

Nine-Dragon 51

Chapter 51: The Pinnacle Battle

"Tempest!" Su Yu shouted; a medium level cultivation technique at Stage Three Upper Class!

Rustle—

As Su Yu raised his leg, ice and snow started to form and a cold wind started to surround the whole arena!

A second ago, the arena was as warm and calm as spring fields about to bloom.

However, a second later, the arena became an icy cold wasteland filled with snow!

An extremely cold snowstorm surrounded Su Yu's leg.

Su Yu's raised leg had chaotic swirls of icy wind continuously blasting out and around it; his leg looked like an ice dragon, roaring and blowing snow across the winter world.

As the power from Su Yu's leg roared, it collided explosively with the millions of horses that were galloping and carrying soldiers!

Strike, slap, rub—

Zhan Li's and Su Yu's attacks collided!

Zhan Li's savage eyes were full of astonishment!

Rub, rub, rub—

Zhan Li's mountain-like leg was covered by thick ice and frost.

Zhan Li felt the cold sensation of the ice and frost pierce his flesh, sinking down into his bones as it spread throughout his whole body—including his arteries and veins!

Thump—

Zhan Li's legs were frozen stiff, which caused him to lose his agility. As he retreated, he lost his balance and fell on his butt.

Su Yu stood in his original position calmly and innocently; his hair fluttered around his head and across his purple shirt, dancing in the wind.

He had a willful posture, full of elegance and intellectual brilliance; it portrayed an extremely strong and war-like shadow that glimmered in the hearts of the audience.

The match's outcome was clear!

Zhan Li was astonished; he could feel the pressure grow immensely.

It was clear that Su Yu had the skills necessary in order to achieve victory!

Su Yu shot a glance at him indifferently; "The Second Prince is a failure. The genius he recommended is also a failure. What a disappointment."

Zhan Li's heart was filled with humiliation. He could not, however, disagree with Su Yu—as he was indeed incomparable to Su Yu.

After his speech, Su Yu retired from the arena stoically; "I will retire as well. These duels are meaningless."

Su Yu did not feel any sense of achievement from beating Zhan Li—Zhan Li's abilities were incomparable to the Third Prince's bodyguard, Lin Xiao.

At the grandstand, the audience gasped.

Dong Lin was a frightening martial artist who was at Level Six, and it was expected that he would be completely victorious against Zhang Ling.

Su Yu, however—who was at Level Five Lower Tier—had actually managed to defeat Zhan Li—who was at Level Five Peak—with one move!

Comparing only the levels of their skills, Zhan Li was actually stronger than Zhang Ling!

"After witnessing this event for myself today, it seems like the rumors about the Duke of Xianyu's son-in-law being a caliber of a demon student are real!"

"Humph! Just that rumor? Do you know about the martial arts training institute? It is said that, as the Silver King, he suppressed two generations of Gold Kings at the same time. As for the demon students in the training institute, he defeated them with one move! It is also rumored that he had managed to comprehend the frightening Holy Decree!"

...

In no time, rumors about Su Yu spread among the audience.

Regarding the incident that occurred at Xianyu prefecture, the citizens of the empire were more concerned about the Duke of Xianyu himself—as he was the strongest Duke of the current generation!

As for the Duke of Xianyu's son-in-law, not many people had inquired about him; as a result, there were few rumors regarding the Duke of Xianyu's son-in-law.

As such, Su Yu's display of his abilities had awed the audience.

Without question, he was the strongest representative of the Royal Family after Du Yuntian and Dong Lin!

The First Prince's pupils shrunk to needle-points.

At the Duke of Xianyu's palace, the First Prince had confronted Su Yu head-on.

Su Yu had resisted with all his might, but he almost died at the hands of the First Prince. One could say that Su Yu was defeated after one attack from the First Prince!

However, in just a short time, Su Yu had actually managed to easily defeat someone of the same caliber as the First Prince?

His potential was frightening!

A thread of indescribable fear filled the First Prince's brain.

At that moment, the First Prince regretted that he had laid his hands on the Duke of Xianyu—what a huge mistake!

The First Prince withdrew his remorse. As he glared at Su Yu, his head was full of murderous intent; Su Yu could not be allowed to live!

After the Holy Meet, he would convict Su Yu for his rebellion against the state—as he had killed the Second Prince—and would cause the whole empire to go after Su Yu. The First Prince could not allow him to continue living for another second!

The Third Prince secretly admired Su Yu, as he was impressive. When confronted by the Second Prince's lackey, even though he was full of hatred, Su Yu had restrained himself and did not display his true abilities.

Du Yuntian gazed at Su Yu coldly as he commented:

"Zhan Li's leg technique is smooth, he managed to become one with his leg technique. The sound of his footsteps intimidated his opponent's spirit, and that intimidation was used cleverly. He had plenty of experience in combat and, in all, he deserved to be praised. Not bad.

"As for Su Yu, his cultivation base is quite weak and his foundation in martial arts is poor. His defeat of Zhan Li is owed to the power of his cultivation technique, as well as the power and complexity of Tempest. His win against Zhan Li was also largely due to his luck, diligence, strong willpower and his ability to guard against arrogance."

One of the spectators remained calm and collected. As Du Yuntian was the strongest martial artist among the representatives of the Royal Family, he had the right to comment.

However, his comment towards Su Yu was biased.

It was normal for a martial artist to fight against another martial artist that was a tier higher than him. It was rare, however, for a martial artist to fight against another martial artist that was two tiers higher than him. As such, Du Yuntian could not stand Su Yu.

When the audience thought about Du Yuntian and Su Yu's positions, they felt relieved.

Su Yu shrugged his shoulders and remained composed.

Du Yuntian was extremely arrogant, but Su Yu was too lazy to argue with him.

Moreover, Du Yuntian's comment was not completely illogical. Su Yu's abilities had increased greatly and, as a result, his foundation was unsteady—he needed to train more.

As for Su Yu's victory being attributed to luck, Su Yu declined to comment.

Su Yu had only displayed part of his powers. If he unleashed his full powers, he could kill Zhan Li in an instant.

Dong Lin looked at Su Yu indifferently and said sternly; "You barely passed."

Su Yu laughed vacantly. He refused to listen to Dong Lin—he had no intention of being his friend.

"Humph!" All along, it was Dong Lin who disregarded the others. However, when he was disregarded by Su Yu, he hummed coldly and stopped looking at Su Yu; "You better stay away from me during the Holy Meet!"

Though Su Yu heard Dong Lin's threat, he was too lazy to deal with him.

The Third Prince could not do anything. Dong Lin treated people according to the level of their skills. Dong Lin always altered the levels of exerted skill to match those of his opponent—whether that meant toning down his power against weaker foes, or amping himself up for stronger opponents. However, he was very obstinate—it would be difficult to change that personality of his.

As time progressed, duels carried on in the arena. The other twelve representatives had friendly duels and learned from one another.

Dong Lin and Su Yu's matches, however, were at the very start of the Dragon's Meeting. The matches after that were dull and boring in comparison.

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A gleam of light pierced through the azure sky.

The sunrise's beauty was unmatched.

The sunlight dispersed the darkness, spreading its warmth across the world into the hearts of the people, causing their blood to boil with excitement!

It was time for the Holy Meet!

Creak—

After one year, the Holy Arena—which had been covered with dust—was formally opened!

The excited audience waiting outside entered the arena one after another.

The grandstand—which could hold ten-thousand people—was fully filled within an hour.

Outside the arena, unsatisfied people were held up—they hoped that there would be a vacant, precious seat available for them.

Rustle—

A huge number of imperial guards from the imperial capital came and dispersed the crowd, opening up a path that led to the arena.

Groups and groups of people shuffled back and forth on the path.

A huge portion of the group were young men and women full of pride alongside their frightening abilities.

They were the students from the martial arts training institute of the thirteen prefectures!

Every martial arts training institute from the thirteen prefectures had sent ten of their strongest students to participate in the Holy Meet and compete for the Holy Crown!

In Fenglin empire—how vast was its district? How vast was its territory?

How many proud demon students were there?

Finally, all the demon students were gathered, starting the empire's pinnacle battle!

The thirteen martial arts training institute's chosen students entered the arena one after another.

At the battle preparation area, there were seats prepared for them, next to the Royal Family's seats.

Coincidentally, Xianyu prefecture's martial arts training institute was the closest to the royal family's seats!

After Xia Jingyu entered the arena, her beautiful eyes started to look around anxiously for a familiar silhouette.

In a split second, she saw a young man in a purple shirt.

His purple shirt flashed across her sight, gliding through the air under a cloud of floating black hair.

He was handsome, like an attractive celestial being. He was refined, elegant, and full of spirit.

Her restless heart became peaceful in an instant. If the purple-shirted young man was safe and sound, her heart was satisfied.

"He successfully earned the trust of the Third Prince." Seeing that Su Yu was standing by the Third Prince's side peacefully, Xia Jingyu's heart was peaceful as well.

As though he felt someone looking at him, Su Yu raised his eyes and looked towards Xia Jingyu. He felt indebted but conflicted.

Su Yu shifted one foot forward and turned into the shadow of clouds as he floated to Xia Jingyu's side, as elegant as duckweed on the river surface.

He wanted to say something, but he did not know what.

Xia Jingyu blushed lightly and she hung her head low. Her face then turned completely red and she did not know what to say either.

After all, there was an embarrassing experience and an unfulfilled promise between both of them.

A boy and a girl; one handsome and refined, the other an incomparable beauty. When both of them stood side by side, they seemed like figures pulled from a painting.

"Who is that lady from Xianyu prefecture? She is as beautiful as a celestial beauty. If you look at her once, you would find it hard to forget her."

"Also, who is that guy in the purple shirt? He has an extraordinary presence, he seems almost nonhuman. I wish to know him."

The hearts of the male demon students in the martial arts training institute of Xianyu prefecture were overcome by jealousy.

Xia Jingyu was exceptionally elegant and brilliant. She was also as beautiful as a goddess.

She actually sacrificed her own innocence, however, without hesitation in order to save Su Yu. Moreover, they heard that Housemaster Xia intended to marry his daughter off to Su Yu, making Su Yu his son-in-law.

Those rumors had greatly increased the hatred that the male demon students had for Su Yu.

"Su Yu, you are a representative from the Royal Family. What are you doing here at Xianyu prefecture's martial arts training institute? Why don't you excuse yourself?" Fang Qingzhou had a gloomy expression.

Fang Qingzhou's father was an inspector at Xianyu prefecture's martial arts training institute and, naturally, he would be at the Holy Meet.

Although Fang Qingzhou did not have the rights to participate in the Holy Meet, he was brought to the Holy Meet by his father to watch the battles. His father hoped that watching the battles would be beneficial for his training.

A few days ago, the Fang family's father and son had joined up with Xia Linxuan and his group of people.

At the moment, Fang Qingzhou heard the rumor that Xia Linxuan wanted to marry his daughter, Xia Jingyu, to Su Yu!

To Fang Qingzhou, that rumor was incredibly unexpected; as he pressed for more information, he found out that Xia Jingyu, who refused to be corrupted by evil influences, had actually shared a bed with Su Yu in order to protect him!!

Fang Qingzhou could not believe the news; the woman he wanted to marry had actually slept with another man!

However, the current Su Yu was much different than his former self. The current Su Yu's ability was way higher than Fang Qingzhou's, and Su Yu was also a Holy Seal holder. Even though Fang Qingzhou was furious, he did not dare to be as arrogant as he once was.

For now, he berated Su Yu softly. In reality, Fang Qingzhou was just putting on a strong facade—he was actually afraid on the inside. Moreover, his heart also felt small and humbled.

It was said that the Level Four Peak Second Prince was killed by Su Yu ruthlessly. From the empirical perspective, who would dare be as gutsy as Su Yu?

Fang Qingzhou was a bit afraid that he would arouse Su Yu's murderous intentions and get himself killed.

Hearing Fang Qingzhou's words, Su Yu looked towards his direction. A flash of coldness passed through Su Yu's deep eyes, and he said coldly; "Why? You have something you'd wish to say?"

Having felt Su Yu's murderous intent, Fang Qingzhou felt a chill down his spine. He drew back his neck and could not muster the courage to offer a retort.

Since his father was not with him, he did not dare be reckless.

Fang Qingzhou's nonverbal yield to Su Yu had caused a few of the demon students to stir.

"You are a coward who bullies the weak and fears the strong! You are known for being arrogant in the martial arts training institute. You would even berate us, the demon students. In front of Su Yu, however, you are a dog— all bark, no bite!"

Xia Jingyu despised Fang Qingzhou to a great degree—she detested people like him.

Xia Linxuan understood the situation quickly; dissatisfaction still remained in his eyes as before and he reminded Su Yu of the current tension; "Su Yu, you were once a student of Xianyu prefecture's martial arts training institute. It is inadvisable for you to stay here for a long time as it might arouse suspicions of collaboration."

Su Yu looked back at the Royal Family. After he went to the martial arts training institute, many members of the Royal Family had been secretly watching him. They were taking precautions against Su Yu, as they did not trust him.

As he nodded his head, Su Yu looked at Xia Jingyu. After a moment of hesitation, he said; "Jingyu, I will give you an explanation."

Xia Jingyu's heart started to beat violently, her face boiling hot red. With a dainty voice like the wings of a hummingbird, she said; "Yes..."

Rustle—

Su Yu turned his body and leaped back to the Royal Family.

Hearing Xia Jingyu's name coming out from Su Yu's mouth, Zheng Yilin, who was not too far away, frowned unhappily.

Shao Li frowned coldly; "Humph! How arrogant! Even though he left the training institute, he's still concerned about Senior Xia and he actually called her 'Jingyu.' Does he really consider himself Housemaster Xia's son-in-law?"

Jingyu was actually what Xia Jingyu wanted Su Yu to address her as.

As Su Yu was no longer a student of the training institute, he was also no longer her Junior Brother. Hence, it was no longer appropriate for him to call her Senior.

Moreover, both of them were very close to one another, and it was not strange for them to call each other by their individual names.

"He does not know his position! Even though he is going to be killed soon, he is still such a nuisance!" Zheng Yilin's eyes turned gloomy and the audience knew Su Yu's situation.

Even though Su Yu entered the imperial capital alive, there was a chance he would not be able to leave in one piece.

When Zheng Yilin turned and looked at Xia Jingyu, a thread of admiration flashed through the deepest part of his eyes.

Chapter 52: The Holy Meet

After a moment's thought, Zheng Yilin walked over to Xia Jingyu with a pleasant, warm smile. "Jingyu, have you thought about what we discussed earlier?"

Xia Jingyu raised her eyes, her blush faded. She regarded Zheng Yilin coolly, unfazed by the fame and power he possessed; "Thank you, Senior Zheng, for your kindness... But, please call me Junior Sister or Miss Xia—I don't want anyone to think we're closer than we truly are."

One month ago, Zheng Yilin had hinted to Xia Jingyu that he could demonstrate his Holy Decree for her to watch and learn.

His condition regarding the demonstration, however, was that they deepen their bond together.

The real meaning behind his words was less innocent; Xia Jingyu had to agree to become his girlfriend or fiancée before he would demonstrate his Holy Decree to her.

In theory, the offer wasn't unfair—the Holy Decree was magnificent. Among ten thousand geniuses, only one or two unique geniuses would ever comprehend the Holy Decree.

In the vast and boundless Fenglin empire, talented people other than the monarch would appear, from time to time; but how many Holy Decree comprehenders would appear?

The Holy Decree was precious—even very close blood-relatives may not pass it on to one another.

Since Zheng Yilin's sacrifice was huge, he expected some form of retribution—as was normal in such transactions.

It was a pity, however, that Xia Jingyu had initially rejected him—however tactfully.

Now she rejected him again—firmly.

Both his offer and his attempt to use 'Jingyu' rather than her full name—she had rejected it all, coldly and firmly. Xia Jingyu had squashed any potential for any sort of relationship.

Xia Jingyu breathed out, slowly; were all men the same? In her heart, she felt irritated. Beauty was, indeed, a blessing as much as a curse; she could suffer no friendships with men without fielding unwanted advances and inordinate ambitions.

An example was Zheng Yilin. He had always seemed true and innocent in his friendship—truly, he had hidden his intentions well within his mind and soul, hidden for two long years from Xia Jingyu.

He had initially used his identity as a Senior to become friends with Xia Jingyu—it wasn't apparent to her that he had any ulterior motives; Xia Jingyu thought that she finally had a male friend that she could open her heart to.

However, when he managed to comprehend the Holy Decree a few months ago, he became high-spirited and daring. He felt he had a chance to become the Holy King—he got cocky and condescending. Moreover, he also felt that Housemaster Xia regarded him with respect.

