

Nine-Dragon 81

Chapter 81: Frightened Out Of One's Wits

As Long Xiaoyue focused her gaze, her expression instantly changed.

According to their information, the Slayer King had sustained severe injuries which were hard to recover from. So how had these injuries nearly fully recovered?

"Hehe... Interesting. This is the first time any Sanctuary disciple has brazenly stood before me!" With a grin, his voice pierced the air.

Swish—

The Slayer King slowly rose.

His body exuded a terrifying Level Nine aura; it was as if a mighty river had surged forth and had shaken everyone to the core.

This was enough to confirm that he had indeed recovered.

The difference in ability between an injured Slayer King and a healthy one was insane! They had never expected that they would have to face him on equal ground.

Long Xiaoyue breathed heavily, her palms filled with sweat!

The Slayer King slowly walked down from the throne, revealing his figure as he left the shadows. Slowly, a beardless, middle-aged man with a white face emerged. As he stood still with a cold gaze, the group shuddered with fear!

As he coldly glanced past several people, he noticed the three dead imperial guards outside the palace.

The Slayer King's eyes flickered with hostility and murderous intentions!

"For killing my subordinates, I will grant you death!" The Slayer King's figure was as quick as lightning! Su Yu could not hope to match his speed, even if he utilized space-time manipulation!

Everyone could only decipher a series of blurred outlines—they were hardly able to catch a glimpse of The Slayer King.

They were in deep, deep danger.

As dread filled their hearts, Su Yu sternly instructed his puppets, "Hold him back!"

Swish—

Swaying, the two puppets—unafraid of death—attacked the Slayer King from both sides!

"Hmph! Soul Control Technique! I'll kill you first!"

The two puppets merely made the Slayer King pause for a split second. A pair of fists emerged from the blurred scene, striking the two puppets.

Boom—

The two Level Eight Lower Tier puppets were immediately obliterated!

Simultaneously, a horrifying wave of residual vital energy surged toward Su Yu!

The sheer speed and power of the vital energy was suffocating!

"Careful!" Long Xiaoyue shouted as she flashed toward Su Yu, blocking the strike for him!

Ah—

Letting out a horrible shriek, Long Xiaoyue's arms were fractured. She was sent flying backward, blood in her mouth. Even the wave of excess vital energy had been enough to gravely injure Long Xiaoyue!

Level Nine was terrifying!

The Slayer King looked on in cold disdain, "Know your place!"

Swish—

Right as Long Xiaoyue spit out a mouth of blood, a red spherical object came flying out from her mouth. Red-colored like fresh blood, the object shot towards the Slayer King.

The Slayer King assumed it was a chunk of entrails from the injured student and merely smirked. Not bothering to dodge, he grinned coldly and slightly turned his head to avoid the chunk of flesh. "Utterly weak!"

Just as the entrails reached him, however, a ray of holy power shot out from the red ball. The Slayer King's eyes widened. It was not a chunk of entrails at all!

"Explode!"

Not giving him any time to react, Long Xiaoyue softly commanded the ball!

Boom—

A deafening roar reverberated off the walls, it was strong enough to make the floor shake!

Boundless holy power exploded outward with immensely strong destructive power!

A wind whipped into a frenzy as the floor and walls shook violently!

Xia Jingyu let out a slight groan as the wind sent her flying.

Su Yu's expression was shocked—he too was sent flying by the strong wind.

As a last resort, he twisted and seized Xia Jingyu by her waist. With his other hand, he shot out the entwined dragon silk. He wound it around a stone pillar, anchoring them against the strong wind!

As the gusts calmed, clouds of dust filled the room.

Su Yu looked around amidst the dust particles. To his pleasant surprise, Su Yu saw that the Slayer King had died on the spot.

The head had been blown apart—flesh and blood were indistinguishable from one another. He was, without a doubt, very dead.

Swoosh—

Turning into a purple shadow, Su Yu dashed forward, just as Long Xiaoyue did the same!

Both of them descended beside the Slayer King's corpse, in search of his elixirs!

Thud—

Su Yu kicked over the corpse of the Slayer King. Upon revealing the back, Su Yu extended his hand and reached for the jade bottle.

But, Su Yu's hand paused in mid-air. He paled.

Swoosh—

Without any hesitation, Su Yue flew towards Xia Jingxue's side. Grabbing her, they desperately fled outside of the palace.

With a moment's hesitation, Long Xiaoyue glanced towards the jade bottle. Her facial expression instantly changed.

Swish—

Long Xiaoyue's heart thumped crazily as she followed Su Yu outside.

"Qin Mingyue, Yan Chu, hurry up and escape!" Long Xiaoyue's voice had lost the calm and confidence it once had. Now, her voice shook with shock.

The two of them turned to the Slayer King. It was only a corpse, a puddle of blood and flesh where its head once was and a jade bottle on its back. It was obvious that he could not be any more dead. So why had the others fled?

With a chill in her heart, Xia Jingyu, held tightly in the arms of Su Yu, couldn't contain her confusion, "Brother Yu, what happened? Is even his body dangerous?"

Su Yu's face was extremely pale and his heart thumped madly. "It's not that the corpse is dangerous, but... that was not the Slayer King!"

"The real Slayer King is not dead!"

Xia Jingyu's body quivered, her face instantly paled!

They had already used the Fire Soul Pearl—if the real Slayer King was alive, how would they defeat him?!

Yan Chu and Qin Mingyue paled as they listened.

"Senior Long, was that not the Slayer King?" Yan Chu and Qin Mingyue's lips quivered.

Horried, Long Xiaoyue coldly replied, "Correct, that was not him! The Slayer King's back should have two divine grade spirit elixirs. However, there was only one spirit elixir on the back of this Level Nine Slayer. Moreover, it was a normal saint grade spirit elixir!

"Should my guess be correct, that should be the Level Eight Peak imperial bodyguard. But, unbeknownst to us, he must have achieved a breakthrough into Level Nine! Hence, we mistook him for the Slayer King!"

But... how did he achieve the breakthrough?

When they had entered the core area, they discovered a lot fewer slayers than they expected to find—no one had been sure as to where all the other slayers had gone.

Now, the answer was clear! They had all been killed by the Slayer King and his four imperial bodyguards, and their spirit elixirs had been used to raise the lead bodyguard's cultivation base!

The real Slayer King must be nearby!

Yan Chu and Qin Mingyue paled; the real Slayer King was still alive!

A profound shock was felt throughout the group! Without any prodding, everyone bolted—fueled by terror and adrenaline.

Swish—

Rays of light and shadows blurred together as they rushed through the gloomy forest. They ran nonstop for three days and three nights like their heels were on fire. They only stopped once, briefly, when their stamina was fully burned out. The escape tested their will to survive and forced them to give every ounce of energy they could into their speed—only Xia Jingyu, carried by Su Yu, made it to the other side safe and sound. The rest of the group emerged looking like beggars, their clothing in tatters and dark circles under their eyes.

Even Long Xiaoyue's leather clothing was torn in many areas, revealing her dazzling snow-white skin.

The only good thing was that, although tiring, the three days of continuous escape proved to be worth it.

Panting, Yan Chu and Qing Mingyue stopped to catch their breaths.

"Senior Long, we are a long ways away from the inner core area and will soon reach the outer periphery. It's really unlikely the Slayer King has followed us this far."

Long Xiaoyue thought for a moment before lightly nodding her head. She looked at Su Yu and Xia Jingyu, "What do you two think, should we rest here for a short while to recover a bit?" Three days of continuous escape had taken a lot out of her.

Su Yu shook his head lightly. He had no intention of slowing down. "The day you let your guard down is the day you die. As long as I'm in the Evil Forest, I will not stop!"

Swish—

Su Yu disappeared from their line of sight, his voice echoing in their minds.

Long Xiaoyue could not help but agree with Su Yu. As long as they remained in the Evil Forest, they were in no position to relax.

Yan Chu coldly scoffed, "Senior Long, why bother with people like him? To put it nicely, he is being cautious. To be blunt, he is merely as timid as a mouse!"

Qin Mingyue also did not like Su Yu, as he had taken many elixirs. "We are too far away from the Slayer King. Even with his Level Nine Lower Tier ability, it will be difficult for him to catch up to us. Obviously, Su Yu lacks the ability to correctly assess situations. Leave him be, let us proceed with our rest," Qin Mingyue agreed.

Seeing their calm and relaxed posture, Long Xiaoyue could tell they were adamant about resting, and she could do nothing about it. Although she clearly understood Su Yu was the wisest person, she could not bear to leave the two of them behind. As such, she was left with no choice but to rest.

The three of them rested peacefully on top of a huge, ancient tree.

All of a sudden, Long Xiaoyue noticed a collection of shifting shadows among the trees. Reflexively, she raised her head and looked toward them.

What she saw sent terror down her spine!

Atop the tree branches stood a middle-aged man.

Wearing a gray colored robe, the man had handsome facial features and a pair of bright eyes; he was surrounded by a kingly aura.

With his hands clasped behind his back, the man stood in a relaxed manner. As if a cat preying on a mouse, he watched the three of them from above.

The man was so silent, it was as if he was one with nature. If Long Xiaoyue had not reflexively glanced up, they may have never noticed him!

Instantly, as though Long Xiaoyue's throat was blocked by something, she squeezed out a few words with great difficulty, "It's the Slayer King! Level Nine Upper Tier!"

It was indeed highly improbable for a Level Nine Lower Tier Slayer King to catch up with them. However, for a Level Nine Upper Tier, he could catch up to them easily.

Yan Chu and Qin Mingyue raised their heads and were instantly terrified.

Not only had the Slayer King chased after them, but he had been standing above their heads for the whole time!

The Slayer King had been keeping up with them the whole time—hidden in the shadows!

Yan Chu's whole body stiffened—he was too terrified to move!

Swish—

Relying solely on his instincts, Qin Mingyue forcefully suppressed his fear and swiftly fled for his life!

"No!" Long Xiaoyue screamed in shock, but it was already too late to stop him.

"Game over for the escaping mouse!" the Slayer King joked.

Extending a finger, the Slayer King pointed at Qin Mingyue.

A few hundred feet away, Qin Mingyue's body exploded, turning into a rain of blood!

Long Xiaoyue shuddered deeply, immensely regretful!

Had she known earlier, she should have followed Su Yu and escaped. She might have had a chance of surviving if she had escaped when she'd had the chance.

Retracting his finger, the Slayer King's eye looked at them mockingly, "Among the five of you, only the kid in purple intrigued me—and, even then, just barely. Follow me!"

Swish—

The Slayer King flew in the direction Su Yu had gone.

Long Xiaoyue lightly bit her lips but dared not defy his order. She followed behind the Slayer King.

The Slayer King had still paid slight attention to her—if she had tried to escape, he would have killed her in an instant!

Chapter 82: Retaliation in a hopeless situation

As Su Yu hugged Xia Jingyu throughout the entire escape, he did not let down his guard a single time, constantly checking their surroundings as they ran.

Swish—

Su Yu took out nine elixirs, stuffing five of them into Xia Jingyu's hands.

"What are you doing?" Xia Jingyu asked in bewilderment.

Su Yu stared at Xia Jingyu. "Jingyu, should I fail to make it out of the Evil Forest, please make a trip to Fenghuang Valley on my behalf," he said softly.

Xia Jingyu had an ominous premonition, but Su Yu did not give her a chance to speak.

Feeling deeply apologetic, Su Yu continued, "If I die, The Holy King would definitely not pick on you. He will sense your potential. By then, if you feel strong enough, please go to Fenghuang Valley on my behalf and tell Xianer that, till death, I, Su Yu, never once let her down!"

Xia Jingyu felt a sharp pain in her heart. For as long as she could remember, Xianer had been her closest friend. However... at some point, she had begun to dread hearing Su Yu voice Xianer's name.

It was like every mention of Xianer hacked a piece away from the pillar of support Su Yu had become in Xia Jingyu's heart.

She felt the same pain as that night in the Duke's palace under the moonlight, when Xianer snatched away Su Yu's hug.

"Okay." Xia Jingyu grabbed her shirt tightly. Although she felt bitter, she agreed.

Su Yu had originally belonged to Xianer... Xia Jingyu sighed softly.

Su Yu smiled gratefully, "In that case, let's part ways. Jingyu, live on."

Not waiting for Xia Jingyu's response, Su Yu's eyes suddenly shot out a pitch black ray of energy.

Demonic Eyes could send someone into a coma, should the user choose to do so.

Xia Jingyu struggled, unwilling to close her eyes. Amidst the struggle, her expression was bewildered.

The last image reflected in her beautiful eyes was Su Yu's apologetic smile and his quiet farewell.

Swoosh—

Su Yu flew down and hid the unconscious Xia Jingyu inside a secluded cave. Then, he ran for his life.

Moments later, Su Yu arrived in a valley. As he turned back and looked behind himself, Su Yu smiled sadly.

Swish—

In his gray clothes, a middle-aged man wore a ridiculing smile on his face. He approached in a laid-back manner as if he was walking on clouds.

Following behind him was Long Xiaoyue and Yan Chu, their faces immensely pale.

The Slayer King swept his gaze across the valley, but he could not find Xia Jingyu. Upon realizing she was not present, he smiled wider, sizing up Su Yu with slight interest.

"You are smart. Among everyone, you were the first to discover my presence. Realizing that it would be difficult to escape my pursuit, you decided to hide the girl in advance." The Slayer King said in admiration.

This was merely a cat's admiration toward a sly mouse... before the cat chows down.

Su Yu's eyes sharpened as he silently took a deep breath, consoling his quivering heart.

The Slayer King was Level Nine Upper Tier, he was only a few steps away from being a martial arts legend.

But, Su Yu still had confidence in his abilities—it was still too early to tell who would survive this battle!

As Su Yu gradually squinted his eyes, he carefully observed the Slayer King's actions!

The Slayer King chuckled. Since he arrived at the entrance of the valley he had not advanced a single step. Still standing at the entrance, he smiled mockingly and surveyed his surroundings. "Let me guess. The valley is, clearly, a dead end. Yet, you resolutely chose to enter it. My guess is, you must have set up traps of some sort inside, right? For example, beneath my feet," the Slayer King laughed coldly as he looked beneath his feet.

Three centimeters in front of his toe was a transparent silk thread, which was difficult to spot with the naked eye.

The silk thread was coiled around two ends of a stone wall. Should anyone charge forward at a high speed, both their legs would be sliced off before they knew what hit them!

Shing—

The Slayer King lightly laughed. With a slight nudge from his toe, the entwined dragon silk snapped!

Upon destroying the trap, the Slayer King took a step forward.

Su Yu's pupils dilated.

The leg which the Slayer King had extended slowly retracted in midair; he did not take a full step forward.

He appeared slightly shocked. "Interesting, consecutive traps. You almost got me!"

Boom—

The Slayer King materialized some vital energy between his fingers and proceeded to bombard the ground beneath the entwined dragon silk.

