

# INVINCIBLE 1051

## [Chapter 1051: Leave That Cow Behind](#)

Around an hour later, following Gu Ling, Huang Xiaolong and the others arrived back at the Barbarian God Sect.

Back in the sect, Gu Ling had all the disciples including Huang Xiaolong and the Grand Elders disperse after telling them that the reward ceremony would be held tomorrow.

But before Gu Ling left, he looked at Huang Xiaolong with an amiable smile, saying, "Go back and rest well. Tomorrow, when we hold the reward ceremony, you can make one request; as long as I or the Ancestor are capable, we will fulfill it."

All the present Grand Elders and disciples looked at Huang Xiaolong with envious eyes hearing Gu Ling's words.

Huang Xiaolong was genuinely surprised, he nodded, "Thank you, Sect Chief."

Huang Xiaolong's nonchalant reply rendered everyone stunned and speechless.

Who was Gu Ling? This was a promise from the Barbarian God Sect's Chief and Ancestor ah!

How many families, forces, and cultivators on the Green Cloud Island wished they could be bestowed the same great fortune, yet here was Huang Xiaolong and his placid demeanor.

Gu Ling shook his head helplessly when he noticed that Huang Xiaolong didn't show any excitement at all.

In fact, after obtaining the Zhenyu Sect's treasury, he had spiritual veins, medicinal herbs, and whatnot, so he really didn't put much weight on Gu Ling's promise. Simply said, if he put forth a request for a grade three spiritual vein, would Gu Ling or Ancestor Lu Zhuo really give him one? Although these two were the most powerful characters in the Barbarian God Sect, they probably couldn't afford to take out an entire grade three spiritual vein as a reward.

After everyone dispersed, Gu Ling headed straight to Ancestor Lu Zhuo's cultivation dwelling at the back mountain instead of his own place to report the situation and results of the three sects' joint training.

At the same time, Huang Xiaolong was flying back to the Stone Lion Peak's Sanctity of Order Mansion.

'I wonder how that little cow Xiaoniū is doing.' Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

Even though they had parted for a short three months, in all truthfulness, Huang Xiaolong missed the little cow quite a bit.

However, back in his mansion, he couldn't find even a shadow of the little cow despite searching every corner, causing a frown to appear between his brows.

'Where did the little cow run off to?'

Whilst Huang Xiaolong was still perplexed about the little cow's absence, he noticed that a large number of disciples were rushing toward the Black Steel Cliff.

The large movement attracted Huang Xiaolong's attention, hence he stopped one of the disciples to inquire about the situation.

That disciple was dissatisfied being stopped by someone. He turned and was about to scold Huang Xiaolong, but he broke out in cold sweat when he saw his face. He woodenly bowed and smiled, "So it's Senior Brother Huang ah, what instructions do you have?"

"What happened on the Black Steel Cliff?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

Although the Black Steel Cliff was a short distance from the Stone Lion Peak, there was a large defensive formation over it that blocked all divine sense from probing. Huang Xiaolong's divine sense was unable to enter and check the commotion.

"I heard a cow ate the Fantasm Godhead that Senior Sister Cao Feng bought at a high price. Right now, Senior Sister and a few other female core disciples are besieging that cow." That disciple answered quickly, adding, "Everyone is going to take a look!"

A sharp light glinted in Huang Xiaolong's eyes, a cow?

Looks like that should be Xiaoniū. There was no doubt, otherwise this was too much of a coincidence. Not to mention that the little cow's favorite activity was crunching on godheads.

Seeing that Huang Xiaolong did not say anything, that disciple didn't dare to speak either, neither did he dared to leave. Just as he was feeling internally conflicted, Huang Xiaolong's figure disappeared before him in a flicker, flying off like a streak of golden light in the air. His destination was naturally the Black Steel Cliff.

That disciple was stupefied seeing that Huang Xiaolong was headed to the Black Cliff Ridge like everyone else.

Worried about the little cow's safety, Huang Xiaolong actually flew at his fastest speed. The disciples that flew off earlier merely saw a dash of golden light passing beside them. By the time they recovered, that figure was already gone.

A The edges of their robes fluttered, leaving a group of astounded disciples.

Half an hour later, Huang Xiaolong arrived at the Black Steel Cliff.

The moment his feet touched the ground, he could hear a loud moo and sensed the destructive lightning force energy.

After hearing the angered moo, Huang Xiaolong relaxed instead, for it showed that the little cow wasn't injured.

As long as it was still fine, then all was well!

He continued rushing toward the Nine Heavens Palace on Black Steel Cliff. When he arrived, a large crowd of core disciples and inner disciples had already gathered. There was a female core disciple holding a Fire Phoenix and attacking cow, but the little cow retreated several steps, escaping danger.

Despite the little cow tough skin, it was far from an early Sixth Order Heavenly God Realm. If it wasn't for the fact that it needed to support the thick layer of lightning liquid, the little cow's tail would be pointed high at the sky by now after giving these disciples heavy injuries.

"Stop." Huang Xiaolong shouted the instant he arrived. His shout startled everyone, causing them to look over their shoulder.

"Huang Xiaolong!"

A large number of disciples present immediately recognized him.

The little cow mooed happily seeing Huang Xiaolong. After escaping Cao Feng's attack, it scurried over to Huang Xiaolong's side.

"Xiaoniū, are you alright?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

The little cow grinned, "I'm alright. Even though this wench isn't weak, she still can't kill me."

Huang Xiaolong's concerned question to the little cow stirred Cao Feng's anger, "Huang Xiaolong, your mount ate the Fantasm Godhead I bought at a high price from an auction. Don't tell me you're planning to protect this animal!"

The crowd of core disciples and inner disciples gasped, this mount actually belonged to Huang Xiaolong?

Huang Xiaolong was unperturbed, "How much money? I'll compensate you." The little cow was to blame, and since it didn't suffer much, Huang Xiaolong did not intend to be overly calculative with a woman.

Cao Feng laughed, the thick ridicule obvious in her laughter, "Compensate? Who, you? I bought that Fantasm Godhead from the auction at thirty million, can you even afford that?"

Thirty million! Most of the prominent families' Grand Elders would be hard-pressed to take out this amount of money, what's more a disciple like Huang Xiaolong who hadn't even spend three years in the Barbarian God Sect.

However, her voice just fell when Huang Xiaolong's hand waved in the air. Shenbi rained to the ground, exactly thirty million. Not one more, and not one less.

Cao Feng felt as if there was a fish bone stuck in her throat watching this, her delicate face was slightly distorted with anger.

Leaving the money, Huang Xiaolong couldn't be bothered to waste any more time. He then leaped onto the little cow's back, ready to leave.

However, Cao Feng had never planned to let Huang Xiaolong go. She shrieked at him, "You want to run? Stop right there for me!"

Huang Xiaolong frowned.

“Huang Xiaolong, you can leave if you want, but that cow stays.” Cao Feng sneered, “This matter is settled after I kill that damn animal.”

### [Chapter 1052: Wetting the Floor](#)

When the crowd of disciples saw Cao Feng’s actions, disregarding her identity as a core disciple and attacking Huang Xiaolong from the back, a disciple couldn’t resist shouting a warning: “Watch out!”

However, the present Sky Dragon League members were gloating inside. They had to admit that Huang Xiaolong was strong, but that was among the inner sect disciples while Senior Sister Cao Feng was a powerful early Sixth Order Heavenly God Realm cultivator. Therefore, they believed that, regardless of Huang Xiaolong’s strength, he was far from being able to withstand Cao Feng’s sword attack.

However, just as these Sky Dragon League members snickered inwardly as they imagined Huang Xiaolong’s miserable ending, his upper body twisted backwards, striking out with a palm without hesitation.

A crisp ‘pa’ noise rang clear in the air, followed by Cao Feng’s shrill scream as her falling trajectory made a high arch in the air. Her whole body slammed into a large boulder when she fell to the ground, causing crumbled stones to shoot out in various direction.

The Fire Phoenix Sword she held earlier fell from the sky, landing less than a finger’s width from her neck. If the sword slightly deviated, it might have pierced a hole through Cao Feng’s throat.

“What—?!”

The crowd of disciples watching from afar was stunned silly, everyone was astonished by what they saw.

The disciples who had just rushed over to watch a good show froze in midair. Some even lost their balance, nearly plummeting to the ground.

The atmosphere turned strange all of a sudden.

Dazed gazes fell on the figure sprawled on a pile of stones. The left side of Cao Feng’s face was swollen out of shape and the fiery red palm print was especially glaring.

Everyone sucked in a breath of cold air, looking fearfully at Huang Xiaolong.

‘Is this Huang Xiaolong’s true strength?’

One slap sent an early Sixth Order Heavenly God Realm flying!

Cao Feng’s head felt heavy and dizzy lying on the pile of broken stones. More obvious was the burning pain on her face. For a second, she couldn’t figure out what happened. Cao Feng shook her head as if the action could clear her mind.

A while later, with a clearer mind, she finally realized what took place, rising a palm to touch her face. In a split second, her eyes widened in fury as she glared at Huang Xiaolong, “You dared to hit me, you dared to hit my face!” Her fury and killing intent erupted like a ten thousand years old volcano.

How many years had she lived? This was the first time someone dared to hit her, moreover, hit her face!

“Xiaoniū, let’s go.” Huang Xiaolong retrieved his gaze, leaving on the little cow’s back.

When Cao Feng saw that Huang Xiaolong wanted to ‘run’ after striking her, she completely lost it. Grabbing the Fire Phoenix Sword beside her, she slashed at Huang Xiaolong’s back with all her fury.

“Go to hell, Huang Xiaolong!” Cao Feng screamed shrilly.

Violent sword qi flew out like fire phoenixes, causing clear phoenix cries to resound on the cliff. This single slash was fueled by killing intent and was many times more powerful than the previous attack. Some disciples who were spectating in the distance retreated in a panic.

