

INVINCIBLE 2641

Chapter 2641: These Idiots!

This dao spirit that contained the will of the Flying Heaven's Old Ancestor Fei Wushuang, exuded the shocking might of a Primal Ancestor. This Primal Ancestor's might would absolutely suppress any peak late-Ninth Heaven True Saint, without any resistance.

As they watched the dao spirit successfully take on the intended form, Feitian Jin, Feitian Cheng, and the others couldn't disguise the delight from their faces, and their tensed nerves relaxed.

"Huang Xiaolong, this dao spirit contains our Flying Heaven Race's Old Ancestor's Will, and you will understand what that means." Feitian Cheng snickered coldly, "Kneel now and hand over the Flying Heaven Blood Stele obediently, and we might show you some mercy!"

"Stop your actions now, kneel before me, and kowtow for mercy, and I might think of sparing your lives," Huang Xiaolong responded tepidly.

"What?!" Feitian Jin and the others were outraged by Huang Xiaolong's response, and they shouted, "You are still ignorant, even at death's door!"

"Grand Dao Spirit Palm!"

With Feitian Jin, Feitian Chen, and the others manipulating the formation, the human-shaped giant dao spirit's hands slammed down on Huang Xiaolong with a turn of their wrists, like two great mountains falling from the sky. Violent grand dao energy howled under the two palms that resembled giant mountains, carrying destructive power that threatened to shatter the world.

Huang Xiaolong looked small and insignificant under the two giant palms, smaller than dust.

The giant palms were right above Huang Xiaolong's head in an instant, and they were still falling at great momentum.

Boom! The land quaked violently.

The entire Flying Heaven City was shaking from this immense power, and despite having the grand formation containing most of the force, some of it still leaked out.

All the experts within the Flying Heaven City were startled.

"What's going on with the heavy quake just now?"

Experts exclaimed in alarm.

"It came from the Flying Heaven Central Headquarters! There seems to be grand dao energy? Are there any experts fighting over there?!"

"It's impossible! It has to be primal ancestor experts fighting as the impact is high! It's the Flying Heaven Grand Formation. Yes, that must be it. The Flying Heaven Race's Eminent Elders must have activated the Flying Heaven Grand Formation! But who are they fighting that they have to activate the formation?"

Only Primal Ancestor Realm experts have enough weight to make the Eminent Elders activate the formation!”

The experts in Flying Heaven City discussed in a fervor.

At the same time, Fei Yanzhi and Feitian Longpeng, who were misled by Feitian Cheng, soon learned about the troubles at Flying Heaven City.

“Someone activated the Flying Heaven Grand Formation?!” Fei Yanzi blanked for a second, and then her delicate face looked a little ugly, “Not good, it must be Feitian Jin and his group!” Her exasperated expression was a sight Feitian Longpeng or any other person had never seen, “That group of idiots! A group of big idiots. I’m going to break their necks!”

She realized in a split second why Feitian Jin’s group had activated the Flying Heaven Grand Formation, and she had already guessed who their target was.

Feitian Longpeng looked baffled and confused, the crux of the matter had not occurred to him.

“Matriarch, you, why?” Feitian Longpeng asked in confusion.

“Feitian Jin and his group activated the Flying Heaven Grand Formation to suppress Huang Xiaolong as they’re planning to deal with him! That group of idiots wants to suppress Huang Xiaolong by borrowing the Flying Heaven Grand Formation, and then snatch the Flying Heaven Blood Stele!”

Fei Yanzi was beyond infuriated. “They want to stop Huang Xiaolong from getting the Flying Heaven Hidden Treasury’s grand dao treasures!”

“What!” Feitian Longpeng had a big reaction upon hearing that, and he was even more infuriated than Fei Yanzi. “Feitian Jin’s group of old fogeys, he’s bringing calamity to our Flying Heaven Race, ah!”

“Hurry, we have to go back to the Flying Heaven Central Headquarters!”

Fei Yanzi urged Feitian Longpeng and the three other Eminent Elders. The group sped away, returning to the Flying Heaven Central Headquarters at the fastest speed. At the same time, Fei Yanzi ordered Feitian Jin’s group to deactivate the Flying Heaven Grand Formation through a communication symbol. She also ordered them to kneel and kowtow to Huang Xiaolong to pardon their crimes, so their lives could be spared.

“I hope we can make it in time!” Fei Yanzi almost suffered a heartburn from anxiety as she continued to increase her speed.

At this time, in the air above the Flying Heaven Central Headquarters’ forbidden land, Feitian Jin and the others all received Fei Yanzi’s order to stop through communication symbol.

“Matriarch actually wants us to stop the formation, and kowtow to beg for Huang Xiaolong’s pardon? Beg?” Feitian Jin sneered with contempt after reading the communication symbol’s message. “He’s an ant trapped inside the formation. On what basis does she order us to kneel and beg Huang Xiaolong? He’s the one who should kneel and beg us for mercy, and obediently hand over the Flying Heaven Blood Stele! Truly ridiculous!”