Kaboom—

A pit, which had been dug long ago, was suddenly revealed. At the bottom was countless sharp spikes!

This was a consecutive trap. Should the entwined dragon silk be discovered prematurely, Su Yu had hoped that the Slayer King, overly confident, would then fall into the pit.

Su Yu had planned each step of this meeting—but, as he watched the Slayer King disarm both traps, his expression turned dark.

The Slayer King was quite crafty!

Long Xiaoyue secretly felt sorry!

Wearing a cold smile on his face, the Slayer King crossed over the pit without sustaining any injury. "The three of you, how do you think I should deal with you all?" he asked mockingly.

Long Xiaoyue and Yan Chu flew to where Su Yu was, their faces filled with despair. This valley may end up being their burial ground!

What surprised them was the fact that the Slayer King had yet to attack them. Perhaps the cat was enjoying playing with his food.

"I'll give you all a chance to live. If you kill one person, you may leave." With his hands clasped behind his back, the Slayer King's eyes were playful.

Swoosh—

Almost in an instant, the three of them immediately dashed away from one another, revealing their distrust of each other.

Su Yu and Yan Chu were the wariest of Long Xiaoyue!

As a Level Eight Peak, killing them both simultaneously was well within her abilities.

However, Long Xiaoyue did not attack them. Instead, she said in a stern voice, "Rest assured, I will not attack you. If you both die, he would lose interest and have me killed in an instant!"

Hearing this, Su Yu—although he did not completely let his guard down—secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

Long Xiaoyue had always been a woman of her word. She disliked deception. Also, her logic made complete sense. Once the Slayer King lost interest, it would spell death for Long Xiaoyue.

To actually believe the Slayer King's words would be no different from moths flocking toward flames, seeking their own deaths!

However, in times of extreme peril, people want to believe any and all illusory potential for hope.

People like... Yan Chu!

Boom—

As Yan Chu clenched his jaw and his expression greatly changed. He suddenly attacked Su Yu!

A wave of vital energy was launched toward Su Yu's heart!

Swoosh—

Su Yu had been prepared. As he dodged the attack, he furiously looked at Yan Chu, "Do you seriously believe that by killing me he will let you go?"

With his deeply fearful eyes, it became apparent that he had lost the ability to think calmly. "It doesn't matter if I believe it or not. This is my only option!" Yan Chu shouted.

What if... what if the Slayer King kept his promise?

Among the three of them, Yan Chu stood no chance against Long Xiaoyue's. However, he believed that he was strong enough to kill Su Yu!

As the first strike ended in failure, Yan Chu shouted again and attacked Su Yu!

"Gigantic Cloud Hand of the Western Sky!" Yan Chu's palm molded vital energy. The air shifted and a great power in the form of a giant hand surged forward.

Boom—

The wind thrashed violently.

His eyes were filled with deep pity. "Su Yu, just resign yourself to fate. You are not my opponent. To prevent being subjected to pain, I can grant you a quick death!" Yan Chu said regretfully,

Yan Chu was expressing pity to the man he was trying to kill? Su Yu let out a furious laugh towards his crocodile tears.

"Do you really think you can defeat me?" Su Yu's eyes gradually turned cold. His prior battle with Yan Chu had been stopped by Long Xiaoyue in the nick of the time.

He did not think a battle between them would be ultimately inevitable.

Yan Chu's gigantic palms were nearby. His face was indifferent and overconfident, revealing the extent of his contempt for Su Yu.

Shaking her head lightly, Yan Chu fixated his eyes on Su Yu and let out a sigh, "Even before death, you still have not repented. Looks like even after experiencing so much, you are still stuck in the illusion of being the empire's most talented martial artist. Without your puppets, you are extremely fragile!

"What I regret the most is not showing you how cruel reality is during our battle a few days ago. Now, your end will be too fast to properly show you. This is all my fault..." Yan Chu sighed pitifully, but he secretly gloated.

Boom—

Su Yu counterattacked calmly with his palm!

Both of their palms came into contact silently!

Yan Chu's look of fake sympathy faltered and turned stern, before contorting into one of pain and fright. Finally, he shrieked in pain.

Crack—

There was the sound of cracking ice as his entire body froze.

Within the ice sculpture, there was not a sliver of life. What was left on Yan Chu was a freezing cold corpse.

Su Yu stood at his original spot, slowly retracting his fist, which was surrounded by cold mist. Su Yu shook his head. "The fragile one is you, senior. This is the true cruel reality."

Long Xiaoyue pupil's dilated!

One move was all it took to kill Yan Chu!

Regarding Su Yu's ability, she had her suspicions it went far beyond his cultivation base. However, it had never crossed her mind that he could kill Yan Chu in one move!

To Yan Chu, this was indeed a cruel reality!

His playful face slightly stiffened, the Slayer King took in a small breath, "A Deity level cultivation technique!"

His playful expression then deepened, "Interesting! A genius capable of comprehending a Deity level cultivation technique. From the looks of it, it's even in the Upper Tier! Interesting!"

"Then, let the two of you battle. Whoever wins, lives," the Slayer King said. He could not wait to see a good show.

Su Yu and Long Xiaoyue, however, did not start to battle.

According to what the Slayer King had said, if they killed one person, they would live.

However, despite Su Yu being forced to kill Yan Chu, they had not been granted leave.

There was no doubt that the Slayer King was not a man of his words.

Even if Su Yu and Long Xiaoyue fought each other to the death, the Slayer King would also not let anyone leave.

Hence, Su Yu and Long Xiaoyue did not fight.

Rather than being played with by the Slayer King, they would rather sacrifice themselves!

Seeing that they refused to fight, the Slayer King's expression gradually stiffened. His eyes, previously playful, were now cold and murderous. "Uninteresting rats, die!"

Boom—

A wave of cold, murderous energy gushed towards the sky!

All living things in all four directions ran away in fright!

Taking a step forward, the Slayer King, who had lost his patience, finally decided to kill them!

Su Yu remained calm as ever. He was even sarcastic.

"You really think you are a cat toying with rats?" Su Yu laughed coldly as he stepped lightly on the ground.

Only with close observation could one discover that Su Yu had not moved his feet—one foot secretly rested on an invisible silk thread.

As the Slayer King extended his foot, Su Yu exerted pressure on the entwined dragon silk beneath his foot.

Kaboom—

A loud explosion could be heard! A black liquid with a foul stench erupted from beneath the Slayer King's feet as a foul-smelling rain drenched him head to toe!

Ah—

The Slayer King let out a miserable, pained scream!

The foul-smelling black rain contained immensely lethal toxins!

The toxins caused the Slayer King's entire body to rot!

His originally handsome face was now disfigured. Parts of it were so rotten that his bones poked through.

As his legs were in direct contact with the source of the immensely toxic rain, the flesh on his legs instantly melted into liquid, and his legs were reduced to mere bones in an instant.

The gray robe he was wearing instantly decayed, alongside with a big portion of his body; his blood and flesh were indistinguishable.

Long Xiaoyue gasped in astonishment. What was that immensely lethal and terrifying poison? When had Su Yu set up so much lethal poison?

Su Yu's trap had not been a double consecutive trap—it was a triple consecutive trap!

Chapter 83: Bloodline of the nine phoenixes

"Quick, run!" Su Yu shouted at Long Xiaoyue as he desperately ran toward the foot of the cliff. Two ropes made of vines had already been prepared.

By climbing the ropes, one could reach the top of the valley and escape. One of the ropes had been originally prepared for Xia Jingyu, but now it could be used to save Long Xiaoyue's life.

Long Xiaoyue was immensely happy as she grabbed onto a rope. Utilising her light-body cultivation technique, she quickly climbed up the stone walls.

The shock she contained within her heart could not be described.

Not only had Su Yu set up a triple consecutive trap, he had even prepared a means of escape!

Su Yu's meticulous thinking and ability to remain calm was incredible!

Su Yu quickly climbed up the vine—he was not calm.

That immensely toxic rain was the blood of Nine Deadly Poison Devil.

Su Yu had buried the Nine Deadly Poison Devil's corpse underground, wrapped tightly in the entwined dragon silk. Once the mechanism was triggered, the entwined dragon silk would violently tighten. The corpse, unable to withstand the pressure, would then explode—spraying out its poisonous blood.

As the ground preserved the body, Su Yu did not have to worry about the trap losing effectiveness.

But Su Yu was not confident that the blood would kill the Slayer King.

After all, these three traps were originally designed to deal with Level Eight Upper Tier or Peak Tier opponents. Su Yu hadn't prepared for a Level Nine enemy!

"Su Yu, I'll kill you!" The Slayer King's angry voice reverberated throughout the valley!

As expected, he had not died!

Swish—

A badly disfigured body scaled the cliff walls behind Su Yu, smelling of death and rot.

His hands had completely decayed, leaving only bloody, bony fingers.

The bony fingers were like steel, cutting into the stone like it was butter. Stabbing into the stone walls, the Slayer King climbed naturally and quickly.

His pair of decaying eyes gave Su Yu a death stare, full of boundless fury!

Su Yu felt lighter as he pushed Floating Light Shadow to its maximum power!

Although the Slayer King would soon die from the lethal toxins, his abilities were still strong!

Su Yu still could not compare to the Slayer King's speed!

Snap—

Boom—

The Slayer King caught up to Su Yu and grabbed Su Yu's ankle with his immensely toxic, bony claws. "I might die, but I won't let you off! And that female companion of yours, I will also find her, and kill her!" the Slayer King shouted with an immense hostility as he spewed blood from his mouth.

How could Su Yu possibly dodge a grab from a Level Nine Upper Tier?

Ah—

The poisonous blood upon came into contact with Su Yu's ankle and instantly caused his skin to decay, releasing a pungent white smoke!

The bony claws gave one immensely strong tug, and the vine in Su Yu's hands instantly snapped.

Su Yu dropped down from the three-hundred feet tall cliff like a stone.

Gazing at the increasingly distant sky, the sky was vast and the clouds were peaceful. Time and space seemed to slow.

Su Yu felt bitter. Had death finally caught up with him?

Thinking back, he had started off as a lowly silver student and had ended as a Sanctuary Heavenly Disciple. It had only been a mere few months, but it was enough.

He had his father-in-law, Duke Xian Yu (whom he was indebted to), and a loyal friend, the Third Prince. He even had two women in his life who he would never forget; his fiancé, Qin Xianer, and his soul mate, Xia Jingyu.

This life had been more than fulfilling... but Su Yu still had many regrets.

He would not see Xianer with his own two eyes, and could only task Jingyu to meet her on his behalf.

As Su Yu fell off the cliff, Long Xiaoyue looked on in shock. The Slayer King laughed, "I will find your female companion and kill her now, to accompany you!"

Jingyu!

Should the Slayer King retrace Su Yu's footsteps, finding the unconscious Jingyu would be an easy task!

"Don't you dare!" Su Yu's eyes sparked with fury.

Rustle—

A streak of madness enveloped his mind; if he had to die, he was taking the Slayer King with him!

Gathering vital energy in his hands, Su Yu suddenly shot toward the top of the valley.

On top of the valley ten boulders tattered on the cliff edge.

Their position was especially precarious—they could have fallen at any moment. However, they were all stopped in their tracks by a transparent, entwined dragon silk.

Once the entwined dragon silk snapped, the entire valley would be completely destroyed.

Each boulder had an average diameter of thirty feet. Once they dropped, it would cause massive destruction!

This was what Su Yu had spent two days two nights working on. The boulders, which had been incredibly hard to set up, were meant as a latch-ditch backup plan, should Su Yu need to destroy the valley.

That was also Su Yu's only chance to kill the Slayer King!

He shot a stream straight at the entwined dragon silk

Rustle—

As the entwined dragon silk loosened, ten gigantic boulders finally crashed downward.

Long Xiaoyue gasped in astonishment. Luckily, she had already reached the boundaries of the cliff. By precariously avoiding the gigantic boulders, she managed to reach the peak of the cliff.

On the other hand, as the Slayer King was busy dealing with Su Yu, he was not able to escape in time. As the gigantic boulders fell toward him, he screamed in agony!

Ah—

"I won't let you go, even if I become a ghost... Ah..."

Even though he was the Slayer King, he unable to withstand the tremendous impact. The Slayer King was crushed by a gigantic boulder instantly, and his body flew off the cliff.

Boom—

Ten gigantic boulders crashed down in a monstrous thunder!

The entire small valley shook vigorously, as the high mountain crumbled with a bang!

Gravel rolled down the cliff face. With a quick glance, the surrounding mountain peaks were all destroyed as well—the entire valley was filled with gravel!

Dust filled the air, Long Xiaoyue was not able to open her eyes until several moments later. As she squinted, Long Xiaoyue gasped in astonishment. Her heart quaked with the horror of observing a massive tragedy.

The valley was filled with gravel. The possibility of survival was near zero-percent! As her knees weakened, Long Xiaoyue knelt on the valley floor and moaned, "Su Yu..."

With a low bow of respect, Long Xiaoyue's chest was filled with several feelings. There was apologetic sentiments, gratitude, and respect.

Suddenly, Long Xiaoyue focused her eyes on the distance and saw a stumbling figure running towards the entrance of the valley.

Looking up at the deep gravel pit, the beautiful eyes of the approaching woman surveyed their surroundings anxiously, as if looking for something.

Swoosh—

The guilt-ridden Long Xiaoyue flew forward and stopped beside the woman.

"He is already dead. In order to stop the Slayer King from finding you, Su Yu decided to sacrifice himself and bring the Slayer King down with him. They were buried and killed amidst the collapsing mountains," Long Xiaoyue said in a low voice, desperate and lonely without any semblance of joy from surviving.

Su Yu's death caused her to feel a deep sense of guilt that was difficult to quell.

Boom—

The eyes of the woman blacked out. Having lost all strength in her body, she knelt on the ground with a pair of lifeless eyes.

It was the newly awakened Xia Jingyu. She had immediately realized what Su Yu had done, and had rushed immediately to the valley after regaining consciousness.

What she saw once she arrived was the aftermath of a catastrophe. Worst of all was what she was told once she arrived; Su Yu had died, buried underneath the collapsed mountains!

As Xia Jing Yu stared in a daze at the deep pit, her mind was blank.

Countless memories surged forward, one after the other in a sunset tide.

Their initial meeting at the martial arts training institute, when he was just the young man with extraordinary archery skills.

When they explored the dusk mountains and faced the mysterious shadow in the underground ruins.

Their time at the Duke's palace, the warm hug under the moonlight.

That time at the outskirts of the imperial capital—an embarrassing and unforgettable experience, when they faced each other with bare bodies.

Finally, when they entered the Sanctuary together. They had shared the same fate between various ordeals and obstacles.

Scene by scene, memories surged forth in her mind, tearing apart her soul.

Excruciating pain assaulted her heart.

She had lost the most important thing in her life. She had lost the light in her life which she dared not forget, nor hope for.