Huang Xiaolong’s gaze turned cold. He was merciful enough the first time, yet this woman kept entangling him. He turned around and sent another slap out just like before.

However, this time around, he exerted several times more strength.

Under Huang Xiaolong’s palm strike, the flock of fire phoenixes exploded. Before Cao Feng’s terrified eyes, palm force that felt like a mountain struck her right cheek.

She could hear the sound of her bones shattering as her body spun uncontrollably in the air, falling even further away before crashing down on the Nine Heavens Palace’s roof. Time seemed to freeze; in the next second, a large section of the Nine Heavens Palace crumbled to the ground.

The present disciples looked toward Cao Feng’s face that was now completely disfigured. Her cheek sunk in due to the broken bones, her mouth and nose lopsided, and her two front teeth had fallen out.

Initially, Cao Feng was ranked in the upper range amongst the Barbarian God Sect’s famed beauties, but now, her appearance was probably the ugliest she had ever been.

The disciples shuddered at this sight.

Before anyone recovered their senses, the Fire Phoenix Sword fell from high air. Still confused, Cao Feng saw the sword falling straight at her lower body, causing her face to turn white from fear.

Zheng! A crisp noise sounded. The Fire Phoenix Sword entered the ground less than half an inch from her crotch.

Even so, it was enough to terrify her to the point of pissing herself. A dark patch appeared, followed by a large puddle that began to expand from her bottom.

The floor was wet! A foul smell spread around the Nine Heavens Palace.

Most of the present male disciples focused their eyes at a certain spot.

“Let’s go.” Huang Xiaolong patted the little and the two of them flew off from the Black Steel Cliff.

Watching Huang Xiaolong leave, not a single Sky Dragon League member dared to stop him. Cao Feng laid there on the floor, not knowing that Huang Xiaolong had left.

While Huang Xiaolong returned to the Sanctity of Order Mansion with the little cow, Gu Ling was reporting the results of the joint training to the Ancestor.

When he mentioned that Huang Xiaolong won the first place, the Ancestor let out a whoop of laughter after a momentary daze, "Good, good! That little brat really gave me a big surprise ah!"

He originally thought that Huang Xiaolong's highest achievement would be entering the top ten.

Gu Ling laughed, "I've given my promise that we will fulfill a request of his at the reward ceremony tomorrow."

Lu Zhuo laughed, "How could one request be enough? That's too little, let him state two requests tomorrow. Other than the three sects' promised reward, we must add a big gift for him!"

"Yes, Ancestor!" Gu Ling smiled, then added with hesitation, "Fan Yuan died during the joint training, and now the Elephant Genesis Sect suspects the deed was done by Huang Xiaolong."

Lu Zhuo was taken aback, "You're implying that Huang Xiaolong's battle strength is comparable to a late-Fourth Order Heavenly God Realm?"

Gu Ling nodded, taking a deep breath, "I'm afraid so, although no one can confirm the matter. Since Huang Xiaolong could win the first place in this time's training, he very likely has battle prowess comparable to a late-Fourth Order Heavenly Realm!"

Huang Xiaolong's time in the Barbarian God Sect had been less than three years, making it hard for anyone to believe that he had such level of strength. But, if this wasn't the case, how else could they explain Huang Xiaolong's result?

Right at this time, the young servant guarding outside Lu Zhuo's cultivation dwelling burst inside in a panic, "Ancestor, Sect Chief, we received a message just now saying that Huang Xiaolong and Cao Feng are fighting!"

Lu Zhuo and Gu Ling stilled in shock.

"This Cao Feng thinks her identity is so big that she doesn't even put the Barbarian God Sect's rules in her eyes!" Gu Ling roared, "She knows full well that Huang Xiaolong is a disciple the Ancestor is extremely keen on, yet she dared to make a move against him!"

Lu Zhuo asked the young servant, "How's Huang Xiaolong? Are his injuries serious?"

Gu Ling too was staring fixedly at the young servant, waiting for an answer. If Huang Xiaolong was heavily injured, that Cao Feng had to be severely punished.

"It's, it's Cao Feng who's injured!" That young servant gritted his teeth and answered.

Lu Zhuo and Gu Ling both thought they heard wrong, demanding in disbelief, "You, what did you say?"

"It was said that Cao Feng attempted to attack Huang Xiaolong from the back but was slapped twice by him instead, and now her face has gone out of shape." The young servant spilled everything honestly.

There was obvious shock on Lu Zhuo and Gu Ling's faces, paired with doubt.

Cao Feng, an early Sixth Order Heavenly God Realm, was slapped twice in the face by Huang Xiaolong? Until her face was misshapen?!

Their brains failed to measure Huang Xiaolong's strength.

Huang Xiaolong had battle prowess equivalent to a mid-Sixth Order Heavenly God Realm?! Maybe even late-Sixth Order!

Lu Zhuo and Gu Ling's minds blanked. How was that possible?

"Ancestor, Sect Chief..." The young servant called out after seeing that neither of them spoke a word.

Cao Feng was Chen Hao's woman. Her being heavily injured was a big event, Chen Hao would surely be furious.

### [Chapter 1053: Turns Out It A Was Top King Rank Godhead](#)

The young servant almost shouted, drawing Lu Zhuo and Gu Ling's attention back to the present. However, their hearts still quivered from the disbelief brought by the news that Huang Xiaolong could injure the early Sixth Order Heavenly God Realm Cao Feng!

"Ancestor, Huang Xiaolong's godhead... perhaps, it's...?" Gu Ling sucked in a breath of cold air and blurted out.

Back when Huang Xiaolong defeated Wang Dafeng and showed his strength, Gu Ling had already begun to suspect that Huang Xiaolong's godhead was higher than a low grade king rank, but the Ancestor refuted the possibility, saying it was more likely that Huang Xiaolong had eaten large number of chaos spiritual herbs.

Although he had accepted that reasoning at that time, what about now?

Huang Xiaolong actually defeated the early Sixth Order Heavenly God Realm Cao Feng! That was an early Sixth Order Heavenly God Realm ah! No matter how many chaos spiritual herbs Huang Xiaolong could have eaten, his cultivation speed still wouldn't reach such a terrifying degree, right?!

Right now, even Lu Zhuo wondered if there was a mistake when he examined Huang Xiaolong's godhead.

"Go, pass down my order, have Huang Xiaolong and Chen Hao come to my place." Lu Zhuo ordered the young servant.

"Yes, Ancestor." The young servant complied, turned around and hurried out.

At this time, the news of Huang Xiaolong slapping Cao Feng had spread like a wildfire throughout the Barbarian God Sect.

"Have you heard? Huang Xiaolong won first place in the three sects' joint training! He has just returned to the sect yet he already beat that wench Cao Feng into a pighead! I even heard that her face bones shattered and her mouth and nose lopsided, becoming uglier than you can imagine. Anyone seeing her face now would vomit their stomach clean!"

"That Cao Feng has always relied on Chen Hao's favor and her identity as the Cao Family's Miss to bully other female disciples like us. Now, this is karma, let her taste her own medicine!"

“Still, Cao Feng is an early Sixth Order Heavenly God Realm. What is Huang Xiaolong’s strength that he could turn her into a pighead with a couple of slaps? That’s too frightening! I think Huang Xiaolong’s talent is much more than just low grade king rank!”

This topic was discussed fervently everywhere in the Barbarian God Sect.

New rumors started to spread, claiming that Huang Xiaolong had a top grade king rank godhead while others claimed he had a low grade emperor rank godhead! One of the exaggerated rumor claimed that Huang Xiaolong possessed the number one unique physique, Heaven Dao Vassal. Of course, there were also people who thought that Huang Xiaolong had consumed countless chaos spiritual herbs.

Black Steel Cliff’s Nine Heavens Palace.

Chen Hao looked sullenly at the woman lying in front of him, his woman!

Cao Yang was already surging with killing intent. He was a Barbarian God Sect Grand Elder, yet his granddaughter Cao Feng was actually injured to this extent by a measly inner sect disciple!

Even though Cao Feng had been looked over, her face was still black and blue, there were also the two fallen front teeth that couldn’t be regrown. Not to mention that Huang Xiaolong’s supreme godforce had broken her entire body’s meridians. In order to heal Cao Feng’s broken meridians, they would need the legendary Meridian Replenishing Fruit, but it hardly appeared once in several hundred millennia, the chances of obtaining one were extremely slim.

“Chen Hao, Grandfather, I want to kill that damn thing myself!” Cao Feng screamed from the bed, her delicate face distorted with fury, “I want him chopped into a million pieces!”

Chen Hao remained quiet while Cao Yang comforted her in a hurry, coaxing softly, “Don’t you worry, Grandfather will definitely kill that Huang Xiaolong to vent your hate!”

Chen Hao turned around and walked outside, his fists clenched so hard that his knuckles became white. A dangerous glint flashed in his eyes.

“What do you plan to do?” Cao Yang chased behind him, asking.

Chen Hao’s eyes continued to glimmer, “We’ve still underestimated that punk. Looks like I really shouldn’t have accepted his challenge for the chief disciple competition.” A cold sneer raised the corner of his lips, “But it isn’t too late now!”

Cao Yang’s gaze was dark and frosty, “That punk’s godhead is definitely higher than low grade king rank. It’s only been three years, yet he can already defeat Cao Feng. If we give him another nine years, considering his horrifying growth rate, he’s sure to defeat you as well. No wonder he had the guts to challenge you at that time! The problem is, if he remains inside the Barbarian God Sect in the next nine years, we have no chance to make a move!”