“That’s right! By the time the Matriarch and Young Patriarch return, we would have captured Huang Xiaolong and gotten the Flying Heaven blood Stele in our hands. Therefore, a big surprise will be waiting for them when they get back,” Feitian Cheng laughed smugly.

All the Eminent Elders’ attention was on the dao spirit’s palms that were about to squash Huang Xiaolong.

“Under the dao spirits’ palms force, Huang Xiaolong’s physical has probably turned into meat sauce by now!” Feitian Renhe chortled happily.

Everyone nodded in agreement.

In their opinion, there was no other end for Huang Xiaolong, except for turning into meat sauce under dao spirit’s overwhelming palms’ force. And as for that Primal Ancestor Realm Hei Luo, though he might keep his body, being buried into the ground was inevitable.

“Zhan’er, Huang Xiaolong destroyed your physical body. Father has finally avenged you today!” Feitian Jin’s resentful voice rang in the air.

While Feitian Jin, Feitian Cheng, and the others were immersed in their joy, suddenly, the two giant palms stopped some distance from the ground and were gradually pushed up by something underneath, as they went higher and higher.

Rays of golden light seeped through the cracks between the giant palms’ fingers, and shot straight to the sky. Feitian Jin, and the others had to close their eyes from the glaring light.

“This is?!” Everyone’s faces turned solemn.

In a matter of moments, the dao spirit’s giant palms couldn’t press down the golden light anymore. In a sudden burst of light, the dao spirit was thrown staggering back, smashing onto the formation’s light barrier. The entire formation’s barrier shook and swayed from the impact.

At the source of the golden light, Huang Xiaolong stood on the same spot, looking at Feitian Jin’s group with only coldness in his eyes.

“What?!” After seeing that Huang Xiaolong was unscathed, Feitian Jin, Feitian Chen, and the others were agape in amazement.

That dao spirit contained their Flying Heaven Race’s old ancestor’s will, which had merged with their bloodline’s power and a dao talisman. Under the full force of both palms, even a First Resurrection Primal Ancestor would suffer heavy injuries. Then, how could Huang Xiaolong be unscathed?!

“You, how come...?!” Feitian Jin stammered.

Huang Xiaolong rose into the air and crossed the distance between him and the dao spirit almost instantaneously. Before Feitian Jin and the others’ incredulous faces, Huang Xiaolong punched out with his fist, shattering the dao spirit into fragments. A used dao talisman fell from the air, as the blood Feitian Jin and the others had infused into it, splattered on the ground.

Feitian Jin, Feitian Chen, and the rest coughed up blood from the bloodline power’s backlash.

Next, Huang Xiaolong's cold harrumph exploded in their ears. A fist struck down from the void at the formation's core, and hit Feitian Jin's group without any resistance.

Feitian Jin, Feitian Cheng, and other Eminent Elders' screams reverberated in the air as their bodies crashed on the nearby hills and mountains.

Huang Xiaolong dispersed the formation's barrier with a wave of his palms, and then strolled out of the formation's range. He stopped and stood in front of Feitian Jin.

"Impossible! Why do the formation's restrictions have no effect on you?!" Feitian Jin yelled in disbelief.

Chapter 2642: All In Vain

Huang Xiaolong's first force had directly shattered the Flying Heaven Grand Formation's barrier!

This meant that the Flying Heaven Grand Formation's restriction was completely useless against Huang Xiaolong! Upon realizing this, Feitian Jin and the others were shocked, baffled, and could not understand it at all.

"Very surprised?" Huang Xiaolong asked as his cold gaze swept across Feitian Jin, Feitian Cheng, and the rest. He hadn't taken any action in the beginning, merely because he had wanted to see the Flying Heaven Grand Formation's power.

However, the result had disappointed him. Then again, the formation's power was directly related to the people who had activated it. If there had been a Primal Ancestor expert amongst Feitian Jin's group, the Flying Heaven Dao Spirit wouldn't have been so weak.

Feitian Jin chuckled hysterically, and his face distorted, "Huang Xiaolong, I admit we've underestimated you, but don't you forget that you're in our race's territory, in our Flying Heaven Race's forbidden land. What can you do to us?"

"Is that so?" A low snort escaped Huang Xiaolong's lips, and a fist hit onto Feitian Jin's chest, coming out from his back.

Feitian Jin screamed in pain.

"Eminent Elder Feitian Jin!" other Eminent Elders of the Flying Heaven Race called out in shock. None of them had expected Huang Xiaolong to really lay such a cruel hand on them.

Huang Xiaolong shifted his gaze onto Feitian Cheng.

Feitian Cheng ashened, and just as he was about to say something, Huang Xiaolong's fist swung out and made a hole through his chest using the same method.

Following that, Huang Xiaolong's fist struck out again and again. Each punch left a gaping hole in every Flying Heaven Race's Eminent Elder's chest, without exception.

One by one, Feitian Jin, Feitian Cheng, and the other Eminent Elders crashed to the ground amidst echoing tragic screams.

Huang Xiaolong reached out and grabbed Feitian Jin, bringing him in front of him.

Feitian Jin glared hatefully at Huang Xiaolong, intermingling with apprehension as he demanded, "Huang Xiaolong, what do you want to do?"