"No!" At last, Xia Jingyu slowly returned to her senses, her eyes filled with tears.

"Brother Su Yu would not die! He would not die!" Xia Jingyu got back on her feet and ran into the middle of the valley. Using her slim, jade-like hands, she moved the rocks piece by piece.

The rough, sharp rocks wore her skin out, cutting her fingers and destroying her clothes.

However, in her eyes, only Su Yu mattered.

Mechanically, piece by piece, she moved the gravel away.

It was as if she was a soulless puppet that had used up its life force, salvaging the final glimmer of life in order to find Su Yu.

Long Xiaoyue could not bear to watch any more. "Junior Xia... Please, take it easy!" she said, bitterness in her heart

"He did not die!" Xia Jingyu turned her head. Xia Jingyu was known for staying calm in any circumstance. But now, it was as if she was a completely different person; her eyes were cold and sharp as she sharp shrieked at Long Xiaoyue.

Startled, Long Xiaoyue silently fixated her gaze at Xia Jingyu, who was laboriously moving the stone pieces.

One day turned into two days, which turned into three days...

Five days had passed and Xia Jingyu was frail beyond recognition.

Her looks, which were once comparable to a celestial beauty, were now haggard and frail. Her eyes were so dry they turned dark red. Her pair of jade-like hands had lost their former radiance and were now indistinguishable.

Most unrecognizable was her heart, which sat in shambles.

Throughout all five days Xia Jingyu did not rest, nor did she drink a single drop of water or eat a single grain of rice.

Perhaps, before Xia Jingyu would collapse on the rubble herself before they even had a chance to find Su Yu's body.

Finally, Xia Jingyu's stamina had been expended. She fainted on the ground.

Even though she was unconscious, a pair of hands covered in blisters and scabs continued to cling to the stones—refusing to let go, even in sleep.

Long Xiaoyue sighed sympathetically. She bowed deeply to the buried body of Su Yu before picking up Xia Jingyu and leaving the Evil Forest.

Surrounded by celestial clouds and misty haze, a pavilion within the massive Fenghuang Empire was faintly visible, as if it was a paradise in the human world.

It was the Fenghuang Empire's forbidden land—Fenghuang Valley! Its significance was akin to the Sanctuary of the Alliance of the Nine Empires. Within Fenghuang Valley, Xianer sat in a courtyard.

Drenched in an entire body of perspiration, Xianer was fully focused and serious in honing her cultivation techniques.

The Xianer of the past was willful and playful—unruly and mischievous.

The current Xianer now wore an expression of unfaltering persistence on her delicate face.

Rustle—

Two eighteen years old females silently approached the courtyard, their eyes revealed despise and disgust.

"The Bloodline of the Nine Phoenixes is nothing more than this? Is she really the Valley Master's granddaughter? Her potential is so bad, it's beyond comprehension!"

"Indeed, she is unlike the true Bloodline of the Nine Phoenixes! According to the rumors, the Bloodline of the Nine Phoenixes has an incredibly fast training speed. However, our Fenghuang Valley has given all the saint-grade spirit elixirs we have accumulated, to Qin Xianer for consumption. Yet, she has merely obtained one breakthrough to Level Three Upper Tier. Her potential is so bad, it's unbelievable!"

As the granddaughter of Fenghuang Valley's Master, Xianer's unique bloodline had allowed her to receive priority training.

The saint grade spirit elixirs, which were supposed to be distributed to only outstanding disciples, were all given to Xianer for her sole, prioritized consumption.

The only thing was... amidst the boost from all the saint grade spirit elixirs, she had merely managed to breakthrough from Level Three Lower Tier, to Level Three Upper Tier.

Fenghuang Valley, be they from outstanding disciples or elders, was full of complaints.

"What trash! If I had consumed that many saint grade spirit elixirs, I would have long ago achieved Level Eight!"

"I really don't understand, she should have just stayed behind in Fenglin Empire. Coming to our Fenghuang Valley and wasting all our precious saint grade spirit elixirs, those kinds of people may as well die!"

The two people's voices—although far away—managed to be heard by Xianer.

Xianer stopped training and lowered her head as she stood in front of the wooden stakes. Lightly biting her lips, her frail shoulders lightly rustled.

Her pair of big eyes swelled with tears, and her weak body and mind were assaulted by deep loneliness and hesitation.

"Qin Xianer, follow me. The clan is holding a meeting and you have to sit in," an indifferent voice said.

It was a stern beauty, but her gaze towards Qin Xianer was filled with abomination.

Xianer knew that this would be the meeting that decided her fate.

Chapter 84: The Storm Competition

"Oh," Qin Xianer hurriedly wiped away her tears as she lowered her head. Not uttering a single word, she followed behind the stern beauty as they walked toward Fenghuang Pavilion, the most prestigious and dignified meeting hall. Various outstanding disciples and powerful elders were all standing in the meeting hall.

They were all Level Eight and Level Nine; all experts, busy cultivating an oppressive atmosphere.

Aside from them, there was an old lady, sitting calmly on the main seat in the hall.

At first glance, she appeared to be a normal elderly woman.

However, her presence made the assembled Level Eight and Level Nine experts silent in fear.

She was the Master of Fenghuang Valley, Qin Xianer's grandmother!

When Qin Xianer arrived, the outstanding disciples and elders all turned to look at her.

They appeared respectful on the surface, but deep within, they felt envy and loathing.

The Master of Fenghuang Valley opened her eyes and stared at Qin Xianer. After assessing Qin Xianer, she had confirmed Xianer's cultivation level was still Level Three Upper Tier. Within her doting eyes, a faint coldness was building.

"Xianer, do you remember grandma's promise?" The master of Fenghuang Valley asked indifferently. Her voice appeared fleeting and far. Even though she sat front and center, it was difficult to determine the origins of her voice.

Xianer's heart trembled as she lightly bit her lips. With her eyes filled with tears, under the eyes of the masses, she choked, "I remember. Should I not achieve a breakthrough to Level Five, then... I'll be exiled from Fenghuang Valley.

Fenghuang Valley's master pondered for a long while. Though her aged eyes were filled with love and displeasure, they ultimately turned cold. "Since you know, then... leave Fenghuang Valley."

Xianer's tears flowed uncontrollably. As she turned around, amid the silent laughter of the masses, she left the hall alone.

"Wait—remove your Fenghuang Valley clothes as well," the master of Fenghuang Valley ordered indifferently, "This is the rule. Anyone who leaves Fenghuang Valley will cease to be a member, and is not allowed to leave with any items belonging to the valley."

Xianer looked back. As she stared at her grandmother, she felt no warmth in her heart.

In her grandmother's eyes, she was only a replacement for her mother. Now that Xianer was not of any value, her grandmother had cut off all family ties with her.

A wave of solitude overwhelmed her. The thought of her broken familial ties made her feel exceptionally vulnerable.

Whenever her mind conjured the image of a purple-robed figure, the loneliness within Xianer's heart was slightly quelled.

With her small hands, she took off her coat. Only that belonged to Fenghuang Valley, which she did not care about.

However, just as her coat loosened, she carelessly dropped multiple items—which had been hidden in the pockets.

Splitter splatter—

Various fiery red spheres were strewn across the floor, rolling about.

Everyone was stunned.

As they looked, their facial expression instantly changed and they exclaimed in unison, "Saint grade spirit elixirs!"

There were thirteen! This was equivalent to Fenghuang Valley's two months worth of spirit elixirs in total! There was even a golden spirit elixir among them!

"Divine grade spirit elixir!"

The elders were able to hold in their horror, but the youngsters had no self-control.

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh—

A group of youngsters forgot the Master of Fenghuang Valley as they rushed forward, frantically snatching the spirit elixirs on the floor!

Xianer was shocked. She rushed forward to cover the golden spirit elixir with her body. Her pair of small hands grabbed the surrounding spirit elixirs.

However, how could she compete against the crowd of over ten people?

"Don't! Stop!" Amid the chaos, she managed to grab back two elixirs, including the golden spirit elixir!

The remaining were all snatched away by the crowd.

Her small hands were swollen from being stepped on. Her expression was frazzled as blood from fresh wounds stained her skin.

Seeing the spirit elixirs stolen by other students, Xianer was immensely saddened. Hugging her only two spirit elixirs, she helplessly sat on the floor and cried pitifully. "Oh... Return me. Return my spirit elixirs... Those are for Brother Su Yu, don't snatch them away..."

Hearing her pitiful cries would make anyone worried about her.

In the silent meeting hall, only Xianer cried.

Looking at her trembling body, several youngsters could not bear it anymore as they awkwardly put the spirit elixirs back into her arms.

The remaining youngsters were extremely ashamed as they returned the spirit elixirs.

With her teary eyes, Xianer hid the spirit elixirs back into her pockets, one by one.

A total of thirteen saint grade spirit elixirs. Were these the spirit elixirs given to Xianer in the last two months? Had... Xianer not consumed any?

"Xianer!" The Master of Fenghuang Valley trembled and threw a sharp look at her, "What is this? Why did you not eat any of the spirit elixirs given to you?!" Finally, people understood why Xianer—part of the rumored Bloodline of the Nine Phoenixes—had such awful potential!

Qin Xianer had not consumed any of the spirit elixirs given to her. She had relied solely on normal training to raise her cultivation base, which was why her progress was so slow.

Qin Xianer dared not look the Master of Fenghuang Valley in the eye. Lowering her head, she softly whispered, "Grandma, I'm sorry. I wanted to save the spirit elixirs for Brother Su Yu. He is in the mortal world and definitely does not have any spirit elixirs to consume. I want to save all of them for him."

Everyone looked at one another, deeply shocked.

Saint grade spirit elixirs only existed in Fenghuang Valley and in the Sanctuary—their value was difficult to estimate.

Qin Xianer wanted to save them for Brother Su Yu?

"Who is Su Yu?" Master of Fenghuang Valley shot a sharp look at Xianer.

Qin Xianer dared not hide the truth. "Brother Su Yu is Brother Su Yu... Oh, he is my fiancé and my only remaining family... Of course, grandma is also my family," she confessed.

Fiancé? Qin Xianer had a fiancé in the mortal world?

She had endured countless harsh words and was willing to be exiled from Fenghuang Valley, just to give Su Yu the spirit elixirs?

Everyone was speechless—they all felt as though something was caught in their throats.

Those citizens, once envious of Xianer, were unexpectedly moved by her.

The eyes of the Master of Fenghuang Valley immediately changed. Against the desires of those in Fenghuang Valley, she had taken a few months' worth of spirit elixirs and given them to her granddaughter. On top of that, when she saw that Xianer had not improved, she had secretly given her an extremely rare divine grade spirit elixir.

However, Xianer had instead saved them for some random man?

Xianer's grandmother secretly blamed herself for Xianer's pains, but she simultaneously loathed this Su Yu.

But, she did not reveal her anger, as her expression gradually softened. Taking out a saint grade spirit elixir from her sleeve, she smiled earnestly. "This is for you to consume. As for Su Yu's spirit elixirs, grandma will prepare another set for him."

Xianer hesitated before she finally swallowed a saint grade spirit elixir.

Wah—

What occurred next shocked everyone.

Under the strong power of the spirit elixir, a faint fiery red mist began to surround Xianer. Xianer appeared to look like a phoenix.

Her cultivation base began to rise rapidly at an astounding speed!

In an instant, she had risen all the way from Level Three Upper Tier to Level Five Upper Tier!

"As expected from one of the Bloodline of Nine Phoenixes. Upon consumption of the saint grade spirit elixir, normal people would only rise from Level Three Upper Tier to Level Four Upper Tier at the most. Xianer, however..."

The meeting hall was filled with gasps of astonishment; countless eyes filled with shock and envy.

This was the real power of the Bloodline of the Nine Phoenixes!

The Master of Fenghuang Valley was filled with overwhelming agitation and happiness. It was as she had expected!

This scene was enough to make Fenghuang Valley dedicate all its resources towards nurturing Xianer! Nobody would ever dare to question her bloodline, much less belittle or ridicule her!

When the meeting ended, the masses left in alarm.

"Fei Yun, make a trip to Fenglin Empire and find Su Yu," the Master of the Fenghuang Valley said indifferently.

Swoosh—

A twenty-year-old youth with a terrifying aura flew in and knelt down on the floor, "Yes, Holy King!"

Fei Yun hesitated for a moment, before he asked, "After I have found him, do I pass Junior Xianer's spirit elixirs on to him?" After all, she had promised Xianer she would prepare another set of spirit elixirs for Su Yu.

"No! Kill him!" The calm master of the Fenghuang Valley was murderous.

Fei Yun looked slightly shocked before his eyes turned cold.

He was not angry. This wild Su Yu of unknown origins had taken possession of Qin Xianer's heart and forced her to slow her training—forced her to hoard spirit elixirs for him!

Furthermore, he called himself Qin Xianer's fiancé!

Prior to this—although Qin Xianer's potential had been misunderstood—her small and beautiful figure, like a fairy from the wilderness, had won over many hearts, Fei Yun's included!

Upon hearing that Qin Xianer had a fiancé, he could not help but feel dejected. In his eyes, there was a wave of envy and loathing.

"Also, make a trip to the Sanctuary in the Alliance of the Nine Empires. Tell Li Guang that I will not wait if he's late!" The master of Fenghuang Valley said indifferently.

"Roger!"

Swoosh—

Fei Yun disappeared into the shadows like a ghost.

Back in the Sanctuary, deep within the Evil Forest, a valley sat in ruins, destroyed two weeks previously.

A purple-robed young man was buried amid the gravel. The sky was dark as if it too grieved the loss of Su Yu. The clouds began to snow, as they never had before in the Sanctuary.

It persisted for ten days.

Even the world's purest white snow was unable to cover the coldest scene in the valley.

Dong, dong—

Beneath the deep layers of white snow, a boulder shifted.

A hand suddenly emerged from the gravel!

"Xianer..." A faint sigh permeated the gigantic boulder and reached the horizons.

Far away in the Sanctuary, Xia Jingyu finally awoke after ten days of sleep.

Her fatigue was so excessive that she had almost died. She had fallen into a coma.

The instant she opened her eyes, Xia Jingyu cried hoarsely, "Brother Yu!"

Long Xiaoyue, who watched over her by her side, sighed. "Jingyu... Don't be like this. It has already been fifteen days since he..." she said brokenly.

Fifteen days... Xia Jingyu sighed sorrowfully, staring dumbly at the ceiling.

Fifteen days. Even if he had not been crushed to death, he would have long ago died of hunger and thirst.

Xia Jingyu's determined heart shattered.

"Brother Yu..." Her eyes, which had never cried before, swelled with tears. Her sorrowful voice reverberated into the far distance, carrying the sounds of a deep-seated pain.

Dong—

The sound of a distant bell could be heard coming from the Holy King's Great Hall.

Swish—

A person entered the house.

Wearing a white shirt, he had a pair of eye-catching sharp brows. His eyes were filled with a deep sense of loss. "I should not have brought Su Yu to the Sanctuary. If I had not done so, Su Yu would not have died," he said, ashamed.