Chen Hao sneered, “We don’t need to do anything ourselves. Didn’t Fan Yuan and Wang Dafeng die in his hands inside the Ice Hail Ruins? Now that Huang Xiaolong has exposed such strength and growth speed, it can be determined that the killer is him. We only need to leak the news and the Elephant Genesis Sect and Great Whale Sect will not spare him.”



Chen Hao added ruefully, "In the past, Zhao Chenyuan had once sent his disciple Chen Wenyuan to kill Huang Xiaolong. I had thought Chen Wenyuan's death was related to the master protecting him, but now it seems it was Huang Xiaolong himself who killed Chen Wenyuan!"

Right at this point, Chen Hao and Cao Yang saw the young servant sent over by Ancestor Lu Zhuo. The young servant quickly recited Lu Zhuo's order, inviting Chen Hao to follow him to the Ancestor's cultivation dwelling.

Chen Hao dared not violate the Ancestor's order, thus he could only follow the young servant.

However, after arriving at Lu Zhuo's place, Chen Hao didn't only see Sect Chief Gu Ling, but also Huang Xiaolong!

Huang Xiaolong!

The instant his gaze fell on Huang Xiaolong, almost uncontrollable killing intent filled Chen Hao's heart for a split second, then disappeared just as quickly.

"Ancestor, Sect Chief." Chen Hao stepped forward and greeted calmly.

Lu Zhuo nodded.

"Chen Hao, you probably already guessed the reason I asked you to come here today." Lu Zhuo spoke in a solemn tone.

Chen Hao's brows immediately creased into furrows, but he took a deep breath, nodding, "I ask Ancestor to rest assured, Chen Hao will definitely put the Barbarian God Sect's benefits as priority, I will not disappoint Ancestor and Sect Chief."

Lu Zhuo nodded, "Huang Xiaolong and you are the greatest talents of our Barbarian God Sect in the last hundred thousand years. I hope you two can shake hands and make peace, let go of all the grudges between you and start over with a clean slate."

Chen Hao lowered his head in compliance, "Yes, Ancestor."

Huang Xiaolong gave an affirmative reply as well.

A while later, Lu Zhuo dismissed Chen Hao, but had Huang Xiaolong remain.

Watching Chen Hao's leaving figure, Lu Zhuo and Gu Ling exchanged a glance, inwardly sighing. Both of them could see that, although Chen Hao agreed to their request on the surface, he didn't plan to give up his hatred.

After Chen Hao was out of sight, Lu Zhuo finally turned toward Huang Xiaolong, his usual stern expression blooming into a friendly smile. Even his gaze softened as he said, "Huang Xiaolong, come over here."

Huang Xiaolong took a large step forward, standing in front of him, knowing that Lu Zhuo probably wanted to reexamine his godhead again.

As expected, Lu Zhuo's palm reached out, holding Huang Xiaolong's arm. A gentle strand of godforce entered his body and consciousness.

“This, this is...!” Lu Zhuo blurted out in astonishment.

Stirred by the excited Ancestor, Gu Ling was affected as well. Could it be that Huang Xiaolong’s godhead was above low grade king rank?

“King, top, top grade king rank godhead!” Lu Zhuo stammered.

Top grade king rank godhead!

These words sounded like a thunderclap in Gu Ling’s ears, causing his body to tremble with amazement, shock, and mad excitement.

Huang Xiaolong’s godhead was actually a top grade king rank ah! A disciple with a top grade king rank godhead had never appeared on their Green Cloud Island for countless millennia.

Huang Xiaolong’s expression seemed less than lukewarm compared to the other two people’s. The godhead he was using now once belonged to the Ghost Refining Sect’s Infernal Ghost Messenger, called Blue Shadow Godhead.

This Blue Shadow Godhead was ranked at one thousand and nine among the many kinds of godheads, and many times higher ranked than Huang Xiaolong’s previous Three Furnace Godheads or Chen Hao’s Golden Ice Godhead. It was infinitely close to a low grade emperor rank godhead. Lu Zhuo couldn’t be blamed for his loss of composure.

#### [Chapter 1054: Rules Cannot Be Broken](#)

When Lu Zhuo and Gu Ling ‘discovered’ that Huang Xiaolong’s godhead was actually top grade king rank, the two powerful characters of Barbarian God Sect started trembling with excitement. Lu Zhuo was holding Huang Xiaolong in a tight bear hug, one hand patting Huang Xiaolong’s back with strength that corresponded to his excitement while he laughed heartily, “Truly, this is Heaven’s blessing on our Barbarian God Sect, Heaven’s favor ah!”

They knew very well what a genius disciple with a top grade king rank godhead represented.

Someone like this was a rare gem even in a super force like the Fortune Gate of the Vientiane Mainland!

Huang Xiaolong had a bitter smile on his face feeling the dull pain coming from his back.

Fortunately, he decided against disguising his godhead to that of Devil Son Mo Su’s Five Elements Godhead, which was a high grade emperor rank godhead. Otherwise he would have probably frightened Lu Zhuo and Gu Ling to death!

Some time later, Lu Zhuo and Gu Ling finally managed to calm the excitement in their heart, but even so, their excitement still shone from their eyes, and the way they look at Huang Xiaolong had completely changed. It seemed like they were looking at the world’s most precious treasure.

Despite Huang Xiaolong’s self-admitted thick face, he couldn’t help feeling ‘shy’ being stared at by these two men.

After their excitement subsided, Lu Zhuo and Gu Ling's doubt return. Previously, Lu Zhuo had personally examined Huang Xiaolong's godhead and was certain it was the low grade king rank Three Furnace Godhead. This time, however, it became the Blue Shadow Godhead!

Just by looking at these two people's expressions, Huang Xiaolong already guessed their doubts.

A majestic dragon might spread out all of a sudden from his body, causing the surging aura of a true dragon to fill the four corners of the hall.

"This is...!" Another wave of shock washed over Lu Zhuo and Gu Ling.

"One of the unique physiques, True Divine Dragon Physique!" Lu Zhuo's voice quivered as he spoke.

True Divine Dragon Physique!

Another bolt of lightning struck Gu Ling's mind, then his eyeballs protruded in amazement and his limbs started shaking, "Ranked fourth amongst the three thousand unique physiques, the True Divine Dragon Physique!"

Although one's godhead ranking was the essential ruler for measuring one's talent in cultivation after advancing to the Highgod Realm, one's physique was just as important. The more powerful one's physique was, the better it could support one's godhead abilities.

However, in the vast Divine World, there were even less than one in a hundred people born with a unique physique. What's more, the fourth ranked True Divine Dragon Physique that Huang Xiaolong had!

Knowing that Huang Xiaolong had a unique physique, Lu Zhuo and Gu Ling were once again filled with excitement.

'The True Divine Dragon Physique ah!'

Huang Xiaolong had a top king rank godhead, which, supported by his fourth ranked True Divine Dragon Physique, gave him the highest talent below low grade emperor rank godheads!

Lu Zhuo and Gu Ling were still doubtful earlier. Even taking into consideration Huang Xiaolong's top grade king rank Blue Shadow Godhead, his growth speed was too astonishing, but now they understood the reason; his True Divine Dragon Physique!

"No wonder, no wonder!" Lu Zhuo's chin quivered as he mumbled to himself.

Huang Xiaolong solemnly added, "My True Divine Dragon Physique can transform and evolve."

"Can transform and evolve!" Lu Zhuo and Gu Ling swayed from the shock hitting their minds.

Did that mean... Huang Xiaolong's True Divine Dragon Physique was comparable to the top three unique physiques?!

Thinking of this, Lu Zhuo and Gu Ling felt their blood-flow quicken in their veins.

The top three unique physiques were truly heaven-defying, they were said to possess unfathomable power.

Huang Xiaolong went on, "After transforming and evolving, my True Divine Dragon Physique showed some special traits, hence when Ancestor examined by godhead the last time, he mistook it for the Three Furnace Godheads."

At last, Lu Zhuo and Gu Ling's doubts were explained.

In fact, Huang Xiaolong had prepared these excuses in advance. If Lu Zhuo and Gu Ling were ever doubtful of his cultivation growth, he would push everything onto his True Divine Dragon Physique.

After finding out about Huang Xiaolong's unique physique, Lu Zhuo and Gu Ling became even more 'affectionate' towards him. Each of them was pulling one of Huang Xiaolong's hands, showing their concern and kindness, to the extent of worrying if Huang Xiaolong had a girlfriend.

Cold goosebumps ran down Huang Xiaolong's back.

It was one hour later when Huang Xiaolong left Lu Zhuo's cultivation dwelling. Doting love filled Lu Zhuo and Gu Ling's eyes as they watched Huang Xiaolong leave.

"Ancestor, about Chen Hao and Huang Xiaolong's challenge, I think I should pass down an order for Chen Hao to revoke it." Gu Ling suggested.

Lu Zhuo shook his head, sounding a little solemn, "That won't be necessary. The challenge may not be a bad thing, this gives Huang Xiaolong a purpose, a motivation for him to become stronger, which is good for his growth. With Huang Xiaolong's two main advantages, he might really have the strength to battle Chen Hao in a decade's time! Even if he isn't not a match for Chen Hao, it is sufficient to protect himself."

Gu Ling nodded in agreement, then blurted out suddenly, "Ancestor, say, if Huang Xiaolong's True Divine Dragon Physique has such an ability, would this top grade king rank godhead...?"

Lu Zhuo's breathing quickened and his eyes sparkled brightly, "You mean, emperor rank?!"

Gu Ling's breathing quickened as well, nodding his head.

A moment passed and Lu Zhuo shook his head, an inexplicable smile on his face, "There are millions of geniuses in our Vientiane World, but even so, it is hard for a startling genius with an emperor rank godhead to appear in ten million years, this is like chasing an illusion. Don't think about it too much."