"Take a guess?" Huang Xiaolong teased without mirth in his eyes, "Since I destroyed your son's physical body, won't you feel sorry for your son if I don't balance it out by destroying your body?"

Feitian Jin was shocked. Huang Xiaolong wants to destroy my physical body? Once my physical body is gone, won't that mean...?!

"Wait! Huang Xiaolong, you cannot destroy my physical body!" Feitian Jin shouted anxiously.

"Weren't you the one clamoring to suppress me, ordering me to hand over the Flying Heaven Blood Stele? And if I were to fail to do that, you were going to destroy my physical body. So, why can't I do the same?" Huang Xiaolong's mocking gaze was so obvious.

Feitian Jin's face was red and purple from anger despite the fear showing in his eyes.

Huang Xiaolong raised his fist again, and it landed a ruthless punch on Feitian Jin.

Boom!

The screams came out from Feitian Jin's throat as his physical body burst into countless pieces, leaving only a bright orb of soul that was trying to escape.

Feitian Cheng and the others watched Feitian Jin's physical body being destroyed so simply before their eyes. The sounds of flesh and bones bursting, stabbed at their hearts like sharp knives. For a second, the fear that had been rearing its head was magnified. At this very moment, they suddenly realized that they, like many True Saints, had a fear of death.

Huang Xiaolong then looked at Feitian Cheng.

After Feitian Jin, this Feitian Cheng was the noisiest person.

Upon sensing that Huang Xiaolong's gaze had fallen on him, the blood drained from Feitian Cheng's face. Just as he thought of running, he was dragged back by an irresistible suction force.

Huang Xiaolong dragged Feitian Cheng back towards him.

"Did you really think that I really didn't know about your little schemes?"

Huang Xiaolong stared at Feitian Cheng and went on coldly, "You guys claimed that you would be opening the Flying Heaven's treasury tonight. How could I not know what was going on? I was merely feeling bored, so I accompanied you guys to play for a while to see what you guys had come up with."

Feitian Cheng's face turned gray with despair.

"Huang Xiaolong, I beg you. Don't destroy my physical body. We are merely temporarily misled by Yuan Wangfeng. It's Yuan Wang and Yuan Qianxing who made us do this!" Feitian Cheng emphasized, "It's not our fault."

Again, it was Yuan Wangfeng and Yuan Qianxing!

A sharp light glinted in Huang Xiaolong's pupils as Yuan Wangfeng and Yuan Qianxing were really starting to get on his nerves too often.

But when he heard that Feitian Cheng was trying to sweep clean their parts in the whole matter, Huang Xiaolong sneered and swung his fist, directly destroying Feitian Cheng's physical body.

Other Flying Race's Eminent Elders ashened at this sight.

In truth, the ones Yuan Wangfeng had gotten in touch with were Feitian Jin and Feitian Cheng, and other Eminent Elders had no idea that the matter was related to Yuan Wangfeng and Yuan Qianxing. They were victims of Feitian Jin and Feitian Cheng's instigation.

"Your Highness Huang Xiaolong, please show mercy!" Right at this time, a melodic voice sounded from the horizon. Upon hearing this voice, joy gushed into these Eminent Elders' hearts as if they had gotten a new leash of life. Everyone turned to look, and as expected, they saw Fei Yanzi and Feitian Longpeng hurrying towards them with several others.

In the blink of an eye, Feitian Longpeng's group had stopped in front of everyone.

"Your Highness Huang Xiaolong, please spare them!" Immediately upon arriving in front of Huang Xiaolong, Fei Yanzi said again in a hurry, and there was pleading in her voice as she went on, "The Eminent Elders defied my order and activated the Flying Heaven Grand Formation to deal with you. I will investigate the ins and outs of this matter clearly and punish them severely. I will give Your Highness an explanation on this!"

Feitian Longpeng pleaded as well.

Feitian Jin's holy soul interjected with harsh yelling, "Patriarch, it was Huang Xiaolong who trespassed into our race's forbidden land in an attempt to open the Flying Race's Hidden Treasury alone. He wants to swallow our treasures! It was fortunate that we noticed it in time and activated the Flying Heaven Grand Formation to suppress him. Patriarch, please open your eyes and see through his sly schemings. We were protecting the treasury!"

Fei Yanzi was surprised that Feitian Jin was still turning black into white at this juncture, making her feel that he wasn't dying fast enough! A cold light flickered across Fei Yanzi's eyes, and her slender wrist turned, directly smashing Feitian Jin's holy soul into the ground like a bug.

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At the Otherworldly Mansion's capital, Yuan Wangfeng was laughing in triumph at Yuan Qianxing, "Your Highness, just now, Feitian Jin sent us good news! They have successfully trapped Huang Xiaolong in the forbidden land's formation! He also said that Huang Xiaolong won't be able to escape death this time!"

"Really?!" Yuan Qianxing asked dubiously. Huang Xiaolong was lured into the Flying Heaven Grand Formation by them so easily?

"Rest assured, Your Highness. Feitian Cheng, too, has sent a message, and his recount was similar to Feitian Jin!"