For someone like Su Yu, who highly valued his friends, to have died without any of them at his side... Qiu Changjian felt a deep sense of loss.

Thinking back, during the Holy Meet Su Yu had gone to great lengths to save the Duke of Xianyu—even though he had not been sure he would survive.

Such a loyal person, unmatched by any in his generation, had died in the Evil Forest.

Qiu Changjian looked at Long Xiaoyue, took another look at Xia Jingyu, and sighed. "The holy bell has been sounded. The Storm Competition will soon begin. I have already received news from my seniors that, after this competition, the Sanctuary will be dismissed.

"Moreover, the Holy King will bring us Ten Great Holy Disciples and leave for Fenghuang Valley," Qiu Changjian said sternly. The dissolution of the Sanctuary, to them, was difficult to expect.

Swish—

Qiu Changjian and Long Xiaoyue's facial expressions suddenly changed.

The listless and grieving Xia Jingyu had, upon hearing the words 'Fenghuang Valley,' suddenly sat up. Her pair of colorful eyes suddenly contained an astonishing light as they glared intently at Qiu Changjian. While her voice had once been melodious, she now spoke with a harsh, hoarse voice, "Fenghuang Valley? The Ten Great Holy Disciples will make their way towards Fenghuang Valley?"

Chapter 85: The Dragon's Reverse Scales

Qiu Changjian was intimidated by Xia Jingyu's intense look. Slightly startled, he gave an affirmative nod, "Yes, only the ten great Holy Disciples will be brought along."

Only the ten great Holy Disciples would be brought along? Xia Jingyu filled with hope.

"I will participate in the Storm Competition." Xia Jingyu's clear eyes were determined.

Qiu Changjian slightly quivered. He could almost feel Xia Jingyu's hidden strength awaken and fill the room.

Long Xiaoyue could not bear to watch. "Jingyu, you have just recovered from a fatal injury, therefore not advisable for you to participate," she whispered.

Xia Jingyu stepped outside of the house, raising her head as she gazed up at the snow-filled sky.

Under the heavy snow, her pair of beautiful eyes watered, "I have to go... That was Su Yu's last wish. To make the trip to Fenghuang Valley, and on his behalf, and tell Xianer that he fought for her to the very end."

Looking at her lonely figure, gradually covered by snow, Long Xiaoyue was at a loss.

Xia Jingyu had lost her soul...

The Storm Competition had finally arrived. The Sanctuary would soon be dissolved, so this would be the last Storm Competition.

The Storm Competition would be divided into two segments.

The competition between the prospective Holy Disciples, and the individual rankings of the ten great Holy Disciples.

The venue would be in front of the Holy King's Great Hall.

Xia Jingyu had braved the snow to reach the venue. Her eyes reflected the snowflakes which filled the skies.

The snow-white beauty was incredibly alluring. But she appeared unreachable, like an ice sculpture—frozen in body and soul.

Su Yu's tale was spread among the prospective Holy Disciples.

Burying himself along with the Slayer King was both commendable and unfortunate.

Xia Jingyu had gone against the Slayer King together with Su Yu... She was alone now, however—the only survivor.

She had to take care of herself, now.

Dong—

The holy bell sounded once again. The battle of the prospective Holy Disciples was about to begin.

The gates of the Holy King's Great Hall had not yet been opened, but nobody doubted whether the Holy King was watching everything.

The competition of the prospective Holy Disciples utilized the arena system; there would be consecutive challenges. The one who defeated all would become King of Prospective Holy Disciples.

Qiu Changjian would host of the matches.

He casually grabbed a name off the list and his expression became perplexed, "Xia Jingyu, come up the stage!"

Swoosh—

She flew onto the stage agilely.

The celestial beauty's unmatched elegance contrasted against the snowy background. Her ice-cold beauty and snow-like eyes made her appear inhuman.

"The challenger will be chosen according to last year's ranking, from bottom to top. After every victory, you may rest for an hour." Qiu Changjian announced the rules.

"The first battle!"

The first contestant was the hundredth and one ranked disciple, a level Five Upper Tier.

"I admit defeat."

"The next battle!"

"I admit defeat."

Xia Jingyu's level Seven Upper Tier gave her an overwhelming lead, which caused the low-ranked people to all give up.

Only the top ten prospective Holy Disciples would challenge Xia Jingyu.

"Junior Jingyu, I cannot match you. I give up." The lowest-ranked senior sister Liu cupped her fists and retreated.

Zhang Mingyi, ranked ninth, had fallen in the Evil Forest.

Swoosh—

Liu Dong—ranked eighth—was level Seven Lower Tier.

"I'll battle you!" Liu Dong licked his lips as he gazed at Xia Jingyu's unmatched beauty, his eyes revealed a flash of passion.

Even though he might not be her rival, he wouldn't mind battling this beauty.

Xia Jingyu stood still on the arena floor, not moving a single inch.

Her shoulders were covered in snow, which turned her hair white.

Finally, she moved.

Her jade-like feet remained footed on her original spot, but her jade-like fingers waved slightly—a stream of vital energy lashing out.

Ah—

Liu Dong screamed in pain as he fell off the arena, defeated.

Like a seasoned veteran, Xia Jingyu's eyes remained calm as she slowly lowered her finger.

Swoosh—

"Ranked seventh, Zhang Xiaohua— get in the arena!"

Xia Jingyu raised her finger.

Ah—

"Ranked sixth, Yang Ling—get in the arena!"

Xia Jingyu raised her finger.

Ah—

Du Lin, ranked fifth, had fallen in the Evil Forest.

"Ranked fourth, Zhang Qian!"

Zhang Qian was level Seven Upper Tier, only one step away from becoming a level Eight expert!

Flying into the arena, Zhang Qian stood with her hands clasped behind her back. She couldn't contain her envy of Xia Jingyu's beauty.

"Junior Xia has considerable strength. Senior will give you a handicap of three moves," Zhang Qian laughed.

With her level Seven Peak Tier strength, she felt she was more than capable of overwhelming Xia Jingyu's level Seven Upper Tier.

Xia Jingyu shook her head with an indifferent expression, "No need, one move is enough to defeat you."

Not only did she fail to insult Xia Jingyu, but she had been insulted instead. Zhang Qian was furious. "Your strength is not adequate—you only know how to use your looks to seduce people. Rumors say Junior Su Yu was seduced by you, and therefore willingly died for you," she said furiously.

Xia Jingyu's body shook slightly, and her cold, elegant eyes lit up.

She did not refute her, nor did she explain herself. She did not have an explanation to share.

Su Yu had, indeed, died for her.

That fact would eternally haunt her.

Zhang Qian silently gloated. "Junior Su Yu... To actually be manipulated by a woman to the extent that he lost his life. To put it nicely, he must have greatly valued relationships. To be blunt, he was just a simpleton," she chuckled.

Qiu Changjian frowned as he tried to contain his unhappiness. The death of a person is sacred. Zhang Qian had gone overboard by bringing up Su Yu.

But the competition was sacred, he had no right to intervene.

Even if he had the right, it was inconvenient for him to do so.

Zhang Qian was the girlfriend of the ranked eighth Holy Disciple, Liu Qing.

In the past, Zhang Qian was dispossessed and her talent was ordinary. However, she was pretty, and it just so happened Liu Qing harbored warped thoughts about her. To climb up the social ladder, she became Liu Qing's girlfriend.

With Liu Qing supporting her, nobody dared upset her. Even Long Xiaoyue avoided her.

In the arena, a cold light reflected in Xia Jingyu's snow-like eyes.

Her rage and murderous intentions were made evident as she spoke lowly, "Those who dare insult him, die!"

This was the first time she spoke since entering the arena.

If only she had been insulted, Xia Jingyu would not have cared at all. But, to insult Su Yu—this was Xia Jingyu's weakness, the single soft spot in her frozen exterior.

A dragon has its reverse scales—their weak spots. They would kill anyone who dared touch them there.

Such a violent expression had actually come from the quiet and tranquil celestial beauty, Xia Jingyu!

Qiu Changjian and Long Xiaoyue were shocked Xia Jingyu—she had truly changed.

The cold aura which surrounded her was unlike her once peaceful, gentle attitude.

"So what if I insult him. Kill me if you can, you vixen!" Zhang Qian laughed coldly.

Swoosh—

"Let senior see, other than your looks, what you have to be proud of! Seal of ridges and peaks!"

Zhang Qian's palms were like butterflies. As they flew overhead, two illusions which resembled mountain peaks appeared out of nowhere. Everyone could feel the oppressive pressure exerted by the mountains.

"Saint level cultivation technique, stage three!"

As expected from the ranked fourth disciple, she was a terrifying and strong opponent!

Xia Jingyu's figure was as still as ice. Her eyes did not reflect the terrifying move. Instead, murder blurred her gaze.

"Those who dare insult him, die!"

Her cold, hoarse voice reverberated in the air.

Swish—

Xia Jingyu used her body, turning and enveloping her surroundings with the natural realm.

"Divine Gade Holy Decree!"

Qiu Changjian was shocked. A Holy Decree—had Xia Jingyu actually achieved the level of the ten Holy Disciples?

"The Flowery Finger!"

With her clear and cold eyes, Xia Jingyu raised her finger and pointed.

Poof—

Ah—

Zhang Qian, who was coldly laughing, suddenly felt her chest rupture. A stream of blood spewed from her body.

"I admit defeat!" Zhang Qian felt a chill creep down her spine. Had her finger struck half an inch deeper, her heart would have been crushed to pieces!

Swoosh—

Zhang Qian quickly retreated and she set off to jump from the arena.

But she did not succeed.

Though Zhang Qian had admitted defeat, Xia Jingyu continued pursuing and did not stop, despite being in the arena ring—which prohibited serious injuries and killing.

"Die! Die! Die!" Any semblance of her past kindness was gone. She was a cold goddess, filled with murderous rage.

Poof, poof, poof—

Her five fingers pointed simultaneously; more than ten holes appeared in Zhang Qian's body instantly! Nearly seventy percent of her blood spilled onto the arena floor.

Even if she did not die, Zhang Qian would lose her strength!

However, Xia Jingyu did not show any intentions of stopping. Instead, she attacked with the intention to kill!

Even if she did not achieve her goal, she would not stop!

"Hmph!" An indifferent voice could be heard from the Holy King's Great Hall!

Xia Jingyu groaned as she spewed blood from her mouth.

The Saint Grade Holy Decree surrounding Xia Jingyu dissipated.

Creak—

The stone gates of the Holy King's Great Hall slowly opened.

An elder, who sat cross-legged, stared at Xia Jingyu dully.

The Holy King had appeared!

Xia Jingyu's snow-like eyes looked over coldly.

Xia Jingyu was not afraid and made eye contact with the Holy King—who even Holy Disciples dared not look at.

"You hate me?" The Holy King's aged eyes had seen through all things, and what he saw in Xia Jingyu's eyes was hatred.

"Yes!" Xia Jingyu did not conceal the hatred in her heart.

"For stopping you?" The Holy King asked indifferently.

As she shook her head, Xia Jingyu's snow-like eyes filled with rage, "No! You caused Su Yu to die!"

If not for the Holy King's pressure, Su Yu would not have taken so many risks in the Evil Forest—he might still be alive!

"You want to kill me?" The Holy King's old eyes remained as calm as ever.

"Yes! As long as I am alive, one day, I will take your life! No matter the cost!" Xia Jingyu's eyes were resolute and sharp. Although she was small and unintimidating, the tone of voice in which she declared her intentions terrified thousands of warriors.

The arena fell into an uproar before it dropped into a dead silence.

Since ancient times, only one person ever threatened the Holy King—and, she was named Xia Jingyu.

"I am partly responsible for his death." The Holy King did not fly into a fury as everyone expected, but instead, he glanced at the reduced number of prospective Holy Disciples. Deep within his eyes, there was sincere regret.

"You can hate me, kill me, do whatever you want—should the day come where you have the ability to do so." Slowly shifting his gaze away and closing his eyes, the Holy King announced indifferently, "Resume the match!"

Everyone was speechless!

Xia Jingyu had violated the rules of the arena match and openly displayed her killing intent.

The Holy King had, unexpectedly, decided to not pursue the matter!

Perhaps this was the Holy King's apology to Xia Jingyu, perhaps he felt responsible for Su Yu's death.

Xia Jingyu looked away and stared at the sky, "Next!"

Swoosh—

A figure flew onto the arena stage. It was Long Xiaoyue.

level Eight Peak Tier was not something that Xia Jingyu could hope to defeat.

"Jingyu, don't be like this. The dead cannot be revived, you need to take care of yourself." Long Xiaoyue did not bear to see Xia Jingyu like this.

Xia Jingyu looked at her, her eyes slightly softening. But, her voice remained cold and hoarse, "You don't understand."

She had to fulfill Su Yu's final wish. To use her eyes and meet Xianer. To use her heart, to deliver his final words...

Xia Jingyu was determined to use her life to fulfill his dying wish!

"Then let us begin!" Long Xiaoyue sympathized with her, but would not give up her right to challenge the ten Holy Disciples.

Only the King of Prospective Holy Disciples had the right to challenge the true Holy Disciples.

Last year, she had failed. This year was her last chance.

In the blink of an eye, Xia Jingyu took out five spirit elixirs. They were the spirit elixirs that Su Yu had given her before he died.

Consuming all in one go, Xia Jingyu's cultivation base slowly increased. She prepared to achieve a breakthrough on the spot.

Long Xiaoyue was slightly shocked, but nodded her head, "I'll wait for you to achieve your breakthrough."

"No need," Xia Jingyu shook her head.

Long Xiaoyue could not do anything. Even if Xia Jingyu achieved a breakthrough to level Seven Peak Tier, she would still be unmatched.

"In that case, Junior Xia, please watch out," Long Xiaoyue sighed.

"Just what I wanted."

Swoosh—

Long Xiaoyue's surroundings delved into nature. From afar, it appeared as if she was as natural as the skies and earth.

"Saint Grade Holy Decree! Long Xiaoyue has actually comprehended the Saint Grade Holy Decree!" The masses were shocked at Long Xiaoyue's hidden skill.

"Compared to last year, Long Xiaoyue has improved significantly. Should she break through the shackles of her cultivation base, she may become one of the ten great Holy Disciples," Qiu Changjian secretly exclaimed.

Chapter 86: Return of Su Yu

Xia Jingyu remained unfazed as she also exhibited her Saint Grade Holy Decree.

"The Flowery Finger!"

As she pointed her jade-like finger, all liquid heeded her call.

Long Xiaoyue merely snorted, as her blood refused Xia Jingyu's call.

As both were using Saint Grade Holy Decrees, Xia Jingyu could not do much to Long Xiaoyue.

As Long Xiaoyue closed in with her overwhelming advantage, Xia Jingyu felt danger lurking all around her.