He became someone who no longer preserved his clean and honest friendship with Xia Jingyu carefully. Instead, over-confident and entitled, he revealed his true desires.

It started as subtle hints. Then, his behavior became increasingly erratic until, finally, the whole affair peaked with his presumptuous request proposed to Xia Jingyu a mere month ago.

After that, they had drifted farther apart each day.

Zheng Yilin was an "igniter." As he gained more confidence, he revealed the dark side that was hidden within him, including the greedy eyes he had cast on Xia Jingyu.

As she walked away gracefully, Xia Jingyu sighed in her heart; there wasn't a single decent man in the world...

As she lamented, a purple-shirted silhouette appeared in her mind.

Like Zheng Yilin, Su Yu had managed to comprehend the Holy Decree. However, Su Yu had not asked for anything in return when he passed his Holy Decree on to Xia Jingyu. Not only that, he passed on all his Holy Decree to her—he didn't leave anything behind.

From the start, Su Yu had looked at Xia Jingyu with crystal clear eyes—free of dirty thoughts. His eyes only contained gratitude, uncorrupted by presumptuous thoughts.

All because of a bow she had bestowed upon him—all that innocent gratitude sprung from that single moment.

As she thought of that, Xia Jingyu could no longer hold her laughter in; she laughed for a bit. Her laughing face was like a flower—free and natural, holy and pure, and extremely beautiful.

Actually, there was a decent man. Wasn't he right by her side?

Her heart started to feel at ease and she looked towards the silhouette of Su Yu. She suddenly realized how agreeable she felt towards the notion of marrying Su Yu.

When Su Yu was by her side, she would feel enriched and at ease.

Zheng Yilin glared at Su Yu coldly; "Humph! What is so great about someone who has just managed to comprehend the Holy Decree? Comparing our levels of the Holy Decree, he would not last beyond one attack of mine!"

Rumble, rumble—

There was a commotion at the arena's entrance.

As the audience stretched their heads to look at the entrance, thirteen middle-aged men with frightening abilities entered the arena successively.

Many demon students made noises of admiration as they recognized the inspector, who had jurisdiction over their own training institute!

Su Yu noticed Fang Yun, who was among these men!

It was Fang Yun who had bent the rules and caused Su Yu to be expelled.

Hatred still boiled in Su Yu's heart for Fang Yun.

As for the other twelve men, without question, they were also inspectors from the Sanctuary!

The appearance of the thirteen men from the Sanctuary had caused the audience to be extremely excited.

It was said that every person from the Sanctuary was a legendary mythological figure, and it was rare to see even one of them—as they would disappear in the next instant. However, thirteen of them had appeared in the flesh!

Moreover, after the thirteen mythological figures entered the arena, all of them stood at both sides of the entrance in respect of someone yet to enter.

They bowed their noble heads in respect and dared not breathe too heavily.

It seemed like they were welcoming someone supreme and frightening!

The arena—full of ten thousand people—gradually became silent.

The strange actions of the thirteen mythological figures filled the audience with fear.

Thud—

Amidst the strange silence, the sound of light footsteps could be heard—it was as if feet stepped across the hearts of all in the arena.

The sound of the footsteps was sometimes loud, sometimes soft; it was hard for the audience to find out how far away the supreme person was from the arena.

Su Yu's heart shook. What kind of powerful martial artist was able to create that kind of illusion?

Thud—

The loud and soft sound of the footsteps finally stopped.

At the entrance of the arena, there was an old man wearing clothing composed of flowers.

The old man was eighty years old. He had white hair and gray sunken cheeks as if he was near death.

Although his eyes were old, they were so bright they astonished the audience.

Su Yu merely looked at him for a moment and, as a result, he felt a stab of pain in his eyes which caused him to look elsewhere immediately.

As for the audience, they experienced the same thing as Su Yu—they were unable to look at the old man directly!

Su Yu's heart shook—he was shocked. Could it be that this man was the Holy King?

"Welcome, Minister!" The thirteen respected inspectors knelt down on the floor onto one knee and welcomed the Minister in unison respectfully.

Their voices were so resonant that it pierced the Heavens.

Their voices were so respectful that it went straight to the Heavens, extremely far away.

That old man was one of the Nine Great Ministers of the Sanctuary.

The Holy King was training wholeheartedly and had no time to manage worldly affairs. As such, all the worldly affairs were managed by the nine Ministers.

A sentence from every Minister had the ability to change the imperial court's cabinet. When they stomped their foot, Fenglin empire would tremble in fear three times over.

Even if the monarch was incapacitated with a serious illness—bedridden and in a coma—if he somehow knew that the Minister was coming, he would still need to be there to welcome him on one knee.

Rustle, rustle, rustle—

After hearing what was said, many martial artists quivered in fear. They also knelt down and welcomed the Minister.

Within Fenglin empire, in the martial artists' hearts, the Sanctuary was the Holy Land of the god of the martial artists.

The nine Ministers—whose positions were greatly respected—carried out an existence so incredible that even the high martial arts masters bowed to them!

Amidst the ten thousand people who were kneeling to welcome him, the Minister entered the arena. He was the leader of the Nine Great Ministers—the Fiery Minister!

The Fiery Minister's face was expressionless. He walked towards the distinguished guest's platform and sat down on the seat of honor.

The thirteen inspectors were in awe of the Minister. All of them straightened their clothes and sat up properly—they dared not act recklessly.

The Fiery Minister lightly opened his mouth; "We can begin now."

His voice was resonant and clear as a bell—the audience was left in awe.

Su Yu's body shivered vigorously, and his soul quivered.

Level Eight!

Su Yu's pupils shrunk to needle-points.

Su Yu had felt the presence of a Level Eight before. During the battle at the Duke of Xianyu's palace, when the First Prince broke his amulet, a flaming shadow of a Level Eight appeared and its presence was comparable to that of the Minister.

The abilities of the Fiery Minister were definitely at the frightening Level Eight!

He was a frightening martial artist, only two steps away from being comparable to the Holy King!

Su Yu's heart was shaking—it would not calm, even as time passed. The power of a Level Eight left even him unsettled!

Rustle—

The referee leaped into the arena; "The Holy Meet will officially begin now! All the participants will receive a Holy Order!" He declared.

With the sixteen dragons from the Royal Family and the hundred and thirty demon students from the martial arts training institutes of the thirteen prefectures, there were a total of hundred and forty-six people. They would go up the stage one by one and take a Holy Order randomly.

Su Yu got a Holy Order that was made with an uncommon material and the number nine carved on it.

After the participants came down from the stage, the referee took out a sealed black box.

He put his hands inside the black box and took out ten randomly chosen balls; each ball had numbers on it.

"The people who have these numbers will belong to the first group!"

"Number one, nineteen, twenty-three..."

"The people who have these numbers will belong to the second group!"

"Number four, six, thirteen..."

After half an hour, the hundred and forty-six participants in the arena were split into fifteen groups.

For the first fourteen groups, every group had ten people.

Only the last group had six people.

Moreover, Su Yu was assigned to the last group—he only had five opponents!

After the assignment was complete, the referee loudly stated the procedure that would follow; "The first round will be an elimination round! The ultimate victor of every group will have the right to participate in the competition meant to decide who are the ten strongest martial artists."

After his speech, the audience burst into an uproar.

All their eyes landed on the last group.

There were only six people—the chances of any of them achieving first place in their group were higher than the other fourteen groups' chances.

Many demon students were envious of the group that Su Yu was in.

The First Prince sneered: "His luck is quite good. He's in the group with the best odds of coming out on top—he may actually make it to the final competition between the top ten!"

The Third Prince could not help but laugh—Su Yu was very lucky.

If Su Yu were in other groups with either Dong Lin or Du Yuntian, he would be surely eliminated. With his current placement, however, he had a chance at the top ten.

Zheng Yilin paid close attention to Su Yu and frowned; "You are lucky! You had better not come across me!"

Apart from the fact that his group was the smallest, there was another reason why Su Yu was so lucky.

Among the five group members, the martial artist with the strongest cultivation base was at Level Five Upper Tier—the weakest, a Level Four Peak!

With Su Yu's abilities, he had managed to kill the Level Five Upper Tier at Xianyu prefecture—there was nothing to worry about. He would surely succeed in attaining first place within his group.

The elimination round had officially begun.

At the distinguished guest's platform, the Fiery Minister and the thirteen inspectors' expressions were dull and undisturbed.

Even though the participants at the arena were the most outstanding ten great demon students from every prefecture of the empire, their fights did not manage to interest the Minister and the thirteen inspectors.

The elimination round between the fifteen groups begun at the same time.

In accordance with the rules, each group member had to fight every other group member at least once. As such, the elimination round lasted an inordinate amount of time.

One whole day passed.

"The elimination round for the fifteenth group has ended. The victor is participant number nine, Su Yu!" The referee declared abruptly.

The first king of the group had emerged!

The audience beneath the stage could not help but raise an uproar.

"What a lucky kid. The elimination rounds in the other groups are only half complete, and yet he successfully earned the right to participate in the next competition."

"He was even luckier than you think—his group members' abilities were common and not impressive. Apart from the Level Five Upper Tier, the rest of them were too weak. Even I would have been able to fight into the top fifteen."

"You should not underestimate him. Did you see his fight with the Level Five Upper Tier group member? He defeated him with one attack! That means he has the ability to fight someone of a higher tier than Level Five Upper Tier."

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The First Prince sneered; "Even though he was lucky enough to get into the top fifteen, he is still a bottom feeder, and will only be disgraced in the end."

The Third Prince laughed but did not comment; instead, he focused his attention on Dong Lin.

With the emergence of the first king of their group, it was difficult for the distinguished guests to not look at him.

The first king of the group was someone of Level Five Lower Tier; all of them shook their heads secretly.

The Fiery Minister looked somewhere else indifferently.

Only Fang Yun was stunned.

On that day at the martial arts training institute, he had personally expelled Su Yu from of the training institute. He did not expect Su Yu's luck to be so amazing that he would manage to fight his way into the top fifteen!

Su Yu returned to the battle preparation area and observed the remaining fourteen groups' duels.

In particular, Du Yuntian, Zheng Yilin, and Dong Lin's performances were the most eye-catching!

The three of them were strong martial artists who were at Level Six.

In particular, Du Yuntian was a strong martial artist who was at Level Six Upper Tier!

Lin Xiao secretly slipped the Third Prince a scrap of paper without any preamble.

When the Third Prince looked at the paper, his whole body trembled in fear; his face paled!

His eyes were filled with anxiety. As he looked at Dong Lin— still in the arena—his expression started to change.

Su Yu noticed the Third Prince's strange expression from the corner of his eye and was surprised. It was the first time he saw the Third Prince, who was usually so calm and composed, lose his composure.

"Third Prince, what's happened?" Su Yu walked to the Third Prince. As Su Yu approached the Third Prince, he realized the Third Prince's hands were shaking; the Third Prince's heart must have been extremely troubled.

The Third Prince had a poor expression as he handed the scrap of paper over to Su Yu; "Look at this. This is the information regarding Du Yuntian that I had Lin Xiao investigate."

Chapter 53: Three Mythological Moves

The fact that a frighteningly strong martial artist such as Du Yuntian worked for the First Prince was enough to spur the Third Prince into finding someone to investigate the situation.

Although the Third Prince was hiding his capabilities and biding his time, it did not mean his hands were entirely tied. Half a day's effort was more than enough time for him to find out information regarding Du Yuntian.

Su Yu took the paper and looked it over carefully. As he read, Su Yu's expression turned serious—his lips a thin line.

"Du Yuntian... is actually the younger biological brother of the previous Holy Meet's king!" Su Yu was shocked!

At the previous Holy Meet, the participant who attained the crown was named Du Lin; he was the previous Holy Meet's strongest demon student and he had successfully entered the Sanctuary following his win.

Du Yuntian was actually Du Lin's biological younger brother!

The relation between the two wouldn't be too concerning if that was the end of the matter—Du Lin had no power over deciding the result of the Holy Competition. Their relation, however, implied that Du Yuntian was even more powerful than his brother—who had already won the crown in years past!

It was said that Du Yuntian had fought the strongest demon students from nine of the martial arts training institutes. Among the nine training institutes, all of the strongest demon students were defeated by the third move!

His consistent victories over the other demon students in under three moves earned Du Yuntian the nickname "Du Yuntian of the Three Mythical Moves!"

No one student had yet managed to stay in the fight long enough to see Du Yuntian's fourth move!

His achievements were unprecedented; Du Yuntian was also much stronger than his brother, Du Lin—it was said that Du Yuntian was the strongest martial artist of his generation. He was unsurpassed and could beat any genius!

Three Mythological Moves? Su Yu's chest tightened.

The geniuses in the empire had gathered in immeasurable numbers; if a king of his generation was going to appear, it would most likely be in that very arena.

Su Yu was overwhelmed, his heart wrapped in darkness.

No matter how the Third Prince tried to remain composed, his clear pupils betrayed the conflict within his heart.

He had placed all his hope and his people's hope on Dong Lin.

If Dong Lin won, the Third Prince would obtain the empire.

If Dong Lin lost, the Third Prince would be killed.

The information that he obtained, however, had sent him into a valley of despair.

"Do you know why Du Yuntian is so strong?" The Third Prince was unaware of the way his own voice trembled with fear. His eyes refused to stay focused—instead, they looked towards the Fiery Minister, who was above millions of people.

"Why?" Su Yu asked seriously.

The Third Prince laughed darkly and looked at the Fiery Minister. With indescribable dissatisfaction, he said; "Because... Du Yuntian is the Fiery Minister's disciple!"

In every Holy Meet, the top ten martial artists would become Sanctuary disciples. At the Sanctuary, the nine Ministers would choose some of the ten martial artists who caught their attention to become their disciples. From then on, the martial artists who had been chosen would be under the supervision of their Minister, respectively.

At the previous Holy Meet, Du Lin had used his position as the number one to gain the favor of the Fiery Minister, and he had become the Fiery Minister's disciple.

After some time, the Fiery Minister discovered Du Lin had a biological younger brother, Du Yuntian, who was even more gifted than Du Lin!

The Fiery Minister personally rushed to the Du family home in order to measure Du Yuntian's abilities. He was amazed by Du Yuntian's abilities, so he stayed with the Du family for several months in order to advise Du Yuntian in his training. As a result of the Fiery Minister's mentoring, Du Yuntian's abilities increased greatly.

Unless there was an order from the Holy King, the top ten martial artists would need to go through the Holy Assessment before they could enter the Sanctuary. Du Yuntian, however, may have already become the Fiery Minister's disciple.

The Holy Meet was just a formality for Du Yuntian and the Fiery Minister.

No one could compete with Du Yuntian for the first position. It could be argued that the final result of the Holy Meet had long ago already been decided—in Du Yuntian's favor, no less.

"He... Is he actually the Fiery Minister's disciple? Has he really been under the supervision of the Fiery Minister?" Su Yu breathed heavily—his heart ached under the intense pressure of the notion.

No wonder the Third Prince had lost his composure and seemed hopeless. It was impossible for the Third Prince to win his bet!

As though he realized what was going on between the Third Prince and Su Yu, the First Prince—just a short distance away—sneered, as if he had already won.

Su Yu and the Third Prince were both left in shock.

With his natural skill alone, there was no doubt that Du Yuntian was the current Holy Meet's king—but knowing he had the guidance of the Fiery Minister as well?...

Alternatively, what if a threat showed up at the competition? Would the Fiery Minister step in and ensure Du Yuntian's success?

The bet had seemed fair, initially—but both Su Yu and the Third Prince now understand it had been anything but fair from the start.

When Su Yu decided to participate in the Holy Meet, it had already been guaranteed that he would fail!

Su Yu, however, did not have a choice; other than attaining the Holy Crown, he had no way out of his current predicament.

Su Yu clenched his fists and centered himself.

If he wanted to rescue the Duke of Xianyu and kill the First Prince, there was only one path he could take; Su Yu had to attain the crown!

As he refocused on his goal, Su Yu continued to analyze the scrap of paper. On it, he discovered more information regarding the demon students from the thirteen prefectures.

In particular, Xianyu prefecture's Zheng Yilin was specifically interesting—he was the only demon student who had managed to comprehend the Holy Decree! Even Du Yuntian was unable to comprehend the Holy Decree.

Among the demon students from the thirteen prefectures, Zheng Yilin's abilities were the hardest to estimate.

Apart from Zheng Yilin, there was Chong Nanfei—also known as the Demon King!