Gu Ling was dazed for a moment, then his breathing eventually calmed down. Laughing wryly, he said "What Ancestor said is right, I am overthinking things. How could Huang Xiaolong have an emperor rank godhead? As it is, even a top grade king rank godhead is hard to believe!"

Lu Zhuo added, "Since Huang Xiaolong has already broken through to Fourth Order Heavenly God Realm, arrange for his promotion to a core disciple. No need for an assessment."

Originally, according to the established rules, inner sect disciples who wished to be promoted to a core disciple had to reach Fourth Order Heavenly God Realm and complete an assessment. But now, Huang Xiaolong was promoted without having to go through an assessment with just an order from Lu Zhuo.

Gu Ling nodded, indicating he understood.

“After Huang Xiaolong’s promotion to core disciple is completed, give him the same authority and treatment of a Grand Elder.” Lu Zhuo added another sentence.

A core disciple with the authority and treatment of a Grand Elder! This was unprecedented in the history of the Barbarian God Sect.

Gu Ling himself was dumbfounded, “Cao Yang, Zhuang Xuan, Huang Junfei, those three will certainly object.” After all, even Chen Hao only had the authority and treatment of an Elder.

Lu Zhuo waved his hand, “No need to say more, I will announce it personally tomorrow during the reward ceremony.” As the Barbarian God Sect’s Ancestor, Cao Yang’s group wouldn’t dare to defy his words.

The next morning, the joint training’s reward ceremony was held in the square in front of the Soaring Sky Hall.

Inner sect disciples who successfully entered the top one hundred would be given a reward by Grand Elder Lin Shen, while disciples within the top ten would be rewarded by Sect Chief Gu Ling himself. Only the first ranked disciple’s reward would be personally given out by Ancestor Lu Zhuo.

From inner disciples to Elders, to Grand Elders, all eyes were on Huang Xiaolong as he received the Blood Phoenix’s blood essence, a feverish light shining in their eyes.

That was a drop of Blood Phoenix blood essence ah, even someone like Cao Yang, Zhuang Xuan, and other Grand Elders didn’t have the good fortune to consume something so valuable.

However, when Lu Zhuo announced Huang Xiaolong’s promotion to a core disciple on the spot and the fact that he would have the same authority and treatment as a Grand Elder, everyone was taken aback.

“Ancestor, absolutely not!” Cao Yang took several steps forward in agitation, blurting out, “There is no such precedence in our Barbarian God Sect, we cannot break the rules just for a mere Huang Xiaolong!”

#### [Chapter 1055: Heading To The Primordial Celestial Shrine](#)

“That’s right, Ancestor! Even though Huang Xiaolong has done a meritorious deed by winning the first place in the three sects’ joint training, bringing glory to our sect, we cannot break long-established rules and give him authority and treatment equal to a Grand Elder!” Seeing Cao Yang spoke, Zhuang Xuan also bravely stepped forward, trying to persuade Lu Zhuo.

“Chen Hao is our Barbarian God Sect’s chief disciple, but even he only has authority and treatment equivalent to an Elder.” Huang Junfei joined in cautiously. “Huang Xiaolong is still a mere core disciple, how could he possess authority exceeding Chen Hao?”

Several Grand Elders who supported Chen Hao also joined in, ‘sincerely’ persuading Lu Zhuo.

Lu Zhuo’s brows furrowed slightly, getting annoyed. In an instant, an overwhelming divine might soared to the sky from his body as he snorted in displeasure, “Rules? Aren’t my words rules?”

Facing Lu Zhuo’s overwhelming pressure, Cao Yang, Zhuang Xuan, Huang Junfei, and the others became ashen, quickly falling to their knees in apprehension and screaming they dared not defy.

“Enough, this matter is decided!” Lu Zhuo harrumphed coldly, leaving no doubt toward his decision.

The trio formed by Cao Yang, Zhuang Xuan, and Huang Junfei dared not utter another word of objection.

Lu Zhuo turned toward Huang Xiaolong, the sharp stern face from earlier was replaced by a kind and warm smile, “Xiaolong, rest well these couple of days. Two days later, I will bring you to cultivate inside the Primordial Celestial Shrine.” The change was like a different person altogether.

Huang Xiaolong and another inner disciple who were in the top ten complied respectfully.

Lu Zhuo subsequently mentioned to Huang Xiaolong that he could make two requests, which Huang Xiaolong used to claim a grade three spiritual vein and ten thousand Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm godheads.

The grade three spiritual vein was for himself, whereas the godheads were for Xiaoniū.

The Barbarian God Sect might not be able to take out ten grade three spiritual veins, but they could still afford one. Thus, in public, Lu Zhuo took out the grade three spiritual vein and ten thousand Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm godheads, giving them to Huang Xiaolong.

A short while later after the reward ceremony came to an end, everyone dispersed.

Another half an hour later, from inside Chen Hao’s cultivation dwelling, a beast-like furious roar shook the air. Chen Hao was smashing everything in sight and his eyes were scarlet like an angered wild beast. Several stone pillars inside the hall were shattered amidst his fury, hence the hall’s roof was swaying at the moment, on the verge of collapse.

All the present Sky Dragon League members quivered in fear.

“Lu Zhuo that old fart! I, the chief disciple, only have an Elder’s authority and treatment, on what basis does that Huang Xiaolong exceed me?!” Chen Hao bellowed.

“Based on what?!”

“Why?!”

Chen Hao’s raging shouts continued to shake the hall, yet no one had the answer.

In the hall, Cao Yang, Zhuang Xuan, Huang Junfei, and others watched the manic Chen Hao. They couldn’t help frowning, then shook their heads in slight disappointment moments later. Then again, anyone in Chen Hao’s shoes would go crazy at the news!

“Alright, all of you go out.” Cao Yang ordered the present Sky Dragon League disciples.

Everyone quickly acknowledged and fled out of the hall.

Cao Yang looked at Chen Hao and said, “For that old guy Lu Zhuo to announce such a decision today, there must be a reason deeper than winning first place in the three sects’ joint training.”

Zhuang Xuan spoke with heavy solemnness, “We’ve long since doubted that Huang Xiaolong’s godhead is a low grade king rank. Judging from the events today, Ancestor probably knows what his real godhead is, otherwise he would not have announced it in such a high-profile manner.”

Chen Hao had calmed down slightly by now and his eyes glimmered, resembling the venomous stare of a viper.

"I would guess Huang Xiaolong's godhead is at least top grade king rank!" Huang Junfei made a bold guess.

"Top grade king rank!" Cao Yang and Zhuang Xuan exclaimed. Their expressions weren't necessarily filled with shock, but denial.

Chen Hao's eyes narrowed dangerously at the possibility.

"Although it might not be a top grade king rank godhead, it should at least be a high grade one." Huang Junfei added solemnly, "Otherwise it cannot explain his frightening cultivation growth. In my opinion, he most likely has some kind of unique physique as well, a unique physique ranked within the top one hundred."

"Not very likely, right?" Cao Yang refuted. "I don't believe that punk is monstrous to that degree."

Chen Hao gloomily interjected, "Top grade king rank godhead and a unique physique, on top of those things, his good luck in obtaining chaos spiritual herbs does explain his terrifying growth in a short few years!"

Cao Yang had no words to refute.

"This punk cannot be left alive, or else, based on his horrifying cultivation speed, we're going to die in his hands sooner or later." Zhuang Xuan's worry was laced with strong killing intent.

A golden light sparked in the depth of Chen Hao's eyes, "Huang Xiaolong won't live for long unless he plans to hide inside the Barbarian God Sect his entire life."

Cao Yang's tone suddenly changed, looking at Zhuang Xuan and Huang Junfei, "Five months later, it is my Cao Family young master's big wedding day. At that time, I hope both of you can come and have a drink ah."

"The Cao Family young master's big wedding ah, we will naturally be there to celebrate." Zhuang Xuan and Huang Junfei both laughed.

"We can drink our fill after killing Huang Xiaolong."

...

After the reward ceremony ended, Huang Xiaolong returned to his manor from the Soaring Sky Hall, however. He was in no hurry to refine the drop of Blood Phoenix blood essence, taking out ten thousand Tiger Form Pills instead. However, when he was about to swallow those Tiger Form Pills and cultivate, his actions halted.

He summoned his Godly Mt. Xumi, Linglong Treasure Pagoda, Absolute Soul Pearl, and the God Binding Ring. He wanted to ask Xiaoniū if she knew the origin of these artifacts.

But who would have guessed the little cow would barely glanced at them before bluntly commenting: "All fakes."

“Fakes?” Huang Xiaolong’s eyes rounded in shock.

Xiaoniū nodded its head, “There really is a Godly Mt. Xumi in the universe, including that Linglong Treasure Pagoda, Absolute Soul Pearl, God Binding Ring, and other similar chaos divine artifacts. Each of them contains origin chaos qi and chaos divine formations. These playthings you have, forget origin chaos qi, they don’t even contain a wisp of turbid origin chaos qi.”

Huang Xiaolong was crestfallen looking at his collection, then Xiaoniū’s voice sounded in his ears.

“Although these four divine artifacts of yours aren’t chaos divine artifacts, they are still something refined by Ancient God Realm masters, quite powerful. For example, the Godly Xumi Art from your Godly Mt. Xumi is quite powerful.” The little cow said.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head instead.

If it was any other Barbarian God Sect disciple who obtained divine artifacts refined by Ancient God Realm masters, they would probably be over the moon, but to Huang Xiaolong, it doesn’t count for much.

More importantly, if these were merely copies, where were the genuine ones? And how high was their power?

Huang Xiaolong remembered that old man he met while searching for the Godly Mt. Xumi and wondered who he was. Could he have been a big shot’s avatar from the Divine World?

Subsequently, he thought about the Fortune Gate’s Fang Chu. He had killed Fang Chu’s avatar, but he still had no idea what his real identity was in the Divine World...

Two days passed in the blink of an eye.