Kaboom—

The two slim figures could only be glimpsed briefly as they battled.

One was an absolute beauty and the other one displayed grace. Everyone who viewed their battle was filled with admiration.

Xia Jingyu was at a slight disadvantage, but it was still a close fight.

"For sparring in the arena ring, should there be no clear victor after a hundred moves, the one who holds the advantage will be crowned the victor," Qiu Changjian announced.

Regardless of status, all in attendance were highly impressed. Xia Jingyu was merely a newbie, and yet she could engage in a battle with the surely future King of Prospective Holy Disciples, Long Xiaoyue, for so long. Her vast improvement in skill had shocked the people present.

Hearing Qiu Changjian's announcement, Long Xiaoyue turned cold. "Sorry Jingyu, I have to challenge the Holy Disciples," she said.

Prior to this, she had held back—hoping she wouldn't have to hurt Xia Jingyu. Now, to secure her victory, she would have to go all-out.

Xia Jingyu glared as she took a few steps backward. "I have my reasons for having to win at all costs! Sorry, Senior Long."

Swoosh—

At that moment, with the help of the spirit elixirs' powers, Xia Jingyu achieved her breakthrough to level Seven Peak Tier.

For a moment, Long Xiaoyue felt a strong pressure. Gritting her teeth, she unleashed her full powers.

"Seven Star Steps!"

Clang—

Long Xiaoyue extended her jade-like foot and moved her feet in a soft rhythm. Every step corresponded to the Big Dipper constellation. Every step she took created a dazzling melody.

It was an extremely rare sound attack!

"Saint level cultivation technique, top class!" The crowd gasped.

Qiu Changjian was impressed. Be it a Holy Decree or a cultivation technique, Long Xiaoyue had achieved the standards of the ten Holy Disciples. Only her cultivation level was not on par.

Long Xiaoyue, having gone all-out, drastically increased her fighting prowess!

Xia Jingyu remained calm and stood still.

"Reverie of Dewdrops!" Whispering in a hoarse voice, Xia Jingyu raised her jade-like hands and lightly gestured in Long Xiaoyue's direction.

Kaboom—

Long Xiaoyue's facial expression suddenly changed, revealing immense pain.

The people turned and saw, to their surprise, the snowflakes and moisture in the air surrounding Long Xiaoyue had enveloped her in a dense fog.

A visible layer of water appeared all around Long Xiaoyue's body.

In an instant, as though she had been plunged into deep water, Long Xiaoyue could not breathe!

No matter how much Long Xiaoyue tried to use her vital energy, she was unable to dispel the water around her.

As time passed, it became harder to bear. Her face slowly flushed red as she gradually lost the strength to resist.

With a slight gesture, the ball of water bubbles which enveloped Long Xiaoyue threw her from the arena!

The audience was dead silent!

"Deity level cultivation technique, upper class!" A shuddering voice emerged from within the masses.

The masses looked up at Xia Jingyu; all of them felt a slight tingling in their scalp.

Among the three Deity level cultivation techniques inside the Sanctuary Divine Vault, Xia Jingyu had actually comprehended Reverie of Dewdrops to the Upper Realm.

The Holy King's indifferent eyes lit up, which was a rare occurrence.

Within the Sanctuary, there was only one person who actually comprehended a Deity level cultivation technique, and that was the eldest disciple, Zhao Guang!

However, Xia Jingyu had also comprehended it!

Long Xiaoyue was deeply shocked. The whole time they were in the Evil Forest, she had never seen Xia Jingyu in action.

She had always felt that Xia Jingyu over-relied on Su Yu's puppets. But in actuality, Xia Jingyu's strength was far beyond the level Eight Lower Tier puppets!

The amazing battle had shocked the entire audience! Xia Jingyu was unquestionably the King of Prospective Holy Disciples!

It was time for the ten Holy Disciples' ranking matches; this was the portion that the Holy King valued the most.

The ranking battles of the ten Holy Disciples were interesting and brilliant. Every Holy Disciple had a minimum Level Nine cultivation base. The splendid sparring matches were eye-opening for the prospective Holy Disciples, who were filled with admiration for their seniors.

At last, the final ranked battle ended.

Zhao Guang obtained the glorious title of the King of the Holy Disciples!

No opponent could withstand any more than ten of his moves.

Zhao Guang, who guaranteed victory with ten moves, was the head genius of the entire Sanctuary!

Many people looked up to his unparalleled presence.

The remaining rankings had slightly changed, especially the lower ranks. Qiu Changjian had performed outstandingly and rose from rank ten to rank seven. Liu Qing once ranked eighth, dropped to rank ten.

With the imminent dissolution of the Sanctuary, the apprehensive disciples had pushed themselves to different degrees of improvement throughout the month.

With that, another segment of the Storm Competition had ended.

Only one segment remained; the challenge match!

The King of the Prospective Holy Disciples had a chance to challenge the Holy Disciples.

According to the rules, as long as he or she defeated the lowest ranking Holy Disciple, he or she may replace that particular Holy Disciple.

Xia Jingyu would have to defeat Liu Qing to become a Holy Disciple and earn the chance to accompany the Holy King to Fenghuang Valley.

Qiu Changjian secretly sighed. Xia Jingyu's cultivation base was overwhelmingly outclassed, her chances of winning were slim.

"The challenge match, begin!" Qiu Changjian announced.

Swoosh—

Xia Jingyu flew onto the arena stage and stood silently.

Beside Liu Qing was the pale-faced Zhang Qian. Staring at Xia Jingyu, her eyes harbored deep anger, "Brother Qing, teach this vixen a lesson on my behalf!"

Liu Qing raised his head and saw a celestial figure. Standing in the snow, she charmed all those who chanced upon her.

A warm feeling filled his mind. As he slowly nodded, Liu Qing flew onto the arena stage.

With a grin on his face, Liu Qing consoled Xia Jingyu, "Junior Xia, the dead cannot be revived, please restrain your grief."

Xia Jingyu's eyes remained cold, she pretended as if she had not heard him.

"Senior knows that Junior Xia and Junior Su had deep ties, but I hope that Junior Xia can get over it. If you have any matters of the heart, you may approach me. What Junior Su could do, I can also do," Liu Qing continued.

The audience was shocked. Liu Qing was a famous playboy, but nobody expected him to target Xia Jingyu, making use of her grief from losing Su Yu. Still, his attempt was in vain.

Zhang Qian's face turned green with jealousy.

Xia Jingyu remained cold, though her eyes revealed deep disgust. "Don't compare yourself with Su Yu, you will only taint his name!"

"You!" Liu Qing always thought highly of his own looks, with his tall figure and exceptional strength—he always had his way with the ladies. Teenage girls like Xia Jingyu especially loved him—especially when they were emotionally distraught. Seducing Xia Jingyu should have been very easy for him.

He had not expected Xia Jingyu would ridicule him publically!

"Hehe, I apologize if I crossed any lines. Let us begin the sparring match," Liu Qing's expression appeared apologetic, but deep in his eyes, there was a cold hatred.

He had hesitated in starting the match—and now, he had enraged his opponent!

He originally had a tender heart for the opposite sex and had been willing to start off easy on her. He had not expected Xia Jingyu to reject him! He, therefore, could not be blamed for his harsh actions!

"East Coming Great River!" Liu Qing attacked!

It was an impressive saint level cultivation technique, top realm!

His palm's force was equal to a raging river!

Xia Jingyu's pure eyes turned serious, she knew his attack would be hard to match. However, her eyes still maintained a dignified gaze.

"Reverie of Dewdrops!"

A dense water bubble surrounded Liu Qing, suffocating him. Liu Qing's face turned red and pained.

But, he managed!

With his East Coming Great River, an endless forth of water gushed forward, forcefully destroying the water bubble!

Poof—

Xia Jingyu was pushed back. Blood spewed from her mouth as she took a massive strike to her torso. But, she did not retreat.

"East Coming Great River!"

"Reverie of Dewdrops!"

Poof—

At a great disadvantage in terms of cultivation base, it was difficult for Xia Jingyu to come out ahead. After ten moves, her chest was stained red.

The snow gathered onto her body, soaking her clothes and contrasting with her bloodstains.

She had sustained heavy damage!

Qiu Changjian could not bear to see anymore, "Junior Xia, just admit defeat. You... cannot win."

"I cannot lose... I cannot lose!" Xia Jingyu's beautiful eyes welled up with tears.

She had to fulfill Su Yu's dying wish—he had trusted her alone!

She had to fulfill it! Even if she died trying!

The audience was deeply touched.

Despite knowing that she had no chance of success, she remained persistent!

Liu Qing had long since passed his ridiculing phase; he was awe-struck. He was frightened by Xia Jingyu's fearless determination.

Seeing Xia Jingyu's fearless attack, Liu Qing reacted instantly!

"East Coming Great River!" Liu Qing put everything he had into this attack.

Kaboom—

Poof—

Xia Jingyu was struck midair. Blood spewed out of her mouth and injuries as she flew backward, off the arena.

The crowd was silent.

Though she had no chance, they still could not believe she had lost.

As she laid on the ground, Xia Jingyu's heart shattered.

She had failed to fulfill Su Yu's dying wish!

Laughing pathetically, the spirit in Xia Jingyu's eyes was extinguished.

Qiu Changjian felt a deep pity for her. He was about to extend his hand to hold Xia Jingyu up when the crowd gasped.

"Quick! What is that in the sky?" Someone shouted in astonishment.

The crowd fixated their eyes on the unknown object.

The only sight that they could make out was a ball of purple fire.

Shockingly, the purple fire had traveled at incredible speeds! It was approaching at a mile a minute—as if it were teleporting through space and time!

The fire quickly came into focus; it was no fire at all, but a purple clothed figure.

With his hands clasped behind his back, the figure appeared as if he had been present in the distance all along, unmoving.

But, with every blink of an eye, he mysteriously moved a considerable distance closer, leaving behind a chain of blurred purple afterimages.

"Is that... a person, or a ghost?" The audience was shocked. For someone to move so fast... They couldn't comprehend it.

The Holy King raised his head, slightly bewildered, "It's him?"

"Not good! He's heading towards us!" The audience was shocked as they shifted defensively.

Qiu Changjian stood as a vanguard, blocking the forefront upon seeing the purple figure approach at an inhuman speeds

"Hold it there..."

Right as Qiu Changjian issued his warning, as everyone prepared themselves for a battle, a bleak sigh came from behind them, "Jingyu..."

Qiu Changjian's whole body shuddered, the people present felt a chill down their spines. Turning around, they discovered,, to their astonishment, that the figure had appeared behind them and had intercepted Xia Jingyu before retreating back.

The purple figure before them was actually just an illusion! The real purple robed figure had long since arrived behind them!

Who could have displayed such an inhuman movement?

Everyone looked over at the purple-robed youth.

He had a lean figure and good looks, but his eyes remained closed.

That face was definitely Su Yu!

However, the Su Yu before them had a silvery white hair to his waist, unlike the black hair he used to have.

Exuding an aura of gentleness and grace, accompanied with his purple clothes, he gave off a mysterious, yet noble aura.

It was as though Su Yu had come from a palace of the gods.

The difference in his appearance was so great that he appeared to be another person entirely, especially with that head full of silver hair.

Chapter 87: Peerless strength

Xia Jingyu felt a familiar chest pressed against her cheek, and her ears heard a familiar voice. Her body shuddered slightly as she opened her eyes, seeing a familiar face.

"Su... Yu..." Xia Jingyu could not believe her eyes, she was in shock. She wondered wildly if he was a hallucination, conjured by blood loss.

Su Yu was alive!

"Jingyu, sorry for being late." A soft, bleak sigh pulled Xia Jingyu back to reality!

"Su Yu!" A sad cry could be heard throughout the entire Sanctuary.

Xia Jingyu shed tears of happiness as she extended her pale arm, hugging the purple-robed man tightly.

She squeezed him so tightly that her own lungs were crushed. But, she refused to loosen her grip—instead holding him tighter, afraid he may disappear.

At that moment, Xia Jingyu forgot heaven and earth. She forgot about space and time, about the arena stage, and she forgot herself.

Her heart was filled with Su Yu, whom she had once lost.

Xia Jingyu tilted back her head and looked at Su Yu. She shed tears of joy, choking as she cried. The joy in her heart was indescribable.

Any and all words would pale in comparison.

Finally, the audience came to their senses.

The silver-haired, purple-clothed person was actually Su Yu, who should have been buried underneath several feet of gravel!

Did he survive the catastrophe, or had he come back from death?

It was no wonder that those present would have such a preposterous thought as resurrection; this Su Yu seemed worlds apart from the Su Yu they had once known.

Xia Jingyu shrugged, smiling as tears rolled down her cheeks. Her pair of soulless eyes had been reinvigorated.

After Xia Jingyu's heart had completely settled down, she inspected Su Yu.

His cheeks had slimmed down considerably. She could imagine the amount of pain and suffering Su Yu had endured, buried under gravel for half a month.

The greatest change was, however, Su Yu's long hair.

The one silky black hair was now a pure silver-white.

With his purple clothes and silver hair, he gave off a noble aura.

"Brother Yu, your hair... and your eyes." Xia Jingyu realized Su Yu had yet to open his eyes!

His pair of vast and starry eyes were, at that moment, tightly shut!

Were his eyes destroyed when the mountain collapsed? Although Su Yu's eyes were closed, he still reacted to his surroundings as if he could see.

With his eyes shut, Su Yu smiled, "It is inconvenient for me to open my eyes. There is no problem with them. As for my hair..."

With a faded smile and sense of relief, Su Yu explained his hair's change, "A trace of toxin remained inside my body. Although I purged it, its side effects were unavoidable. It would be hard to revert my hair back."

That day, the Slayer King had grabbed ahold of Su Yu's ankles with his hands, which were tainted with immense toxins. A trace of those toxins remained in Su Yu and had turned his hair silvery-white over the course of half a month.

Caressing Su Yu's silver hair, Xia Jingyu sighed apologetically, "Sorry, Brother Yu... I was unable to rescue you earlier."

Su Yu smiled gratefully, "No Jingyu, you saved my life."

That day, when the gigantic boulders had crashed down, the mountains collapsed and the earth quaked. The catastrophe had been imminent.

Right as Su Yu was about to be buried, he discovered the trap pit which he had set up previously. Desperate, Su Yu utilized his Entwined Dragon Silk and escaped into the pit. A gigantic boulder had then dropped on top of the pit, blocking the opening of the hole and trapping Su Yu. But, the boulder also sealed the pit from any gravel—saving Su Yu from being buried alive.

But there was still too much gravel on top of the boulder to escape.

Had Su Yu recklessly moved that gigantic boulder, it would have caused the gravel on top to slide down, burying him alive.

It was Xia Jingyu who had moved away most of the gravel over the course of five days and five nights, without a single wink of rest.

Su Yu then had the chance to climb out, bit by bit.

If not for Xia Jingyu's determination, Su Yu would have been buried alive.