Chong Nanfei was at Level Six Lower Tier and he was the number one demon student from the martial arts training institute in the Jiuchuan prefecture. His level of comprehension was extremely high and his cultivation techniques were extremely powerful!

Chong Nanfei's abilities were frightening. After all, he had managed to suppress all the proud and strong martial artists in the Jiuchuan prefecture!

It was rumored that Chong Nanfei had fought with many demon students from many different prefectures and he had never lost. Even Zheng Yilin—before he had comprehended the Holy Decree—had been defeated by Chong Nanfei.

Apart from Du Yuntian, who Chong Nanfei had not fought before, Chong Nanfei was the obvious Demon King!

The Royal Family had their two dragons; Du Yuntian and Dong Lin.

The martial arts training institutes had their two best demon students; Zheng Yilin and Chong Nanfei.

The four altogether stood as the stars of the Holy Meet—no one could possibly compete with their raw power and skill.

This was a serious matter. Su Yu made the most of his time and started to train.

Under the effects of space-time manipulation, one day's effort was equivalent to thirty day's effort, which was a month's time and would be sufficient for him to further comprehend some of his cultivation techniques.

In particular, he was a step away from making a breakthrough to Stage Three Top Class with Tempest.

While Su Yu made the best of his training, the duels carried on in the arena.

Du Yuntian, Zheng Yilin, and Dong Lin were the most interesting and strongest martial artists within the arena. In particular, a frightening Level Six Lower Tier demon student was nothing special when compared to Du Yuntian, as he was defeated after only three moves by Du Yuntian!

The legend behind Du Yuntian of the Three Mythological Moves was not only a legend; it was actually true.

After one day, all the duels had ended and the fifteen strongest martial artists had emerged.

At that moment, Su Yu opened his eyes, which were filled with disappointment.

Even after comprehending Tempest for what was equivalent to one whole month's time, Su Yu felt he was lacking something. As a result, he was unable to make a breakthrough to the Top Class, and he could not display the full potential of Tempest.

As Su Yu opened his eyes, the referee declared the last segment of the competition.

"The Ten Great Holy Competition will begin now!" The referee declared expressionlessly.

The Ten Great Competition was held to select ten people out of the fifteen survivors from the elimination rounds. In other words, five people would be eliminated by the end of this segment.

Royal Family and martial arts institutes alike; they were all extremely nervous.

The top ten of the Holy Competition would earn the rights to enter the Sanctuary and become Sanctuary disciples. As such, the upcoming battles were very crucial!

The referee was expressionless as he took out two numbers from the sealed black box: "The first match; number ten, Du Yuntian, versus number eighteen, Dong Lin!"

"Du Yuntian of the Three Mythological Moves? One of the Four Great and Proud Martial Artists, Dong Lin?"

Beneath the stage, the audience burst into an uproar! No one had expected both of them to be matched against one another during the Ten Great Competition.

The Third Prince's pupils shrunk. His heart started to beat violently and he felt his blood rush through his veins.

"He...He was matched against Du Yuntian so quickly!" The Third Prince concealed his hearts' anxiety and uneasiness. He was unable, however, to conceal the hope in his eyes.

What if...What if Dong Lin wins?

The First Prince who was beside him laughed derisively; "Third brother, seems like the odds are not in your favor."

The Third Prince presented a composed facade, smiling lightly; "Brother, you are too quick in claiming victory. I have nurtured Dong Lin as I valued his potential, and there were no ulterior motives behind my intentions."

"Really? If that is the case, then all is well." The First Prince was in a good mood, though his heart was full of murderous intention.

The First Prince's third brother was more intelligent and capable than him. If the First Prince had given his third brother a few more days, he might have found an opportunity to turn the tables

against him. The Third Prince was too much of a threat; once the First Prince ascended to the throne, his first task would be to get rid of his brother!

The Third Prince withdrew his fists into his sleeves and clenched them tightly. His heart was full of anxiety and his eyes were fixated on Dong Lin.

You better not let me down; all my hopes rest on you, Dong Lin!

The phrase echoed through the Third Prince's mind again and again as he watched the match with rapt attention, eyes practically glued to the fight.

Rustle, rustle—

Two shadows lept around the arena.

One shadow was Du Yuntian of the Three Mythological Moves. The other, a proud and strong martial artist; Dong Lin.

Both Dong Lin and Du Yuntian were Level Six, and extremely arrogant. They also represented the Royal Family, albeit different members—Dong Lin represented the interests of the Third Prince, and Du Yuntian the interests of the First Prince.

Their match was not only a test of strength between themselves but a contest between the two princes as well.

The normal audience was ignorant of the true high-stakes nature of the match. The politicians in attendance, however, had broken into a cold sweat—this match would decide the future of the cabinet of the imperial court!

If Dong Lin lost, the Third Prince would lose all power and would be doomed to die at the hands of the First Prince.

If Dong Lin won, the Third Prince would turn the tables to his advantage within a day's time!

Du Yuntian carried a Dragon Spring Sword. Even though the sword was sheathed, a thread of the sword's vital energy overflowed from his side. The sword was cool and swift—it was sharp in both its physical and spiritual nature.

Dong Ling started to move in his blue robe. His eyes burned through the heavens with fighting spirit. His eyes were narrowed seriously in a manner he had never done before as he said in a low voice; "Du Yuntian, our fight cannot be avoided!"

During the Royal Family's Dragon's Meeting, Du Yuntian had declined all challenges. When Dong Lin and Du Yuntian were matched against one another during the Holy Meet, however, Du Yuntian had no choice but to fight!

Du Yuntian's apathetic eyes looked at Dong Lin up and down as he sized him up. After a moment, he lightly shook his head; "You are no match for me."

"You're overconfident—let me fix that for you!" Similarly, Dong Lin was also extremely arrogant. How could he stand Du Yuntian's condescending eyes?

"Hibernation Destroying Finger!" Dong Ling roared as he stretched out his index finger. It rose to the sky as if pulled by the sun, as the Earth turned with his movement.

Dong Lin's finger was covered in scarlet swirls, like flames. His finger had a frightening power as if it channeled the energy of a beast awoken from its long hibernation.

The power of a Stage Three Top Class medium level cultivation technique was great!

Du Yuntian's gaze remained apathetic. He took a step forward and swung his Dragon Spring Sword; the attack cracked across the landscape, like a thunderbolt that swept across the sky.

Du Yuntian's attack was extremely fast and frightening. The feeling of the attack imprinted a cold memory on the hearts of the audience, which they would forever, fearfully remember.

Titter—

Bang—

Dong Lin groaned and retreated quickly. His eyes filled with astonishment!

His attack, a medium level cultivation technique at Stage Three Top Class, had been easily dissipated by a swing of Du Yuntian's sword!

The terrifying part was that Du Yuntian had not even unsheathed his sword!

Du Yuntian was calm and composed. He leisurely placed his sword back on his person; "Your abilities were not too bad. You are still not worthy enough for me to draw my sword, though!" He said coldly.

Dong Lin was extremely shocked. "You haven't won yet!" He roared.

Dong Lin's ten fingers were covered with energy. The energy was vital energy which Dong Lin's body emitted.

Only strong martial artists of Level Seven of the Martial Path and above could emit vital energy. A strong martial artist at Level Six, however, could borrow the power of the extremely advanced level cultivation technique in order to just barely emit vital energy from his body. The power created by condensing one's vital energy into an attack was immeasurable.

Red rays of light like the break of dawn covered his fingers—Dong Lin was covered in a mysterious and unpredictable atmosphere.

"Nine Pulses Incredible Sword!" Dong Lin roared!

Swish, swish, swish—

Nine of his ten fingers fired beams of vital energy at Du Yuntian!

The Third Prince was extremely excited. Nine Pulses Incredible Sword was Dong Lin's hidden cultivation technique; it was a top advanced level cultivation technique that the Third Prince had found for Dong Lin, and he had paid a huge price for it.

The First Prince frowned for the first time. "Advanced level cultivation technique!!" He cried, his voice choked.

Chapter 54: A Person of the Demon King's Caliber

In order for a person to comprehend advanced level cultivation technique, he needed to have high levels of skill. The martial arts training institute was a place where geniuses gathered. As such, there were a few demon students who had access to advanced level cultivation techniques; but, even as demon students with access to the required materials, it was very rare for any but a few to fully comprehend the books successfully.

Dong Lin's successful comprehension of an advanced level cultivation technique implied very high levels of skill.

Nine distinct vital energies headed towards Du Yuntian and, for the first time, Du Yuntian's apathetic eyes narrowed into a serious glare.

"A Streaming Cold Sword!" Du Yuntian finally drew his sword!

Clang, clang—

The light from his sword shone in all directions, it was dazzling and glimmering.

His sword was like an icy cold firefly, it pierced the sky!

Titter—

Ah—

His attack was extremely fast—it caused the nine distinct vital energies to dissipate.

The remaining energy around Du Yuntian's sword following his first attack twisted like a thunderbolt and attacked Dong Lin's chest fiercely.

Dong Lin gave a horrible shriek and a long wound appeared on his chest.

His body was sent flying backward, and he fell off from the arena!

Dong Lin had been defeated!

Dong Lin was defeated after two moves by the legendary Du Yuntian of the Three Mythical Moves!

When Dong Lin fell off the arena, Third Prince's heart cracked.

Unable to restrain his feelings any further, the Third Prince's face paled.

His only opportunity to gain an advantage over the First Prince had been completely destroyed!

He had no way out; there were only two paths he could now take.

Resign himself to his fate and wait for the First Prince to find an opportunity to kill him. Or, escape from the empire and live in exile, like a stray dog.

In one moment, all the Third Prince's hopes for the future had been shattered.

Lin Xiao was terrified. His eyes turned slightly red and tears streamed down his cheeks. In his heart, he felt devastated!

Even though the Third Prince was a good prince; why was his luck so terrible? Why had he ended up in his current state?

Lin Xiao knew what future the Third Prince faced, and it broke his heart!

As he wiped away his tears, he knelt down in front of the Third Prince. Perhaps, that was the last time he would be able to pay respect to the Third Prince in his life.

"The horse-drawn carriage has been prepared...Master, please leave the imperial capital!"

The escape route had been prepared a year ago; plans had been made in case Dong Lin failed. A group of selected soldiers would escort the Third Prince; they would carve a bloody path of escape for the Third Prince.

As for Lin Xiao, he would command the Third Prince's secret bodyguards and resist the pursuing troops.

With their weak and tiny force, how would they compete with the imperial capital?

In truth, they could not compare to the force they would eventually face; one day, either tomorrow or long after, Lin Xiao's body would collapse in a pool of blood. His corpse would be laid out on a field, and he would be erased from the world.

But, even if he were to die here, he would hold the sword in his hands tightly and use every last bit of his life to try and fight for the Third Prince—for hope.

The Third Prince had saved his parents who were critically ill and given Lin Xiao the opportunity to achieve something noteworthy—the Third Prince had trusted him, as no one had before.

Alive, Lin Xiao would be the Third Prince's most obedient servant. Dead, he would be the Third Prince's shadow.

To die for the Third Prince was something he would never regret!

The Third Prince looked up to the Heaven and smiled sadly; "The situation is hopeless. Does my crippled life require all of your blood in order to open a path for me?"

"Master, we cannot waste any more time, please leave now!" Lin Xiao's eyes were red as he urged the Third Prince on solemnly.

The First Prince witnessed the scene from a distance away and he laughed coldly within his heart; "Did you really think I would let you escape from the city?"

In order to round up Su Yu, the imperial capital had been sealed off by the First Prince. He had made the imperial capital easy to enter, but difficult to leave!

There were a great number of selected soldiers keeping watch at the city's entrance. Anyone who wanted to leave the city would have to undergo a check by the soldiers. The Third Prince's plan to escape by opening up a bloody path was nonsensical.

At the distinguished guest's platform, the Fiery Minister's stern face had a gratified smile. His mouth, formerly pursed with displeasure, finally opened up for the first time; "Du Yuntian, not bad."

The thirteen inspectors who were with the Fiery Minister knew in their hearts that it had already been decided that Du Yuntian would be the Fiery Minister's disciple, and they smiled obsequiously.

The referee declared the victory of Du Yuntian. After the declaration, he took out another two numbers from the sealed black box.

"The next match; number nine, Su Yu, versus number seventeen, Chong Nanfei!"

After the announcement, the audience boiled with excitement.

The Demon King, Chong Nanfei?

There were a lot of rumors regarding Chong Nanfei—he was the most dazzling genius in the current Holy Meet.

The audience was full of vigor. To be able to observe the match of a strong martial artist like him would be extremely beneficial to their training.

What left the audience in deep thought was the Demon King's opponent, Su Yu!

Su Yu was considered a favorite due to his luck at the Holy Meet. He had been assigned to the six-man group, where all his group members' abilities were common and weak—allowing him to fight into the top fifteen!

"Maybe Su Yu used up all his luck since now he has to face Chong Nanfei, the Demon King."

"Hah—is there anyone who disagrees? What if his opponent was some random Level Five Peak? Wouldn't it be lucky if he were able to fight his way into the top ten and become a Sanctuary disciple straightaway?"

Of course, all that gossip was just fantasy. Even if Su Yu was lucky enough to fight his way into the top ten, he could still fail the assessment. If he failed, he would be declined entry into the Sanctuary. There had been many in the past who had ridden their luck all the way to the Sanctuary doors—however, luck failed them all and, in the end, none achieved entry into the Sanctuary.

When he heard Su Yu's name, the Third Prince's eyes—which stared into space—gradually returned to normal. He smiled sadly; "Let's get Su Yu, we will leave together."

Su Yu had suffered the same poor turn of fate as the Third Prince, and the prince considered him a close friend—therefore, providing Su Yu with a chance to escape would be his final gift to the martial artist.

Lin Xiao became anxious. Their chances were better if they made their escape immediately; things became more difficult with each passing moment.

"Su Yu, you have indirectly caused the death of the Third Prince!" Lin Xiao blamed Su Yu secretly in his heart.

The First Prince started to ponder: "Chong Nanfei? His abilities are slightly stronger than Dong Lin. Su Yu, seems like you're not fated to get into the top ten, haha..."

Once Su Yu was defeated, the whole empire would be waiting for him—ready to fall down upon his head!

Chong Nanfei was sixteen years old. He was charming, elegant, and refined. He wore a white shirt which glided along the air, and he smiled. When he was called, he went into the arena peacefully and naturally.

After a moment, he attracted the screams of young ladies who fancied him—those young ladies could be found everywhere.

Su Yu's eyes shone brilliantly. With his toes, he leaped into the arena quickly with the grace of a floating cloud and the fluidity of duckweed on a stream.

His purple shirt drifted along the wind in a flash. Su Yu had a brilliant face that was as handsome as a celestial being and a build that was refined, dazzling, and sparkling. He was full of confidence, and he was pure.

"Actually, not comparing their abilities, Su Yu is also very handsome...It's a pity that he is slightly weaker..." An eighteen-year-old young lady moved her mouth.

"Haha, I also feel that Su Yu is more handsome than Chong Nanfei." Another extremely gorgeous young lady with beautiful eyes said.

Having heard the whispers of those young ladies, Xia Jingyu became worried. She couldn't help but smile; "What is charming about Su Yu is not merely his looks alone. It is the charisma within him that is so charming." She said softly.

Chong Nanfei was surprised. Even though he was extremely handsome, when compared to Su Yu he felt unworthy.

His eyes held a thread of admiration for Su Yu.

"Brother Su, both of us are elegant people. I do not like to use my power to bully the weak. Therefore, if you can last beyond twenty moves of mine, I will admit defeat. How does that sound?" Chong Nanfei was proud of himself. Even though he felt he was still stronger than Su Yu, he admired Su Yu's exceptional elegance, Su Yu reminded him of himself, and he did not want to use his power to bully someone he related to so strongly.

Chong Nanfei's actions had left a good impression on Su Yu. He smiled and rejected Chong Nanfei's offer, however; "Brother Chong, thank you for kindness. However, I want to do my best in this battle!"

"Understood! Since you are a noble person, I will grant your wish!" Chong Nanfei admired Su Yu even more. The fact that Su Yu wanted to fight on equal terms meant he was truly an honorable man!

"Brother Su, be careful!" Chong Nanfei took a huge breath and reminded Su Yu of the impending danger. Chong Nanfei stretched out his index and middle fingers. The two fingers were side by side, pointed like a sword.

"Lotus Sword Finger!"

Whiz—

His hand was covered by an extremely green light shaped like a summer lotus leaf.

As the sword-gesture fluttered in the air, a faint white light covered Chong Nanfei's fingertips.