In this short time, Huang Xiaolong had refined all ten thousand Tiger Form Pills, solidifying his Fourth Order Heavenly God Realm foundation. As for that drop of Blood Phoenix blood essence, he decided to wait until he returned from the Primordial Celestial Shrine. After all, there was no hurry.

When the time came, the Barbarian God Sect Ancestor Lu Zhuo personally led Huang Xiaolong and the other disciple towards the Primordial Celestial Shrine, which was located on a flat plain at the intersection between the three sects.

#### [Chapter 1056: Comprehending The Heritage Tablets](#)

Generally, based on the group’s speed, it would take roughly ten days for Lu Zhuo, Huang Xiaolong, and the other Barbarian God Sect disciple to reach the Primordial Plains, but due to Ancestor Lu Zhuo’s enthusiasm in guiding Huang Xiaolong’s cultivation, their journey was slightly slower, thus arriving two days later than estimated.

When Lu Zhuo’s group arrived twelve days later, those from the Elephant Genesis Sect and Great Whale Sect had already arrived and were waiting.

The two sects’ groups were also led by their respective sect’s Ancestor. The Elephant Genesis Sect’s Ancestor was a tall and lean old man named Ren Changhai; his most obvious trait was the tinge of deep



emerald green in his pupils. Whereas the Great Whale Sect's Ancestor, he was named Zhu Huan was stout and short, with large eyes and a penetrating gaze that easily made one nervous.

When Lu Zhuo's group arrived, both Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan's gazes were fixed on Huang Xiaolong almost simultaneously. Even though the two old men disguised it well, Huang Xiaolong still detected the killing intent hidden in the depth of their hearts.

Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan exchanged perfunctory greetings with Lu Zhuo; all three of them were smiling graciously on the surface.

"Brother Lu, is this your sect's Huang Xiaolong? I've heard that even an early Sixth Order Heavenly God Realm was defeated by him ah. He's been in the Barbarian God Sect for only three years, right? Such a rare talent, not just in our Green Cloud Island, even in the whole Vientiane World there aren't many like him." Ren Changhai said to Lu Zhuo, but his eyes glanced in Huang Xiaolong's direction.

Lu Zhuo chuckled as if he did not hear Ren Changhai's underlying meaning, "It's all rumors, moreover, it's just a stroke of good luck that he managed to get the first place this time."

Zhu Huan laughed saying, "There's no such thing as luck, taking the first place in the three sects' inner disciples joint training relies on one strength."

Lu Zhuo smiled, changing the subject without missing a beat, "Since everyone is here, should we proceed with opening the Primordial Celestial Shrine?"

The two other Ancestors nodded in agreement.

With that, the three Ancestors led their group of disciples toward the Primordial Celestial Shrine square.

Half an hour later.

Descending on the square, Huang Xiaolong's attention was attracted by the primordial shrine. Clusters of buildings were built on several hundred square li on the plains, with the highest roof exceeding the height of a hundred zhang. It was obvious these buildings were built to form a circular pattern.

Lu Zhuo, Ren Changhai, and Zhu Huan approached the Primordial Celestial Shrine's entrance.

Just the steel gates were a whopping fifty zhang tall and twenty zhang wide. Their steel surface was densely packed with finely carved talisman symbols.

The three Ancestors stood in front of the steel gates and exchanged a silent glance before proceeding to form various seals that gathered together, forming a divine beast diagram that flew into the steel gates.

In an instant, the tightly shut steel gates lit up in dazzling light, becoming increasingly radiant as the seconds passed until a bright ball of light flew out. Then, the steel gates slowly opened.

Watching this, Lu Zhuo, Ren Changhai, and Zhu Huan breathed out in relief. Despite having three people, opening the Primordial Celestial Shrine Gate exhausted a large amount of their godforce.

"Xiaolong, Deng Wei, let's go in." Lu Zhuo looked over his shoulder, calling Huang Xiaolong and Deng Wei, adding, "Remember, do your best within the limit when comprehending the heritage tablets. Don't overexert yourselves."

Huang Xiaolong and Deng Wei respectfully acknowledged Lu Zhuo's words.

Because Huang Xiaolong took the first place in the joint training, Lu Zhuo's group was the first one to step through the steel gates.

Watching Huang Xiaolong's group entering the shrine, Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan's gazes were gloomy and cold.

A moment later, Ren Changhai led Zhao Wuya and the other Elephant Genesis Sect disciples into the shrine. Lastly, it was Zhu Huan's Great Whale Sect group.

The Primordial Celestial Shrine's steel gates closed on their own when the last disciple entered.

Following behind Lu Zhuo, Huang Xiaolong entered the Primordial Celestial Shrine, arriving at an enormous hall. At the front of the hall was a long tunnel about ten meters wide with five big rooms on both sides, adding up to ten rooms altogether.

Inside each big room were a hundred heritage technique tablets.

On the way in, Lu Zhuo explained to Huang Xiaolong that after comprehending each heritage tablet, the disciple would receive a strand of godforce left behind the three sects' ancestors.

"Xiaolong, Deng Wei, go in." Lu Zhuo said.

Huang Xiaolong and Deng Wei entered the room that corresponded with their ranking during the joint training. As the current champion, Huang Xiaolong entered room number one while Deng Wei went inside room number ten.

The moment Huang Xiaolong stepped into the room, he saw a row of heritage tablets lined before him like a row of street lights. Huang Xiaolong had no idea what material these heritage tablets were made of, but they exuded the aura of vicissitude. It was a mysterious and forbidding feeling.

Every tablet was placed ten meters from each other, and at the end of the row was a large door, but Huang Xiaolong didn't know where it led to.

According to Lu Zhuo, only after a disciple finished comprehending the one hundredth heritage tablet would the door open. However, in the Primordial Celestial Shrine's history spanning several million years, there had yet to be anyone that could comprehend all hundred tablets. Therefore, that door at the end of the room had never been opened.

No one knew what lies behind that steel door.

Huang Xiaolong took a deep breath to calm his mind and approached the first heritage tablet.

These hundred tablets varied in size; the first one was the smallest while the one-hundredth tablet was the largest.

The first tablet was approximately one meter tall, inscribed with a few rows of mysterious symbols that seemed to contain the heaven's dao. With just one look, Huang Xiaolong felt his consciousness jarred, as if an invisible force was rushing at him from all direction.

After being startled for less than a second, Huang Xiaolong pulled himself together. He quickly sat in a meditative pose as godforce circulated through his body before entering the heritage tablet in front of him.

Soon, Huang Xiaolong entered a selfless ethereal state.

Everything around him seemed to slow down. He could clearly feel the flow of spiritual energy in the deepest depths of space.

As time passed, the heritage tablet in front of him glimmered like a beating heart, sending out rings of light that flowed toward Huang Xiaolong, shrouding him.

Sitting there in the same meditative pose, his figure became blurred. At one point, his physical body vanished completely, becoming one with the first heritage tablet.

The rows of mysterious symbols on the first heritage tablet shined increasingly bright.

Half a day passed by when a hum sounded as the tablet cracked, akin to ten thousand birds singing, like waves hitting rocks on the beach, or the rumbling of thunder.

Whilst Huang Xiaolong was comprehending the first heritage tablet, Zhao Wuya and the others also entered their respective rooms according to their rankings. Lu Zhuo, Ren Changhai, and Zhu Huan sat in the hall, waiting patiently for these disciples in silence, yet their attention never strayed from these ten rooms.

At one point, the three of them saw a bright light shining from the steel door of room number one, causing them to be stupefied.

When the person inside the room fully comprehended the content of a tablet, the steel door would emit a bright light.

This meant that Huang Xiaolong had comprehended the first heritage tablet in less than ten hours!

Lu Zhuo gently tugged at his sparse beard, laughing loudly.

Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan kept a depressing silence.

Inside room number one, Huang Xiaolong woke up from his ethereal state, slowly opening his eyes.

Just like always, the first thing he did was to check his body's condition. At a glance, Huang Xiaolong noticed that his three supreme godheads had gone through some change, but he couldn't put his finger on it. Still, it was obvious that his godforce had increased tremendously.

A moment later, he moved to the second heritage tablet.

After a day, he went to the third tablet.

The fourth tablet, the fifth...

When twenty days had passed, Huang Xiaolong was standing in front of the thirtieth heritage tablet.

[Chapter 1057: Grade Four Spiritual Vein](#)

As Huang Xiaolong reached the thirtieth heritage tablet, in the hall outside, Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan looked extremely gloomy. From time to time, a hint of malice flickered in the depths of their eyes.

Lu Zhuo pretended to not notice these two people's mood as his laughter echoed in the hall on more than one occasion.

In the past, there were also times when the top ten disciples were rewarded with the opportunity to comprehend these heritage tablets, but the record in reaching the thirtieth heritage tablet was fifty-three days.

A person like Huang Xiaolong who had reached the thirtieth tablet in twenty days was something that had never appeared before.

Moreover, at this point, Zhao Wuya was still at his thirteenth heritage tablet.

"Lu Zhuo, aren't you laughing a little too early?" The Elephant Genesis Sect Ancestor finally ran out of patience. Lu Zhuo's laughter sounded increasingly harsh to his ears in these twenty days. "Huang Xiaolong might comprehend the first thirty heritage tablets at amazing speed but that doesn't mean he will be as fast in the following tablets."

Zhu Huan also chimed in, "Who knows, maybe Huang Xiaolong's progress will stop here at the thirtieth tablet."

There had been examples in the past of disciples breezing through the earlier heritage tablets, but their progress slowed significantly in the latter stages. Some were stuck at the thirtieth heritage tablet until the end, unable to proceed any further. There were also disciples who started slow but grew progressively faster after the first thirty tablets.

It wasn't a rule that the comprehension of these heritage tablets became more difficult as one progressed, it depended on the person comprehending them.