During the two weeks, Su Yu had relied on drinking melted snow to quench his thirst, living off the moss growing on the stones.

"Brother Yu!" Xia Jingyu's head was buried deep in Su Yu's chest, pained as she heard how much Su Yu had suffered. Under those harsh conditions, Su Yu had somehow managed to survive.

Everyone present gasped in shock; although Su Yu was extremely lucky it was Xia Jingyu's persistence which saved him.

Qiu Changjian was extremely happy but suddenly remembered his purpose. As he looked at Liu Qing, he announced reluctantly, "Xia Jingyu has lost the challenge match. The match has ended..."

"Ended?" Su Yu's purple clothes blurred as he disappeared.

Everyone was shocked to discover that, on the arena stage, a purple-clothed silver-haired person had appeared out of nowhere.

His inhumane figure shocked everyone.

Liu Qing, who was about to make his way off the arena stage, raised his eyebrows, "What? Do you wish to challenge me?"

The people present were shocked. Su Yu had just returned, and now he wanted to challenge a Holy Disciple?

A look of anticipation appeared on everyone's faces. They were curious to see how much had Su Yu's strength had improved...

Su Yu slightly shook his head and replied, "No."

The audience was shocked.

"Then what do you want?" Liu Qing secretly heaved a sigh of relief. Su Yu was an unorthodox and mysterious opponent who he would rather not cross fists with. In addition, he had just bullied and insulted Xia Jingyu, and could not help but feel guilty.

Su Yu's eyes remained closed. Su Yu's purple clothes and silver hair, amidst the heavy snow, made him look like a handsome deity. "I'm here not to challenge you, but to teach you a lesson in human nature."

The audience was dumbfounded!

When teaching a Level Nine Lower Tier, even a Level Nine Upper Tier would not be so brazen and arrogant as to say that. It was unlike Su Yu... unless his personality had undergone a big change as result of the catastrophe.

Xia Jingyu's eyes were filled with bewilderment. The Su Yu from her memories was not a proud person. Why then did he say such things?

Liu Qing laughed mockingly, "Teach me the basics of humanity? With your qualifications?"

"I've suffered enough to earn my right to teach you. Go on, you may have the first move," Su Yu said indifferently, his hands clasped behind his back.

"Alright! You brought this upon yourself!" Liu Qing flew into a fury after being challenged by Su Yu. If Liu Qing had backed off, how would he ever be able to face anyone again?

"East Coming Great River!"

It was like a river had gushed forward, destroying everything that stood in its way. The thunderous sound was alarming, the attack's power was unparalleled!

A gust of strong wind blew past Su Yu's purple clothes. His silver hair also danced along with the gust of wind.

With his eyes shut, Su Yu stood still with his hands clasped behind his back.

Crack—

Liu Qing's immensely strong blow had stopped three inches before Su Yu's body, frozen in place!

A thick ice wall suddenly appeared, forcefully blocking Liu Qing's fists!

"You... How is it possible!" Liu Qing was shocked beyond words.

From the start, Su Yu had not lifted a single finger—yet, he had blocked such a strong attack!

"I don't believe it!" Liu Qing was furious as he continued to attack consecutively.

Whenever his fists struck, a wall of cold ice would appear with a flash of a white light, blocking both of his fists.

Su Yu had not moved a single inch!

The audience was dead silent!

In their eyes, Liu Qing had done everything he could. He could do nothing to Su Yu, who merely stood there! Su Yu had not made any moves at all!

Liu Qing had dished out over ten attacks, and Su Yu remained completely unscathed.

His head was filled with shock. With his heart thumping madly, he asked, "You... Are you a human or a ghost?"

"Since you seem done attacking, it's my turn." Su Yu said lightly, with his eyes shut.

Liu Qing's facial expression instantly changed.

Swoosh—

Liu Qing turned around and was about to walk off the arena stage, as he no longer wished to fight.

"I admit..." he started, intending to forfeit.

Piak! Piak! Piak!

Suddenly, a purple light instantly appeared in front of him. Liu Qing only managed to catch a glimpse of the silver-haired figure, before he was slapped three times.

The clear and crisp sound of three consecutive slaps echoed throughout the entire arena.

"These three slaps are to educate you, to teach you to not over-estimate yourself—understand your place, you insignificant being," Su Yu said indifferently.

Liu Qing's cheeks turned bright red and burned. He could not believe he had just been slapped!

"Su Yu! You, you insult me..."

Piak! Piak! Piak!

Unable to even see Su Yu clearly, Liu Qing took another three slaps to his cheeks.

"These three slaps are meant to educate you, to teach you to not take advantage of your status and bully the weak. When you insult other people, be prepared for others to insult you back."

Hearing Su Yu's words, Liu Qing was furious. However, he knew that he was no match for Su Yu. "I admit..." Liu Qing started again hurriedly.

Piak! Piak! Piak!

Su Yu did not give him a chance to finish his sentence. Instead, he gave him another three slaps.

"The last three slaps are to teach you how to have a discerning eye; so you can separate who can you bully, and who you cannot.

"I have finished my lessons. You may leave." With the flick of a finger, Liu Qing rolled off the arena stage.

Everyone looked up at Su Yu, who stood on the arena stage, with shock!

The ranked tenth Holy Disciple, a Level Nine Lower Tier, was merely a punching bag against Su Yu. Liu Qing had no chance to retaliate.

Liu Qing's cheeks were swollen red, his flesh and blood indistinguishable. His eyes contained deep-rooted hatred for Su Yu.

The pain was a small issue, but to be slapped and educated in front of the masses... the loss of face was Liu Qing's biggest issue!

"Brother Kun!" Covering his embarrassed face, Liu Qing escaped to another Holy Disciple and pleaded, "You have to avenge me! Su Yu has gone overboard!"

The Brother Kun he referred to was the ranked fifth Holy Disciple, Liu Kun! His strength was Level Nine Upper Tier!

With a lean figure and sharp expression, paired with his short hair and a strong expression, he exuded a cold aura.

Liu Kun's eyes revealed disdain as he coldly reprimanded, "He who insults others will be insulted by others. You were the one who insulted his female partner first. Not only that, but your skills were beneath him. What right do you have to complain about being insulted by Su Yu? If you want to blame someone, blame yourself for being useless!"

Liu Qing's bright red cheeks paled. He and Liu Kun had come from the same country, their relationship had always been relatively good. He did not expect Liu Kun would insult him as well!

"However, for a newbie to attempt to lecture a Holy Disciple... Such arrogance cannot be tolerated!" Liu Kun coldly grunted as he flew onto the arena stage.

Swoosh—

As he stood firmly on the arena stage, Liu Kun grunted with a pair of cold eyes, "Before you educate others, you have to be prepared to be educated yourself! One should not overestimate his own abilities. This time, it is my turn to teach you!"

Even though Liu Kun had a Level Nine Upper Tier cultivation base, Su Yu merely nodded his head calmly. "You are no match for me, step down," he said indifferently.

"Preposterous! Open up your eyes and let me see how arrogant you can get!" Liu Kun shouted, enraged.

"You are not even significant enough to justify opening my eyes." Su Yu calmly replied.

"Haha! Su Yu! I must teach you a lesson—how to be humble!" Liu Kun was extremely angry—to actually be told he was not even worthy of Su Yu opening his eyes!

Su Yu could not help but shake his head. He had his own reasons for not opening his eyes.

After surviving such a perilous situation, many changes had occurred in his body, some had affected his eyes. He could no longer open them without good cause.

"Kneel down and accept your punishment!" Liu Kun roared.

Swoosh—

Liu Kun quickly moved his feet, his figure quick as lightning as he launched an attack toward Su Yu.

At the peripheral of the Sanctuary, a person's figure flew along quickly. The fiery jade pendant in his hands gave off a red light as he traveled, like a fire phoenix from the sky.

"A messenger from Fenghuang Valley?" Liu Kun squinted in surprise, his body froze mid-attack.

On the Shenyue continent, Fenghuang Empire's Fenghuang Valley and the Alliance of the Nine Empires' Sanctuary were both exceptional places.

Rumors were that the Master of Fenghuang Valley was a Holy King.

Alongside with the Sanctuary's Holy King, she was one out of only two Holy Kings in the entire continent.

The Holy King's old eyes lit up as he slowly rose from his cross-legged sitting position and walked out of the Holy King's Great Hall.

Staring at the fire phoenix and its figure in the distance, the Holy King lightly sighed, "This day has finally come! I have waited for far too long..."

Chapter 88: Two Moves To Defeat The Enemy

Swoosh—

The figure drew close at an alarming speed.

They were around the age of twenty years old, with a handsome face and graceful features; his looks were extraordinary. He was also Level Nine Upper Tier, which made everyone nervous.

He flew onto the arena stage gracefully and looked at the Holy King in the distance. He cupped his hands respectfully, "Fenghuang Valley's Zhan Feiyun has come to pay a visit to the Holy King, under the orders of the Valley Master."

The Holy King remained indifferent, "What business do you have with me, speak."

Neither humble nor haughty, Zhan Feiyun calmly replied, "On behalf of the Valley Master, she has instructed for you to move quickly, as she will not wait for you if you are late."

What a message!

Such rudeness toward the Holy King! The Master of Fenghuang Valley was too arrogant!

The Holy King's eyes were cold as he shot a piercing gaze at Zhan Feiyun, "Go back and tell her I won't leave the fight of the century up to chance!"

"Yes! I will definitely let her know," Zhan Feiyun said respectfully, as he slowly turned his back and was about to leave.

"Stop it right there!" Liu Kun shot him a cold look.

Zhan Feiyun's footsteps faltered before he turned around. "What matters do you have with me?" he asked condescendingly.

Liu Kun's face turned ice cold, "You just casually waltz in and out of our Sanctuary? Do you think this is your Fenghuang Valley?"

"What do you want to do then?" Zhan Feiyun asked. He looked slightly bored, his hands clasped behind his back.

Liu Kun's eyes burned with fury, "I want to see if Fenghuang Valley people's skills match up to the size of their arrogance!"

All the ten Holy Disciples observed in silence.

Fenghuang Valley had gone too far!

They had traveled a long distance just to tell the Holy King that they would not wait for him, should he be late. That was blatant disrespect toward the Holy King!

Zhan Feiyun's and his arrogant attitude needed to be taught a lesson!

"With your skills? You are no match for me," Zhan Feiyun shook his head lightly as he replied in disdain.

"Whether I am a match for you or not, we will know after we fight! Here I come!" Liu Kun shouted.

"Rise and Fall of Mountains and Seas!" Liu Kun shouted as he was enveloped in an aura of saint grade Holy Decree.

Crash—

Everyone heard the sound of the raging ocean waves, powerful enough to flood the mountains. The attack's scale was so big and its strength was so great that it shook everyone to the core.

Poof—

The prospective Holy Disciples close to the edge of the arena stage flew backward as blood spewed from their mouths.

Liu Qing was horrified, his face pale.

Liu Kun's Holy Decree was so strong, he was unmatched among the Holy Disciples.

Only the top three Holy Disciples could even compete with Liu Kun's Holy Decree.

Boom—

A force, strong enough to destroy mountains and seas, charged towards Zhan Feiyun.

However, even when faced with such a terrifying force, Zhan Feiyun remained calm as ever.

"Merely, like this," he taunted.

"Dense Willows Bright Flowers!"

Swoosh—

Zhan Feiyun's figure blurred into the shadows, flickering and difficult to catch.

The immense force, as if it had been pressurized in midair, could not make Zhan Feiyun budge a single inch!

The people present were flabbergasted.

"This... this is saint grade Holy Decree?"

"No, this is something stronger than a saint grade Holy Decree!"

"Merely a saint grade Holy Decree and you dare to be so arrogant? You are merely making a fool out of yourself!" Zhan Feiyun said darkly.

Liu Kun was extremely shocked. What type of Holy Decree did his opponent possess? It was as if he was bombarded by the shadows!

Without giving Liu Kun time to recover from his shock, Zhan Feiyun strode over casually—as if he were strolling through a park. Yet, his speed was extremely fast! In the blink of an eye, he managed to close in!

"Mountain Rivers Burying Fists!" Zhan Feiyun shot out a fist.

His fist was so mighty it seemed as though it could reverse the current of a raging river and level mountains. It was as if thousands of miles of mountain rivers were consolidated into that one fist.

Liu Kun took a direct hit—he felt there was no hiding place on Earth that could shield one from that attack.

"Earth Obliterating Palm!" Liu Kun bit his teeth and attacked daringly.

As his palm extended, the air shifted and the earth trembled. It was as though that palm could obliterate heaven and earth, causing the earth to crack in four directions.

One fist and one palm collided!

Kaboom—

Poof—

Thud, thud, thud—

Liu Kun took a few steps backward as he spewed out a mouth of blood. He looked shocked! He had actually been defeated in only two moves!

Both were Level Nine Upper Tier, yet the difference in combat power was astonishing!

Everyone gasped in astonishment!

The Holy King's aged eyes were serious.

Upon using only two moves to defeat his enemy, Zhan Feiyun laughed mockingly, "Utterly fragile."

Liu Kun's face flushed with rage, and he shouted with blood in his mouth, "Frog living under a well. Such arrogance! My Sanctuary also has a Level Nine Upper Tier Holy Disciples that can defeat me in two moves. She is the ranked third, Senior Wang Jing. For Fenghuang Valley's people to be so arrogant, aren't you afraid of being a laughingstock?"

Zhan Feiyun's strength likely put him in the top rankings of Fenghuang Valley. To be so willfully arrogant, it was difficult for anyone to believe he was a good person.

Unexpectedly, Zhan Feiyun laughed mockingly, "Oh? A frog living under a well? Do you know what my ranking is in Fenghuang Valley?"

Liu Kun's face turned stiff. Faced with Zhan Feiyun's mocking, Liu Kun could not help but become serious. Perhaps, Fenghuang Valley's strength was a notch stronger than the Sanctuary's. However, both were nurtured by Holy Kings. Admittedly, differences in strengths were inevitable, but they should not be too great.

"Hehe, unless you mean to tell me in Fenghuang Valley you are not even in the top five percent of warriors!" Liu Kun laughed coldly.

Zhan Feiyun's ability was so strong, it was likely he was ranked fourth or fifth. Had he been in the Sanctuary's, he could have contended for the top three spots!

Zhan Feiyun snickered, "Top five? You Sanctuary disciples are the true frogs living under the well! I am merely ranked tenth in Fenghuang Valley!"

What? Ranked tenth?

Everyone was flabbergasted.

Strength like that would have placed him in the Sanctuary's top three only ranked tenth in Fenghuang Valley? If Zhan Feiyun was not lying, how terrifying was Fenghuang Valley's ability?

Sanctuary disciples were all shaken to the core. To be so strong at rank ten, what kind of gifted genius was ranked first?

The Holy King's eyes remained calm.

After a short moment of silence, The Holy King announced lightly, "I will only bring the top five Holy Disciples with me to Fenghuang Valley, the rest would serve no purpose in going."

