light curtain that covered the whole sky, and grabbed towards Yang Kai.

The surrounding space became sealed, and when Yang Kai tried to teleport away, he failed to move. Instead of retreating then, Yang Kai chose to advance with a fierce look on his face. A circle of light rippled out of the Myriads Sword in his hand, wrapping around himself as he pounced at the big hand madly surging his Shaman Strength.

The big hand closed around him, and Yang Kai grunted softly, but the next moment, a hole appeared on the back of the hand and Yang Kai flew right out of it, covered in blood. He then swooped fearlessly down on Shaman Chei and slashed his sword vigorously.

Shaman Chei was not shocked or flustered, simply sending out a slap with his other hand, as if he was swatting a fly.

The slap sent Yang Kai reeling before he could land his attack, the protective Shield Spell he cast failing to even dampen this blow.

*Honglonglong... *

Yang Kai volleyed in the air and crashed into a hill before he could stabilize his stance. When he stood up again, he already looked like a mess, his nose and mouth were covered in blood.

“You’re finished!” Shaman Chei’s cold voice reached Yang Kai’s ear, and he emerged in front of Yang Kai to grab at him again.

“Aren’t you afraid of getting your tongue cut off by the wind while wagging it out of your mouth!?” Yang Kai sneered and immediately performed a hand seal with both hands, causing a mysterious power to pulse from him.

Shaman Chei was stunned as he inexplicably felt as if time was slowing down around him. At the same time, a massive sense of panic and crisis struck his heart. He had transformed himself into an evil spirit, his most powerful spell, one he could use to compete with High-Rank Shaman Kings for a time. But right now, he was dealing with a mere Shaman Grandmaster. Even if this Shaman Grandmaster were to struggle before death, what trouble could he bring?

But the sense of panic and crisis was so real that Chei could not ignore it.

With a single thought, he quickly withdrew eighty percent of his strength to protect himself, assuming a defensive stance.

In the next moment, the paused time seemed to flow again. The Shaman Grandmaster standing opposite of him leisurely pushed his palms forward in a seemingly powerless motion, but one that actually gave off a destructive aura that condemned all living things to death.

“Time Flies!”

Shaman Chei’s pupils contracted abruptly. Although he could not see what kind of mystery was hidden in this palm strike, his instincts told him that he must not be hit as he would at least lose a layer of his skin if he were.

Opening his mouth wide, he released a vicious roar.

In an instant, countless feral ghosts flew out of Chei’s mouth and rushed towards the palm print.

*Hong hong hong... *

The fierce and surging power exploded while Shaman Chei took this opportunity to retreat more than a thousand metres. As he expected, the spirits that were struck by the palm print were all extinguished.

Before they dissipated, these ghosts did not show any excruciating look and instead all looked calm and peaceful, as if they were relieved. Some of them even turned to Yang Kai with a look of gratitude before vanishing.

[What kind of Shamanic Spell was that? It was so formidable!] Shaman Chei looked flabbergasted as the spell cast by the Shaman Grandmaster standing across from him was beyond his cognition.

After the palm strike, Yang Kai was left panting. He felt like his strength had been completely drained, and secretly cursed in his heart.

Time Flies Seal was a Divine Ability of a Great Emperor, and although Yang Kai had cultivated it and comprehended it, it was not something that he could perform at will in his current state. It was still too forceful for him to use such a powerful Divine Ability as a mere Low-Rank Shaman Grandmaster.

Therefore, Yang Kai immediately felt feeble after releasing this palm strike...

But Shaman Chei had already shown his trump card, so if Yang Kai did not give his all, he would not stand a chance to compete with him.

Without exposing his current weakness, as Yang Kai wiped the blood from his nose and mouth with his hand, he stuffed a handful of Emperor Grade Spirit Pills into his mouth and swallowed them into his stomach before taunting, "Are you scared now!?"

Shaman Chei snorted coldly, "Your tricks are truly unusual, but... It's far from being enough!"

When his words fell, he grabbed at the void and a pitch-black scythe suddenly appeared in his hands before he swung it towards Yang Kai's location.

Yang Kai's face changed drastically as he suddenly felt his Soul shiver uncontrollably, like it was trying to fly out of his body. He immediately understood that this scythe was not a Shaman Artifact, but rather a strange Shamanic Spell that had the effect of reaping Souls. Fortunately, the strength of his Soul was not what an ordinary Shaman Grandmaster should have, otherwise he would be in great trouble.

Yang Kai grunted and guarded his mind by locking his Knowledge Sea in place all while resisting the powerful force of attraction that was attempting to extract his Soul.

It seemed that there was an invisible connection between his Soul and the pitch-black scythe and the suction force grew stronger the more the scythe was swung, which made Yang Kai not dare to make any rash moves.

"It's terrible, right? If you feel miserable, just don't resist, and put yourself into the arms of this Shaman. This Shaman will make you enjoy the remainder of your life," Shaman Chei taunted with a ghastly voice, releasing a strong bewitching intent in order to distract Yang Kai's mind.

"You want my Soul?" Yang Kai bellowed as he gritted his teeth.

“You can’t resist, so why continue your futile efforts?” Shaman Chei sneered.

“Fine then!” Yang Kai shouted, “If you want it, I’ll give it to you!”

Shaman Chei was stunned as he thought that Yang Kai was spouting nonsense. A man would be as good as dead when he lost his Soul, so who would be willing to give it up?

But soon, Shaman Chei was dumbstruck.

Because his opponent was not kidding at all. Yang Kai really released all his Knowledge Sea defences and allowed Shaman Chei’s Shamanic Spell to exert its full effect, dragging his Soul out of him.

“This taste...” Shaman Chei was amazed and immediately rejoiced, “Wonderful, how wonderful! This Shaman can’t wait to taste it!”

He never thought that the Soul of this Shaman Grandmaster could be so vigorous and pure. Logically, such a Soul should never appear on a Shaman Grandmaster, only possible on a High-Rank Shaman King.

[No, no, no. I have killed a High-Rank Shaman King before, but the Soul of that High-Rank Shaman King was still not as marvellous as this!]

Like a cat eyeing its favourite fish, Shaman Chei ogled with unblinking eyes and could not even help licking his lips.

“Then this Shaman will accept it! Don’t worry, since you are so cooperative, this Shaman won’t make you suffer long!” Shaman Chei laughed out loud. As he swung the black scythe once more, pulling a dazzling light out of Yang Kai’s forehead.

It could be vaguely seen that the light was pure and bright without any impurities. Not only was the purity unimagined, but it was also exceedingly vigorous too.

Shaman Chei’s eyes lit up. Before, he could only smell the aura of Yang Kai’s Soul, but when he saw it with his own eyes now, he immediately knew that his judgement was right. It was truly an irresistible, delicious meal.

Yang Kai, whose Soul was dragged out of his body, fell from the air like a wooden stake.

One could no longer control his own body without his Soul.

On the other side, the Soul that was dragged out rapidly approached Shaman Chei, but at the last moment, his face changed dramatically, all the joy and expectation giving way to overwhelming anger as he roared, “How dare you lie to me!?”

Yang Kai cackled, “Fool, since when did this Young Master lie to you? Didn’t I offer myself to you? But... whether you have the ability to consume me or not is not my problem!”

When the words fell, light burst from Yang Kai’s Soul Avatar and he transformed into the form of a glowing sabre that shot towards Shaman Chei.