Lu Zhuo was unperturbed. With a smile on his face, he suggested, "How about we make a little bet?"

Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan were surprised.

"What are we betting? What are the terms?" Ren Changhai asked, a faint frown between his brows.

"Hmm, let's bet a grade four spiritual vein. If I lose, I will give you each one grade four spiritual vein, if you two lose, each of you gives me a grade four spiritual vein." Lu Zhuo grinned, "If Huang Xiaolong can reach the sixtieth tablet before two months are over, I win. If he cannot do it, then I lose!"

One shouldn't forget that twenty days were already gone. In other words, Huang Xiaolong had to reach the sixtieth heritage tablet in the remaining forty days or it would be Lu Zhuo's loss.

Comprehending sixty heritage tablets in two months' time was an impossible feat.

However, with Huang Xiaolong's performance so far, Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan couldn't help but hesitate.

After all, a grade four spiritual vein wasn't the same as a grade three spiritual vein. Under normal circumstances, one hundred grade three spiritual veins couldn't be traded for a single grade four spiritual vein.

Some time back when the three of them were at the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield, they stumbled upon a cultivation dwelling left behind by an ancient master.

According to the joint training's results, Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan received one grade four spiritual vein each. Both of them were treating the grade four spiritual vein in their possession like a precious treasure.

"What, you don't dare?" Catching the hesitation in Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan, Lu Zhuo taunted.

"Fine. Lu Zhuo, we'll make this bet with you! I don't believe Huang Xiaolong can truly comprehend the sixtieth tablet in a mere two months!" Ren Changhai's facial muscles tightened as he gritted his teeth. Zhu Huan clenched his fists and agreed as well.

Lu Zhuo merely chuckled and did not say anything to refute, placing his attention toward Huang Xiaolong's room.

In all honesty, Lu Zhuo had no confidence at all in winning the bet. He had no idea if Huang Xiaolong could comprehend sixty tablets in two months. Thus, he was feeling pangs of regret the moment the words came out of his mouth, anxiety and tension gripping his heart.

It was related to two grade four spiritual veins ah!

If he lost, it was almost the same as asking for his life!

Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan were just as nervous and tense while watching the steel door.

One day had passed, yet there was no movement from room number one.

As more time passed, the steel door of room number two released a bright light, indicating that Zhao Wuya had comprehended his thirteenth heritage tablet and advanced to the fourteenth.

Another day passed without any movement from steel door number one.

Two days! It appeared as if Huang Xiaolong was unable to comprehend the thirtieth heritage tablet!

Seeing this, Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan began to relax. Gradually, their gloomy expression was replaced by radiant smiles.

"Lu Zhuo, didn't I say it? You were happy too soon." Ren Changhai exploded in laughter, "It's been two days now, it seems Huang Xiaolong is unable to pass the thirtieth tablet, if this continues, forget the sixtieth tablet, he might not even reach the fortieth tablet!"

"Hehe, those two grade four spiritual veins, you brought them with you, right?" Zhu Huan chimed in, "Don't shrink off later on saying that you didn't bring them."

Lu Zhuo kept mum, his gaze fixed on the calm steel door, hands clenched into fists.

The third day passed without any changes, causing regret and disappointment to gnaw at Lu Zhuo. Three days went by, yet Huang Xiaolong couldn't get past the thirtieth heritage tablet!

Just like Ren Changhai said, at this rate, when the two months deadline arrived, Huang Xiaolong wouldn't even be able to comprehend the fortieth heritage tablet.

On the other hand, Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan laughed even louder and became merrier when they saw no movement from Huang Xiaolong's room as the third day came to an end.

By this time, Zhao Wuya had started on his fifteenth heritage tablet.

On the fourth day of the bet, the steel door of room number one that had been silent for so many days finally emitted a bright light. However, Lu Zhuo inwardly shook his head.

Spending four days to comprehend the thirtieth heritage tablet... At this rate, within two months, Huang Xiaolong could at most reach the fortieth heritage tablet.

This scene prompted another burst of laughter from Ren Changhai, "Lu Zhuo, don't be so discouraged. Who knows, maybe Huang Xiaolong can comprehend one heritage tablet every day in the remaining time, pulling another miracle!"

"Haha, that's right, maybe he'll comprehend one tablet in half a day's time." Zhu Huan 'praised' agreeably.

The satire continued.

Half a day passed.

All of a sudden, room number one once again shined brightly.

Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan stiffened.

This...!

Subsequently, in the latter half of the day, there was movement from room number one again. Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan were stupefied. Even Lu Zhuo's eyes widened in disbelief.

Following that, the steel door of room number one would emit a bright light averaging once per half a day's time. In a short ten days, Huang Xiaolong had reached the fiftieth heritage tablet at a terrifying speed.

Finally, the smile returned to Lu Zhuo's face, becoming increasingly brilliant.

Ren Changhai spoke sourly, "Lu Zhuo, it's still too early for you to feel happy, he's only at the fiftieth heritage tablet and has twenty-five days remaining. I don't believe he can comprehend the remaining ten tablets in twenty-five days!"

As if Ren Changhai's words were a prophecy, there was no movement from Huang Xiaolong's room for a full day.

When two days passed, Ren Changhai thought that Huang Xiaolong was stuck like earlier, but before he could say anything, the door emitted a bright light.

In the remaining time, Huang Xiaolong took two days to fully comprehend one heritage tablet.

When the fifty-ninth day arrived, one day from the stipulated two months deadline, Huang Xiaolong started on his sixty-first tablet.

Staring dumbly at the shining light on the door, Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan were filled with unwillingness, fury, hatred, and deep regret.

“My friends, please take out the grade four spiritual veins.” Lu Zhuo smiled sheepishly, “Don’t tell me you didn’t bring them with you.”

Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan’s faces twitched.

At this time, inside room number one, sitting in front of the sixty-first heritage tablet, Huang Xiaolong was enshrouded in dazzling light. The ethereal images of his black and blue twin dragons hovered behind him.

### [Chapter 1058: Gamble!](#)

Compared to two months prior, the aura around Huang Xiaolong had become much stronger.

It hadn’t been long since Huang Xiaolong broke through to Fourth Order Heavenly God Realm when he first entered the Primordial Celestial Shrine, but in the short two months he spent comprehending these heritage tablets, his cultivation had risen to peak early Fourth Order Heavenly God Realm!

If Lu Zhuo, Ren Changhai, and Zhu Huan knew this, they wouldn’t be able to sit still in the hall outside.

Even though other disciples’ cultivation also improved as they comprehend the heritage tablets, it was definitely far less shocking than Huang Xiaolong’s speed.

Five days later, when Huang Xiaolong began comprehending the sixty-eighth heritage tablet, his body trembled all of a sudden. A brilliant radiance burst out from his three supreme godheads.

He actually broke through to mid-Fourth Order Heavenly God Realm!

Outside in the hall, Lu Zhuo, Ren Changhai, Zhu Huan were alarmed by the movement behind the steel door, for they had never seen any disciple reach the sixty-eighth heritage tablet. The highest record was the sixty-seventh tablet!

Huang Xiaolong had just broken this record! Moreover, from the one hundred days allocated for comprehension, there were thirty-five days left!

Whilst feeling shocked, Lu Zhuo’s laughter became more frequent. Truly, a joyful occasion lifts one’s spirit. This disciple Huang Xiaolong truly surprised him again and again.

Lu Zhuo began to anticipate the moment when Huang Xiaolong finished comprehending all hundred tablets and opened that legendary big steel door inside the room.

“Lu Zhuo, let’s have another bet on whether Huang Xiaolong can finish comprehending all hundred heritage tablets in one hundred days!” At this time, Ren Changhai spoke with a gloomy light in his eyes, bearing a taste of madness.

Lu Zhuo looked at Ren Changhai in surprise, as he didn't have much confidence.

As far as he knew, ever since the Primordial Celestial Shrine came into existence over ten million years ago, there had yet any disciple from the three sects who succeeded in comprehending all hundred heritage tablets!

Despite recognizing Huang Xiaolong's talent and great comprehension ability, Lu Zhuo wasn't confident he could comprehend all the tablets in one hundred days. The chances were just too slim that it was closer to impossible.

"You don't have the guts?" Zhu Huan taunted, sneering coldly.

Ren Changhai also shot Lu Zhuo a derisive look.

Lu Zhuo was aware that Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan were stimulating him on purpose, but he couldn't resist saying, "Fine, I'll bet with you guys, but what do you two want to bet?" He added in a derisive tone, "Or do you have more grade four spiritual veins on you?"

Lu Zhuo mentioning the grade four spiritual vein was no different than rubbing salt on Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan's wounds. While feeling pained in their hearts, anger brewed.

"We bet our two sects' treasures!" Ren Changhai nearly spat out in anger. "If we lose, you can take half of the Great Whale Sect and Elephant Genesis Sect's treasures! On the other hand, if you lose, we'll take your Barbarian God Sect's treasury!"

They actually wanted to bet the sect's treasury!

Lu Zhuo sucked in a breath of cold air looking wide-eyed at the other two people in the hall. 'These two have gone mad!'

With the long history of their three sects on Green Cloud Island, the wealth in their treasures was far from being able to compare to a mere few grade four spiritual veins.

They had only bet grade four spiritual veins earlier, which was still acceptable to Lu Zhuo, but betting the sect's treasury was a stake too high for his tolerance, scaring him.

"What? You really don't dare?" Zhu Huan snickered disdainfully.

"Timid as a mouse." Ren Changhai added fuel to the fire.

Hesitation flickered back and forth on Lu Zhuo's face.

"Fine, since you two dared to bet, why wouldn't I dare?" Lu Zhuo gritted his teeth and agreed in a spur, "I'll bet!"

Zhu Huan laughed merrily, "Good, Brother Lu Zhuo's courage is admirable!"