Moreover, the green light helped to make the sword finger look as if it were a white lotus, holy and pure.

The green light and white lotus which circled around the sword hand created, for a moment, the illusion of endless blue waves filled with pure white lotuses—rather than sea foam.

"That is a medium level cultivation technique of Stage Three Upper Class. How average." The Fiery Minister commented coldly.

The word "average" caused Jiuchuan prefecture's martial arts training institute's inspector to heave a sigh of relief.

The Fiery Minister was famous for his strict nature—it was not easy to even elicit an "average" reaction from the Minister.

It looked like the martial arts training institute of Jiuchuan prefecture had managed to avoid being punished. If the martial arts training institute's performance was poor, the corresponding inspector would be punished.

The remaining twelve inspectors failed to hide their envy as they continued to watch the match.

Su Yu faced the attack calmly. His eyes shone brilliantly; "Tempest!"

At that moment, a snowstorm formed and the cold wind whistled.

The surrounding atmosphere instantly became thirty percent colder!

The cold air filled the atmosphere with mist; suddenly, it felt like winter!

Su Yu's leg carried a vast amount of ice and frost; it was as if an ice dragon had been born, causing everything in the world freeze!

"Another medium level cultivation technique of Stage Three Upper Class? He is only fourteen years old. Yes, it's average." The Fiery Minister commented indifferently.

Apart from Fang Yun, the twelve other inspectors were full of admiration.

"For him to be able to comprehend the cultivation technique to his current level...His level of comprehension might be above Chong Nanfei and Dong Lin. The Royal Family has indeed managed to nurture someone very talented."

There were very few people who knew Su Yu's past. After all, Su Yu did not make a name for himself across the continent, and only citizens from Xianyu prefecture knew him.

Fang Yun's forehead broke into a cold sweat. He did not know whether the Fiery Minister would reproach him if the Fiery Minister knew that he had expelled Su Yu. After all, the martial arts training institute was a subdivision of the Sanctuary, which searched high and low for geniuses in the world.

As for the Royal Family, to be nurtured by them was not as reputable as being nurtured by the martial arts training institute.

If the martial arts training institutes were surpassed by the Royal Family in terms of finding and cultivating genius, then the Sanctuary would be extremely embarrassed.

In the arena, the two attacks collided!

Chong Nanfei was trying very hard to ascertain his opponent's strength by repeatedly striking with his sword finger.

Su Yu caused snow and ice to form—it was very interesting.

Clang, bang, rub—

Rub, rub—

As both of their attacks collided head-on, the audience realized this would not be a short fight.

The Demon King, Chong Nanfei's face was astonished. He retreated about three steps and swung his fingers that were covered with thick ice and frost. He was quite shocked; "A medium level cultivation technique at Stage Three Upper Class?"

Su Yu retreated about four steps!

It was the first time that Su Yu's attack was slightly inferior to his opponent's.

It was quite rare, however, to see the Demon King astonished. He was at Level Six Lower Tier, which was two tiers higher than Su Yu. With such a great difference in their skill levels, how could Su Yu's attack be only slightly inferior to Chong Nanfei's?

The balance of power despite the imbalance in skill levels was all due to Su Yu's physique; After being baptized in the Jade Fire Marrow, his physique was many times strong than average.

Under normal circumstances, Chong Nanfei's attack would have sent Su Yu flying—but Su Yu was not normal.

"Again!" Su Yu's eyes were filled with excitement—he could feel pressure building closer and closer to breaking into Top Class!

Indeed, actual combat was the best way to strengthen his abilities. Moreover, Chong Nanfei's abilities were about the same as his, making Chong Nanfei the most fitting whetstone for his skills.

Chong Nanfei stopped belittling Su Yu and he became full of fighting spirit; "Brother Su, be careful; I will not hold back anymore!"

"Lotus Sword Finger!" As the sword finger was fluttered in the air, it was as if a lotus was blooming. The effect was beautiful and dazzling.

Even though it was the same attack, its power was stronger by more than thirty percent!

Su Yu was not agitated. Instead, he was delighted.

Rub, rub, rub—

That attack caused Su Yu to retreat about six steps—he almost fell off the arena.

Su Yu's eyes, however, were wide with joy. He gave a light roar and mingled with Chong Nanfei, the Demon King.

Thump, thump, clang, clang—

Clang, bang, rub—

Their silhouettes danced like the wind—their abilities, unmatched. Two beyond-average artists displaying their raw power simultaneously.

Beneath the stage, the audience was dumbstruck.

"Su Yu...He is actually fighting head to head with the current Holy Meet's Four Great and Proud Martial Artists?"

"Doesn't this mean that he has the abilities get into the top ten?"

At some point, without anyone realizing, the First Prince had stood up—his face full of astonishment. His heart was filled with more fear than he'd ever felt.

Su Yu's abilities had exceeded his expectations!

If Su Yu continued the way he was, there was a possibility that he would get into the top ten.

If he became a Sanctuary disciple and came back after training in the Sanctuary in order to take revenge for the Duke of Xianyu, then...

For the first time, the First Prince's heart filled with an unfamiliar emotion; remorse.

Chapter 55: That Fight Which Made Him Famous

If the First Prince knew that Su Yu had frightening potential as well as a determined nature, he would not have touched the Duke of Xianyu at all!

Since there was no changing the past, however, the First Prince had no escape from Su Yu's wrath.

The hatred between Su Yu and him was extremely deep—it was impossible to resolve.

On that day, Su Yu had made an oath that, if he did not kill the First Prince, he would forever be unmanned. Heaven, Earth, sun, and moon bore witness to that oath. To date, that oath reverberated in the First Prince's heart.

He only had one plan; he had to prevent Su Yu from getting into top ten. If he failed, the consequences would be disastrous!

"Du Yuntian, if you are to duel with Su Yu, don't hold back and don't let him survive! Who cares about offending the Sanctuary?!" The First Prince's heart was filled with murderous intent.

Du Yuntian frowned and nodded his head slowly; "Understood. The day of our duel will be the day he dies!"

Even though killing another martial artist was strictly prohibited at the Holy Meet, Du Yuntian was the most outstanding genius. Moreover, the Fiery Minister was his future master; if he used an accident as an excuse for killing Su Yu, who would dare to investigate the matter?

The Third Prince's gloomy eyes suddenly brightened with surprise; "Lin Xiao, what is the meaning of this?"

When Su Yu fought with Lin Xiao, Tempest was not nearly as powerful.

Lin Xiao was dumbstruck—he also found it hard to believe; "Could it be that Su Yu held back when he first used Tempest?"

The Third Prince's miserable heart suddenly felt a gleam of hope. What if Su Yu...

The Third Prince pulled himself up and fixed his eyes upon Su Yu.

In the arena, Chong Nanfei became more surprised as he fought.

That match had been going for three hours; even with his high level of stamina, Chong Nanfei gradually began to feel tired.

Su Yu, however, skipped and jumped across the arena. He was more energetic than Chong Nanfei!

Is this kid some kind of demon beast reincarnated? Why is his body so strange? Chong Nanfei was in low spirits.

Suddenly, Su Yu froze.

His body was covered by cold mist. Life wrapped around his heart and promptly shattered into a wave of rejuvenating exhilaration.

Titter—

Suddenly, Su Yu was awake and alert—free from the trance of comprehension. He opened his eyes, and the ground below his feet gave off a tittering sound as it was frozen by the cold air Su Yu's body emitted.

Su Yu's body was covered in an aura more powerful than he had ever previously felt.

Su Yu raised his eyes, looked at Chong Nanfei, and thanked him; "Thank You, Brother Chong, for granting my wish."

Chong Nanfei laughed as anger boiled in his heart; "You used me as a whetstone! What a guy! If this is the case, then I will not hold back anymore!"

As the Demon King, it was impossible for Chong Nanfei to have only comprehended one medium level cultivation technique of Stage Three Upper Class—he definitely had something else up his sleeve.

"Be careful, the next move will be the unique move which made me famous!" Chong Nanfei had a solemn and quiet expression-- he was truly serious.

"Heavenly Sword Finger!" Chong Nanfei roared.

Both his fingers became a streamlined sword, long enough to pierce the clouds!

The air cracked and whimpered, almost as if it could not stand the power of the sword!

The Fiery Minister dipped his chin; "That is an advanced level cultivation technique at Stage One Upper Tier, which is stronger than Dong Lin's advanced level cultivation technique, which is at Stage One Lower Tier."

Among the thirteen inspectors, the inspector of the martial arts training institute from Jiuchuan prefecture felt completely at ease and full of pride.

In order to be considered the Demon King, there had to be something special about Chong Nanfei.

Su Yu smiled. Instead of fear, he felt delighted.

"Tempest!"

His kick opened the door to a furious winter wasteland. Cold wind billowed out in all directions as snowflakes swallowed the world. A charming snowstorm wrapped around Su Yu, lowering visibility.

The windstorm containing ice and snow became a snowstorm that befell the world!

There was loud clamoring all around.

Amidst the snowstorm, a faint noise like a wind's howl was heard—it caused the audience to tremble!

Half the arena was completely covered by the snowstorm, freezing all of Earth's living things!

The Fiery Minister was indifferent; "He has managed to comprehend a medium level cultivation technique to Top Class on the spot. His level of comprehension is still acceptable."

The twelve inspectors were astonished.

Only Fang Yun was drenched in cold sweat. He was also filled with remorse; he should have killed Su Yu back at the martial arts training institute.

If the Fiery Minister found out about Su Yu's background, wouldn't he be in trouble?

The First Prince's face was pinched seriously; "Du Yuntian, how certain are you that you can kill Su Yu?"

Du Yuntian's eyes were indifferent; "I can kill him with one swing of my sword!"

In the arena, the fight carried on.

Chong Nanfei's sword finger and Su Yu's fist—finally at Top Class level—collided!

Rumble, bang, bang—

Ah—

Chong Nanfei groaned. His body was covered with a shining white layer of ice and frost, and he retreated about ten steps.

Su Yu remained inside the snowstorm, though he also retreated by about ten steps.

This match was a tie!

Su Yu actually tied with the Demon King!

"How is this possible? Su Yu was incomparable to me; how is it possible for him to tie with Chong Nanfei?" Dong Lin covered the bloody wound on his chest, and his indifferent eyes filled with disbelief.

Zheng Yilin's eyes became gloomy. He had not considered Su Yu a worthy opponent until the current moment!

The Third Prince's eyes lit up again, brighter than when he was watching Dong Lin!

To a certain degree, Su Yu was stronger than Dong Lin!

Chong Nanfei's expression turned grave. His advanced level cultivation technique had actually been negated by a medium level cultivation technique!

The Fiery Minister was still indifferent; "Although Chong Nanfei managed to achieve an advanced level cultivation technique, it still lacked some comprehension. As for Su Yu's medium level cultivation technique, which achieved Top Class, it was comprehended deeply and combined with his extraordinary body—it makes sense that he was able to tie with Chong Nanfei."

Chong Nanfei's weakness was revealed in this match—he was an overachiever with little restraint.

Even though he had not achieved Top Class for his medium level cultivation technique, he had started to comprehend an advanced level cultivation technique. Though he managed to hone both techniques to the best of his abilities, he still only tied with Su Yu.

"I admit defeat." Chong Nanfei walked down the arena directly. Even though his realm and cultivation technique was superior to Su Yu's, they had tied. Though there was no obvious winner, Su Yu had only gained notoriety—while Chong Nanfei had surely lost some of his prestige.

"Thank you, Brother Chong, for granting my wish." Su Yu cupped his fists in gratitude.

Chong Nanfei glared at him darkly; "It's too early for you to be happy. During the Ten Great Contest, later on, I will regain my composure and duel with you again."

With Chong Nanfei's abilities, it was not difficult for him to get into the top ten. Losing one match would not cause him to lose his right to the top ten; he still had the chance to fight his way into the top ten.

"Number nine, Su Yu, wins!" the referee declared with admiration. Su Yu's victory left no question regarding his right to a place in the top ten.

Many assumed Su Yu was destined to be a Sanctuary disciple as well, now.

If Su Yu gave up on his revenge—even if he gave up and surrendered at the final Ten Great Ranking Competition—he would still be one of the Ten Great Holy Talents. That alone would earn him the right to enter the Sanctuary—the Holy Land which hundreds of millions of martial artists wished to enter. As a result, he would definitely become an extremely strong martial artist one day.

However, if Su Yu did not kill the First Prince, he would never be a true man.

Since the opportunity was currently within reach, he was impatient. He would attain the first position and kill the First Prince!

The victorious feeling in the First Prince's heart had shattered a long time ago. Now, he felt concerned.

Even if Su Yu gave up and refused to fight, even if he postponed his revenge, Su Yu would still be granted entry into the Sanctuary. Once Su Yu entered the Sanctuary to train, he would become extremely powerful—how would the First Prince be able to defend himself against Su Yu then? Right now, in his current state, Su Yu was predictable enough; but, after training at the Sanctuary, it would be impossibly hard to guard against any assassination attempts on behalf of Su Yu.

If Su Yu entered the Sanctuary, the First Prince—monarch or not—would never live in peace again.

"No! He must have a duel with Du Yuntian! He must die before he gets the chance to enter the Sanctuary! But how can I force Su Yu to duel with Du Yuntian?" the First Prince's eyes gradually narrowed, and a cold light flashed through his gaze.

"Doesn't he hate me? Then I shall let him hate me even more so that he will become even more desperate to attain the first position in order to have me killed. That way, he would definitely have to duel with Du Yuntian!" an evil smile appeared on the First Prince's face.

He immediately gave an order and a reminder; his trusted subordinate immediately ran off to somewhere.

After half a day, one of the Third Prince's trusted subordinates secretly gave Lin Xiao a scrap of paper.

After Lin Xiao saw the paper, he was terrified; he hurriedly passed the paper to the Third Prince.

After looking at the paper, the Third Prince's expression changed, his face filled with anger; "He! How could he do this!"

On the paper, there was only one sentence; "The Duke of Xianyu's execution shall be pushed forward to tonight!"

This information had been secretly passed to the Third Prince by a spy that the Third Prince had planted in Heaven's Prison.

Lin Xiao was furious; "The First Prince must have felt threatened by Su Yu, so he made up his mind to push forward the Duke of Xianyu's execution so that he would no longer have to worry about any more trouble!"

At that moment, the duel to get into the top ten ended. The ten Holy Talents who won returned back to the battle preparation area while the audience's envious eyes stared at them.

They had half an hour to rest, and then the final competition would be held!

Su Yu returned to the Third Prince's side. He noticed a subtly sympathetic expression on the Third Prince's face. Lin Xiao hung his head low did not dare to look at Su Yu.

Something bad had happened. "Third Prince, did something happen?" Su Yu asked softly.

The Third Prince hesitated for a moment. "Su Yu, I hope that after listening, you will remain calm and not be agitated." He said, finally.

"The Duke of Xianyu... He might be executed tonight," the Third Prince could not conceal the truth.

The First Prince had secretly arrested the Duke of Xianyu, who was critically ill, and took over the court administration. Even though the Third Prince wished to save the Duke of Xianyu, he was unable to do so.

Normally, the imperial court would execute a criminal at noon. However, the Duke of Xianyu was going to be executed that night, which showed how quickly the First Prince managed things.

"What...?" Su Yu felt as though he had suffered a huge blow. He immediately felt like the world was spinning; as if Heaven and Earth had inverted.

The Duke of Xianyu is going to be executed?

Ever since Su Yu found out the Duke of Xianyu was alive, his frozen heart had gradually warmed with hope.

However, the Duke of Xianyu was going to be executed that night?

The abrupt news dealt a huge blow to Su Yu's heart.

According to the plan, Su Yu would attain the Holy Crown—this would allow him to kill the First Prince just in time to achieve justice for the Duke of Xianyu.

The sudden rescheduling had disrupted Su Yu's plans, though!

Father-in-law... He is going to be executed tonight? The thought caused Su Yu's heart to quiver!

"Su Yu! Pull yourself together!" The First Prince muttered. This caused Su Yu to remember something as he was quivered.

Su Yu's pupils regained their energy and vitality as his body emitted an extraordinary coldness which sent a chill down people's bodies.

"First Prince!" Su Yu's eyes overflowed with murderous intent, all directed at the First Prince.

With an indifferent grin, the First Prince remained calm and composed as he ignored Su Yu's murderous glare.

Rustle—

A few shadows stood by the side of the First Prince.

They were the First Prince's bodyguards, all at Level Six—there were three of them.

Du Yuntian went to the First Prince's side and he cast a contemptuous glance at Su Yu; "If you wish to die, I can grant that wish!"