Yuan Wanfeng chuckled, "I really didn't expect this, ah. It's truly a pleasant surprise. We've gotten rid of Huang Xiaolong without exerting much effort!"

In fact, neither of them had harbored much hope of their plan succeeding when they had hatched it. But who'd have thought that Feitian Jin's group would actually succeed?

In Yuan Wangfeng's opinion, as long as Huang Xiaolong had entered the Flying Heaven Grand Formation, he was as good as destroyed!

Yuan Qianxing laughed and nodded in agreement to his words. "Tell them, if they really destroy Huang Xiaolong's physical body, I will give them a big surprise. In addition to the conditions I agreed to earlier, I will reward them again when I take the Mansion's young master position!"

Yuan Wangfeng complied.

"Also, contact them now and tell them not to be careless. They must go all out when dealing with Huang Xiaolong, and they absolutely must not let him escape!" Yuan Qianxing ordered seriously, "Better yet, tell them to summon the formation's dao spirit!"

Yuan Wangfeng immediately acted according to Yuan Qianxing's wish and sent out a message to Feitian Jin and Feitian Cheng, telling them to summon the formation's dao spirit. However, this time around, there was no reply from them even after half a day.

Yuan Wangfeng tried sending a few more messages, but the results were the same.

"Those two pieces of garbage, something must have happened! They gave me false hope and short-lived happiness! Inquire from Feitian Cheng what's going on." Yuan Qianxing's face sank.

Chapter 2643: Enormous Giant Bird

Yuan Wangfeng did not dare to delay further, and he hurriedly tried to get in touch with the spies he had placed around Feitian Cheng to understand what was going on. However, Fei Yanzi had sealed off the news from all angles, so how could Yuan Wangfeng's spies get any digs?

At most, Yuan Wangfeng's spies could only confirm that the Flying Heaven Race had activated the Flying Heaven Grand Formation, wanting to deal with somebody, but as for who that somebody was, none of them knew!

Isn't this bullsh*t?!

Even millions of miles away, he already knew that Feitian Jin's group had activated the Flying Heaven Grand Formation! He even knew that the target was Huang Xiaolong!

What he wanted to hear was the result! The final result!

The most important thing he wanted to know was, what had happened after Huang Xiaolong was trapped inside the formation?! What the hell happened?!

"His m*ther be damned, garbage! Garbage all of them!" Yuan Wangfeng cursed under his breath.

"Forget it. Even if we failed to destroy Huang Xiaolong's physical body this time, it's not a big deal." Yuan Qianxing said tepidly, "The young master position stage battle competition is around the corner, and Huang Xiaolong's destined to die sooner or later. Therefore, it's just allowing him to live for two more decades."

On the other hand, Feitian Jin and Feitian Cheng had never told Yuan Wangfeng or Yuan Qianxing about the Flying Heaven Blood Stele. Hence, neither Yuan Wangfeng nor Yuan Qianxing knew that the Flying Heaven Blood Stele was the key to opening the Flying Heaven Race's Hidden Treasury. Had they known that the many dao treasures in the treasury, the two of them wouldn't be so calm anymore.

Soon, several days had passed.

Although the Flying Heaven Grand Formation's activation had caused ripples of panic through the Flying Heaven City and Flying Heaven Holy Grounds, the people had calmed down under Feitian Jin's resolute suppression.

With Fei Yanzi and Feitian Longpeng's pleading to spare the Eminent Elders, Huang Xiaolong had accepted Fei Yanzi's promise of investigating the incident. Most importantly, he wished to maintain his friendship with the Flying Heaven Race.

A few days later, Fei Yanzi already had the investigation results in her hands, and she severely punished the main culprits, Feitian Jin and Feitian Cheng. Other Eminent Elders, who were instigated by the two of them, were punished according to the rules as an explanation to Huang Xiaolong.

The incident was resolved and thus forgotten.

After this incident, the friendship between Huang Xiaolong and the Flying Heaven Race remained unaffected. In fact, he had gotten even more familiar with Fei Yanzi. Because Fei Yanzi felt guilty towards Huang Xiaolong after the incident, she ran to Huang Xiaolong's place every other day, apologizing to him time and again.

Before long, the agreed day of opening the treasury arrived. On that day, Fei Yanzi, Feitian Longpeng, and a group of Eminent Elders came to invite Huang Xiaolong to the Flying Heaven Hidden Treasury.

Naturally, Fei Yanzi had taken the strictest precautions to prevent the matter from being leaked out. Hence, there were only Fei Yanzi, Feitian Longpeng, and a small number of Eminent Elders involved.

The Flying Heaven Hidden Treasury was located at the deepest part of the Flying Heaven Race's forbidden land, but when Huang Xiaolong arrived, he was slightly stupefied.

"This is the Flying Heaven Hidden Treasury!" Huang Xiaolong asked, looking dumbfounded.

Right in front of them was an enormous giant bird!

A super huge statue of a giant bird glistened in a dark glow. At first sight, Huang Xiaolong couldn't tell what material was used to build the statue,

"Yes, this is our Flying Heaven's treasury, and the entry is right there!" Fei Yanzi explained and pointed towards the giant bird statue's beak.