Shaman Chei abruptly retreated. Although he had no idea what his opponent was trying to achieve by willingly exposing his own Soul, this Shaman Grandmaster had performed incredible tricks before, so caution was warranted.

The pitch-black scythe in Chei's hand turned into a pure Soul attack and slashed forward.

The next moment, Shaman Chei's face changed once more because his Shamanic Spell had no effect at all. His opponent's Soul in the form of a sabre cut through everything in its path like a hot knife through butter and in the blink of an eye, it reached in front of Shaman Chei.

Blood drained from Shaman Chei's face as he pushed his Divine Sense furiously, strictly protecting himself as he dared not to let his opponent approach another step.

Nevertheless, he was stupefied by the result.

His Shaman King Divine Sense failed to stop his opponent's sabre, which easily penetrated his defences. In the next instant, Chei felt a sharp pain in his mind as the Soul Avatar broke into his Knowledge Sea together with the sabre made of light.

Shaman Chei grunted. Although he suffered a lot, he did not seem to be panicking and rapidly landed on the ground and closed his eyes, quickly controlling his own Soul Avatar in his Knowledge Sea to go into hiding.

Chei's Knowledge Sea was like a purgatory, with evil spirits and ghosts everywhere, their cries and howls echoing across the sky. If he had not seen it with his own eyes, Yang Kai would not believe that someone in this world could have such a horrifying Knowledge Sea.

Chapter 2836, Deliver You A Gift

[How is this a Knowledge Sea? It's clearly Hell.]

A group of foolish small ghosts sensed the presence of a strange aura and together, pounced at Yang Kai; however, he destroyed all of them with a swing of his sabre before they could get close to him. Shaman Chei, who was snooping secretly, was appalled and eyed the long sabre with a complicated gaze, instinctively afraid of it.

[What is this Shaman Artifact? Why is it so strong?]

On top of that, Yang Kai even brought it into his own Knowledge Sea. How was that possible? There should not be such a majestic Shaman Artifact in this world!

Although the ghosts in his Knowledge Sea were also born out of living beings, they were nourished and refined by Chei himself, and ordinary ghosts were incomparable to them at all. They were capable of tearing up and consuming the Soul Avatar of even a Shaman King.

However, under the light swing of this sabre, Shaman Chei could clearly feel the fear the ghosts in his Knowledge Sea had, as if they were mice meeting a cat, not daring to get close to Yang Kai.

Holding the sabre in one hand, Yang Kai looked around and sneered, "Playing hide and seek? Shaman Chei, Shaman Chei, you are a Shaman King, aren't you? Don't be such a disappointment."

Shaman Chei ignored him as no fool was capable of becoming a Shaman King. He would not dare to reveal himself before he understood what the long sabre Shaman Artifact was.

As if he could see through Shaman Chei's inner fears, Yang Kai raised the sabre, flicked his wrist and declared, "This is the Soul Splitting sabre. It doesn't harm the physique, but is instead designed to wound the Soul. Allowing this Young Master to enter your Knowledge Sea was your biggest mistake. So, now that you understand, Shaman Chei, come out and accept your death. This Young Master will show you mercy and make it quick for you."

[Doesn't harm the physique, but instead damages the Soul?] Shaman Chei did not want to believe such nonsense, but after what he witnessed, he had to admit that his opponent was right. This was definitely the most wicked Shaman Artifact he had ever seen.

"Good, good, good, you're not showing yourself, right? Then just continue hiding!" Yang Kai sneered, holding up the Soul Splitting sabre as he poured Spiritual Energy into it before slashing downwards.

A massive sabre made of light that could tear apart this Knowledge Sea emerged. The sabre of light swung forward and the countless ghosts that tried to block it were all killed on the spot. Even Shaman Chei, who was hiding in the dark, felt excruciating pain, like his head was being torn apart.

This was his Knowledge Sea, so even the smallest damage Yang Kai caused here would affect him. Although this level of injury was not too big a deal, it would not be fine if this continued on.

Shaman Chei's face turned deadly pale when Yang Kai slashed the Soul Splitting sabre everywhere like a madman, cackling wildly, "Do you like this? How about this? What about this!?"

Of course, there was no way Shaman Chei would 'like' anything Yang Kai did.

Shaman Chei could feel great pain with every slash of the sabre, which made his Soul Avatar shudder.

He knew that it was pointless to hide anymore, because it would be a disaster to allow this madman to continue destroying his Knowledge Sea, so Shaman Chei finally could not help but shout, "Enough!"

When his words fell, he appeared in front of Yang Kai and slightly raised his hand to block Yang Kai's attack.

Although the Soul Splitting sabre was extremely strange and possessed the ability to tear apart his Knowledge Sea, this was his world where he dominated everything. If they really had to start a fight here, they most probably would end up causing destruction to both sides.

He was not powerless to strike back.

"Don't you like to hide? Just carry on hiding then!" Yang Kai pointed the sabre at Shaman Chi mockingly.

"Scram!" Shaman Chei ordered him to leave with a cold face. It was not a good thing for his Knowledge Sea to be invaded by an outsider as it was not only the home of his Soul, but also the hiding place of all his secrets. No one would want their Knowledge Sea to be spied on.

"Beg. You can try to beg me to see if I am willing to leave," Yang Kai grinned. His smug face triggered Shaman Chei, causing his anger to boil up like a volcano that was going to erupt.

“Get out!” Shaman Chei glared at Yang Kai coldly.

Yang Kai curled his lip, “You’re the one who wanted to collect my Soul, but now you want me to leave? You should really make up your mind!”

Shaman Chei slightly narrowed his eyes, and announced lightly, “It seems that you want this Shaman to kick you out. I hope that you can handle this Shaman’s wrath!”

In this short conversation, he realized that if he wanted to drive out this Shaman Grandmaster, he had to do it himself. After all, it was not easy for Yang Kai to gain an upper hand, so how could he let go of this opportunity? Shaman Chei spared no more effort trying to talk with him and decided to expel him even if he would hurt himself in the process. Yang Kai’s presence here was a threat to Shaman Chei’s life, so some sacrifices were acceptable.

After speaking, Shaman Chei collapsed and integrated into the Knowledge Sea.

Yang Kai’s face turned solemn as he understood that Shaman Chei was planning to fight him to the death.

For a split second, the space solidified, and a huge repulsive force came crashing towards Yang Kai. It reflected Shaman Chei’s power as the master of this Knowledge Sea.

If one was capable of invading the Knowledge Sea of another, they could cause great damage to the opponent; however, entering another person’s Knowledge Sea would mean fighting against an opponent who controlled the whole battlefield. Therefore, it was not common for this kind of thing to happen. Only someone with an overwhelming advantage in strength would dare invade the Knowledge Sea of another.

But then again, if there was such a huge gap in strength, there would naturally be no need to use this method to kill the enemy.

All of a sudden, Yang Kai sensed the pressure around him increase, and felt that he was going to be squeezed out of the world.

He forced himself to stand firm, but was barely holding on despite his best efforts.

Seeing that he was about to be expelled by Shaman Chei, Yang Kai suddenly took action. With a flash in his eyes, the Soul Splitting Sabre buzzed and burst into a beam of light, “I will deliver you a gift. I hope that you will like it!” He shouted as he slashed down.

“How is this possible!?” Shaman Chei’s voice was mixed with both surprise and anger as the power of this slash was almost double of what he had experienced before.

Being caught off guard, Shaman Chei failed to protect himself against it and his defences were instantly torn apart. His Soul was slashed, and he felt unbearable pain from the attack.