The ten Holy Disciples were shocked!

Zhan Feiyun's appearance had actually made the Holy King change his mind!

The Holy Disciples were greatly shaken, especially those ranked sixth to tenth. Their expressions changed immensely. If they were to be unable to follow the Holy King, then they would be dismissed along with the prospective Holy Disciples!

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh—

In a split second, all five Holy Disciples all looked toward Liu Kun, who was ranked fifth!

According to the rules of the Holy Disciples' challenge, one may advance in rank by taking the spot of the person he defeats. Seeing it was their only chance to follow the Holy King, they were not afraid to display their slight inadequacies at the moment.

"Senior Liu, I challenge you!" The Holy Disciples who dared not challenge Liu Kun in the past now all wanted to challenge him.

The Holy King silently acknowledged their challenges.

However, an indifferent voice was heard from the arena stage.

"Seniors, have you all forgotten I am still on the arena stage?"

The five Holy Disciples then realized that Liu Kun and Su Yu's battle had yet to begin.

After being interrupted midway by Zhan Feiyun—according to tradition—it was Su Yu's right to challenge him first.

Liu Kun wiped away the traces of blood on his lips and re-entered the arena stage. His gaze was piercing, "Su Yu! After seeing my battle, you still have the courage to challenge me. I am impressed."

Although he had lost, nobody questioned Liu Kun's immense strength.

Su Yu's closed eyes still had yet to see Liu Kun.

"Senior Liu, you are mistaken. The person I wish to challenge is not you... but him." Su Yu stood with his hands clasped behind his back as he casually took a step to face... Zhan Feiyun!

What? Su Yu's target was actually Zhan Feiyun!

He was strong enough to rank second or third at the Sanctuary.

Zhan Feiyun shot Su Yu a cold look and forced out a smile, "Oh? You are Xianer's fiancé, Su Yu?

Along the way, he had been gathering information and had easily found out that the famous Su Yu had entered the Sanctuary. As a disciple of Sanctuary, Zhan Feiyun did not dare to openly kill Su Yu. This matter would require Fenghuang Valley's Master to settle.

Hearing Xianer's name, Su Yu was shaken to the core.

As expected, Xianer was indeed in Fenghuang Valley. Was she doing well? Had they taken good care of her, or had she been bullied?

In an instant, his mind was filled with Xianer's petite figure.

He wished he could immediately head towards Fenghuang Valley and meet Xianer.

"You want to battle me?" Su Yu felt a dense animosity from Zhan Feiyun.

Zhan Feiyun snorted, "I hoped you would. A blind person has no rights to be Xianer's partner!"

Swoosh—

Zhan Feiyun took a step forward, "Out of respect for Xianer, how about I allow you to have a handicap of three moves? Seeing that Xianer and I have an unusually close relationship."

His words contained blatant insult, insinuating Su Yu needed Xianer to protect him.

"No need. You may use your full strength, while you still have the chance to attack at all," Su Yu said calmly, as placid as a winter lake.

Still, this sentence caused a huge uproar! Everyone was extremely shocked.

Su Yu's words meant that Zhan Feiyun would not even have the chance to use his moves! Even the Holy King's aged eyes seemed bewildered.

Long Xiaoyue guessed that Su Yu was planning to make use of traps and outwit his opponent. Having seen Su Yu's method of killing the Slayer King, Long Xiaoyue did not underestimate Su Yu's ability to plot and think ahead.

Zhan Feiyun was shocked. He had not expected that Su Yu would utter such preposterous words.

Zhan Feiyun regained his senses and chuckled while shaking his head, "I originally thought Xianer's fiancé, despite being of common birth, would still be a man of talent.

"But I didn't expect that, besides your eyes, your heart too would be blind. How pitiful, to actually say such foolish words!" Zhan Feiyun's expression gradually turned cold as he shook his head, "I feel unjust on behalf of Xianer—to be engaged to such an ignorant person! Should she follow you in the future, she will definitely be implicated and suffer!"

Su Yu stood calmly without any sadness or anger. He lightly shook his head, "I gave you a chance to use your moves, yet you wasted it on idle talk. Are all Fenghuang Valley's people so detestable?"

Zhan Feiyun's words had been treated like thin air—ignored by Su Yu.

Zhan Feiyun was angry at Su Yu's complete disregard, his cheeks turned ice-cold. "Hmph! Who do you think you are! On behalf of Fenghuang Valley, let me teach an ignorant fellow like you a lesson!"

Swoosh—

Zhan Feiyun suddenly attacked Su Yu.

Su Yu did not move a single inch. "Your chance to use your moves had already been used up. In front of me, you don't even have the rights to use your moves," he said with an ethereal, indifferent voice.

Su Yu finally moved, for the first time since entering the arena!

He merely lifted a finger, pointing toward Zhan Feiyun.

Chapter 89: Fight Of The Century

Suddenly, a snowstorm stirred.

As if it had been summoned by its master, the sky was filled with snowflakes which danced wildly. Waves after waves of a freezing cold aura swept across the vast skies and great earth.

Zhan Feiyun stiffened as he felt the mysterious changes.

"Stop trying to deceive me by mystifying yourself!" Zhan Feiyun grunted disdainfully as he decisively said, "Mountain Rivers Burying."

He was unable to display his fist technique, as the snowflakes suddenly became countless icicles! They were everywhere—there was nothing the icicles could not penetrate.

Zhan Feiyun could not defend himself in time!

Ah—

With a loud scream, Zhan Feiyun's body was pierced by countless icicles in an instant.

Fresh blood covered his entire body. The blood spurted in all directions and froze into blood red ice needles, which fell onto the arena stage.

"Dense Willows Bright Flowers..." faced with such a precarious situation, Zhan Feiyun decisively decided to showcase his Holy Decree, naively thinking that, with his light-filled body, he could escape the ice cold attacks.

However, he had no chance to display his Holy Decree.

Crack—

The snowflakes which filled the skies cracked with a loud bang, turning into countless sparkling droplets, trickling onto Zhan Feiyun's body.

The cold drops pierced through his bones and into his soul!

Trickling onto Zhan Feiyun's body too fast for the naked eye to detect, the droplets started to freeze.

In a blink, Zhan Feiyun had been turned into an ice sculpture.

He was frozen in his spot—prepared to launch his Holy Decree which he ultimately could not display it at all.

Slowly putting down his finger, Su Yu stood on his original spot; his feet had not moved a single inch since the beginning.

"I already gave you the chance to use your moves..." Su Yu sighed lightly with his hands clasped behind his back. His silver hair danced amidst the snowstorm. The charismatic purple-clothed figure looked like a deity with his silver hair—he contrasted brilliantly with the silent audience.

Zhan Feiyun had... no chance to use his moves!

Whether it was Mountain River Burying Fist or Dense Willows Bright Flowers, he had been defeated with a mere raise of one finger by Su Yu—he didn't even have a chance to use his Holy Decree!

The silence continued, before a gasp of astonishment could be heard.

Liu Kun's face was horrified and his heart thumped madly!

He had always thought of Su Yu as an arrogant person, but only upon seeing the battle with his own eyes did he realize Su Yu was merely stating a fact!

Zhan Feiyun, who had defeated him in two moves, had not even had the chance to retaliate against Su Yu! He was indeed not Su Yu's match!

At that moment, Liu Kun was thoroughly convinced. He held a new respect for Su Yu.

The remaining people also came to terms with what they had seen.

Su Yu was not arrogant, he had merely realized what they had refused to believe.

The top three ranking Holy Disciples stood shoulder to shoulder.

"Junior Wang Jing, based on your assessment, how does Su Yu's strength compare to you?" Chen Liang, ranked second, shot a glance at Su Yu.

Wang Jing's eyes were filled with composure as she thought seriously for a moment before she slowly shook her head, "He can only be stronger than me."

"Junior sister, you don't need to be so humble. His strength can only be considered passable, he cannot hold a candle to you," Chen Liang replied.

Was that true? Wang Jing silently shook her head. If Su Yu's ability was only what they had seen so far, she may have a chance against him. However, what if Su Yu was still concealing his strength?

Zhao Guang remained calm. Regardless of the time and place, he was always calm and collected, like a sturdy monolith. He lightly acknowledged Su Yu, "Passable."

Chen Liang was secretly shocked, though he was still unconvinced. To obtain an evaluation of "passable" from Zhao Guang, was an overestimation of Su Yu's strength.

Crack—

Kaboom—

The ice sculpture had broken into pieces, freeing Zhan Feiyun.

His entire body was frozen stiff from the cold, as if he had been thrown into an icy lake, causing his body to tremble uncontrollably. But his heart shook the most!

Su Yu's strength was terrifying!

Although it could be said Su Yu was merely borrowing the weather's power, who could guarantee that Su Yu did not have other tricks up his sleeves?

Thinking back on his arrogance towards Su Yu—even announcing his intention to give Su Yu a handicap of three moves—Zhan Feiyun was extremely ashamed!

Zhan Feiyun covered his face while he retreated down the arena stage before he left in embarrassment.

Most of the Holy Disciples, for a moment, felt extremely proud!

No matter how strong you were, when faced with Su Yu, you wouldn't even have a chance to strike!

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh—

The five Holy Disciples shifted their gaze toward Su Yu.

Zhan Feiyun had defeated Liu Kun in an instant, yet Su Yu had obliterated Zhan Feiyun with a mere finger.

Undoubtedly, Su Yu had replaced Liu Kun and had become the fifth-ranking Holy Disciple! If they wanted to accompany the Holy King, they would have to defeat Su Yu!

The only thing was, upon seeing Su Yu's strength with their own eyes, the five Holy Disciples could not muster up enough courage to challenge him.

After struggling for a while, they eventually gave up.

For Liu Kun, they could muster up enough courage to challenge him. As for Su Yu... he was like a chasm in the sky, mysterious and terrifying.

The crowd sighed. Su Yu, who was once a Level Five Upper Tier, had actually become one of the top five strongest Holy Disciples.

"Holy King, according to your promise, if I became a Holy Disciple you would retrieve the holy powers within Jingyu's body." Su Yu turned towards the Holy King calmly.

That was indeed the Holy King's promise to Su Yu.

In a month's time, should Su Yu be unable to become a Holy Disciple, Xia Jingyu would die as a warning to the others.

Unexpectedly, the Holy King replied coldly, "No."

The audience fell into silence.

The Holy King had... actually gone back on his word!

Everyone was bewildered why the Holy King wanted to kill Xia Jingyu so badly!

A sliver of holy energy had persisted inside Xia Jingyu for a month, and was now on the verge of exploding!

Su Yu's face stiffened, "Holy King, are you forcing me to attack you?"

The Holy King's tired face was as calm as usual as he stepped forward, looking up at the sky full of snow. "The top five Holy Disciples, follow me. The Sanctuary... as of now, is dissolved."

He actually disregarded Su Yu's words.

It was at that moment, Xia Jingyu's body—as if receiving some sort of shock—began to show signs of an imminent explosion.

Gasp—

Xia Jingyu gasped and her slender body trembled as her face revealed immense pain.

Swoosh—

Su Yu flew towards the arena stage, hugging Xia Jingyu into his arms as he shot a cold gaze at the Holy King, "Holy King, you are..."

"No!" Xia Jingyu extended her delicate jade-like hands, covering Su Yu's lips.

"You have mistaken the Holy King," Xia Jingyu looked at the Holy King and said gratefully, "This sliver of holy power actually aids the holder with achieving breakthroughs for their cultivation base. The Holy King is actually rewarding you."

Shhh—

Those within earshot were shocked!

Su Yu's words, 'there's someone I have to meet,' had moved the Holy King.

The Holy King had pretended to be angry when he inserted his holy powers into Xia Jingyu's body. However, in actuality, it was a form of motivating Su Yu, in hopes he would train hard during the final month of the Sanctuary's existence.

It was a reward for Su Yu's courage in standing up to him. This sliver of holy power, right from the start, was not meant to make Xia Jingyu's body explode. On the contrary, it was meant to remain inside her body; after one month's time, it would explode and greatly boost Xia Jingyu's cultivation base!

The Holy King's good intentions touched everyone's hearts.

Su Yu cupped his hands and bowed apologetically, "Thank you, Holy King, for giving your blessing."

The Holy King, who was walking in front, coldly snorted, "It won't happen again!"

After achieving the breakthrough, Xia Jingyu's body was stiff. Su Yu knelt down and gently comforted her, "I'll carry you."

Xia Jingyu's face blushed with embarrassment as she bit her lips lightly—conscious of the eyes locked on them.

However, after experiencing the grief of losing Su Yu and then regaining him again, Xia Jingyu's heart had become more honest about her inner feelings. She had no way to refute the fact that Su Yu had become an irreplaceable person in her heart.

With a flushed face, Xia Jingyu climbed onto Su Yu's back and buried her head against his shoulder before shutting her eyes in embarrassment, not daring to make eye contact with anyone.

Comparatively, Su Yu's mind was clear. Xia Jingyu was his benefactor, therefore he could harbor no ill thoughts towards her.

The Holy King frowned, "I can only bring the top five Holy Disciples. Xia Jingyu may not come along."

Xia Jingyu's face turned stiff as she whispered softly, "Brother Yu, let me down."

After this parting, they would be in different parts of the world; she might not see Su Yu again for the rest of her life.

Xia Jingyu's heart constricted as she felt unbearable pain in her chest.

"She may go." Su Yu took out a jade pendant shaped like a fire phoenix. It was what Senior Qin had passed him before they had parted. With this jade pendant in hand, one may enter Fenghuang Valley.

The Holy King was slightly shaken, but he begrudgingly agreed, "Okay, she may come along."

Xia Jingyu was extremely elated. She hugged Su Yu's neck and whispered in a soft voice, "Thank you, Brother Yu."

As he smelled the sweet aroma near his cheek, Su Yu smiled.

Long Xiaoyue gazed at Xia Jingyu's figure in the distance, "Jingyu, I wish you happiness."

Before they left, the Holy King made a trip to the Evil Forest. After half a day, there were more than one-hundred saint grade holy elixirs in his hand.

"Qiu Changjian, distribute these. Everyone gets one, and from now onward, the Sanctuary is dissolved." The Holy King made his final preparations.

All the slayers residing inside the Evil Forest, in merely half a day, had been slaughtered by him. Without the Holy King, leaving them behind would have resulted in more problems in the future.

Su Yu was shocked by the Holy King's strength. The Evil Forest was so huge, and many clever slayers were adept at hiding themselves. Yet, in merely half a day, they were all obliterated. His strength had reached a level akin to a deity, according to what the ancient records described.

"If you all wish to remain in the Sanctuary and train, I will not stop you—but you may not mention my name anymore," The Holy King announced coldly.

"Teacher!" The five Holy Disciples bowed simultaneously as they sent him off with tears in their eyes.

The Sanctuary was dissolved, just like that.