The treasury's entrance is at the bird's beak!

Huang Xiaolong was not impressed by the bad taste behind this prank.

It had really troubled the Flying Heaven Race's old ancestor, Fei Wushuang, to think of this entry.

Then again, admittedly, this enormous giant bird gave Huang Xiaolong a feeling of sovereignty over the sky when looking at it.

Such a giant bird was rare in the world!

While Huang Xiaolong was staring at the rare giant bird, Feitian Longpeng approached Huang Xiaolong, and said laughingly, "What do you think, Your Highness? The bird is big, right? This is our old ancestor's true body, or more accurately, this big bird statue is made according to our old ancestor's true body."

The Flying Heaven Race's old ancestor, Fei Wushuang's true body? Huang Xiaolong was surprised as this was really unexpected for him.

"Very big indeed," Huang Xiaolong answered with a deadpan, serious face.

Fei Yanzi somehow felt there was a different meaning to Huang Xiaolong's words, and her face turned slightly red from the thought. She inwardly scolded Huang Xiaolong, this little guy also has a rascal side to him.

Feitian Longpeng couldn't stop bragging about their Flying Heaven Race's super awesome old ancestor, Fei Wushuang's legends and experiences.

After a while, Fei Yanzi couldn't endure Feitian Longpeng's bragging, so she interrupted him and quickly led Huang Xiaolong to the giant bird's beak.

There was a big entrance inside the giant bird's beak with a very simple door without any complicated runes or patterns, but how could this illusion trick Huang Xiaolong's eyes? He saw through the dangerous restrictions on the door right away.

As one of the three strongest people in the Alien Lands in the past, the restrictions laid out by Fei Wushuang were at another level compared to most Primal Ancestor experts.

Hence, Huang Xiaolong did not dare to be careless. He called out the Flying Heaven Blood Stele and activated the blood runes on the surface. Blood-colored light filled the giant bird's beak immediately, ripples of blood-red light rolled towards the door and wrapped over it.

"Do it!" Fei Yanzi ordered decisively.

Feitian Longpeng and all the Flying Heaven Race's Eminent Elders spurred their innate powers, and the royal family rune on their foreheads burst out in dazzling lights. To open the Flying Heaven Hidden Treasury required the Flying Heaven Blood Stele as well as thirty plus Flying Heaven Race's True Saint Realm experts' innate powers.

Neither one aspect could be missing.

When setting up this hidden treasury, Fei Wushuang had considered the possibility that the Flying Heaven Blood Stele might fall into other people's hands. Hence he had set these two requirements.

Huang Xiaolong naturally wasn't worried that the Flying Heaven Race would refuse to cooperate with him. Not to mention that if they had refused to cooperate, he would have directly controlled a sufficient number of Flying Heaven Race's Eminent Elders, and then proceeded to open the hidden treasury. The result would have been the same in the end.

As Huang Xiaolong and Fei Yanzi controlled the Flying Heaven Blood Stele's powers and the Flying Heaven Race's innate powers, the entire giant bird shone increasingly brighter as if it was coming alive, exuding majestic Primal Ancestor might. Strands of grand dao energy danced in the air, lighting up the entire forbidden land as if it was day.

However, Fei Yanzi had activated the Flying Heaven Grand Formation early on, covering and concealing everything that was happening at this time. No alien race experts in the Flying Heaven City were alerted.

This went on for several hours until the dao runes on the door's surface gathered, and formed an ancient text 'Fei' that sank within. Soon after, the door then slowly opened by itself.

When the door opened, there was no amazing holy spiritual qi or leakage of grand dao energy. It was as if they had opened the door to an ordinary room. Huang Xiaolong, Fei Yanzi, and the rest stepped through the door, and the moment they saw the treasures displayed before them, all of them were dumbfounded on the spot.

There were holy herbs, holy pills, and the rarest of heaven and earth treasures everywhere they looked inside the entire enormous giant bird. Every stalk, and every pellet was floating calmly in the air inside the bird's body.

"Grand dao treasures!" A Flying Heaven Race's Eminent Elder gasped.

In the farthest end, they could see a stream of grand dao treasures, from dao pills, to dao artifacts, dao herbs, and dao stones.

Huang Xiaolong's gaze turned hot as he stared at those grand dao treasures. Even he had not expected there to be so many of them inside the Flying Heaven Hidden Treasury. Fei Wushuang was a real man, a man amongst men, he was willing to leave so many good things for his tribe.

They were talking about grand dao treasures after all. One dao pill alone could cause experts to fight until blood flowed into a river.

Chapter 2644: Offering Sacrifice

If other royal families, or alien race Primal Ancestors got a bit of wind that there were so many dao treasures in the Flying Heaven Hidden Treasury, they would risk their lives to smash open the door and grab some of these dao treasures.

But now, all these dao treasures belong to Huang Xiaolong!

With these dao treasures, he wouldn't need to worry about not advancing to Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm fast enough! Instead, he could be confident about beating Yuan Qianxing to death on the battle stage!