"Then, let us three make a blood oath!" Ren Changhai grinned. He was afraid Lu Zhuo would go back on his back later after he lost, refusing to take out the Barbarian God Sect's treasury. However, if a blood oath was made, he couldn't renege on his promise even if he wanted to.

Blood oath! Lu Zhuo's face tightened.



Before he could do anything, both Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan had begun the blood oath ritual following the ancient method, forcing out a drop of their own blood essence and drawing a mysterious symbol with it as ink.

“Brother Lu Zhuo, your turn!” Zhu Huan urged.

Lu Zhuo’s face was darker than muddy water, but he too squeezed out a drop of blood essence, flicking it into the mysterious symbol drawn by Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan.

After Lu Zhuo’s blood essence had completely blended into the symbol, Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan began chanting an old incantation invoking the blood oath. The mysterious blood symbol flashed bright red, splitting into three streaks of light that flew into the three people’s bodies.

Lu Zhuo was already feeling regretful the moment he saw the blood-red light flying toward him. If he lost, he would be reduced to a pauper overnight. At that time, the hundreds of thousands of Barbarian God Sect disciples would spit on him behind his back.

Noticing the obvious regret on Lu Zhuo’s face, Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan exchanged a gloating smile.

“Brother Lu Zhuo, I really didn’t expect you to be so foolish as to take the Barbarian God Sect’s entire treasury out as bet stakes!” Ren Changhai erupted in malicious laughter. “Tell me, you really think Huang Xiaolong will be able to comprehend all heritage tablets in a hundred days?”

“For the last ten million years, the highest record was sixty-seven heritage tablets, I don’t believe this Huang Xiaolong can comprehend all of them in a hundred days!” Zhu Huan threw his back in laughter. He then looked at Ren Changhai, saying, “Brother Changhai, I heard there are quite a few treasures inside the Barbarian God Sect’s treasury!”

Ren Changhai chuckled in good mood, “Soon, it will all be ours. If the Barbarian God Sect founder knew that Brother Lu Zhuo actually lost the whole treasury in a bet, he’d probably die again from anger in the underworld!”

Two sounds of laughter reverberated in the hall.

Lu Zhuo interjected solemnly, “Isn’t it too early for you two to celebrate?”

“Hehe” Zhu Huan snickered, “I don’t think so.”

Lu Zhuo didn’t say anything further, nervously watching the the steel door leading to Huang Xiaolong’s room.

Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan also placed their attention on it. Contrary to Lu Zhuo’s anxiety, the two were much more relaxed. However, when they saw the steel door shining brightly once every day, Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan’s calm and relaxed demeanor gradually vanished.

By the time another twenty days passed and Huang Xiaolong had reached the ninetieth heritage tablet, their expressions were as ugly as they could be.

Lu Zhuo who had been dismal and regretful recovered his spirits, his eyes grew brighter as Huang Xiaolong progressed.

“The ninety-first tablet!” When room number one steel door once again released a radiant light, Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan clenched their fists so hard that their the knuckles turned white, fury spewing from their eyes.

In less than a day’s time, there was movement from Huang Xiaolong’s room again.

“The ninety-second tablet!” Lu Zhuo’s face was ruddy with excitement.

“Ninety-third!”

“Ninety-fourth!”

...

When Huang Xiaolong reached the ninety-ninth heritage tablet, Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan jumped to their feet, roaring in fury, “Impossible! Impossible! How did he do it?! I refuse to accept this!”

Although Huang Xiaolong had just reached the ninety-ninth heritage tablet, there were still four days left.

Four days!

At Huang Xiaolong’s speed, reaching the hundredth heritage tablet was a certainty!

Lu Zhuo chuckled, “You don’t accept it? Do both of you want to go back on your word? Should I remind you that we made a blood oath?”

Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan turned horribly pale.

Blood oath!

“However, I need to thank the both of you instead for suggesting the blood oath ah.” Lu Zhuo finally burst out laughing, “Otherwise, I could really do nothing if the two of you refused to pay up.”

At this moment, Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan looked like they were about to vomit blood.

The sect’s treasury! Half of the Elephant Genesis Sect and Great Whale Sect’s treasury! How many hundreds of millennia of accumulation, blood, and sweat was that?!

#### [Chapter 1059: Devil Restraining Sect](#)

“Lu Zhuo, you’re celebrating too early, there is still one heritage tablet left, I don’t believe Huang Xiaolong can comprehend all of them!” Ren Changhai’s eyes shone with a manic gleam.

“That’s right! In the last ten million years, there has never been anyone who managed to comprehend all one hundred heritage tablets, cut my head off and I still won’t believe Huang Xiaolong can pull it off!” Zhu Huan shouted harshly, “Until the last moment, who can say for sure who’s the winner?”

Lu Zhuo’s brows furrowed unconsciously as his confidence toward Huang Xiaolong wavered.

Indeed, in their ten million years of history, no disciple had ever succeeded in comprehending all one hundred heritage tablets, could Huang Xiaolong be different?

As his gaze fell on the steel door, Lu Zhuo was struck with pangs of anxiety.

The three of them stared fixedly at room number one, causing the hall to be shrouded by a heavy silence.

Right at this time, there was movement from room number two as Zhao Wuya finally finished his sixtieth heritage tablet, moving onto the sixty-first. In the shrine's records, disciples who could pass the sixtieth heritage tablet mark in a hundred days had always been on the lower count.

However, Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan weren't feeling good at all, barely noticing the movement.

Another two days passed under the highly tensed atmosphere. The three Ancestors kept their gazes on the first room, yet there hadn't been any movement thus far. There was barely anything left of Lu Zhuo's sparse beard, wrecked by Lu Zhuo himself.

Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan kept chanting in their hearts, 'Fail, fail, fail!'

Despite their fervent negative chanting, the steel door of room number one suddenly emitted a brilliant light, expanding outward, brighter than any other times before.

Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan trembled, unwillingness written all over their faces, combined with hate, remorse, and disbelief. Their eyes became a bloodthirsty scarlet.

"Why?!" Ren Changhai let out a resentful roar. Why were they the ones who lost?

"The heritage tablets in room number one must have malfunctioned!" Zhu Huan shouted shrilling, "Yes, that must be it, that must be it!"

Lu Zhuo couldn't be bothered with their reaction, his elated and triumphant laughter resounded in the hall, "Hahaha, this feels f\*cking amazing!" Then he lamented woefully, "Heavens, why am I the one who wins again? Why it is so hard for me to lose even once?"

Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan felt their blood flow in reverse listening to Lu Zhuo's words. In the next second, they bled on the spot.

Any other person who lost half of their sect's treasury would vomit blood. Not doing so would be more strange.

This sight put Lu Zhuo in a jolly mood. He was caressing the few hairs left of his beard with a big grin as he said, "It's been long since our Barbarian God Sect held a celebration banquet. Once this Primordial Celestial Shrine trip ends, the three of us should have a few drinks together. As the host, both of you must give me some face and attend ah."

Celebration banquet!

Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan felt another rush of blood flow to their hearts.

At this time, inside room number one, Huang Xiaolong sat cross-legged in front of the hundredth heritage tablet, enshrouded in a dazzling light. All one hundred tablets in the room were emitting the same dazzling light in resonance.

This dazzling light gathered to form a golden-colored tablet that disappeared into Huang Xiaolong's forehead in a flash.

The instant the golden tablet entered his forehead, the dazzling light shrouding Huang Xiaolong exploded into blazing brightness as golden-colored energy flowed into his body.

When this golden energy appeared, his three supreme godheads spun madly.

It was a full day later when the golden energy diminished and everything returned to a state of calm.

Huang Xiaolong opened his eyes, exhaling deeply.

“The Devil Restraining Tablet!” Huang Xiaolong could barely hide the elation he was feeling.

Just now, the golden-colored tablet that entered his mind was the Devil Restraining Tablet, a low-grade chaos divine artifact!

A low-grade chaos divine artifact ah! Even the three sects Ancestors’ weapons were the common divine artifacts refined by Ancient God Realm masters.

A while later, Huang Xiaolong calmed down his excitement, then got up to his feet. He looked toward the steel door and walked over. There was still one day remaining, he wondered what was behind this steel door.

Standing in front of this steel door, he focused on the dent at the center of the door. With a thought, he activated the Devil Restraining Tablet he just got.

The Devil Restraining Tablet flew out from his forehead, fitting precisely into the square dent on the steel door.

Almost instantly, the door quivered and slowly opened.

Retrieving the Devil Restraining Tablet, Huang Xiaolong walked inside, arriving at another large hall.

He spread out his divine sense as he stood at the edge of the hall and discovered that the other nine rooms were also connected to this hall. A jade box was placed at the center of the hall, but other than this there was nothing else in this large space.

Perplexed, Huang Xiaolong slowly approached the jade box.

In fact, the jade box was only half a meter in length, with the width of a palm, emitting a beautiful jadeite lustre. It was cool to the touch, the entire jade box was made from the Divine World’s finest imperial green jade. It was said that a box made from imperial green jade could maintain the things kept within for a billion years like it was the first day.

It was an extremely rare and precious kind of jade.

Huang Xiaolong picked up the jade box, circulating the godforce from his three supreme godheads to break the layers of restrictions placed upon it.

When he saw what was inside, he was stunned for a moment. Nestled inside was a spatial ring made of the same precious imperial green jade, and next to it was a jade token slightly smaller than a palm.

Huang Xiaolong picked up the jade token, looking over it carefully. On the front of the jade token was the figure of a human expert stepping on a devil under his foot, while on the back were several ancient characters.

The Devil Restraining Sect!

Huang Xiaolong put away the jade token and moved onto the imperial green jade spatial ring, opening its restrictions. Checking inside the spatial ring, Huang Xiaolong was dumbfounded. Placed within were more than fifty stalks of forty-million-year-old medicinal herbs!