As the First Prince hid under the protection of the audience, he was carefree and content. Once in a while, he would sneer at Su Yu as if to say, what can you do to me?

As the future monarch, the number of strong martial artists by his side was comparable to the number of clouds in the sky. Su Yu could only submit to him!

Su Yu did his best to keep his mind from exploding. He tried to remain composed, suppressing the idea of mutual destruction!

His senses managed to suppress his heart, which was full of hatred.

If he made a move then, it would be equivalent to showing disrespect towards the Holy Meet. Even if the First Prince and his people did not do anything, the people from the Sanctuary would also kill Su Yu on the spot!

Su Yu took a few deep breaths; his chest expanded and fell deeply. His heart was filled with immeasurable anger and murderous intent.

He recalled that day, where, in order to save him and Xianer, the Duke of Xianyu sacrificed himself and was engulfed by the raging flames. Su Yu remembered the Duke of Xianyu's devastated cry before he was engulfed—the sound reverberated in Su Yu's heart.

Su Yu's eyes were filled with grief and indignation.

Su Yu would not allow a similarly tragic event to happen again!

Chapter 56: Witnessing A Miracle

Twelve hours remained before the Duke of Xianyu's execution!

According to the schedule, the outcome of the duels would only be released early next morning.

By then, it would be too late!

Su Yu was indebted to the Duke of Xianyu, as the Duke of Xianyu recognized and appreciated him. The Duke of Xianyu had even betrothed his daughter, Xianer, to him.

Without the Duke of Xianyu, Su Yu might still be suppressed by Qin Feng and Fang Qingzhou, which would freeze his progression. Moreover, he might also be forced to remain at the bottom, not to mention participating in the Holy Meet or having Xianer, an adorable and pretty young wife?

If Su Yu did not repay the Duke of Xianyu, he would feel uneasy forever.

Rustle—

Su Yu's eyes were electric. He looked towards the Third Prince abruptly; "Third Prince, can I ask if it is possible for you to rescue my father-in-law?"

The Third Prince shook his head lightly and forced a smile; "Dong Lin has been defeated and I myself am defenseless, where will I get the energy to rescue the Duke of Xianyu? If I had the ability to rescue him, even if you did not implore me to do so, I would have rescued him."

Within his heart, Su Yu gave a sad smile. Even the Third Prince could not do anything?

In such a big world, the only one who could rescue the Duke of Xianyu was Su Yu himself!

The Third Prince's eyes turned complicated and he sighed; "Su Yu, leave with me now. I can bring you along when I escape from the empire."

"No need." Su Yu cupped his fists in gratitude and sighed deeply; "Even if I were to die, I still wish to have this match!"

The Third Prince was moved; "Why are you so insistent on saving the Duke of Xianyu? You have only known one another for a few days."

Su Yu's deep eyes shined with a clear fluorescence and he laughed indifferently; "I am indebted to him. That's all."

Gratitude was enough for you to go through the trouble of traveling a long distance, for you to fight to your death?

The Third Prince was shocked. He had seen many people who valued their relationships. Su Yu, however, was the only one who regarded relationships so highly.

Clang, clang, clang—

The alarm on the clock rang. The final match, the Holy Ranking Competition, had finally begun!

Rustle—

Su Yu did a cupped-hand salute. His purple shirt fluttered in the air, and he became a purple shadow as he leaped into the arena.

Even though he was weak, helpless, and had no support, he was calm and firm.

He would sacrifice anything in order to repay his debt. He would use his life, blood, and spirit in order to fight with imperial power, an unfair fate, heaven, and Earth!

Su Yu's spirit, which would continue to move forward despite millions of people standing in his way, had shaken the Third Prince's heart greatly. He had met many people, but there was no one that managed to shake him spiritually like Su Yu had.

"Master, Su Yu's heart has died. Let's leave." Lin Xiao urged the Third Prince. As he looked at Su Yu's back, he felt deep respect.

Su Yu valued relationships and righteousness. Even though he knew that he was doomed, he still insisted on fighting.

His spirit, heart, and obsession had shaken people's minds!

"No!" The Third Prince's eyes shone. He looked at Su Yu's back, his expression complicated; "Allow me to use my pair of eyes to observe his life until the last moment, out of my great respect for him."

This could be Su Yu's last battle in his life. Would he rise to the top and become a comet, sweeping across the starry sky, thousands of miles away? Would he leave behind a cold sigh in the deep pits of people's hearts, who were stuck on the ground as they stared into that same starry sky?

The referee was silent. Even though Su Yu was an extremely strong demon student, his luck was poor and he was destined to fall before the Holy Meet ended.

He was destined to struggle on his attempt to reach the top!

The referee cleared his mind and he declared the start of the final match; "The Ten Great Ranking Competition will officially begin now!"

The Ten Great Ranking Competition was a competition to compete for the Holy Crown. Who would be the world's king, as well as the unmatched leader of the feudal lords?

The answer would be revealed at sunrise the next day!

The very long match would take up one whole day and night. In normal circumstances, the start of the competition meant that it would end at sunrise the next day—but, some changes had been made in the rules for the Ten Great Ranking Competition.

The referee would choose a person randomly to duel with one of the other nine Holy Talents at the arena. If he won, he would continue to fight with the rest of the Holy Talents. If he lost, the victor would continue to fight the rest of the Holy Talents.

If a person managed to be victorious against the other nine Holy Talents consecutively, he would be worthy of attaining the Holy Crown at the current Holy Meet.

The referee explained the rules clearly and proceeded to take out a number from the black box.

"Number twenty, Zheng Yilin! Up to the arena!" the referee took out a number.

Rustle—

From the martial arts training institute in Xianyu prefecture, a seventeen-year-old young man with a firm, unwavering face—as well as steady footsteps—leaped into the arena.

His eyes were arrogant. He gave off an extremely strong aura that frightened the audience. He also had a powerful build and unmatched confidence.

"The duel will begin now. Zheng Yilin, you have the right to choose any of the remaining nine participants to be your opponent!" the referee stated.

Zheng Yilin crossed his arms and looked at the nine remaining geniuses of the empire at the battle preparation area.

The first person that caught his eyes was Dong Lin, whose injuries had healed.

"Zheng Yilin! Do you want to have a duel with me?" Dong Lin was unsatisfied that he had lost to Du Yuntian and he was eager to have another duel. Once he defeated Zheng Yilin and became the new arena defender, he would be able to duel with Du Yuntian!

Zheng Yilin's eyes swept past him slowly as he shook his head indifferently; "You are too weak. Hence, you are no match for me."

When his eyes landed on Su Yu, his gaze suddenly turned cold. But, his eyes swept passed Su Yu, and landed on another person nearby.

In a split second, Zheng Yilin's eyes burned with a great fighting spirit. He gave a majestic roar; "Demon King, Chong Nanfei! Do you want to have a duel with me?"

A long time ago, Chong Nanfei had a duel with Zheng Yilin. Zheng Yilin was defeated easily, and he could not forget that moment.

Since that day, he had managed to comprehend the Holy Decree. This had caused his confidence to increase, and he wanted to erase the humiliation that he had suffered.

Chong Nanfei laughed loudly; "Even though you have been defeated by me, your words are still full of bravery? Very well, I will accept your challenge!"

Rustle—

Chong Nanfei leaped into the arena naturally and elegantly. Both his fingers became a sword and his eyes were fierce. His whole body was as if it were a sharp sword about to be unsheathed; his very presence was oppressive.

Zheng Yilin slowly lowered his arms, his eyes filled with humiliation.

He never forgot how it had felt to lose to Chong Nanfei.

Whiz—

Both of them made their moves at the same time as they moved towards one another!

"Lotus Sword Finger!"

Chong Nanfei's fingers were covered with a green light that was embellished with white light—a white lotus with green summer. The attack balanced ideology and practicality well.

"Ferocious Tiger Fist!" Zheng Yilin launched a medium level cultivation technique of Stage Three Upper Class!

His fist was as if it were a giant tiger's head, carrying the force of a tiger roaming through the mountainous forest, swallowing the enemy before him! A piercingly cold and powerful wind combined with his explosive physique caused his incredible power to increase.

Thump, bang, clack—

The finger and the fist collided; both of them were equally matched!

Even though Zheng Yilin was strong physically, Chong Nanfei's finger technique was soft and flexible, which restricted Zheng Yilin's movements.

Thumb, bang—

Both of them fought continuously— their silhouettes fluttered to and fro!

Even after fifty moves, they were unable to come to a conclusion.

They had been fighting for one full hour!

Su Yu was worried. Only ten hours remained before the Duke of Xianyu's execution, when would it be his turn to fight?

Crackle, crackle—

The two silhouettes separated from one another. Both of them maintained their strong fighting postures, but they were unable to cause any damage to each other.

Chong Nanfei put up a strong front, though he was astonished. Compared to half a year ago, Zheng Yilin's abilities had improved greatly!

"Heavenly Finger Sword!" Chong Nanfei displayed the finger technique that he was most proud of—the finger technique that was at Stage One Upper Class!

Half a year ago, Zheng Yilin had been defeated by this finger technique!

Both of Chong Nanfei's fingers were like swords pointing straight to the heavens, cutting the vast clouds!

A finger went towards Zheng Yilin; there was no escape!

But, Zheng Yilin had grown since the last time he'd faced this attack!

His eyes turned cold and he entered a marvelous state.

A layer of unique and harmonic rhythm covered his body.

From afar, it was as if Zheng Yilin's body was covered with a layer of meandering light which distorted his image.

The eyes of the Fiery Minister, who was uninterested in the fights, shone brilliantly; "The Holy Decree!!"

The thirteen inspectors, apart from Fang Yun, trembled; "A Holy Decree comprehender actually appeared at this Holy Meet!"

As the twelve inspectors looked at Zheng Yilin, their eyes filled with fear!

They were not amazed that someone had comprehended the Holy Decree prior to entering the Sanctuary. Once a person entered the Sanctuary, however, after already understanding the Holy Decree, it was implied they would become an impressive person—a position even higher than that of an inspector!

Fang Yun's cold eyes were fixated on Su Yu; his heart felt uneasy.

What if Su Yu entered the Sanctuary and still remembered what Fang Yun had done to him? Su Yu was a Holy Decree comprehender!

In the past, Fang Yun felt that Su Yu's abilities were weak, and he would have no chances of getting into the Sanctuary. However, currently, Su Yu had managed to fight into the top ten—there was a high chance Su Yu would get into the Sanctuary.

By being able to comprehend the Holy Decree, Su Yu would become a special person within the Sanctuary. He would have a higher position than Fang Yun; wouldn't that be disastrous to Fang Yun?

Fang Yun's heart was full of remorse. If he had only known that this would happen... why had he stood up for his son by expelling Su Yu?

There was only one thing that could be done—prevent Su Yu from entering the Sanctuary!

The Fiery Minister looked at his own apprentice, Du Yuntian, then at Zheng Yilin. His eyes became cold; "Not bad, this is still acceptable. He managed to comprehend the Holy Decree."

A group of inspectors smiled obsequiously, but they had no choice to do otherwise. It seemed like the Fiery Minister was a bit furious that Zheng Yilin's display of abilities had garnered more attention than his apprentice.

Was this anger so extreme that it caused the magnificent feat of comprehending the Holy Decree to only earn an "acceptable" comment from the Fiery Minister?

After all, the Fiery Minister himself was unable to comprehend the Holy Decree.

Even though the audience knew that the Fiery Minister was biased, they dared not rebut him.

"Five Lights Ten Fists!" Zheng Yilin's eyes shone brilliantly and he gave ten rumbling punches!

Every punch had a harmonic rhythm that covered the center of his palm. Under the harmonic rhythm, every punch by Zheng Yilin bent along the lightwaves, making it difficult for anyone to ascertain the real direction the punch was coming from!

Thump, thump, thump—

Chong Nanfei's expression changed greatly; "The Holy Decree! You have actually managed to comprehend the Holy Decree!"

Chong Nanfei rotated his sword finger to block Zheng Yilin's attack hurriedly.

However, the ten punches were strange. They were extremely distorted—Chong Nanfei was unable to block, as he couldn't tell where the attacks were coming from!

Ah—

After successfully blocking three punches, Chong Nanfei was hit on his chest by one of the distorted punches. The punch caused him to be sent flying, and he fell off the arena—Chong Nanfei was defeated!

Zheng Yilin recalled his Holy Decree. He stood in the arena firmly and energetically—he was in high spirits. His confidence had increased greatly.

Zheng Yilin had finally resolved his previous humiliation—thankfully, his Holy Decree was incredibly strong, or else he would not feel the joy of victory. Zheng Yilin had monopolized one of The Holy Decrees, which could only be comprehended by one-in-a-million geniuses!

Zheng Yilin's eyes fixed upon Xia Jingyu, who was at the battle preparation area. His mind was filled with vast thoughts. He believed that after displaying the power of his Holy Decree, Xia Jingyu would know which man was the obvious choice for her!

Xia Jingyu had an expression that was indifferent to fame or gain; she had a pair of clear eyes that looked like the water during autumn; she was peaceful, as well as entirely unmoved by Zheng Yilin's Holy Decree.

Zheng Yilin was somewhat stunned. Could it be that my Holy Decree was not unique or strong enough?

Oh yes, there is still Su Yu! He is another Holy Decree comprehender!

His eyes were electric as he looked at Su Yu.

"Su Yu! I heard that you have managed to comprehend the Holy Decree as well, why don't you come up to the arena and have a friendly duel with me, so that we can learn from one another? As I was once your Senior, I might be able to give you some advice!" Zheng Yilin suppressed his cold gaze. He smiled casually and used a friendly tone to invite Su Yu to the arena.

With Zheng Yilin's abilities and his unsurpassed and extremely strong Holy Decree, he had the right to offer Su Yu advice.

Su Yu's heart eased; it was finally his turn to fight!

Rustle—

Su Yu floated like the feather of a swan, and he stood firmly on the arena. He was determined to save the Duke of Xianyu.

Ten hours remained before the Duke of Xianyu's execution.

There was only one path for him if he wanted to save the Duke of Xianyu, and that was to win nine consecutive matches!

Starting with Zheng Yilin, he would defeat all nine Holy Talents, including Du Yuntian, in one go without stopping for a single moment!

"I request you display your Holy Decree." Zheng Yilin smiled. He could only thoroughly prove his Holy Decree was superior by defeating Su Yu's Holy Decree in front of Xia Jingyu.

Su Yu stood still and did not move. He brought forth a normal attack and shook his head indifferently; "You are not worthy of a display of my Holy Decree. A pair of fists and legs is more than enough to defeat you!"

Chapter 57: Consecutive Defeats and the Proud Martial Artist

Zheng Yilin's smile stiffened as he tried to suppress the anger in his heart.

Zheng Yilin had not yet settled the score with Su Yu regarding the dubious event with Su Yu and Xia Jingyu on the same bed. However, at the moment, Su Yu was extremely arrogant and he had humiliated Zheng Yilin in front of the audience.

His muscles became stiff as he laughed; "Haha, your level of confidence is remarkable. As a martial artist, you must always be full of confidence. This quality of yours is commendable..."

With cold eyes, Su Yu berated Zheng Yilin; "You are very talkative! If you want to fight, make your move now. If not, get out of the arena!"

Su Yu's mind was focused on saving the Duke of Xianyu. He must take advantage of every minute and every second, and he could not stand Zheng Yilin's false pleasantries!

Zheng Yilin could not fake his kind manner any longer as Su Yu publically berated him. His face turned red, then green. His expression gradually turned grave, and he stopped concealing his cold attitude. "Know your place! Let me, your Senior, teach you respect!" He said harshly.

Zheng Yilin shifted one foot forward, his body like a tiger tensing.

In a split second, a layer of harmonic rhythm circulated around his body, causing his body to look distorted and strange.

"Five Lights Ten Fists!" Zheng Yilin roared as he punched forward ten consecutive times.

When combined with the Holy Decree, the light from every punch kept appearing, then vanishing.

One punch was aimed towards Su Yu's chest. But, in a split second, that punch was redirected towards Su Yu's arm instead! Each punch appeared and disappeared mysteriously, making it difficult to anticipate where they would come from!

Su Yu's purple-colored clothes moved calmly. Within his deep eyes, his pupils turned crystalline!

The moment the ten punches came towards him, Su Yu started to move!

"Tempest!" Against the Holy Decree, Su Yu only used a medium level cultivation technique at Stage Three Top Class!

Thump, thump, thump—

In that short moment, Su Yu gave ten kicks, each accurately aimed at Zheng Yilin's punches as they appeared and disappeared mysteriously!