When Fei Yanzi's gaze landed on the dao treasures at the farthest end, her mind was blown away. Regret sprouted in her chest. She had initially thought that even if there were dao treasures inside the treasury, there would only be a few of them, but now, the amount that she was seeing, was more than ten times her estimation!

Even though she felt regretful, Fei Yanzi was still very much sober to the fact that if it wasn't for Huang Xiaolong, the Flying Heaven Race would have never been able to open a corner to access these treasures

there, and they wouldn't even have gotten one item that was placed inside there. Thus her thoughts calmed down quickly.

As for the Flying Heaven Race's Eminent Elders, even though they inwardly felt that it was unfair that all the dao treasures would belong to Huang Xiaolong, none of them dared to utter any dissatisfaction as Feitian Jin and Feitian Cheng's miserable ends were still fresh in their minds.

Following that, Huang Xiaolong and Fei Yanzi tacitly swept clean the dao treasures, holy herbs, holy pills, and everything else inside the treasury.

It was an easier task for Fei Yanzi and the Flying Heaven Race's group to deal with the restrictions around the holy herbs and holy pills as they collected them, whereas, the restrictions on the dao treasures were much stronger, consuming a lot of Huang Xiaolong's efforts.

Still, Huang Xiaolong's progress was satisfactory, and by the end of the day, he finally finished collecting all the dao treasures in the treasury.

Amongst the dao treasures, there was a dao artifact, the Flying Heaven Spear!

It was the Flying Heaven Race's old ancestor Fei Wushuang's weapon. However, Huang Xiaolong inexplicably felt awkward looking at the Flying Heaven Spear, because the head of the spear was an eye-catching bird's head!

Fortunately, Fei Wushuang belonged to a bird race, not a tortoise race. If Fei Wushuang had belonged to a tortoise race, wouldn't he have molded the top of the spear into a big tortoise head?

On the way out after collecting the treasures, Huang Xiaolong returned the Flying Heaven Blood Stele to the Flying Heaven Race. Fei Yanzi accepted the Flying Heaven Blood Stele and flashed Huang Xiaolong a brilliant smile as she said, "Your Highness, our tribe will be offering sacrifices to the heavens in a few days. Would you care to stay and participate?"

"Offering sacrifice...?" Huang Xiaolong was taken by surprise.

He had heard of the Flying Heaven Race's sacrificial offerings ritual. Feitian Longpeng had returned to the tribe just to attend the ritual ceremony, and it was a very ancient and important ritual of the tribe.

It was a ritual where the core members of the tribe would offer their blood as sacrifice to heaven, and they would be baptized by heavenly energy in return.

It was said that the purer the Flying Heaven disciple's blood was, the better the return from the heavens would be.

"That's right," Feitian Longpeng joined in with chuckles, "In truth, not only our tribe's core disciples can take part, but other races' disciples can also participate."

Huang Xiaolong was genuinely surprised hearing that, and thus, he asked, "Wasn't it said that only the Flying Heaven Race's core disciples can take part?"

Fei Yanzi shook her head and explained, "We unitedly maintain this explanation to the outside world, but the sacrificial offering is not exclusive to the bloodline of our tribe."

Huang Xiaolong understood after listening to Fei Yanzi's explanation.

Did the Flying Heaven Race deliberately say this because they don't want outsiders to know this secret? In other words, is the Flying Heaven Race trying to avoid outsiders from coveting something?! Is it related to the sacrificial offerings altar? In a split second, all these thoughts went through Huang Xiaolong's mind.

As expected, Fei Yanzi went on. "In truth, the most important part of the sacrificial offering ritual is the Flying Heaven Sacrificial Altar."

"Our old ancestor got the Flying Heaven Sacrificial Altar by chance in an immortal cave in the World River. It has a wonderful function, and one of them is offering sacrifice and receiving baptism from heavens in return."

Fen Yanzhi continued, "The heavenly baptism improves the purity of our bloodline."

"However, the Flying Heaven Sacrificial Altar needs to accumulate origin energy until it is full before we can hold the sacrificial offering ritual. It takes several hundred million years, in between, to hold each sacrificial offering."

"Moreover, each time, the amount of baptism energy returned is limited, which is why we set the rules that only core disciples can take part in the ceremony."

Huang Xiaolong was clear as he listened to Fei Yanzi's explanation.

So, it was like that.

"Of course, there is no problem with one more person!" Feitian Longpeng reassured loudly. "Your Highness's blood purity must be very high. There will surely be unexpected gain when you join us for the sacrificial offering!"

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head, agreeing to Fei Yanzi's invitation after some thought. After all, he was not in a hurry to enter seclusion, it didn't matter to wait a few days and then focus on his cultivation after participating in the sacrificial offering. Moreover, like what Feitian Longpeng had said, there could be surprising gains after receiving the baptism.

In truth, Huang Xiaolong had always been curious about his innate bloodline.

Logically speaking, he was human, but after experiencing many events after coming to the Alien Lands, they had made Huang Xiaolong doubt his bloodline.

Back at his place, Huang Xiaolong took out the Flying Heaven Spear, and began refining it.