There were also three spiritual veins inside, all low rank grade four.

Low rank grade four spiritual veins!

Huang Xiaolong's eyes widened and his breathing quickened.

His cultivation was currently at peak mid-Fourth Order Heavenly God Realm. With these three low rank grade four spiritual veins and those forty-million-years-old herbs, he could break through to Fifth Order Heavenly God Realm in the shortest time! Perhaps even mid-Fifth Order Heavenly God Realm!

A long time later, Huang Xiaolong took a few deep breaths to calm his heart that was somersaulting in his chest due to the appearance of the spiritual veins. His gaze then moved to the single old book placed on a raised dais in the middle of the spatial ring.

The placement of this old book, right at the center of this space, indicated its importance.

Huang Xiaolong removed the book from the ring, flipping it open.

Half a day later, he had roughly read through it once from cover to cover. This book was left behind by the three sects' founders.

The Barbarian God Sect, Elephant Genesis Sect, and Great Whale Sect's founders were actually core disciples of the Devil Restraining Sect from the Primal Chaos Mainland more than ten million years ago.

At that time, the Devil Restraining Sect was besieged by enemies and was annihilated except for the three of them who had managed to escape all the way to Green Cloud Island where they changed their identities in order to survive, building the three sects.

According to what was written in the book, the disciple who succeeded in comprehending all hundred heritage tablets was a rare genius that would appear only once in ten million years, thus being worthy of obtaining the Devil Restraining Sect's greatest divine artifact, the Devil Restraining Tablet.

The three founders had hoped the disciple that obtained the Devil Restraining Tablet would be able to merge the three sects and lead them back to the Primal Chaos Mainland, avenging them by defeating the enemies of that year.

Huang Xiaolong smiled bitterly, this was a thankless task.

[Chapter 1060: How Many Tablets Have You Comprehended?](#)

Huang Xiaolong's main purpose in entering the Barbarian God Sect was the All-Islands Great War, to reach the Fortune Mainland. He had never thought of reigning in the three most prominent sects on Green Cloud Island.

Would merging the Barbarian God Sect, Great Whale Sect, and Elephant Genesis Sect really be that easy? At the very least, his cultivation needed to reach the Ancient God Realm as deterrence.

Between the pages of the book was a map indicating the location of the mountain range where the Devil Restraining Sect's headquarters on the Primal Chaos Mainland used to be. There was also a mark indicating the sect's hidden treasury.

According to the words written by the three sects' founders, the Devil Restraining Sect was one of the prominent first ranked forces of the Primal Chaos Mainland, with a heritage older than a hundred million years.

There were four enemy sects that allied to destroy the Devil Restraining Sect that year, the Dragon Tiger Gate, Devil Wind Sect, Ice Fiend Palace, and the Mirage Sword Sect.

Although the power of those four enemy sects wasn't mentioned, it wasn't hard to imagine. One point was certain, those four sects stood much higher in hierarchy compared to the current Barbarian God Sect, Great Whale Sect, and Elephant Genesis Sect combined.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, thinking of the Devil Restraining Sect's jade token.

He had been selected by the three sects' founders as the keeper of the Devil Restraining Tablet and jade token. In other words, he was the future Devil Restraining Sect's Chief.

Once his cultivation broke through to the Ancient God Realm, he would be able to fully refine the Devil Restraining Tablet as well as the jade token, solidifying his Sect Chief identity.

"Sigh, forget it, let's focus on the All-Islands Great War first." Huang Xiaolong muttered to himself. First came the Fortune Mainland, then breaking into the Ancient God Realm. Only then would he take a look at the Primal Chaos Mainland.

Huang Xiaolong put the jade box, jade ring, map and everything else away.

At this time, a dazzling light flashed and the world turned upside down. In the next second, Huang Xiaolong appeared in the first hall where Lu Zhuo, Ren Changhai, and Zhu Huan were waiting.

Lu Zhuo smiled sweetly looking at Huang Xiaolong, sending a cold shiver down his spine.

The moment Huang Xiaolong appeared, Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan's eyes nearly exploded in fury, glaring at him as if their gazes could shred him to pieces. Their reactions baffled Huang Xiaolong, even if he successfully comprehended all the heritage tablets, was it necessary to direct such intense hatred at him?

Soon, Zhao Wuya, Deng Wei, and the rest were also sent out from their respective rooms.

Zhao Wuya spotted Huang Xiaolong almost immediately. He flashed a friendly smile at Huang Xiaolong, asking, "Huang Xiaolong, how many heritage tablets did you manage to comprehend? I was lucky enough to complete sixty-three!" His voice was filled with obvious complacency.

“Sixty-three tablets!” Deng Wei and the other eight disciples blurted out in shock, looking at Zhao Wuya.

According to their knowledge, in the last ten million years, the record was sixty-seven, yet Zhao Wuya actually managed to comprehend sixty-three heritage tablets! When this message spread out, it would definitely cause a commotion.

Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan’s faces twitched seeing Zhao Wuya intentionally showing off in front of Huang Xiaolong. This seemed to be happening quite a lot as of late.

Huang Xiaolong glanced at Zhao Wuya from the corner of his eye and looked away, too lazy to bother with him.

Seeing that Huang Xiaolong did not answer him, Zhao Wuya’s first thought was that his performance was too mediocre to mention. Just as he was about to say something, Ren Changhai cut in with a cold harrumph, “Huang Xiaolong, since you’ve comprehended all one hundred heritage tablet, you must have opened that steel door at the end of the room.”

Zhao Wuya was instantly dumbfounded, his mouth agape with shock and disbelief.

One hundred heritage tablets!

Deng Wei and the other disciples had a similar expression.

“What is behind the steel door?” While Zhao Wuya, Deng Wei, and the others were still in shock, Zhu Huan barked fiercely at Huang Xiaolong, giving the impression he would get rough if Huang Xiaolong refused to answer.

Lu Zhuo walked to Huang Xiaolong’s side, facing Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan with a meaningful grin, “Hehe, Huang Xiaolong is a disciple of my Barbarian God Sect, what lies behind the door isn’t something you two can question him about.”

Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan’s faces sank hearing Lu Zhuo’s words.

“This Primordial Celestial Shrine was built by our three sects’ founders. As Ancestors of the Elephant Genesis Sect and Great Whale Sect, we naturally have the right to ask what is behind that door!” Ren Changhai twisted reason to his favor.

Lu Zhuo drawled lazily, “Since you two are dying to know, why don’t you go in and try comprehending the heritage tablets again? As long as you two can comprehend all the tablets inside, you will naturally know.”

Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan were stupefied, they did not expect this from Lu Zhuo. Anger took over reason and they bellowed at the same time “You!”

Comprehending all the heritage tablets mainly relied on one’s own talent, and the level of their talents was fixed, even if they tried to comprehend these tablets a hundred times over, the result would be the same, regardless of their cultivation.

In the past, during their youth, Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan both reached the sixty-third tablet.

“Xiaolong, let’s go.” Lu Zhuo said to Huang Xiaolong, smiling sweetly. He ignored Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan, turning around and leaving while humming a little tune.

Huang Xiaolong wondered if that tune was composed by Lu Zhuo himself or someone else, but Lu Zhuo’s humming was quite good.

A myriad of complex emotions roiled in Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan’s hearts, but it was mostly fury.

“Oh right, I nearly forgot to inform the both of you. In two months, I will be making a trip to your Elephant Genesis Sect and Great Whale Sect. During these two months, please do not empty out your sects’ treasuries.” Lu Zhuo smiled, “The rebound from the blood oath is no laughing matter.”

Ren Changhai and Zhu Huan’s faces were especially dark watching Lu Zhuo.

Still, neither of them made a move to stop his group, watching unwillingly as their figures vanished from sight.

Although the three of them were Ancient God Realm cultivators, Lu Zhuo’s strength was higher than theirs, which was also the reason why Ren Changhai and Lu Zhuo were slightly apprehensive facing him.

Ten days later, Lu Zhuo’s group of three arrived back at the Barbarian God Sect.

By this time, the news of Huang Xiaolong comprehending all the heritage tablets inside the Primordial Celestial Shrine spread faster than wildfire.

Of course, this sensational news also reached Chen Hao, Cao Yang, Zhuang Huan, and Huang Junfei.

“That punk is simply too monstrous! One hundred heritage tablets in a hundred days, is he still human?!” Cao Yang’s face warped with anger, “I heard the punk has already reached peak mid-Fourth Order Heavenly God Realm in a few short days!”

“Not to mention the rumors flying around saying that he got some chaos spiritual herbs from the behind the sealed door!” Zhuang Huan said with hostility, “I wonder if it’s true. If it is, it will be much harder for us to kill him later.”

Chen Hao breathed in deeply, “Don’t worry too much, I received a message saying that the Ancestor made a bet with the Elephant Genesis Sect and Great Whale Sect’s Ancestors. The other two Ancestors lost a grade four spiritual vein each and half of their sect’s treasury. I don’t doubt the fact that the two sects’ Ancestors want to kill Huang Xiaolong more than us.”

Hearing this, everyone in the hall finally showed a trace of joy, “If both sects’ Ancestor are willing to take care of this, that Huang Xiaolong will certainly die!”

Back in the Barbarian God Sect, Huang Xiaolong did not return to his Mansion on the Stone Lion Peak. Instead, he entered the Barbarian God City and went to collect his core disciple robe.

Every core disciple of the Barbarian God Sect was entitled to a residence inside the Barbarian God City. After collecting the things he needed, he went back to his own cultivation dwelling.

Based on Huang Xiaolong’s talent, his residence was naturally located in an area filled with spiritual energy of the highest quality.



His new place was called Celestial Immortal Manor. The two words exuded an aura of vicissitude, ancient and domineering.