It was as if in Su Yu's heart, he knew where all the punches of Zheng Yilin would come from.

By predicting where they would appear, he could accurately deflect all of Zheng Yilin's punches!

Rumble, rumble, rumble—

Ten sounds reverberated within the arena.

Zheng Yilin's harmonic rhythm was dissipated by Su Yu!

"You! How is it possible?" Zheng Yilin's grave expression turned to that of astonishment.

Chong Nanfei was only able to defend himself against three of Zheng Yilin's punches. However, Su Yu saw through his Holy Decree and had easily defended himself!

Naturally, Zheng Yilin did not know that, in order to save time, Su Yu had used his sight-skills.

Without a doubt, Zheng Yilin's Five Lights Ten Fists was extremely mysterious. When slowed down, however, that mystery quickly dissolved.

Normally, Su Yu would not display his time-slowng sight-skills, as he wanted to strengthen his own abilities through difficult trials. But in such an urgent situation, he would not miss any opportunity to save any time.

Ignoring Zheng Yilin's astonishment, Su Yu approached him. As per before, Su Yu only used a medium level cultivation technique which was at Stage Three Top Class.

That medium level cultivation technique was more than enough to defeat Zheng Yilin!

Zheng Yilin was both shocked and furious, and he demanded an answer from Su Yu! He had managed to hone his medium level cultivation technique to Stage Three Upper Class, but Su Yu's cultivation technique was at Top Class.

Although Zheng Yilin's cultivation base was higher than Su Yu, Su Yu had an extraordinary, superior body. In the clash, due to those differences, Su Yu had the upper hand!

Rumble, bang, bang—

Zheng Yilin retreated repeatedly as Su Yu fought against him. He caused the audience to be dumbstruck!

Was this person still the same Zheng Yilin who defeated Chong Nanfei with one move? In front of Su Yu, he could only barely defend himself!

Zheng Yilin was both humiliated and furious. He was actually inferior to Su Yu!

All along, Zheng Yilin felt that Su Yu could not withstand more than a single blow from him. If he were serious, he would defeat any opponents easily and naturally. Therefore, he had never taken Su Yu seriously.

However, when he fought Su Yu for the first time, he found that Zheng Yilin was actually inferior to him!

The huge contradiction between the past and the present made it difficult for Zheng Yilin to accept the harsh and cruel truth!

In particular, he found it especially difficult to admit he had been defeated in front of Xia Jingyu!

With both of Su Yu's legs, Tempest made Zheng Yilin look as if he came out of a land of snow—his body was covered with ice and frost, and he was chilled to the heart, bones, and soul.

"Get out..." Zheng Yilin opened his mouth and gave an unsatisfied roar!

Bang—

At that moment, Su Yu's kick, covered with ice and frost, landed on Zheng Yilin's mouth mercilessly.

Ah—

Zheng Yilin gave a fierce and horrible shriek. His mouth, which was open, was frozen stiff. The saliva in his mouth turned into ice, and his cheeks filled with snow.

Another powerful kick landed on his face even more mercilessly, and Zheng Yilin was thrown from the arena!

Three moves!

Su Yu had only used three moves against Zheng Yilin!

When Zheng Yilin was thrown off the arena, he was both humiliated and furious; "You..."

Su Yu's eyes were cold: "Looks like you don't have the right to advise me. Your Holy Decree was not impressive, and it was inferior to a medium level cultivation technique."

When Su Yu saw Zheng Yiling's Holy Decree, he was unimpressed—though, he wasn't entirely sure why.

He felt that Zheng Yilin's Holy Decree was prosaic and not very rhythmic. Su Yu did not understand why he felt this way. Could it be because he had also managed to comprehend the Holy Decree?

Zheng Yilin's face was boiling hot. A moment ago, he said that he would advise Su Yu. In the end, though, he was inferior to one of Su Yu's medium level cultivation techniques!

As he was filled with humiliation, he subconsciously looked at Xia Jingyu.

He saw that Xia Jingyu had a genuine smile. When she looked at Su Yu her clear eyes were full of admiration.

As though she felt Zheng Yilin's eyes looking at her, Xia Jingyu shot a glance towards him, shook her head lightly, and looked somewhere else coldly.

Her gaze said everything without uttering a single word; she was telling Zheng Yilin that his Holy Decree was nothing special, as it could be overpowered by a medium level cultivation technique. Even so, he still dared to bring up a presumptuous request.

Pff—

With his body already injured, Xia Jingyu's delicate expression dealt him a psychological attack that caused him to spit out a mouthful of blood. Zheng Yilin fainted on the spot out of fury.

Zheng Yilin, the number one martial artist in Xianyu prefecture's martial arts training institute, was completely defeated!

Many people looked at the purple-shirted silhouette in the arena and they quivered in fear.

"The victory goes to Su Yu!" The referee was astonished. A medium level cultivation technique had actually defeated the Holy Decree. Something so unimaginable had actually occurred, live in front of his eyes.

Although the audience was amazed, the people from the Sanctuary looked unimpressed.

"There are many types of Holy Decree. There are assault types and auxiliary types. Zheng Yilin's Holy Decree, bending the light to create an illusion to defeat the enemy, is an auxiliary type Holy Decree. It is not very powerful and, once the enemy understands the illusion, it loses all power. It was normal for him to be defeated." The Fiery Minister said.

"As for Su Yu, his levels of abilities are acceptable." The Fiery Minister looked at Su Yu.

A few inspectors nodded their heads secretly. Even though the Fiery Minister's assessment of Zheng Yilin was a bit undervalued, they could not deny that Zheng Yilin's Holy Decree was not as strong as they expected.

The Holy Decree was something essential to becoming the Holy King. However, many martial artists greatly believed in the abilities of the Holy Decree. They thought that by mastering the Holy Decree, they would be invincible. However, little did they know that the Holy Decree was split into different grades, like all techniques.

Zheng Yilin's Holy Decree was overrated; it could be said that Zheng Yilin took his Holy Decree too seriously.

The referee measured Su Yu's energy and found that he was slightly exhausted.

Tempest only used a bit of Su Yu's stamina. His crystalline eyes would quickly tire him out, however.

This was the reason why Su Yu did not often use his crystalline eyes. The move used a lot of stamina; unless it was a critical situation, he would not use it.

"Su Yu, from now on, you are the arena defender. According to the rules, after every match, you can rest for two hours. You now have two hours to prepare for your next match." The referee reminded him out of goodwill.

Su Yu took a deep breath, and his chest expanded and contracted as his body calmed. After he breathed, Su Yu gestured his hands in disapproval; "No need!"

At the edge of the arena, Su Yu looked at the battle preparation area and his eyes swept across the eight remaining Holy Talents.

"You, come up!" Su Yu followed the levels of abilities and chose a martial artist that was Level Six Lower Tier—he was the number one demon student of a martial arts training institute in one of the prefectures.

Rustle—

His opponent leaped into the arena, full of confidence: "Su Yu, everyone says that you are a black horse. I don't believe that a black horse like you will be stronger than me!"

"Thunder Dragon's Fist!" A medium level cultivation technique at Stage Three Upper Class!

Both his fists were as fierce as a water dragon, rising from the sea!

It was a top medium level cultivation technique!

"Tempest!" Su Yu was expressionless as he confronted his opponent tenaciously.

Rumble, bang, bang—

Ah—

With one kick, his opponent's fists were frozen with ice.

With the second kick, his opponent's body became numb and sweaty.

With the third kick, his opponent was thrown off the arena!

His opponent was defeated by three moves!

Even though he had a cultivation base of Level Five Lower Tier, Su Yu had suppressed a demon student at Level Six!

"Su Yu, two consecutive wins!" The referee declared.

With that, Su Yu's calm eyes did not waver in the slightest bit. Instead, he was full of anxiety!

The whole process of the battle and the referee taking down the comments of the inspectors and the Fiery Minister took an hour. This long-winded procedure had caused Su Yu's heart to feel restless!

After two consecutive matches, Su Yu was only left with eight hours!

He still had seven opponents. Every opponent that he faced was stronger and stronger!

Even though he felt slightly exhausted, Su Yu did not have a second to stop and rest.

"You, come up!"

The referee was surprised. Anyone who fought three consecutive matches would have their stamina depleted by a fair amount. Why was Su Yu in such a rush?

A few people started to realize something was wrong. It seemed as though Su Yu was rushing for time—he even refused to rest!

Only the First Prince knew what was happening, and he grinned; "Everything is under control. Su Yu, let's see how I'll torture you to death!"

The third match!

"Seven Slithering Steps!"

"Tempest!"

"Ah—"

Su Yu, three consecutive wins!!

The fourth match!

"I don't believe that I will lose to you. Let's see how much longer you can last!"

"Tempest!"

"Ah—"

Su Yu, four consecutive wins!

The fifth match!

"Humph! You had better rest up. I don't wish to fight with someone so exhausted it's unfair!"

"Tempest!"

"Ah—"

Five consecutive wins!

Su Yu had achieved five consecutive wins. He only lacked four more consecutive wins before he could become the current Holy Meet's king and obtain one of the Holy King's wishes!

Five hours remained before the execution of the Duke of Xianyu!

But Su Yu was exhausted. His face was pale and he puffed and panted heavily.

The audience was confused and concerned. With a huge depletion in his stamina, the more he fought, the weaker he would get; Su Yu's abilities would get weaker and weaker.

In addition, every opponent he faced was stronger than the previous one, and Su Yu's hope of continuing his consecutive winning streak started to look farfetched.

"Is he crazy? He has already won five consecutive matches!"

"No idea, he seems reckless."

The referee could not take it anymore; "Su Yu, rest for two hours immediately!" He demanded.

Su Yu gestured his hands in approval and breathed deeply. He dragged his exhausted body to the edge of the arena and pointed at the sixth person; "Xia Jingyu, let's have a duel!"

He had no time! There was no time left!

The Duke of Xianyu was going to be executed—his heart burned with fire and he was extremely restless.

Apart from Su Yu, Xia Jingyu was the only person who managed to fight into the top ten, even though she had not achieved Level Six yet.

This meant that Xia Jingyu had certain strengths that surpassed a normal person, and her abilities were outstanding.

In Xia Jingyu's clear eyes, she saw Su Yu's exhausted body. Even though he was weak, he still pushed himself.

That anxious, stubborn, and restless nature of his touched Xia Jingyu's heart.

Was it worth doing all this for his gratitude? Xia Jingyu felt that it was not worth it for Su Yu to torture himself so.

However, in her heart, Xia Jingyu was extremely delighted—as she had met a friend who valued relationships as highly as he valued his own life.

Whiz—

Xia Jingyu leaped into the arena and she looked at Su Yu profoundly. She then revealed an encouraging expression.

After which, she turned around, leaped beneath the arena of her own accord and returned to the battle preparation area, without ever acknowledging what she had just done.

The referee was dumbfounded; "Xia Jingyu surrendered of her own accord. Su Yu, six consecutive wins!" He declared.

Su Yu's heart warmed. Adoration welled up in his heart for Xia Jingyu, as well as immense gratitude.

It was Dong Lin's turn.

Dong Lin's eyes overflowed with anger and dissatisfaction.

The moment Dong Lin had lost to Du Yuntian was the same moment where Su Yu defeated Chong Nanfei.

This implied Dong Lin was inferior to Su Yu!

In particular, he noticed that the Third Prince had placed all his expectations on Su Yu. All those expectations should have belonged to him, Dong Lin!

His head was burning with anger and dissatisfaction.

In actuality, when comparing raw ability, Dong Lin was stronger than Chong Nanfei.

After all, he had honed his medium level cultivation technique to Stage Three Top Class and his advanced level cultivation technique to Stage One Lower Class, while Chong Nanfei's medium level cultivation technique was only at Stage Three Upper Class.

"Su Yu! I will have a duel with you! I want to see how you are stronger than me!" Dong Lin stood up abruptly, eyes filled with disdain.

Su Yu only has a mere medium level cultivation technique at Stage Three Top Class. How can he match me?

Chapter 58: The Final Match

Su Yu already knew that Dong Lin would be indifferent towards him.

However, as fellow Holy Talents who were striving for the Holy Crown on behalf of the Third Prince, he still challenged Su Yu stubbornly, despite Su Yu's obvious exhaustion. Did he not think of the Third Prince's situation? Su Yu's victory or defeat concerned the Third Prince's life as well.

At the root, Dong Lin's heart was only concerned with his honor. He was not concerned about the Third Prince's safety! Su Yu, however, was extremely restless—he was running out of time!

After Dong Lin, there was still Chong Nanfei who could fight with Su Yu for at least an hour. There were only three hours left!

Su Yu pointed to Dong Lin, "Get out now, I will have a duel with you!"

"Humph! What are you? Are you even worthy of having a duel with me?" Dong Lin leaped into the arena, his eyes filled with disdain.

"Make your move! Your winning streaks will come to an end now. I am the only person worthy of being Du Yuntian's opponent!" Dong Lin clasped his hands behind his back and stood up. He was extremely arrogant!

Su Yu detested Dong Lin. Even though Du Yuntian was arrogant, he had the ability to back up his overconfidence. Du Yuntian had a cultivation base of Level Six Upper Tier, which surpassed the cultivation base of the rest of the Holy Talents.

Dong Lin, however, lacked self-knowledge despite his arrogance. Even though he was defeated after two moves by Du Yuntian, he still could not admit to any faults. Instead, he remained arrogant—he was indeed difficult to deal with!

Only a punch could bring a person like Dong Lin to their senses!

Seeing that Su Yu had not made any moves, Dong Lin got impatient.

"Forget it. I will make my move instead and send you out of the arena! Nine Pulses Incredible Sword!"

Layers upon layers of vital energy were emitted from Dong Lin's body. They covered his nine fingers, causing his fingers to be shaped like nine incredible swords which attacked Su Yu from above!

His attack was ruthless, heartless, and grim.

A strong aura in the air caused the hairs on Su Yu's forehead to rise, and his deep eyes—as dark and complex as the galaxies above—to shine brilliantly.

"Purple! Star! Thunderbolt!" Su Yu's eyes were cruel. A palm, clad in a purple thunderbolt, was directed towards Dong Lin!

Lines of thunder arched up and down, emitting a destructive energy.

The thunderbolt was incredibly intimidating and terrifying to observe. Such power could easily level the world within moments, and Su Yu controlled it with a single gesture!

Rumble—

Ah—

Dong Lin's nine incredible swords were thoroughly dissipated by the thunderbolt, which could destroy everything!

A pair of fists which carried a raging thunderbolt landed on Dong Lin's face fiercely!

Titter, titter—

At that moment, Dong Lin's face was burned, and a wound erupted with overflowing blood. A burning smell seeped from the injury. The extreme pain sent Dong Lin into a shrieking fury, as his face swelled to the size of a pig's skull.

Rumble—

Su Yu used Purple Star Thunderbolt again and attacked Dong Lin's chest. This time, when the attack landed, Dong Lin's flesh instantly became disfigured.

Dong Lin was sent flying, and he landed beneath the arena.

Owh—

The violent shock caused Dong Lin to spit out a mouthful of blood. He was actually defeated after two moves!

Su Yu looked at him with disgust. "You are nothing special! You are ignorant, and your arrogance is extremely stupid."

Su Yu had no more time left to waste fighting with Dong Lin. Hence, he had to reveal his Saint Level cultivation technique earlier than intended!

Pff—

Dong Lin was furious, as he spat out another mouthful of blood. He looked at Su Yu, enraged and extremely astonished at the same time.

Those frightening fists had actually stripped him of his ability to counter attack! What type of cultivation technique was that?

At the distinguished guest's platform everyone, except for Fang Yun, revealed a surprised and bewildered expression—even they were unsure of what type of cultivation technique Su Yu had just used.

"That...can it be a Saint Level cultivation technique?"

"Apart from the Royal Family who keeps a book of Saint Level cultivation techniques, who else possesses a Saint Level cultivation technique?"

The Fiery Minister's eyes were filled with astonishment for the first time. That was actually a Saint Level cultivation technique!

It was rumored this type of cultivation technique could only be comprehended by one or two geniuses within ten thousand geniuses. As for those martial artists who were slightly less talented, they would require many years to successfully comprehend a Saint Level cultivation technique.

Su Yu, a Royal Family representative, had actually managed to comprehend a Saint Level cultivation technique? Even Du Yuntian had not managed to comprehend a Saint Level cultivation technique, yet this unknown person had managed to do so?

The Fiery Minister's heart felt unpleasant. He looked at Su Yu coldly. "He is still just acceptable. It is just a superficial comprehension of a Saint Level cultivation technique."