Although he had the Cangqiong Blade, Cangqiong Dao Palace, and the Eight-Sided Desolate Beast Ring, an extra dao artifact was never a bad thing. Not to mention, when battling Yuan Qianxing in the future, he could expose the Cangqiong Blade and Cangqiong Dao Palace while keeping other dao artifacts as trump cards.

The days breezed by.

The day of the sacrificial offering arrived, and Feitian Longpeng personally came to invite Huang Xiaolong. Huang Xiaolong could only put away the Flying Heaven Spear for the time being, but through the last few days of refining, he had grasped the preliminary powers of the spear. To truly refine it, it was not a matter that could be done in a day, so he would take his own sweet time.

When they reached the Flying Heaven Sacrificial Altar, many of the core disciples and higher echelons had arrived, and there were roughly around a hundred plus people.

The Flying Heaven Sacrificial Altar was almost as huge as a terrace, and still spacious, even with over a hundred people standing on it.

After spotting that Huang Xiaolong had arrived, Fei Yanzi approached and inquired his opinion before ordering the Flying Heaven Race's Eminent Elders to activate the Flying Heaven Sacrificial Altar's grand dao formation. Immediately, rays of grand dao light rose and filled the entire altar's space.

Enveloped by the altar's light, Huang Xiaolong's body quivered, and he felt as if his entire body's blood was boiling. To his astonishment, his blood actually ran out of his control as it coursed through his veins like tidal waves!

This!

Resplendent rays shone from his body as the phantom of a giant yellow dragon appeared behind Huang Xiaolong's back.

Huang Xiaolong's sudden change rendered Fei Yanzi, Feitian Longpeng, and the rest agape with shock.

This is?

On the sacrificial altar, most of the time, the Flying Heaven Race's disciples needed to bleed themselves for the ritual, but it seemed like Huang Xiaolong's blood had triggered the sacrificial offering ritual on its own. And importantly, it was not initiated by Huang Xiaolong, and it was out of his control. They had never come across this kind of situation in the past. For a moment, Fei Yanzi and everyone else were at a loss.

"Matriarch, what do we do now?" one of the Eminent Elders asked.

"We will wait and see," Fei Yanzi hesitated then said.

Huang Xiaolong's unexpected changes made her decide to stop the sacrificial offering ritual for now. She wanted to wait until Huang Xiaolong had finished before making further decisions.

Chapter 2645: The Yellow Dragon of Creation?

Fei Yanzi, Feitian Longpeng, and everyone on the sacrificial altar tacitly retreated to the sides, waiting for Huang Xiaolong to finish.

The golden yellow giant dragon phantom that had appeared behind Huang Xiaolong grew increasingly bigger as time passed. At first, the phantom was roughly a thousand zhang long but it soon doubled in size, then tripled, and went on to exceed ten thousand zhang, reaching twenty thousand zhang!

Fei Yanzi, Feitian Longpeng, and the others were almost numb with astonishment.

Not to mention, they could clearly feel the dragon might coming off the golden yellow giant dragon's phantom that was growing stronger, and it was as if it was in proportion to its expanding size.

"This!" Feitian Longpeng's throat felt a little dry. "Is his Highness Huang Xiaolong's innate bloodline the golden yellow giant dragon bloodline...?"

The golden yellow giant dragon was the dragon race's royal family, a very noble bloodline, hailed as the king of myriad dragons.

Fei Yanzi's attention was fully on the golden yellow giant dragon phantom, and her expression had never looked so serious. "It doesn't seem to be the golden yellow giant dragon!"

Everyone was taken aback. Not the golden yellow giant dragon? But right in front of us is clearly the phantom of a golden yellow giant dragon ah.

"That is the phantom of the God of Creation, Yellow Dragon —Lord Huang Long," a slight quiver slipped into her voice as she went on, "It's likely that His Highness' bloodline is the God of Creation Yellow Dragon's bloodline."

"Yellow, Yellow Dragon's bloodline?!" Feitian Longpeng stuttered foolishly, "Does that mean Huang Xiaolong is really the Son of Creation?"

The faces of Flying Heaven Race's members turned significantly solemn as there was fear, fanaticism, and disbelief as they looked at the golden yellow giant dragon phantom in the air.

Fei Yanzi spoke with uncertainty, "I am not very sure, but the golden yellow giant dragon's appearance is very similar to the Yellow Dragon of Creation. Therefore, it is difficult to distinguish between the two. However, you guys mentioned before that Huang Xiaolong triggered a heavenly eulogy, so I think the probability is very high."

Heavenly eulogy!

This phenomenon clearly pointed to the God of Creation Yellow Dragon's bloodline!

If all of these were merely coincidences, then there were simply too many coincidences.

According to the Flying Heaven Race's ancient records, the God of Creation Lord Huang Long's true body was a yellow dragon, and it was not an ordinary yellow dragon but a yellow dragon that was recognized by the immeasurable grand dao! His bloodline was the dragon race's most noble bloodline.

This world that they were living in was created by the Yellow Dragon God of Creation, and his bloodline was called the God of Creation Yellow Dragon Bloodline.