Yang Kai saw the whole world shake as he was expelled out of Shaman Chi’s Knowledge Sea. The next moment, a pitch-black light shrouded him, and when he managed to dispel the cloud of darkness, there was not a trace of Shaman Chei.

He had escaped.

“Smart move!” Yang Kai snorted coldly and did not chase after him recklessly. Thanks to his Soul Technique, Heaven Severing Slash, he was finally able to repel Shaman Chei.

Shaman Chei obviously noticed the situation was growing dire so he used a distraction and took the opportunity to escape.

If he stayed, it would definitely not end well for him.

Yang Kai sighed, located his body, and immediately returned to it, not daring to leave his Soul Avatar exposed.

When he opened his physical eyes and looked up, he saw that he was being held in Tiea’s arms. It seemed that Tiea had noticed that his Soul had left his body, and had come to guard him.

“How are you?” Tiea asked with concern.

Yang Kai shook his head and tried to stand up; however, he felt dizzy and fell back into her arms. Wryly smiling, he muttered, “I’m not dead yet.”

Tiea looked at Yang Kai with a look of strange disbelief. It was a miracle for a Low-Rank Shaman Grandmaster to badly wound a Shaman King, and although he also paid a price for it, the consequences were obviously not too serious.

After not seeing him for one month, he had become a Shaman Grandmaster.

[Just how does he cultivate?]

Tiea’s heart was full of questions.

“Where are the villagers?” Yang Kai laid down and asked after recovering some strength.

“They’re safe,” Tiea replied. She had taken the villagers out of the Blue South Village through the underground tunnel earlier, and after everything was settled, she came back to check on Yang Kai’s situation, just so happening to witness Yang Kai’s Soul leaving his body and immediately moving to protect his body.

“Call them back. It should be fine now.” Yang Kai let out a breath.

A Shaman King of the Bone Devouring Clan came, but was forced to retreat in the end. The Bone Devouring Clan would certainly not make any moves for a time now unless a more powerful Shaman King or the Shaman Saint was willing to take action.

However, a Shaman Saint would not even care about such trivial things and it would not really help much if other Shaman Kings of the Bone Devouring Clan came. After using his trump card, Shaman Chei, whose strength was comparable to a High-Rank Shaman King, was incapable of taking down Yang Kai, so what could other Shaman Kings do when they came?

Moreover, as long as Yang Kai was given time, he would grow stronger. If he met those Shaman Kings next time, he would definitely be able to handle them more easily than before.

While speaking to Tiea, Yang Kai suddenly frowned and looked in a certain direction.

Tiea obviously noticed something too and also looked towards the direction Yang Kai was staring, immediately remarking with a wary face, "Someone else is approaching!"

Yang Kai's face darkened and secretly kept a sharp lookout.

Blue South Village was just a small village, so on most days, it was basically isolated from the world with few outsiders visiting. The only reason Shaman Chei could even find this place was because of Shaman Chi.

A man soon appeared after Yang Kai drove Shaman Chei away, so it was hard to guarantee that this newcomer wasn't an ally of the latter. If he was a Shaman King too, they would be in deep trouble.

Tiea certainly thought of this too and her pretty face turned slightly pale.

But soon, she heard a sigh of relief from Yang Kai.

"What's wrong?" Tiea turned to him.

"It's just a Shaman Master. Don't worry, maybe he is just passing by."

After listening to Yang Kai, Tiea could not help breathing out a sigh of relief.

The Shaman Master was obviously not just passing by, however, because after a short time, he flew straight towards Yang Kai and Tiea.

A moment later, an honest-looking Ancient Barbarian appeared in front of Yang Kai, hovering in mid-air.

"Was someone fighting here just now?" The Shaman Master looked around and asked from above.

The traces of the previous battle were still there, and although he could not judge how strong the people in the previous battle were, he felt a little shocked by the residual fluctuations here.

It was clearly a high-level battle, which was not something he could involve himself in. Perhaps just the fallout from such a conflict would be enough to extinguish his Soul.

When he thought about it, he hurriedly turned to Yang Kai and Tiea.

Yang Kai revealed a weak expression on his face, the Shaman Strength from his body pulsing slightly which allowed this Ancient Barbarian to see his cultivation clearly.

"A Shaman Grandmaster?" The man was taken aback and immediately flew down from the sky.

Chapter 2837, Catastrophe

Before this, this man had thought that there would be no Masters in this remote place. Therefore, he did not really care about showing a haughty attitude. After realizing that Yang Kai was a Shaman Grandmaster, however, he dared not act impudently.

“Greetings to Sir and Madame!”

Tiea supported Yang Kai to stand up and looked at this newcomer with a frown, only nodding after a short pause, “You don’t need to be so polite.”

After hearing this, the Shaman Master straightened up and asked curiously, “May I know... which village Sir and Madame are from?”

He did not know who Yang Kai and Tiea were, but since they were Shaman Grandmasters, they must be people of great status. This was especially important to him, who was sent as a messenger of his Clan to connect with their other smaller villages. He might not be familiar with all the Masters of the surrounding Clans, but he should at least know of them.

“Blue South Village!” Yang Kai answered.

“Huh?” The Shaman Master was stunned, staring at Yang Kai doubtfully, as if he could not believe his words, “Blue... Blue South Village?”

Since when did Blue South Village have two Shaman Grandmasters? From what he remembered, the Village Chief of Blue South Village was just a trivial Low-Rank Shaman Apprentice. Therefore, Yang Kai’s words were a little unbelievable to him, but there was also no reason for a Shaman Grandmaster to lie.

He then asked in a daze, “Is Sir from Blue South Village?”

“That’s right.” Yang Kai looked at him, “What’s the matter?”

“Then where is Shaman Li?”

Shaman Li was the name of the Village Chief, so when he asked, Yang Kai immediately understood that this man knew the Village Chief and he probably was here for the Village Chief too.

Yang Kai’s face slightly darkened as he replied, “The Village Chief is not here anymore. From now on, this Shaman is the Village Chief!”

“Shaman Li...” The man was slightly stunned, but he did not dwell too much on it. After all, Shaman Li was already old, and his cultivation was not high, so he was not destined to live long anyway. Perhaps his time had arrived and he had returned to the arms of the Barbarian Gods. Thinking so, the man changed the topic swiftly, “How may I address Sir?”

“Shaman Niu!”

The man nodded, and declared loudly with a solemn face, “Shaman Niu, I was ordered by Sir Shaman King to inform you to order all the villagers of Blue South Village to gather in King City within five days!”

“An order from the Shaman King?” Yang Kai was dumbfounded.

Although the South Barbarian Clan was a powerful force amongst the Ancient Barbarian Race, it still had a Shaman King presiding over it. As far as Yang Kai knew, this Shaman King was a High-Rank Shaman King, and with his protection, King City held the same position as the Frost and Snow City of Frost and Snow Clan. All the small villages and Village Chiefs of the South Barbarian Clan lived under the jurisdiction of King City, with the Shaman King having absolute authority over these small villages.

Yang Kai sensed something unusual about this sudden order and vaguely felt that big things were about to happen.

“Yes, it is a direct order from Sir Shaman King.” The man replied solemnly, “At first, I came here to inform Shaman Li, but since you are the Village Chief of Blue South Village now, telling you would be the same.”

Yang Kai slightly narrowed his eyes as he asked, “Is there a Clan at war with us?”

During the ancient times, it was common for the Ancient Barbarian Race to fight amongst themselves in order to compete for the land and for their own Clan’s interests.