A few of the inspectors were surprised. Even though Su Yu had managed to comprehend a Saint Level cultivation technique, he only got a mere "just acceptable?" Moreover, Su Yu's comprehension of the Saint Level cultivation technique was not just surface level. Looking at its level of comprehension, it was extremely close to Stage One Lower Class!

Everyone in the Holy Arena, including Du Yuntian, could not compare to Su Yu's comprehension level.

Shouldn't the Fiery Minister have a limit in his biases? However, the inspectors could not do anything about the Fiery Minister. What could they do to him—he had both position and power.

Even if it were reported to the Holy King, the Fiery Minister would take advantage of his old age to be unreasonable and make a scene. Hence, the Holy King might not punish him.

"Seven consecutive wins! Su Yu, seven consecutive wins!!" The referee shouted excitedly.

With nine consecutive wins, the Holy Talent would become the Holy Meet's king—Su Yu was only two steps away!

The referee noticed Su Yu's poor condition, however. Su Yu's stamina had decreased by seventy percent. To make matters worse, his next match was against Chong Nanfei. With his original stamina, combined with Purple Star Thunderbolt, Su Yu would have been able to win against Chong Nanfei easily. Now, however, in Su Yu's current situation, he might not even defeat Chong Nanfei—not to mention Du Yuntian, the strongest martial artist.

Su Yu shot a glance at the battle preparation area where only two people now stood.

"Brother Chong, please have a duel with me!" A few hours ago, Chong Nanfei was unsatisfied, and he had threatened to have a rematch.

Chong Nanfei's gaze was complex. He stood up and sighed, "I do not like to take advantage of someone's poor situation. This match, I will give up."

Although he did not know why Su Yu was in such a rush, he was indeed unwilling to take advantage of Su Yu in such an exhausted state. As he spoke, he shot a glance at Dong Lin, his eyes filled with disdain. Chong Nanfei looked down on people like Dong Lin—arrogant, conceited and narrow-minded fools.

Su Yu was full of gratitude. "Thank you, Brother Chong, for granting my wish!"

Su Yu had not overexerted himself. For the six consecutive matches, he had used his pupils effectively and as little as possible. Still, he was extremely exhausted, and his stamina was depleted. Combined with the intensity of the upcoming battle, Su Yu was at a critical point. Only the referee, the closest individual to Su Yu, noticed the way his legs and arms trembled with exhaustion.

However, Su Yu's eyes were filled with joy. Because he had worked so hard, he now faced the final match with Du Yuntian with two hours left! Two hours was more than enough for him to finish up this last match!

"Su Yu, eight consecutive wins!" The referee declared solemnly.

The next match would be the ninth match! It was the battle for the Holy Crown!

Would Su Yu defeat Du Yuntian and obtain the crown?

The audience was absolutely still. They silently looked at the purple-shirted young man who had managed to defeat eight geniuses from the empire in one shot. The fighting purple-shirted shadow who refused to give up had stolen their hearts!

Su Yu suppressed his unusually weak condition and glared at his final opponent, Du Yuntian!

The Holy Meet had reached its final match!

The lives of the Third Prince and the Duke of Xianyu depended on this match, as well as his own. If he won, he could bring hope to a desolate situation. If he lost, the three of them would be killed and buried following the Holy Meet.

While the Holy Meet continued, two young men disguised themselves as they left the capital and headed toward a deserted region. One of the young men was a Level Six Peak while the other one was a Level Five Peak.

If Su Yu were there, he would recognize both of them, as they were Bai Qixiong and Bodyguard Chen. They had chased after him for one thousand miles, intent on killing him. The First Prince would have also recognized them, as they too posed a threat to his life. They had both survived the

fury of the First Prince and Su Yu, however, and now they escaped the imperial capital with joined hands.

"Brother Bai, I will always remember this great favor of yours in my heart—I will repay you one day!" Bodyguard Chen did a cupped-hand salute and expressed his gratitude.

Bai Qixiong gestured his hands in disapproval indifferently. "It's fine. Both of us are destined to a life of wandering, it is natural for us to support one another."

On that day when the First Prince gave Bai Qixiong the order to kill Bodyguard Chen to keep him quiet, Bai Qixiong realized he himself might one day be discarded by the First Prince as well.

"First Prince, do you really think you are the only intelligent person in this world?" Bai Qixiong hummed. "Since I helped you try to assassinate a Holy Seal bearer, it is natural for me to predict you would want to silence me as well. Did you think I would let you get your way so easily?"

"And did you really think I wouldn't know that the technique you told me to comprehend was a Saint Level technique from the Royal Family? You would have never allowed me to live after reading that book."

As for bringing Bodyguard Chen along with him, Bai Qixiong had not done so out of good will. Once the troops who would surely pursue them caught up, Bodyguard Chen would be useful in dispersing the enemy. Besides, Bai Qixiong could still kill Bodyguard Chen once they passed the border!

They have headed the mountainous forest; it was difficult to enter and difficult to navigate, but they had no choice if they wanted to escape the empire.

Bai Qixiong's forehead suddenly twitched. When he turned and looked back, his pupils shrunk and his face paled!

"Grand... Master!" Bai Qixiong gasped, his heart frozen and his face extremely pale!

The bottom of Bodyguard Chen's feet shivered, and he was overwhelmed with grief and terror. "The First Prince's Master... Lord Grandmaster!" He cried, his voice wavered.

It was uncertain when, but a red-robed old man had appeared behind them strangely. Their faces turned gloomy, and their mouths wore cold smiles.

"Haha! Two small children—did you think you could escape from the First Prince's palm?" The Grandmaster smiled without emotion. "In the imperial capital, there were too many witnesses. I could not make any moves, so I kept tailing both of you. Now that both of you have come to a desolate and uninhabited land, both of you have chosen a peaceful, quiet, and well-situated place to die."

Had the Grandmaster really been secretly tailing them?

Bai Qixiong's throat was blocked. At that moment, any attempt to retreat would be meaningless. The First Prince had decided, Bai Qixiong must die!

A cold light flashed through Bai Qixiong's gaze. He attacked!

His palm was not directed at the Grandmaster, however. Against a strong martial artist of Level Seven Peak, it was difficult for Bai Qixiong to even defend himself against one finger of the Grandmaster!

The person he attacked was Bodyguard Chen!

Owh—

Why would Bodyguard Chen guard himself against Bai Qixiong, his companion!? Bodyguard Chen's back was hit by Bai Qixiong's palm, and he spat out a mouthful of blood on the spot. His body was sent flying towards the Grandmaster.

"Stop struggling!" The Grandmaster was filled with disdain. He casually swung the sleeves of his robe, and Bodyguard Chen was hit a second time in the air, causing him to be sent flying in a different direction. He landed on the floor heavily, fainting on the spot. It was unknown whether he was dead or alive.

Bai Qixiong took advantage of the distraction. He clenched his jaw and used all his vital energy to escape!

"Wouldn't it be funny if I actually allowed you to escape?" the Grandmaster laughed with a sinister tone. He snapped one of his fingers and released some vital energy, which was directed towards Bai Qixiong!

Ah—

The vital energy was as fast as lightning. Without any time to react, one of Bai Qixiong's legs was hit by the vital energy and blood started to stream down from his wound. He tumbled onto the floor.

The Grandmaster's body was electric. He approached Bai Qixiong, his eyes filled with dense murderous intent as he aimed his palm at Bai Qixiong's head.

Rustle—

At that moment, a shadow leaped out from the deserted forest.

Looking at his posture, the figure was in a rush—it had been a pure coincidence for him to come across this scene.

"Eh? You are...Bai Qixiong?" That person actually recognized Bai Qixiong, he was somewhat surprised to see him.

Bai Qixiong raised his eyes, astonished. "You are... Qiu! Chang! Jian!"

A tall young man wearing white clothes with a handsome, fair face had come from the forest, trailed by a whistling echo.

He had dashing eyebrows, star-like eyes, and a bored look. He did not appear to be a martial artist. Moreover, he did not look swift and fierce, he seemed like a normal young man.

The Grandmaster's cold eyes shone brilliantly as he observed Qiu Changjian. The murderous Grandmaster glared gloomily. "Kid, you showed up at the wrong place at the wrong time!"

The Grandmaster could not allow any witnesses, it must not be known to the world that the First Prince had ordered any assassinations, especially two or three of them.

Whiz—

The Grandmaster snapped one of his fingers and vital energy pierced through the air. He shot the vital energy towards Qiu Changjian's head!

Qiu Changjian's eyebrows twitched. "Humph!"

His lightly swung his sleeves towards a place a few feet away. Though sudden and random, several streams of vital energy were immediately channeled into one rush! Qiu Changjian's attack was majestic and vast, like the roar of a tsunami's violent waves!

The Grandmaster's stream of vital energy disappeared completely in a flash! The force of Qiu Changjian's vital energy did not decrease. It slammed into the Grandmaster!

Owh—

The Grandmaster opened his mouth, spat out a mouthful of blood, and was sent flying. He landed heavily on a big tree a hundred feet away. His face paled. His gloomy eyes were replaced with a look of astonishment. "You... Level Nine!"

Chapter 59: Billowing Dark Clouds

Qiu Changjian's eyes darted back and forth between the Grandmaster, Bai Qixiong, and the unconscious Bodyguard Chen—the scene was highly suspicious.

"Tell me, what's going on?" Qiu Changjian faced Bai Qixiong, his expression cold.

With one look, Bai Qixiong was shaken. His eyes stung, and he was unable to look Qiu Changjian in the eye! Bai Qixiong wanted to run and hide but, under the direct gaze of Qiu Changjian, his courage to lie about the situation completely vanished! Even a monarch never made him feel such pressure!

As he realized what was going on, Qiu Changjian's eyes darkened; "Follow me!"

Swish-

Qiu Changjian swiftly flew to the imperial capital!

At the imperial capital's Heaven's Prison, there was a middle-aged man in a cell. He had a haggard appearance and messy hair. The prisoner was also missing his right arm. With his head slightly raised, the man gazed up at the distant skies through the Heaven's Prison skylight.

"Xianer and Yu-er should already be settled, by now." The Prisoner's appearance had changed much from his former self; now, he had a kind and grateful expression.

He was the Duke of Xianyu! His formerly magnificent and eminent appearance no longer existed; only a thin, hollow, desolate, and lonely shell was left.

Crash—

The cell door lock was broken. The cruel, steel-faced prison warden entered, followed by two burly men.

The Duke of Xianyu, expressionless, calmly turned around. His voice was hoarse but calm; "You finally came, let's go!"

The First Prince would get rid of him sooner or later—it was only a matter of time; he'd long awaited and prepared for this day. With Xianer and Su Yu safe and sound, he was at peace and could calmly meet his death.

Amidst the boundless dark night, the imperial execution ground was lit by moonlight and dim stars. The Duke of Xianyu knelt on the execution stage, his expression calm and his eyes tranquil.

"Duke of Xianyu is guilty of conspiracy and rebellion. This is a monstrous crime—he is to suffer the capital punishment of beheading tonight!" The judge grimly pronounced the verdict. After a slight pause, the judge spoke again; "Any last words?"

Though the Duke of Xianyu had been reduced to a lowly prisoner, his aristocratic bearing and demeanor was still alive and had not diminished in the slightest. His head slightly upturned, the Duke of Xianyu gazed at the starry sky; "Last words? Tell the First Prince that, someday, someone will take his head for me!"

The Duke paused, then continued with a grateful smile; "Throughout my grand life, one of my proudest achievements was not my power, but the betrothal of Xianer to Su Yu. His unwavering loyalty is like a mountain—one day, he will return to the imperial capital, and he will avenge me!"

The Duke of Xianyu firmly believed the words he spoke!

The judge scoffed; "Shameless boasting! This judge will behead you today and tomorrow, we will behead Su Yu—you all conspired to commit treason and murder of the royal heir, and therefore you all deserve to be put to death!"

The detached expression of the Duke of Xianyu slightly froze; "Su Yu?"

If they were able to threaten to put Su Yu to trial the very next day... was Su Yu in the capital?!

The executioner sneered; "Duke of Xianyu, you still do not know—your son-in-law is at the Holy Meet, attempting vainly to seize the Holy Crown so he may save you."

"What?" The unshakable Duke of Xianyu's eyes widened!

The sudden news struck the Duke's heart like a bolt of lightning. To save him, Su Yu came all the way to the imperial capital? Did he not know that, with his strength, going against the imperial power could only lead to death? Did he did not know the imperial capital was the First Prince's stronghold? Su Yu would never be able to escape! His plan to take first place at the Holy Meet was hopeless—why would he attempt something so insane?!

The Duke of Xianyu was intensely moved. His aged body trembled as tears streamed from his eyes! The Duke of Xianyu's lips quivered as he was overcome with gratitude and tragic sorrow.

The Xianyu Prefecture was a thousand miles away from the imperial capital; Su Yu must have hurried to travel that distance in order to make the Holy Meet in time. Had he hungered? Did he manage to rest while on his way to the capital? Had he been cold at night as he rushed to save him, the Duke of Xianyu?

And, now, Su Yu was here—fighting to save the Duke's life in the Holy Meet...

As his thoughts circled, the Duke of Xianyu felt guilty and indignant. His chest strained with self-blame; he had once implicated Su Yu—he had incriminated that child! He thought Su Yu would

avenge him, but he didn't think that Su Yu, in order to save him, would unexpectedly come to the imperial capital without a second thought!

"Yu-er...You...Why are you so foolish? Does this weary old body deserve you?" The Duke of Xianyu faced upwards and howled with grief as tears streamed down his cheeks.

The judge callously yelled the command; "Chop!"

The executioner raised a great saber—its cold blade emitted a bleak aura in the forlorn moonlight!

"Yu-er! You must survive!" The long saber dropped. the Duke of Xianyu, tears streaming, howled in desolation.

A head, cut clean at the neck, flew through the air in a poignant arc.

At the Holy Arena, the ultimate fight carried on! Su Yu and Du Yuntian! One was an unknown, the other was widely renowned. Su Yu was exhausted, and Du Yuntian was on top of his game—no matter who was stronger or weaker by skill alone, it seemed that the ending was determined long before the battle had even begun.

Du Yuntian held a cold long sword in his arms, his eyes icy cool; "You were able to get to this point, not bad. But it stops right here!"

Schwing—

The long sword in Du Yuntian's hand came out of its sheath like a cold bleak ray of light piercing the dark sky. Su Yu comprehended a Saint Level technique, and therefore Du Yuntian saw it as appropriate to finally draw his sword. But! Du Yuntian only drew his sword—he did not attack!

"A Streaming Cold Sword!" Du Yuntian's long sword cut downward. The sheen of the sword's light was chilly and ominous, like midnight snow. The sword gracefully streaked across the air, aimed straight for Su Yu's heart!!

All the inspectors paled simultaneously. The Holy Meet Congress expressly stipulated that it was strictly prohibited to kill another competitor. But, with this maneuver, Du Yuntian was evidently in contempt of the Holy Meet's stipulation—Du Yuntian was about to publically murder Su Yu!

The Fiery Minister's aged, crusty face slightly trembled before it immediately regained its cold indifference; "The sword has no eyes, why fuss over nothing? Du Yuntian has his own discretion!"

Besides Fang Yun's secret feeling of surprise, the other twelve inspectors were alarmed and trepidatious; where was the discretion in Du Yuntian's stance? It was clear that he wanted to kill Su Yu! The Fiery Minister was rather excessively biased. In order to defend Du Yuntian, even the rules were disregarded! However, the twelve inspectors kept quiet out of fear—they did not dare object.

Fenglin Empire's Holy Meet had historically been the Fiery Minister's responsibility; he was powerful enough to cover the sky with one hand. If the Fiery Minister really wanted to, he could cease all events with a single gesture. The twelve inspectors, though they could not bear to stand by uselessly, were trapped. They only cast sympathetic looks toward Su Yu.

This was a match with an inevitable outcome, long ago determined; Su Yu should not have come to the imperial capital.

The Streaming Cold Sword's lethal power was truly awe-inspiring! Su Yu's pupils dilated, his heart grim. Su Yu had already predicted this moment would occur.

Su Yu had amazed the world with a single brilliant feat—this was bound to fluster the First Prince. In order to eradicate any future potential trouble, the First Prince would absolutely never allow him into the Sanctuary. It was inevitable that the First Prince would have Su Yu put to death in the arena.

Su Yu glanced at the fiery Minister out of the corner of his eye. The Minister did not seem to have the slightest inclination towards stepping into the fight. Su Yu felt his chest tighten with a cold chill. The Minister had openly bent to the will of his associates—he viewed the lives of those around him as insects!