Before leaving the Sanctuary, the Holy King turned around and looked into the distance, at the Sanctuary he had created. His aged eyes revealed signs of reluctance.

Reluctance was soon replaced with resoluteness.

"Holy King, why are we heading towards Fenghuang Valley?" Su Yu asked, bewildered.

Zhao Guang coldly lashed out at him, "Junior Su! How could you doubt the Holy King's motives?" As a Holy Disciple, how could one question the Holy King's actions?

"You all have a need to know," The Holy King raised his hands and spoke bleakly.

"My reason for establishing the Sanctuary for a hundred years was to search for and gather talents—it's the same with Fenghuang Valley," the Holy King confessed this had been a secret to everyone.

"The two of us, the Holy Kings, made a pact that we would nurture and train our own batch of talents. After a century, we would then meet and fight," The Holy King continued, "After trying for a century, with countless batches of new talents coming and going, I have ultimately nurtured the strongest batch—you all.

"It is the same for Fenghuang Valley. After years of trying, they have nurtured the strongest batch of Fenghuang Valley talents."

Su Yu was in awe. Fenghuang Valley and the Sanctuary actually made a pact to hold the fight of the century?

It was no wonder that the Sanctuary had set up martial arts training institutes and held Holy Meets in the Alliance of the Nine Empires. It was actually done to filter through and select the finest talents in preparation for this fight of the century!

The only thing was, why did the Holy King and Fenghuang Valley's Master arrange for the fight of the century?

The Holy King did not mention why, and Su Yu dared not ask any more questions.

"This battle, all of you have to achieve the top place. This will be the only chance in your entire life to achieve a breakthrough into Holy King!"

What? Everyone was equally shocked!

The only chance to achieve a breakthrough into Holy King?

The entire Shenyue Continent was the size of ten Earths. For an entire century, the whole continent had not seen the birth of a third Holy King. Undoubtedly, the creation of a Holy King was extremely difficult and rare.

"Shenyue Continent's resources are limited. It is unable to produce Holy Kings. This fight of the century will determine your fates from now onward," The Holy King sighed, "To live on as a mortal and be treated like an ant, or to be a fish that leaps over the dragon's gate—entering an entirely new world. All that will be decided in this fight of the century!"

Chapter 90: Legendary Genius

Zhao Guang, Chen Liang, and Wang Jing, the three strongest Holy Disciples, trembled greatly—intent on battling.

"This battle will result in me, Zhao Guang, becoming King of the Century!" The usually stoic and silent Zhao Guang was rarely so sharp!

Over a span of hundred years, the continent's peak battle would decide if they lived the rest of their lives as ants, or as a dragon soaring the nine skies.

Chen Liang and Wang Jing did not want to admit defeat; their eyes lit up as well.

Su Yu and Xia Jingyu also could not help but become excited.

Ants or dragons; this was a rare opportunity to change their entire lives, it would be the fight of the century!

"I, Su Yu, also want to challenge the world!" Su Yu's tightly shut eyes almost cracked open—a brilliant ray of light faintly appeared!

In this world, if you did not control everything, you controlled nothing.

Su Yu came from a humble background and had experienced the pain of having his love snatched away from him. He had experienced the misfortune of having his family killed and had experienced being separated from Xianer.

All had happened because he had lacked strength; the weak had no power over their fate. The strong controlled all fates!

Su Yu wanted to ascend the throne of the Holy King and, from then onward, control his own fate!

Zhao Guang lightly shook his head, "With me, Zhao Guang, around, you can only look up to me!"

"This will be decided in the fight of the century!" Su Yu shot back!

Zhao Guang coldly shook his head, "Know your place!"

The fight of the century had stirred up everyone's spirits and hostility!

Who would claim the glorious title King of the Continent, the King of the Century?

A month later, in an unpopulated area of the Fenghuang Empire's hinterland, there was a mountain valley surrounded by clouds, filled with a celestial aura. A petite figure was panting heavily in her training arena, her body drenched full of sweat.

She faced an incredibly charming youth around twenty years old, who had a pleasant smile on his face.

"Junior Xianer, your cultivation base has increased so fast that your cultivation techniques are unable to catch up in time. As such, your strength is slightly low, only rivaling a Level Eight Lower Tier," The youth retracted his fists and laughed while commenting on Xianer's inadequacies.

Xianer wiped away the beads of sweat on her forehead and frowned, "Sooner or later, I will catch up to you, Senior Liu Guang!"

Liu Guang was extremely gentle and elegant. With a smile on his face, his gaze towards Qin Xianer was one filled with love.

Various elders who watched the battle smiled in relief.

"As expected of Xianer, as a part of the bloodline of the Nine Phoenixes. With sufficient spirit elixirs, her training speed is beyond imagination. Now, she has already reached Level Eight Peak Tier. Although her foundation is not solid, with a little bit of training, that problem can be easily resolved."

"Liu Guang is even more amazing. With such gifted talents, it is difficult to find someone who can hope to compete with him! In terms of his abilities, he has long surpassed us elders, and is merely a short distance beneath the Holy King!"

"Rumors say that Liu Guang once challenged the Holy King!"

Liu Guang was the strongest genius in Fenghuang Valley's hundred-year history. His abilities were beyond Level Nine Peak, and he had achieved the level of half Holy King. Across the entire Shenyue continent, aside from the two Holy Kings, nobody was his match!

"Hehe, have you all realized that Liu Guang and Xianer are very compatible?"

Various elders fixated their eyes on them. Both of them standing side by side, one was handsome and elegant, the other one was petite and dainty. They were indeed compatible.

"You all don't know, but the Valley Master has already decided. After the fight of the century, she will betroth Xianer to Liu Guang and conduct the marriage ceremony immediately."

"Haha, a perfect match made in heaven, they are more than compatible!"

"However, rumors say Qin Xianer already has a fiancé."

"Fiancé? Has he gotten approval from Fenghuang Valley? If not, who does he think he is?"

All the elders coldly shook their heads as they smiled and looked at the two, soon-to-be-engaged martial artists.

As for Su Yu, he had been completely disregarded.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The ringing of a bell could be heard, which caught everyone's attention.

"The Valley Master's emergency summons! Don't tell me, is the Holy King from the Alliance of the Nine Countries here?"

Liu Guang's elegant and handsome face revealed a cold look, "I heard from Feiyun that Xianer's fiancé is also among them. Humph! Came at the right time!"

Su Yu and gang had traveled a great distance before they finally reached Fenghuang Valley, and they now sat quietly in the big meeting hall.

The core members of the valley had already arrived.

Fenghuang Valley's Master was an old lady who over a hundred years old. The two Holy Kings had not met in the past hundred years, and now they stared at each other.

"Li Guang, sometime in the past one hundred years you've grown old," Fenghuang Valley's Master sighed. The Holy King's actual name was Li Guang.

"Hehe, Xu Rong, you are also don't look like how you used to," Li Guang laughed.

The two Holy Kings sighed—time spared no one.

Xu Rong squinted her old eyes and fixated her sight on a silver-haired, purple-clothed teenager, who was sitting down with his eyes shut tight.

"You are Su Yu?" Xu Rong asked indifferently.

The Holy Disciples were all shocked. Fenghuang Valley's Master knew Su Yu?

Su Yu slowly raised his head and replied with his eyes still shut, "Yes."

Xu Rong's face remained indifferent as she remained silent for a moment before saying, "Your and Xianer's marriage engagement, as of today, has been annulled."

Although her voice was calm, it carried absolute authority. She was like a deity overlooking at the great earth, issuing orders.

The peaceful hall was instantly filled with tension!

Upon meeting the visitors from the Sanctuary, the first thing that the Master of Fenghuang Valley did was annul Su Yu and Qin Xianer's marriage engagement.

Su Yu's face remained calm. He had expected this, though he hadn't expected her to be so cold and cruel about it.

"Why?" Su Yu asked calmly.

Xu Rong turned away, not bothering to look at him as she replied bluntly, "You are not worthy of her."

Not worthy... Su Yu was not worthy of Xianer.

"Hehe... My engagement with Xianer was overseen by Father, and witnessed by the sun and moon, as well as the heavens and earth. It is not within your right to comment," Su Yu retorted.

Xu Rong shot a cold, sharp look at Su Yu, "Young man, I admire your bravery for defying me, but, I will only give you one chance. Swear you will annul your marriage engagement with Xianer, or else die!"

Su Yu slowly rose and stood casually, "I repeat myself for the first and only time; you have no right to interfere!"

"Die!" Xu Rong's old eyes were murderous. With a mere flick of her finger, a wave of Holy King's power traveled across the distance and attacked Su Yu!

"Hehe..."

Old, ragged laughter was heard.

Li Guang sat quietly and slowly opened the lid of his teacup and took a sip.

With a flick of his pinky finger, he had repelled the wave of Holy King's power.

"Xu Rong, you bully my disciple right in front of my face. Are you intentionally trying to make me look bad?" The Holy King asked indifferently.

Although his voice sounded calm, it was difficult for him to conceal his anger.

Regardless of whether it was to salvage his own reputation or to protect Su Yu, he had to do something.

Xu Rong restrained herself as she apologized stiffly, "Sorry, I acted out in the heat of the moment. To nurture such a defiant disciple, your Sanctuary is indeed extraordinary."

Hearing her sarcasm, Li Guang laughed but did not reply; he had experienced Su Yu's bravery first-hand.

"No matter what feuds my disciple has with you, as long as he is my disciple, I will not tolerate you bullying him. Don't doubt my words," Li Guang said coldly, coldly glancing at Xu Rong.

Xu Rong was awestruck. She knew Li Guang's personality well, and he definitely was a man of his word.

"Alright! After the fight of the century, he will no longer be your disciple. At that time, if you interfere again, don't blame me for disrespecting your wishes." Xu Rong viewed Su Yu as a thorn in the flesh. As long as he remained, she felt on-edge.

Li Guang sighed lightly, as he could not refute her.

Su Yu's felt cold. He would have to achieve serious status in the fight of the century if he didn't want anyone to interfere with his business.

He would prove he was worthy of Xianer with his strength and skill!

Swish, swish—

Disciples continued to enter the hall.

"Who is Su Yu?" A refined figure stepped in, his tone cold.

Fenghuang Valley, both elders, and disciples, stood up and received him with respect. They nearly showed the same level of respect for him as they would show a Holy King!

"What matters do you have with me?" Su Yu asked quietly.

Swish—

As if the man's glare had physical strength, Su Yu's hair was blown aside.

To give a look physical strength... Su Yu realized the depth of this person's skill was great and complex.

Liu Guang looked at Su Yu coldly as he assessed him thoroughly.

Silver hair, purple clothes, and his tightly shut eyes; he exuded an aura of nobility and mysteriousness.

But his strength...

"End your engagement, you are not worthy of Xianer." Liu Guang stood with his hands clasped behind his back and instructed Su Yu in an indifferent tone.

Su Yu revealed a smile and asked, "Then what?"

"Then, I'll marry her!" Liu Guang replied calmly. He was confident, "I'm worthy of her, and you're not. It's just that simple, that cruel."

"Whether I'm worthy of her or not, it is not up to an outsider to comment. As for your intention to marry her, who are you to do so?" Su Yu asked indifferently.

Liu Guang shot a sharp, piercing gaze at Su Yu, "Remember my name, Liu Guang, as the guy who will marry Xianer! As for you, you're just a pitiful worm faced with harsh reality!" he replied proudly.

"You are wrong, I am not interested in your name. I am merely asking, who are you to marry Xianer?" Su Yu shook his head slightly.

Hearing Su Yu's insult, Liu Guang's gaze gradually turned ice cold, "You are asking for death!"

Su Yu smiled faintly, "Those who wanted me dead in the past are all gone. Only I am still alive."

"Hehehehe..." Liu Guang laughed coldly, his eyes filled with pity, "Before you speak any more, you should ask everyone who I am. Your foolishness and ignorance will cost you!"

Who was Liu Guang?

Beneath the Holy King, he was the strongest disciple!

He was the most overwhelming, legendary genius the continent had seen in a hundred years. He was merely one step away to becoming a Holy King; to anger him was not much different than angering a Holy King. The only difference was that nobody could save Su Yu if he angered the Holy King.

Even now, only a Holy King could save him from Liu Guang.

After his speech, Liu Guang advanced, "If I want you to die, not even heavens can stop me!"

Boom—

Liu Guang was over thirty feet away. A wave of solidified vital energy traveled at the speed of light, not giving anyone any time to react.

The people from Sanctuary were shocked. But, it was already too late.

Su Yu was unable to react in time—his chest had been pierced through right on the spot.

Everyone from the Sanctuary and Fenghuang Valley was astonished.

Liu Guang's attack had surpassed the scope of a martial artist—it had exhibited a tinge of a Holy King's power!

The continent's legendary genius, the man beneath only the Holy King, was indeed extremely terrifying!

Poof—

Su Yu, whose body had been pierced all the way through, turned into a crystallized light and scattered in the air with a small explosion.

Everyone was shocked, as there was no trace of blood.

It turned out that it had only been Su Yu's afterimage. Due to how realistic it had appeared, no one had noticed.

It was then they realized at the gates of the hall stood a silver-haired young man in purple clothes. With his hands clasped behind his back and his back facing the masses, he looked up the sky, "Didn't you say you wanted to battle me? Why are you attacking my afterimage?"

Everyone gasped in astonishment!

His seat was three-hundred feet away from the gate; Su Yu had teleported over in the blink of an eye!

How did he do that? Was he a human, or a ghost?

Liu Guang turned around coldly, "Humph! Your speed is passable."

It was far more than passable!

A speed like Su Yu's was extremely difficult for those below Holy King-level to achieve.

Su Yu pretended to ignore his remark as he walked outside of the hall.

"Hmph! You want to escape?" Liu Guang mocked him scornfully.

Su Yu shook his head and replied, "No, whether anyone interferes, you have to die... But, your death alone is enough, I don't want to harm any innocent bystanders!"

The people inside the hall gasped in astonishment!

Su Yu's arrogance was unprecedented!

Where had Su found such confidence?

With a mere sentence from Su Yu—though he claimed he didn't want to harm any innocents—made everyone shudder.

According to the hidden meaning behind Su Yu's words, the entire hall, full of geniuses from the last century, would be in danger if Su Yu got into a fight!

Such words would only make sense coming from a Holy King.

Su Yu was too arrogant!

However, the few people from Sanctuary merely frowned.

When the disciples of the Sanctuary all thought Su Yu was extremely arrogant, he had proved them wrong with a magnificent battle, as if to prove to them that he was merely stating a fact with his arrogance.

Could it be that he being honest here too?

If that was the case, how strong was Su Yu?

Liu Guang laughed angrily, "Preposterous! I shall experience for myself, where did you get arrogance of yours from!" he shouted.

Swoosh—

Liu Guang flew forward.

Su Yu stood outside the hall and slowly turned around.

His eyelids trembled and finally opened slowly.

For the first time, those mysterious eyes had been opened!