Moreover, once this happened, all personnel and troops would be included, no one could avoid this draft.

So, as soon as he heard this order, Yang Kai subconsciously felt that some Clan wanted to wage war against the South Barbarian Clan, and the first Clan that came to his mind was the cruel and inhuman Bone Devouring Clan. In that case, Yang Kai did not mind getting involved.

Yang Kai regretted that he could not kill Shaman Chei today after all.

The messenger smiled wryly, then shook his head slowly as he responded in a low voice, “It wouldn’t be such a big deal if it’s only a Clan War.”

Yang Kai was stunned, “What could be more serious?”

After a moment of hesitation, the messenger answered, “This matter is supposed to be confidential and should not be leaked; however, since both Sir and Madame are Shaman Grandmasters and would definitely be summoned by Sir Shaman King when you reach King City, it will do no harm to inform you in advance.”

After saying so, he suddenly lowered his voice and declared solemnly, “The Demon Race has invaded!”

“Wha—what? Can you say that again?” Yang Kai thought he had heard wrongly.

“The Demon Race has launched an invasion!” The messenger repeated with an extremely solemn expression.

Yang Kai was stupefied for a long while, and only after a long silence did he ask with shock still visible on his face, “Seriously?”

The messenger replied, “Yes. Three major Clans have already been destroyed.”

Yang Kai’s face turned solemn in an instant. Although the Ancient Barbarian Race was sparsely populated, there should still be at least a few hundred thousand members of a major Clans. Three Clans being destroyed meant that a million people might have already died. This was truly Earth-shaking news.

The invasion of the Demon Race.

This sentence was not strange to Yang Kai, yet it was not familiar either. He learnt from the knowledge inherited by Senior Qing that this land had been invaded by the Demon Race more than once. The most

recent incident was thirty thousand years ago. At that time, Senior Qing was just an Evergreen Tree that had gained consciousness and was working hard to absorb nutrients from the Earth to cultivate.

He witnessed the world-changing transformation of the land after the invasion of the Demon Race, where countless people died before his eyes. He also saw that many mighty people of this land sacrificed their lives to stop the progression of the invasion of the Demon Race, and countless later generations took up the positions of the fallen. They continued to fight with their precious lives for nearly a hundred years before eventually triumphing over the Demon Race.

Wails and cries filled the land during that hundred-year war, and it took another a thousand years after it ended for the vast mountains and rivers to gradually restore their vitality.

But now, the scene of thirty thousand years ago was happening again, and no one knew what was going to happen this time.

The Demon Race was just a general term and Yang Kai did not know what they looked like, only that they had a different form from humans or barbarians and were dreadfully violent. In comparison, the Bone Devouring Clan were like gentle lambs.

However, it was rumoured that the reason why the Bone Devouring Clan was different among the Barbarian Race was that they were descended from Demons. During the war thirty thousand years ago, some Demons defiled women, who gave birth to offspring. These were the ancestors of the Bone Devouring Clan.

Rumours were just rumours, however, so no one knew whether they were true or not. Especially in this era, when such rumours had all but been lost to the long annals of history. The truth remained unknown to even the descendants themselves, with only one, Monster Tree Senior Qing, who had stood for tens of thousands of years, knowing the truth.

Nevertheless, the rumor did not start from nothing. Perhaps, countless Ancient Barbarians had proposed to exterminate the Bone Devouring Clan because of this. It was just that until now, the descendants had no idea why they had to destroy the Bone Devouring Clan and simply thought it was because they were vicious cannibals.

The invasion of the Demon Race was definitely a catastrophe for the world!

No one knew where the Demon Race came from. Even Senior Qing, who was the most knowledgeable, had no clue about this. Thirty thousand years ago, the Demon Race seemed to just appear overnight. They were fearless and unscrupulous, doing whatever they pleased and killing as if it was their sole purpose in life.

The arduous war that lasted for a hundred years had severely damaged the foundation of this beautiful world, and nearly wiped out all sentient life.

And now, thirty thousand years later, another Demon Race invasion was happening. Yang Kai could foresee the incoming catastrophe, where bodies would pile up like mountains and rivers of blood would flow.

The grudges between him and Bone Devouring Clan were nothing compared to this.

“Sir...Sir...?” Seeing that Yang Kai was lost in thought, the messenger called him several times while smiling helplessly.

Yang Kai took a deep breath and replied, “Within five days, I will take the villagers of Blue South Village to King City!”

The messenger was overjoyed and saluted with a fist over his chest, “Many thanks, Sir. I have to inform the other surrounding villages, so I will leave first.”

Yang Kai nodded and did not try to keep him. After seeing him off, he turned to Tia and asked, “How much do you know about the Demon Race?”

Tia replied, “I don’t know anything, what do you know?”

Thinking about it, she was only a teenager, so even if she was raised by Senior Qing, she couldn’t know too much; after all, why would Senior Qing tell her about the Demon Race when it was basically irrelevant history?

“Rest in the village for today. Tomorrow you will be returning to Senior Qing,” after delivering this order, Yang Kai turned around and walked towards the village.

The Demon Race invasion would cause a huge wave that consumed the entire world. If there was still a peaceful land in the world, it would be the Frost and Snow City that was guarded by Senior Qing. It was perhaps the last safe haven.

“Are you trying to drive me away?” Tia retorted with an angry stare, “Are you really driving me away?”

“Think what you like!” Yang Kai did not bother to pay attention to her, “By the way, gather Ah Hu and the others here. I have something to say to them.”

Tia stomped her feet angrily and left with her teeth clenched.

After a while, the villagers returned to the village and were delighted to see that Ah Niu was safe, though his face was pale.

But not long after they were relieved, Yang Kai announced solemnly, “Everyone, listen. A messenger from King City has just informed me that the Demon Race has begun an invasion. Three Clans of our Barbarian Race have been destroyed already and Sir Shaman King has ordered all the villagers of our Blue South Village to gather in King City within five days to wait for orders.”

As soon as he made the announcement, the two hundred villagers fell silent.

“What is the Demon Race?” Ah Hu questioned.

Everyone wanted to know too, because they had never heard this term before.

Yang Kai answered, “I don’t really know much about the Demon Race. I only know that they are an enemy that are a hundred, or even a thousand times more violent than the Bone Devouring Clan. They are a living disaster, and the greatest enemy of our Barbarian Race, one that we cannot coexist with beneath the same sky!”

[A thousand times more violent than the Bone Devouring Clan?]

The villagers' faces changed at his words. They knew how ferocious the Bone Devouring Clan was because they were caught by them before, so was it not crazy that someone was even a thousand times more violent than them?

"Although it was the order from King City, I won't insist that you come! I will be departing for King City tomorrow, so whoever wants to join me, I will bring you with me tomorrow. For those who don't, just stay in the village." Yang Kai's voice was not loud, but it resounded strongly in everyone's ears, "I will not lie to you. This will be very dangerous, and chances are those who come will not come back! Think carefully before you decide."

After his speech, Yang Kai didn't wait for the villagers to respond before going straight to his house and stuffing a handful of healing pills into his mouth.

Although the battle with Shaman Chei was dangerous, his injuries weren't too severe. It should not be a problem after recuperating overnight. Moreover, he benefited a lot from this high-intensity battle. If this kind of battle was repeated several times, it would be much more effective than him cultivating in retreat.

He readily accepted the order of King City because he intended to meet the so-called Demon Race in battle to enhance his own growth.