"Purple Star Thunderbolt!" Su Yu struck furiously.

Crack—

The violet thunder arc pounded the air with destruction!

Bang—

Boom—

The two were both directly hit. Du Yuntian stood still, but Su Yu fell back by three steps. On both of his fists, there were tiny traces of blood. Du Yuntian's cultivation base could absolutely suppress Su Yu! At the same time, Du Yuntian only had a superficial comprehension of Purple Star Thunderbolt; as Stage One Lower Class had not been achieved—though its might was still great—Su Yu was unable to make up for the disparity.

Du Yuntian was in disbelief. He was confident that a single sword would destroy Su Yu—but it only caused the opponent to fall backward by three steps, and it only left his two fists with just a trail of blood.

His eyes suddenly turned cold. Du Yuntian's cold expression was thoroughly murderous; "The next sword will bring you death!"

"A Streaming Cold Sword!"

Schwing—

The air exploded; the cold sword in Du Yuntian's hand radiated brilliant white light!

Like a ball of sun, it radiated dazzling colors—it was too painful to look at.

The thirteen inspectors simultaneously paled and gasped, "Advanced Level cultivation technique, complete success!"

The Fiery Minister's indifferent eyes revealed gratification; under his guidance, Du Yuntian's rapid progress towards comprehending Advanced Level cultivation technique was to be expected. The next step was to instruct him to comprehend the Saint Level cultivation technique. The Fiery Minister was very pleased with the imperial appointed disciple. Meanwhile, the sword headed straight for Su Yu's head!

Feeling the intense pressure of the moment, Su Yu's eyes suddenly turned cold. Lightly breathing, he fell into a wondrous state. At that moment, it was as if he'd entered a painting—Su Yu was one with heaven and earth, fused together with nature and all living things. In the spectator's point of view, that purple figure looked as though it had broken away from the material world in order to become part of a picturesque realm.

Su Yu raised his finger high and then lightly drew in the air. This one finger moved as if to break the sky into pieces—to be free from the shackles of heaven and earth. With one gesture, Su Yu appeared to shatter mountains and rivers and pierce the vault of the sky. His finger moved very slowly, contrasting sharply with the startling motion of the Streaming Cold Sword.

Su Yu's finger came into contact with the sharp point of the Streaming Cold Sword! The heaven-cleaving sword unexpectedly whimpered under this one finger!

Thud, thud, thud—

Du Yuntian fell backward three steps—his eyes filled with deep horror! This was... Holy Decree! The twelve inspectors and the Fiery Minister were simultaneously stirred! With Zheng Yilin's holy decree, their expressions had remained flat and uninspired. But they were moved by Su Yu's holy decree!

"Another holy decree comprehender!"

"What a powerful holy decree, far surpassing Zheng Yilin's grade!"

The Fiery Minister's aged face looked grave; such a powerful holy decree was extremely rare. How did Su Yu manage to do comprehend it? After a moment, the Fiery Minister lightly snorted; "It's merely superficial skill; the level of maturity is average!"

The veins in the heads of all the inspectors throbbed; such a powerful holy decree, yet he still called it average? All the inspectors were less than impressed in regards to the Fiery Minister's heart. In order to favor his imperial appointed disciple, he discarded his self-respect and lied through his teeth.

If there had been no absolute suppression of cultivation base rank, the Fiery Minister's precious disciple may not have been able to withstand one move from Su Yu hands.

Thud, thud, thud—

Su Yu fell backward five paces with the taste of bile in his throat! Even by using the most powerful holy decree, Su Yu still could not defeat Du Yuntian! With the absolute suppression of the cultivation base and the Advanced Level cultivation technique cultivated to top class, Su Yu had encountered an unprecedented enemy!

Feeling the acute pain in his hand, Du Yuntian was furious; this was the first time a peer had fended off his most powerful strike!

"I'll see how long you can hold on!" Du Yuntian roared and attacked first.

He'd seen that Su Yu took a hard blow just now. On top of that, Su Yu's use of the Holy Decree placed a huge physical burden on his body; Su Yu was physically exhausted, it would be difficult for him to continue combat!

Crash—

Du Yuntian charged once again to cut down Su Yu! Su Yu's pupils flashed and an invisible sword headed toward Du Yuntian!

"Diabolic Sword!"

Aha—

The diabolic sword sank into Du Yuntian's mind. Although he had absolute rank suppression and was unable to be killed by the diabolic sword, it still caused a mental disturbance.

Chapter 60: Danger Zone Eruption

Just as Su Yu's Diabolic Sword sank into Du Yuntian's mind, an ancient jade pendant around Du Yuntian's neck emitted a mild emerald green brilliance. The emerald aura warded off the small invisible sword—the pendant was a high-grade soul defense talisman! The First Prince, always prepared, had made sure Du Yuntian was well-guarded against soul-attacks.

Du Yuntian sneered and thrust his sword towards Su Yu's head. "Die!"

In the face of imminent doom, Su Yu had no choice but to use his ultimate defense tactic in order to survive—Su Yu activated his holy decree!

Thud, thud, thud—

Su Yu fell backward by five paces, a trail of blood dripped from his mouth. Du Yuntian coldly hummed and flew upwards.

Crash—

Bang, bang—

The two figures spun in the air. They cut crisscrossing paths across the arena. Su Yu's insides jolted due to the movement. The space between Du Yuntian's thumb and pointer-finger completely split down the middle, as blood gushed down the hand which held his sword. Du Yuntian's fingers trembled, the sword shaking slightly. There was no way to tell who held the upper hand.

Ten, thirty, fifty moves—the fight continued!

After an hour, Su Yu could feel his anxiety build; the Duke of Xianyu's execution was only an hour away, and there was still no end in sight for this battle! Worst of all, Su Yu was physically exhausted, had lost his agility, and was nearly decapitated by Du Yuntian's sword! Though Du Yuntian found it difficult to hold the sword, his physical strength still far surpassed Su Yu!

Under the arena, the Third Prince's eyes tracked the dazzling purple figure spinning in the air. He'd never thought Su Yu would come so far!

The First Prince realized that he had, at some point, unconsciously sat forward from his relaxed position into a stiff, tense posture. His once peaceful expression had been replaced by a stressed, thin-lipped focus on the fight in front of him. Su Yu was too strong; compared to his time at Xianyu Prefecture, Su Yu's strength had doubled! The First Prince realized, to his horror, that he could not predict the outcome of this fight!

An unfamiliar sense of panic rose in the First Prince. If Su Yu emerged from the fight victorious, he would surely act upon his earth-shattering oath to kill the First Prince—there would be no escape!

"Report to the First Prince, the Duke of Xianyu has executed an hour ago." An imperial bodyguard informed the First Prince.

The First Prince's eyebrow raised. "What? Isn't the execution scheduled for midday? Who pushed it forward?"

Just as the First Prince glanced back at the concerning developments within the arena, another gloomy revelation came to light. "The head of the Duke of Xianyu is here!"

"Here it is!" The imperial bodyguard offered up a black box, as it had been the First Prince who personally ordered the execution—so, naturally, it was necessary to present the executed's head to the First Prince for examination.

Inside the opened box was a lean and sallow head with a haggard appearance. Who else could it be but the Duke of Xianyu? With a cold sneer on his lips, the First Prince casually flung the head from the black box and tossed it into the arena, behind Su Yu.

Those in the combat preparation zone were taken aback by the head which tumbled to the ground. Everyone was shocked. Xia Jingyu was stunned as she recognized the face of the decapitated head, her delicate body trembled!

"The Duke of Xianyu!" Xia Linxuan uttered in horror.

Completely focused on his fight with Du Yuntian, Su Yu, upon hearing those four words, unconsciously turned back. What met his gaze was a vision he had hoped to never see; behind him laid a cold, dead head.

Though thin, sallow, and haggard, Su Yu recognized the contours and curves of those vacant eyes. Once warm and benevolent, tears streaming alongside a wry smile as flames raged all around him—the self-sacrificing, noble Duke of Xianyu was dead.

Su Yu could see the ghosts of tears that once dripped down the Duke's face before he died, tears meant for Su Yu. A vision of the Duke Xianyu kneeling beneath a cold saber, eyes full of tears as he faced the sky, passed through Su Yu's mind. He could practically hear the Duke's death cries, urging Su Yu to survive.

Su Yu witnessed every moment he'd had with the Duke pass before his eyes, from his arrival to Xianyu Prefecture to the Duke's fiery goodbye.

Tears welled up and blurred Su Yu's vision. He refused to believe the identity of the head before him! It was before midday—he still had an hour left. Su Yu had put everything on the line, had risked his life every minute, every fight, every second in order to save the Duke's life! So how could the Duke possibly be dead?! Twice, Su Yu faced the death of the Duke!

As memories surged forward, Su Yu saw the Duke of Xianyu's every word and smile, every sound and gesture—all from so long ago, but so fresh on his mind. Each memory still breathed warmth into his heart, distinct and alive. But now, everything was cold.

The day the Duke of Xianyu was engulfed by the vast raging flames he had given a bleak smile. That smile was a farewell! Su Yu had failed to save the Duke of Xianyu! He had failed.

"No!" Su Yu returned to himself, stared at the cold head, and let out a heartbreaking scream!

An unprecedented hatred raging like ten thousand rumbles of thunder roared in his heart! It was a destructive loathing, furious and violent in its desire to obliterate heaven and hell, and it now warmed Su Yu's heart in place of once pleasant memories.

"First Prince! I will kill you!" Su Yu's eyes were bloodshot, and he roared at the sky.

Hatred and murderous intent penetrated the dark skies, igniting the mountains and rivers of the earth—a Viking funeral, sending him off to be buried with the world. Those who sensed the dark energy were shocked and alarmed. A shiver slid down their spines!

The sneering First Prince's heart thumped wildly, but Su Yu's loss of spirit made the First Prince's eyes flash with a victor's ice-cold smile. Provoking Su Yu and making him lose control had created an opportunity for Du Yuntian to kill with a single stroke—this had been his last-minute plan!

Shocked by Su Yu's hatred, Du Yuntian's blood ran cold. Still, Du Yuntian caught the intent gaze of the First Prince.

"Billowing Cloudy Sword!" The long sword in Du Yuntian's hand thrust towards Su Yu's back in an icy graceful arc.

"Don't!" Xia Jingyu's pretty face turned aghast, her figure blew forward like the wind, intent on rescuing Su Yu.

However, it was too late.

Du Yuntian's single thrust of his sword had already pierced Su Yu's back! Yet, just as he was about to pierce Su Yu's heart with his sword—

Bang—

A stream of air appeared out of nowhere and spiraled around Su Yu's body. The powerful energy jolted Du Yuntian along with his sword!

"A breakthrough on the spot! A big breakthrough, to another tier!" Du Yuntian was suddenly eclipsed!

Everyone was simultaneously amazed by the sign of a breakthrough! Su Yu's eyes were blood red amidst the collapse of all reason! His chest, mind, and heart were all flooded with unprecedented hatred! The upheaval of his consciousness affected his inner strength, which now flared with unprecedented power.

The majority of rare medicinal plants he had previously ingested while training at the Third Prince's official residence had only settled in his flesh and blood—the miraculous qualities of the plants had not yet been activated. Now, however, after nine continuous fights, Su Yu had hit the limit of his physical fatigue, and his body was compelled to release the settled medicinal power.

Under desperate circumstances, Su Yu's inner strength had flared in a last-ditch effort to survive and the medicinal plants stockpiled in his system were galvanized. Thanks to them, he finally reached a huge breakthrough! In one go, he had a breakthrough from Level Five Lower Tier to Level Five Peak—Su Yu stepped across two full two tiers! These were just the visible breakthroughs, however; inside Su Yu there were even more startling changes.

The small cauldron, entrenched in Su Yu's brain, gently buzzed and vibrated while Su Yu's consciousness was violently shaken up, and two drops of its red liquid dripped out. In the past, only one drop ever dripped at a time — this was because Su Yu experienced dramatic emotional shocks, which caused the intense vibration of the Divine Nine-Dragon Cauldron.

Drip drop—

Clear and melodious sounds like silver bells resounded through his mind. The two souls of Su Yu completely merged, no longer separated by any barrier! Soul-energy had an unprecedented ethereal quality which was incredibly powerful! At this moment, the transformation of Su Yu's soul enriched and empowered his comprehension.

After the comprehension of Diabolic Sword reached Stage Three Lower Class, Su Yu's progress had plateaued. At that moment, however, with the unprecedented new strength of his combined souls, there were no more obstacles; an incomparable potential for profound comprehension now lingered in Su Yu's mind.

The previously cryptic and difficult to understand Stage Three Upper Class and Stage Three Top Class suddenly made perfect sense in Su Yu's mind.

The Diabolic Sword was thoroughly cultivated to Top Class. Purple Star Thunderbolt had always been some distance away from Stage One Lower Class—blocked by an insurmountable barrier. Now, with the sudden merging of his souls, progress with Purple Star Thunderbolt was entirely unblocked—it was like water flowing through a canal, fluid and free.

Even the comprehension of that incomparably mysterious holy decree became more approachable with the transformed soul. Su Yu had a faint inkling that perhaps his path to the holy decree had been on the wrong track all along.

The crowd gasped! A breakthrough on the spot!

Among the martial artists, there had been many rumors of on-the-spot breakthroughs. They were said to happen often after setbacks; comprehension would be obtained and a breakthrough would occur on the spot. Su Yu actually had a breakthrough during the final battle! Furthermore, it was a powerful upsurge of a breakthrough!

Countless martial artists were envious and gasped in surprise; Su Yu suffered from many upheavals in his life, and provocation was one of them. His body contained the energy of countless miracle mineral plants—if he had not had those plant stockpiled within his body, would he have had such a breakthrough?

Although outsiders were envious, it was too late to Su Yu! The Duke of Xianyu was dead! He'd wanted to save the Duke of Xianyu with all his heart but, in the end, he had still died at the hands of the wicked ones! Even with the dramatic rise of his cultivation base, what was the point of winning the Holy Crown? The Duke of Xianyu was unable to come back to life!

Du Yuntian, astonished and amazed, quickly calmed down.

"Billowing Cloudy Sword!" Du Yuntian's killing intent skyrocketed and an icy long sword suddenly thrust towards Su Yu's neck, taking advantage of Su Yu's emotional state. This sword, fierce and oppressive, craved blood and death! To this ferocious attack, the fiery Minister remained indifferent; he simply disregarded Su Yu's life.

Schwing—

The icy sword thrust close to Su Yu's neck; just a flip of Du Yuntian's wrist would send Su Yu's head flying!

"Get lost!" Su Yu suddenly turned back. His blood-red eyes projected monstrous hate.

The incisive blade was only an inch away from Su Yu's throat! Du Yuntian was alarmed and fearful under Su Yu's close, blood-red glare. He unconsciously wanted to retreat—but this was a competition of skill within an arena under the eye of the Fiery Minister—Su Yu would never dare do anything to harm Du Yuntian, right?

Eyes flashing, Du Yuntian moved forward, clenched his teeth, and used the strength of his palm to turn the remaining sharp point of the sword towards Su Yu's throat!

Crack—

But, Du Yuntian's hand came up empty—his long sword had been seized by Su Yu and snapped in two! Du Yuntian was horrified. His sword was forged with cold steel, how could it be so easily broken?

Aha—

Both of Su Yu's fists pulsated with arcs of violet light, like a ball of purple flames burning within his palms.

"PURPLE! STAR! THUNDER! BOLT!" Su Yu's voice was broken and hoarse with his increasing hatred and sorrow. Deep and gritty like metal on stone, his voice was ear-piercingly sharp with his cold killing intent!

Rumble—

Du Yuntian's sneak attack with his sword had been unsuccessful—how could he evade Su Yu, now that he was so far within range? Both his arms raised in front of his chest as Du Yuntian desperately tried to block Su Yu's blow. Even if Su Yu's breakthrough was to Level Five Peak, Du Yuntian still had the absolute suppression of the cultivation base—what could Su Yu do to him?

The moment the pair of violet fist bombarded Du Yuntian's body, however, Du Yuntian's expression abruptly changed!

Crack—

When the purple flames touched Du Yuntian's arms, he was instantly ignited. Holes burned into his skin as blood bubbled from his arms, his bones crisped to dark black as the pain spread through his entire body. The purple flames, undiminished, penetrated his arms and struck a blow in Du Yuntian's chest!

Aha—

Wow—

Du Yuntian mournfully screamed as blood spurted from his mouth and both of his eyes clouded with fear!