Chapter 2838, A Hundred Shamans Assemble

The next day, when Yang Kai walked out of his wooden house, two hundred pairs of eyes fixed on him simultaneously. All the men, women, young and old villagers were gathered here. Although there was a large number of people, they were all silent and unified.

The petite girl, Tiewa, was standing at the head of the crowd, looking particularly eye-catching.

Yang Kai swept his eyes across the crowd, and every villager who met his eyes showed a simple and honest smile.

They probably did not know what the Demon Race was, and had no idea what the invasion of the Demon Race meant, but they all knew that once they left this village, they might die in a foreign land and never return.

Ah Niu had already made this clear yesterday.

But no one chose to remain. The Ancient Barbarian Race was destined to move forward bravely and never glance back in regret.

There was sadness in Yang Kai's eyes, but he did not say much and instead just waved his hand, "Let's go!"

He led the two hundred villagers to King City like a well-trained army.

With the strength of the Barbarians' legs, they would take at least three days to reach King City. If it was an ordinary Shaman who led these two hundred people, they would probably have to travel at full speed in order to reach their destination within the specified time.

But Yang Kai was a Shaman Grandmaster now and was also proficient in various Shamanic Spells. With the application of the Light Body Spell, the movement speed of the villagers immediately increased by about thirty percent.

Although they were fast, everyone was calm and moved in an orderly fashion.

After two days, Yang Kai had led the villagers to King City, and his group of two hundred people had expanded to a thousand people!

It was because they met several groups from other villages along the journey. There were Shamans in those villages too, but they were incomparable to a Shaman Grandmaster like Yang Kai. Among them, the strongest one was just a High-Rank Shaman Apprentice, while the rest were just Low-Rank and Mid-Rank Shaman Apprentices.

The strength of these villages was almost the same as that of Blue South Village when the old Village Chief Shaman Li was still alive.

The Barbarian Race had a custom of revering strength, and since all of them were South Barbarian Clansmen, and Yang Kai was a Shaman Grandmaster, these villages naturally accepted him as their leader.

After witnessing Yang Kai's Shamanic Spells that could completely bless an army of a thousand people, the Shaman Apprentices respected him even more. These villages had some contact with each other, so they were quite familiar with each other, and after gathering together, they soon became one unified group.

After this war, if these thousand people were not killed, Yang Kai could even establish a small independent Clan with his strength and prestige.

A thousand troops stood in front of King City. Looking from a distance, the structure of King City was no worse than that of Frost and Snow City, the only difference being that Frost and Snow City had the Evergreen Divine Tree guarding it, while the South Barbarian Clan had no such guardian deity.

Many Ancient Barbarians gathered in an open area outside King City in groups of hundreds to thousands. Each group had a Shaman in it, and their strengths varied greatly. Obviously, they all came after receiving orders from King City. It was impossible for all of them to enter King City itself though, as there were too many of them arriving at once. King City did not have enough space to house them.

Therefore, everyone could only wait outside, sleeping and eating in the open area, but such a lifestyle was nothing to the Ancient Barbarian Race.

Yang Kai and his people arrived neither too late nor too early. The places near King City had been occupied by other villages, so Yang Kai scanned over the region with his Divine Sense and then led his group to an average-sized space that he found.

Upon arriving at this place, without any further instructions, the team of a thousand people got to work. Some took out their rations, and some started fires while preparing to cook. Everyone was working efficiently.

Just then, a Shaman Master flew out of King City, and shouted while flying through the sky, "Sir Shaman King has ordered all Shaman Grandmasters to gather inside King City."

He shouted several times, attracting everyone's attention.

Immediately, a Shaman Grandmaster flew out of the crowd and straight into King City. As if a chain reaction was triggered after someone took the initiative, Shaman Grandmasters flew out from the crowd one after another, like swallows flying into the arms of King City.

Yang Kai glanced at them, then looked back and instructed, "I'll go over. You should stand watch over here."

Tiea nodded lightly.

Although she was also a Shaman Grandmaster, she belonged to the Nomad Clan, so it was inconvenient for her to appear on this kind of occasion.

King City was huge, but although Yang Kai had set out later, he still arrived earlier than most. Like the other Shaman Grandmasters, he landed in front of a palace of King City and waited quietly.

Many had gathered here as, due to the invasion of the Demon Race, the entire South Barbarian Clan had been assembled by the order of the Shaman King. As such, Shaman Grandmasters who were rarely seen were now like cabbages and radish in this square.

Yang Kai investigated with his Divine Sense and found that there were at least a hundred Shaman Grandmasters assembled here, and this was definitely not all of them as there should be more still on the way here, having failed to reach King City in time.

The Shaman Grandmasters dared not to intrude into the Shaman King's palace rashly after being summoned and could only wait outside. Those Shaman Grandmasters who knew each other gathered together in groups to discuss the situation of the invasion of the Demon Race in hushed whispers.

They had obviously gotten some information from the messenger too, but no one knew what the Demon Race was. Therefore, the more they discussed, the more confused they got. Nevertheless, such a grand summons from King City had made everyone feel a little uneasy.

Everyone knew that the battle this time around was probably going to be unprecedented.

Just when Yang Kai was feeling bored, a dark burly shadow suddenly appeared and shaded him like a mountain.

Yang Kai turned around and saw a wide and strong chest covered in black hair.

"Are you also from our South Barbarian Clan?" The master of the dark shadow looked down at Yang Kai and asked in a rumbling voice.

The sound of discussion around them abruptly softened a lot as many Shaman Grandmasters turned their eyes to them, watching with great interest.

Previously, when everyone gathered here, many had looked at Yang Kai curiously; after all, his body shape seemed a little different from theirs and was quite out of place, like a goat appearing among a group of tigers.

It was hard for such a weird person to not attract attention. There were very few clansmen with this kind of body in the Ancient Barbarian Race. Even Shaman Li, the former Village Chief of Blue South Village, who was quite old, still had a burly physique similar to the one he possessed in his younger years.

Nevertheless, Yang Kai did exude an aura of a Shaman Grandmaster, so even if the others were curious, they did not care too much until someone questioned Yang Kai face to face.

Ever since he came to this ancient world, it had become a habit for Yang Kai to look up while talking to people, as if everyone wanted him to look up to them, which made him feel quite uncomfortable.

This time, however, he simply stared at the man's black hairy chest and nodded, "En."

"Ha!" The man laughed, "Little brat, I'm talking to you, look up at me."

"My neck is sore, how about you squat down and talk to me?" Yang Kai shook his head and replied casually.

The burly Shaman Grandmaster's aura abruptly became cold as someone nearby laughed at him, "Shaman Tu, this guy is underestimating you! Teach him an unforgettable lesson quickly!"

The Ancient Barbarian Race were basically all hot-tempered, so it was natural for fights to break out. Everyone felt bored standing here doing nothing anyways, so they were looking forward to some excitement to kill some time.

All of a sudden, everyone's attention focused on them, anticipating a good show.

"I don't need you to tell me!" Shaman Tu turned to bellow at the person who spoke to him, then turned back to Yang Kai and snorted coldly, "What? Are you afraid of looking at me?"

Yang Kai continued to stare at the bundle of black hair on this man's chest and remarked, "I prefer others to talk to me with their heads down."

Shaman Tu was stunned, but soon he understood what Yang Kai meant, and retorted angrily, "Little brat, are you looking for a fight!?"

Just when he finished the sentence, he threw his plate-sized fist at Yang Kai.

Instead of being shocked, the onlookers were all overjoyed. Some of them even whistled, looking extremely excited. The Ancient Barbarian Race was known for its combative nature, and moreover, everyone here was a Shaman Grandmaster, so this punch would not be lethal. At most, this scrawny man would bleed a bit, and seeing blood in a fight had always been the Barbarians' favourite pass-time.

Yang Kai remained unmoved, however, as if he did not realize his opponent was attacking him, the wind of the punch whistling as it approached him, sending his hair flying.

At the last moment, the palace doors that had been closed the whole time suddenly opened and a Barbarian Warrior with a steel blade hanging on his waist came out from inside and bellowed, "Sir Shaman King asks all of you to enter."

The huge fist stopped abruptly less than a finger's width from Yang Kai's head. Shaman Tu's face contorted with anger, and it took great effort to suppress his wish to push his fist forward.

"You got lucky. If you dare to do this again next time, it won't be just a simple lesson," he remarked as he withdrew his hand.

After that, he turned around and left.

He dared not ignore the Shaman King's order. Although he could have let his punch continue, his loss would outweigh his gain if his action offended the Shaman King. Even though the Ancient Barbarian Race was simple-minded, they weren't stupid. They clearly knew how to weigh profits and losses.

The group of more than one hundred Shaman Grandmasters walked towards the hall orderly and quietly, the whispering and discussion from before ceasing entirely.

Yang Kai was the last in line, and he intentionally shot a glance at the Barbarian Warrior as he walked by.

He could feel the insanely vigorous vitality coming from this Barbarian Warrior's body; Ah Hu and the others were nothing compared to him. Yang Kai vaguely felt that this Barbarian Warrior was someone that he should not mess with.

Even an ordinary Shaman Grandmaster may not have a good end even after opposing such a man.

But Yang Kai did not notice any fluctuation of Shaman Strength from this warrior, which meant that he was purely a Body Cultivator.

Sure enough, the three thousand Grand Daos all led to the Heavens. It was rumoured that someone was able to achieve Sainthood through Body Tempering in ancient times. Yang Kai did not care much about this before, but after he saw this Barbarian Warrior, he believed that achieving Sainthood through Body Tempering was not just a rumor.

It was said that one of the four Great Shaman Saints achieved Sainthood through Body Tempering.

The Barbarian Warrior naturally sensed Yang Kai's unbridled gaze and widened his eyes as he stared straight back at Yang Kai with a pair of eyes as sharp as two blades, actually causing the latter's eyes to sting slightly.

Chapter 2839, Times Does Not Wait For Us

Yang Kai smiled lightly and nodded as he passed by.

The Barbarian Warrior stared at his back for a long time before retracting his gaze and laughing softly, "Interesting!"

Although he was not a Shaman, he had tempered his body to an extreme degree, and as the Guard Captain of King City, his strength was not weaker than that of a High-Rank Shaman Grandmaster. Compared to a Shaman Grandmaster, what he lacked was just Shamanic Spells that were used to bless his clansmen. If they had to fight, none of the Shaman Grandmasters here could be his opponent. However, this extremely scrawny Shaman Grandmaster actually sparked his fighting spirit.

Those who could ignite a desire to fight were powerful opponents who could not be one-sidedly crushed!

This was evident when Yang Kai actually looked into his eyes calmly. Although there was no blessing of a Shamanic Spell in his stare, it was the same moment when his fighting spirit burst forth. It was impossible for any Shaman Grandmaster to withstand this kind of pressure, but Yang Kai did it without any difficulty.

[What an interesting Shaman Grandmaster. His physique looks weak and small, but there is unimaginable power hidden inside of it. That Shaman Tu should thank me, if not for my timely appearance, he wouldn't have been able to avoid a great public humiliation...]

.....

Inside the main hall, a man whose aura was as deep as the sea stood there quietly, hands behind his back, waiting silently for everyone's arrival.

Even after the hundred Shamans entered the hall, it was some time before this man turned around, his brow furrowed, seemingly worried about something.

He lifted his head to look at the crowd, and introduced himself loudly, "This King is Shaman Dang, the sixth Shaman King of the South Barbarian Clan. Some of you may know me already, some may have only heard of me, while others have no idea who I am, but it doesn't matter, because starting today, we will often need to meet each other."

"Greetings, Sir Shaman King!" Everyone placed a fist over their chest and bowed in salute.

Yang Kai was there too, his eyes flickering slightly. The sixth Shaman King, in other words, among the Shaman Kings of the South Barbarian Clan, this man was ranked sixth in terms of strength. Furthermore, it was unknown how many Shaman Kings were under him.

Yang Kai only knew that the South Barbarian Clan lacked a Shaman Saint. There were only four Shaman Saints in the entire Ancient Barbarian Race, who each commanded the four largest Clans respectively. Among the South Barbarian Clan, the most powerful Shaman King was a High-Rank Shaman King, but Yang Kai did not know his name.

Most of his knowledge of the South Barbarian Clan was taught by the Village Chief, and as a Low-Rank Shaman Apprentice, the information that the Village Chief had was obviously limited.

“I believe everyone knows the reason for my summons. It’s because of the invasion of the Demon Race, which has already exterminated three clans!” Shaman Dang’s voice was deep and low, but it clearly reached everyone’s ears.

When he stated that the three Clans had been exterminated, the faces of the hundred Shaman Grandmasters turned solemn.

Each of these three Clans was not weaker than the South Barbarian Clan and were overseen by at least one High-Rank Shaman King and up to two hundred Shaman Grandmasters, with thousands to tens of thousand other Shamans, but they were still exterminated. In other words, if the South Barbarian Clan encountered this kind of enemy, their ending would be the same.

This matter was not only about the three destroyed Clans, but about the whole Ancient Barbarian Race.

“However, that news is already outdated!” Shaman Dang’s words seemed to raise thousands of ripples, and when the people looked at him bewildered, he continued, “During the few days that we took to gather, the Billowing Clan was also exterminated!”

“What?”

“Really?”

“Even the Billowing Clan was destroyed.”

“It is said that the First Shaman King of Billowing Clan was the most likely to break through to become the fifth Shaman Saint within a hundred years. What happened to him?”

All the Shaman Grandmasters exclaimed one after another, and their faces turned ugly; however, they could not be blamed, because the overall strength of the Billowing Clan was stronger than most of the Clans of the Ancient Barbarian Race, only inferior to the four top Clans.

The news of the extermination of the Billowing Clan came too suddenly, and it was natural for them to be appalled.

Shaman Dang continued in a deep voice, “The Billowing Clan had no survivors. Not a single one!”

The hall was so silent that even a needle could be heard if it fell to the ground. No survivors, which meant everyone died, including the powerful Shaman King who was the most likely to become a Shaman Saint.

War was near, and everyone’s confidence was shaken when they heard this news. Given that the Demon Race had destroyed the Billowing Clan, how horrifying could they be? Who could resist them?

Shaman Dang seemed to see through their thoughts, and pressed on, “The four Shaman Saints have started moving, and I believe their strength will be enough to cause significant damage to the Demon Race, but this war involves our entire Barbarian Race. Although the Shaman Saints are strong, we cannot place all the burden on them. All Barbarians must do their part, which is why King City urgently summoned all clansmen here.”

Everyone was relieved at the news that the Four Great Shaman Saints were taking action. Shaman Saints were the strongest existences in this world, and with their help, the invasion of the Demon Race could

be restrained. However, Shaman Dang was right, this was a war involving the whole Barbarian Race. No one could avoid their responsibility. Although the Shaman Saints were powerful, in the end, there were only four of them.

“I believe that you might want to ask me what the Demon Race is, where they come from, and why they want to destroy our Barbarian Clans,” Shaman Dang swept his eyes across the audience, and continued in a deep voice, “This King wishes to tell you too, but he doesn’t know much about these things. Nevertheless, just remember that the Demon Race is the sworn enemy of our Barbarian Race, and there is no way for us to live under the same sky. As long as there is a single Barbarian still standing and drawing breath, the Demon Race will not be allowed to contaminate this land!”

The morale of the Shaman Grandmasters was greatly inspired by his words. They looked excited and were ready to fight to the death, as if they could not wait to fly to the battlefield, stain the blue sky bloody red, and use their lives to push back the invasion of the Demon Race.

Yang Kai observed them indifferently, thinking that the Ancient Barbarian Race was indeed simple-minded. There was not the slightest bewitchment in Shaman Dang’s words; they were just a simple declaration, but that was enough to resonate with these Shaman Grandmasters. If Shaman Dang had added some bewitchment to his words, perhaps it would have been even more effective.

“Sir, what do we do now?”

“Yes Sir, are we going to the battlefield now?”

“I can’t wait to see the power of the Demon Race.”

“Hahahaha, I hope the Demon Race won’t wet their pants when they see this Shaman!”

The group of Shaman Grandmasters started shouting and did not put the Demon Race that already destroyed four Clans in their eyes. Seeing this, Shaman Dang smiled lightly, “All of you will have the opportunity, and I hope you will remember what you said here today. However...” he suddenly turned solemn as he pressed on, “It is not the time yet. We have to wait for news from the Shaman Saints. Moreover, our South Barbarian Clan has not fully assembled yet. There are still many clansmen on their way here. If we are given more time, our South Barbarian Clan will definitely fare better; however, time does not wait for us. Your job now is simple. Help me organize the clansmen of the South Barbarian Clan. Each of you will recruit two to three thousand clansmen. Train them, and make them listen to your orders.”

There were hundreds of thousands of clansmen in the whole South Barbarian Clan.

Each Shaman Grandmaster had to recruit two to three thousand clansmen, which was just enough to use up all the people of the Clan; however, these clansmen were all from different villages, so trying to put them all together would inevitably lead to all kinds of conflicts. It would certainly take some time to adjust to each other, and this kind of matter had to be handled by a leader, which was the Shaman Grandmaster.

Yang Kai nodded lightly in agreement. It was not good for an organization to be a snake without a head. Two to three thousand people as a unit seemed to be an appropriate number, as it was neither too small nor too big, almost the limit that a Shaman Grandmaster could control.

There were about a thousand people under his lead now, so according to Shaman Dang, he would still have to recruit at least another thousand people. However, that was a simple task. All the clansmen would cooperate under the order of the Shaman King, and villagers without a powerful Shaman leader would definitely need to join a strong force. But this matter needed consensus from both sides. There were many Shaman Grandmasters gathered in King City now, so if he wanted to attract those scattered warriors to join him, he would need to show his capability first.

No one would want to follow an incapable Shaman Grandmaster.

Considering all this, Yang Kai swiftly came up with a plan.

Shaman Dang did not say much more as the main purpose of this meeting was to inform everyone of this task. Therefore, after announcing it, he gave a few words of advice before dismissing them.

All of a sudden, the hundred Shaman Grandmasters elbowed their way through and pushed themselves out of the hall. They obviously could not wait to recruit people under them as, once the war began, it would be safer to have more subordinates, so at this critical moment, no one was willing to lag behind others and wanted to use their own means to keep the rest here, so that they could pick the most powerful warriors for themselves first.

Only after everyone else left did Yang Kai walk steadily towards the exit.

“What’s your name?” Shaman Dang’s voice came from behind.

Yang Kai turned around, “Shaman Niu!” he answered, “I was born like this, but I am really from the South Barbarian Clan’s Blue South Village!”

Shaman Dang nodded, “It doesn’t matter if your body is small or big. You’re a Shaman Grandmaster nonetheless. If anyone doubts you next time, just tell them my name.”

Yang Kai was stunned, clueless as to why Shaman Dang concerned himself with this trivial matter, but he still replied with a nod, “Many thanks, Sir.”

“Go!” Shaman Dang waved his hand.

Then, Yang Kai walked out of the hall.

A moment later, the Guard Captain who stared at Yang Kai before came in and looked at Shaman Dang curiously.

Shaman Dang questioned, “What do you want to ask?”

The Guard Captain asked, “Sir, is there anything special about that man?”

He had obviously heard the conversation just now, so he did not understand why Sir Shaman King stopped Yang Kai intentionally to talk to him.

Shaman Dang pondered for a moment before replying, “Special! Of course he is very special! That’s a Shaman Grandmaster who is favoured by the Barbarian God.”

The Guard Captain frowned, “Isn’t anyone who can become a Shaman is favoured by the Barbarian God?”

Shaman Dang smiled lightly, "He is different. Before the winter last year, he was just an ordinary person, or even worse than an ordinary person."

"What?" The Guard Captain was dumbfounded, "Sir, are you sure?"

A man, who was still an ordinary person last winter, managed to become a Shaman Grandmaster? How was that possible?

Shaman Dang replied, "When I was still a Shaman Grandmaster, I once guided a young man named Shaman Li in cultivation for a while, and that Shaman Li... was the previous Village Chief of Blue South Village."

Chapter 2840, Young Men Are Unreliable

Shaman Li, the old Village Chief, had taken good care of Yang Kai and witnessed his astonishing rise, so he knew that a small place like Blue South Village could not provide a nurturing environment for the latter, a Shaman who had a promising future.

Therefore, he wrote a letter last winter and delivered it to King City by eagle, asking King City for permission to allow Yang Kai to continue his cultivation there.

At that time, the letter was written to Shaman Dang; after all, the two had a Master-Disciple relationship. Although they had not been in touch for a long time, the old Village Chief believed that Shaman Dang would not refuse, given the aptitude and talent of Ah Niu.

If the Bone Devouring Clan did not invade their village, Yang Kai would have gone to King City after winter under the arrangement of the Village Chief. Unfortunately, the Village Chief died due to the Bone Devouring Clan's attack, and he did not even have the time to pass down his last will.

In fact, Shaman Dang was also very interested in the man mentioned in the letter by Village Chief Li, but the invasion of the Demon Race had caused him a lot of worries and he had no time to deal with this matter until he saw Yang Kai in the hall. He vaguely felt that he was somewhat similar to the man described by Shaman Li in the letter, which prompted him to ask about Yang Kai purposely. Without any surprise, the weak looking Shaman was indeed Shaman Niu from Blue South Village.

What's more, he was already a Shaman Grandmaster!

Shaman Li mentioned in the letter that Shaman Niu was just a Low-Rank Shaman Warrior before winter; however, the latter actually managed to become a Shaman Grandmaster after one season.

Was this a miracle from the Barbarian Gods? At this crucial moment, with the invasion of the Demon Race, did the Barbarian Gods deem to grant their blessings to the Barbarian Race in this way?

Suddenly, Wu Dang recalled a saying he had once heard before.

[With the fall of every catastrophe, a saviour will rise.]

.....

King City was packed with people, everyone jostling each other in the crowd. It was no worse than any modern city Yang Kai had been to before.

He did not rush back to gather his people like the other Shaman Grandmasters though and instead wandered around King City alone.

Not long after, he went directly into a shop and negotiated something with the shop owner. After a long time, he walked out proudly, followed by the shop owner behind him with a gleeful smile on his face, addressing Yang Kai with a notably polite attitude, as if he had gained some great benefits.

Without stopping, Yang Kai went into another store, and a while later, the owner of that store also sent Yang Kai off respectfully with the same attitude.

After repeating the process for almost half a day, Yang Kai had gone in and out of dozens of shops, repeating this every time.

It was not until half a day later that Yang Kai did some calculations in his mind, and after nodding lightly, flew out of the city.

After a while, he flew back to the place where he had originally been stationed where he found Tia standing there silently. When she noticed him coming, she just looked up and nodded gently.

Several Shaman Apprentices who were under him greeted him and looked anxiously at Yang Kai.

One of the older Shaman Apprentices asked, "Sir, where have you been? Why have you only now returned?"

"I went to take care of something, why? What's the matter?"

The old Shaman Apprentice answered, "It seems that other Sirs are recruiting people. I heard that Sir Shaman King gave all Shaman Grandmasters an order to gather two to three thousand subordinates. Sir, you are back late and most of those strong warriors have already been recruited by others."

"En, Sir Shaman King did pass down such an order," Yang nodded.

The several Shaman Apprentices immediately became anxious when they heard this, with the old Shaman Apprentice continuing, "Then what are you waiting for, Sir? Since you're back now, you should quickly start recruiting. I think there are still some strong warriors left in other villages who seem to be having a dilemma over which Shaman Grandmaster to join. Sir, you might as well invite them too. We may stand a chance to persuade them to join us."

"Yes, Sir, it should be done as soon as possible. If we continue to delay, only the weak warriors will be left."

The other Shaman Apprentices began to persuade Yang Kai one after another.

They merged with Blue South Village that was led by Yang Kai while making their way here and did not intend to take refuge under the other Shaman Grandmasters now, but they were still worried that their leader was too calm and did not seem to be doing anything.

Everyone understood the current situation. Only with more strong warriors could they gain certain advantages in the future war. In the past half a day, the hundred Shaman Grandmasters had been wandering around, constantly drawing the Barbarian Warriors from various villages to their sides, but nothing was done on their own side, which was very strange.

They could not help feeling that they have fallen into a crisis under this tense atmosphere.

“Don’t worry, don’t worry!” Yang Kai waved his hand with a steady face, which really made the several Shaman Apprentices speechless as their blood boiled for a moment.

Then, they turned around and looked at the other groups. Those Shaman Grandmasters spared no effort in showing off their capabilities to win others over. Some of them even directly performed their powerful Shamanic Spells to attract people’s attention. Seeing the strong warriors approaching those Shaman Grandmasters one by one, they felt like their vitality was slipping away from their fingers.

However, since Yang Kai, who was their Shaman Grandmaster leader, was in no hurry, then it was useless for them to be anxious; after all, they were just a few Shaman Apprentices who could not play an important role in such an occasion, especially when they were not familiar with Yang Kai.

[It is indeed true that young men are unreliable.] The several older Shaman Apprentices exchanged looks with the same thought.

Time passed slowly in suffering. The scattered Barbarian Warriors gathered around King City were gradually recruited by the teams led by the Shaman Grandmasters one after another and the news of the invasion of the Demon Race gradually spread among the crowd. All the Ancient Barbarians began to unite as one, and some took the initiative to take refuge under those powerful Shaman Grandmasters without even having to be drawn in.

No one was interested in Yang Kai though, who looked so young and weak, while Yang Kai himself did not seem to have any intention to win over anyone either. After returning from King City, he just sat cross-legged side by side with Tiew and cultivated, as if all the bustle around him had nothing to do with him.

This made the several Shaman Apprentices under him feel more and more helpless.

When evening fell, however, a voice as striking as thunder suddenly boomed, “Where is Sir Shaman Niu of Blue South Village?”

With just a sentence, the noisy open field suddenly quieted down, and everyone darted their eyes over to him. They wondered who was the one looking for Shaman Niu of Blue South Village. Everyone had by now heard about Blue South Village, as it was just a tiny village, so how powerful would a Shaman be when he was born and raised in such a place?

How dare a Shaman from a small village be titled as Sir in this place where so many Shaman Grandmasters were assembled?

However, when the people saw the things carried by the owner of that voice, their eyes lit up and their breathing became rapid.

The man was carrying a lot of Shaman Artifacts made of refined steel, which shimmered in dazzling light in the afterglow of the sunset.

Those were the real weapons! By the looks of the sharp blades and heavy hilts of these weapons, if one was hit by them, he would be split in half easily. Countless Barbarian Warriors instantly felt shameful looking down at their own stone spears and axes.

Among the Barbarian Race, only the truly powerful warriors were qualified to wield such weapons, because these weapons were not widely available to ordinary people. They must exchange something of considerable value for these weapons, but what valuable things could the Barbarian Warriors from small outlying villages have?

In the whole Southern Barbarian Clan, only in King City could such weapons be crafted, no other village had such ability.

Therefore, they just looked like a group of country bumpkins with their stone spears and axes when this man carrying so many metal weapons walked in on them.

It was not over yet though as behind this man were a group of fully armed men, each of them carrying weapons on their backs and in their arms, shaking the ground with each step they took.

“I’m here!” Yang Kai flew into the air and waved to the side, “Over here!”

The Barbarian leader looked up and grinned when he saw Yang Kai, showing a mouthful of snow-white teeth. Then, he hurried the people behind him to speed up to Yang Kai.

“Eh... What’s happening with this guy!?” Not far away, a Shaman Grandmaster whose body was as strong as a steel tower, darted his eyes at Yang Kai, flabbergasted.

[He is Shaman Niu!?!]

The abnormal situation here certainly attracted the attention of many people, and even many of the Shaman Grandmasters flew into the air and looked down to see what was going on with Blue South Village.

“Sir Shaman Niu, all the things you ordered are here. Please check them.” The Barbarian leader unloaded all the weapons on his back and threw them on the ground while speaking.

The weapons all had different shapes, but each one was solid and heavy, none of them weighing less than a hundred kilogram. This man actually walked like the wind despite carrying more than a dozen such weapons, and a cloud of dust was kicked up when he threw the weapons on the ground as he let out a groan.

“En. Just leave them here. Many thanks for your effort, everyone.” Yang Kai nodded lightly.

Hong hong hong...

One load of weapons after another was dropped while the Barbarian Warriors passed by one by one. Soon, a mountain of weapons was piled up in this place.

Jaws dropped as Ah Hu and the others stared dumbstruck at this sight.

Those Shaman Grandmasters who were watching were also dumbstruck.

The surrounding Barbarians gulped loudly as everyone's eyes fixed on the mountain of weapons with overwhelming shock and desire. Weapons that were exceptionally valuable and could not be obtained by ordinary Barbarian Warriors in the past were all piled up in front of them now.

It was like a dream!

Even those Shaman Grandmasters present had never seen so many weapons gathered in one place. Any of the weapons here was a precious treasure, but things were far from over as more and more people continued coming to drop off more weapons.

[Why? Why did the shop owners in King City take weapons and bring them here? What is their relationship with Shaman Niu?]

[Why are so many gathered here?]

[Did they gift these weapons to Shaman Niu? Impossible, but what else can explain this scene?] Many of the Shaman Grandmasters knew these shop owners, and some had even dealt with them before. Therefore, they knew of their personalities.