At this time, the golden yellow giant dragon phantom behind Huang Xiaolong had reached the length of ten thousand zhang, resembling a great pillar rising to the sky. Naturally, this deeply shocked the Flying Heaven Race's members.

And its dragon might covered the entire Flying Heaven City. Not even the restrictions on the Flying Heaven Sacrificial Altar or the Flying Heaven Grand Formation could contain the boundless, majestic dragon might.

The phantom dragon exuded brilliant golden rays of light that seeped into the void in endless waves.

“This is the power of the bloodline?! I must be hallucinating, right?” Feitian Longpeng asked with a dumbfounded expression.

Normally, when Flying Heaven Race disciples offered their blood as a sacrifice to the heavens, the power of their bloodline resembled indistinct, hazy fog, and it was definitely far from Huang Xiaolong’s dazzling bright rays that rushed to the sky like neverending great waves.

“This, this, how powerful is this bloodline?” An Eminent Elder’s quivering voice sounded. “I think, combine every member of our race’s bloodline together, and the amount will still be far from this!” His words were by no means exaggerated.

Every time they held the sacrificial ritual, the amount of their bloodline power was not even a fraction as robust or amazing as Huang Xiaolong’s bloodline power that was currently displayed.

The nobler and purer the bloodline of a person, the stronger his bloodline power would be. This had nothing to do with a person’s cultivation realm.

The Flying Heaven Race itself was an alien race royal family, and their race’s bloodline was amongst the strongest in the Alien Lands, ranking in the top five. Not to mention, Fei Yanzi and Feitian Longpeng’s combined bloodline power couldn’t reach half as shocking as Huang Xiaolong. It was hard to imagine how noble and powerful Huang Xiaolong’s bloodline was!

As Fei Yanzi, Feitian Longpeng, and the others watched in astonished gazes as speckles of golden lights drifted down from the void. It started small like a gentle drizzle of clear, translucent light, like the most beautiful grains of sand one will ever see.

“Heavenly energy!” Feitian Longpeng exclaimed.

The incredulous expression on Fei Yanzi’s face deepened. As far as she knew, in the Flying Race’s previous sacrificial ritual, the amount of heavenly energy they had received in return could barely be called a sparse drizzle. It was considered good fortune if they could collect several hundred drops. How could that compare to Huang Xiaolong’s torrential downpour?

As golden speckles of heavenly energy poured into Huang Xiaolong’s body, muffled sounds from the inside of his body could be heard.

These sounds seemed to incorporate the rhythm of grand dao, the crumbling of a world, the melodious sounds of creation, the majesty of a new world, the vitality of life, and the sounds of nature. All of these sounds rolled into one.

It seemed like there was a world gestating inside Huang Xiaolong’s body, and a new world was about to be born.

An hour later, not only did the sounds in Huang Xiaolong’s body continue, but they grew louder.

The heavenly energy pouring from the void had grown into raging waves, impacting the entire altar’s space.

The Flying Heaven Race's disciples had to withdraw from the sacrificial altar as the golden yellow giant dragon might behind Huang Xiaolong became too overbearing for them. All of them retreated far away.

Only Huang Xiaolong and Fei Yanzi remained on the huge altar.

Up until one point, even Fei Yanzi could no longer endure the coercive dragon might and had to leave the altar. This result genuinely shocked the spectating Flying Heaven Race disciples.

Merely the might from a phantom dragon forced back the mid-First Resurrection Primal Ancestor Fei Yanzi? How powerful is Huang Xiaolong's bloodline exactly?!

Half a day later...

Heavenly energy was still pouring down from the void.

The golden yellow giant dragon phantom behind Huang Xiaolong's five claws had grown to twelve claws.

Night slowly unfolded...

Under the blanket of darkness, the heavenly energy looked even more mesmerizing, and bewitching.

In the far distance, Feitian Longpeng felt that his vocabulary was too poor to describe his feelings at that moment. Usually, most of the Flying Heaven Race disciples' sacrificial rituals ended within half an hour, whereas Huang Xiaolong's had lasted for a full day.

The heavenly energy went on strong until dawn the next day!

When the heavenly energy rain finally stopped and everything returned to normal, Fei Yanzi, Feitian Longpeng, and the others heaved in relief.

The golden yellow giant dragon phantom shrunk as it returned to Huang Xiaolong's body and Huang Xiaolong finally opened his eyes.

Only then did Fei Yanzi and Feitian Longpeng fly to the altar. Standing in front of Huang Xiaolong, Fei Yanzi clearly felt that Huang Xiaolong was completely different from before. His aura, and everything else, felt like two different people when compared with Huang Xiaolong from before the ritual.

This aura?! Fei Yanzi's raised eyebrow showed astonishment. The aura coming off Huang Xiaolong now gave her a palpitating feeling of danger.

However, what depressed Fei Yanzi, Feitian Longpeng, and the others was that due to Huang Xiaolong's extended period of accepting heavenly energy, he had exhausted the accumulated energy within the Flying Heaven Sacrificial Altar. Therefore, Feitian Longpeng, and other core disciples wouldn't get to perform their sacrificial ritual anymore.

Huang Xiaolong was a little embarrassed about this and gave the Flying Heaven Race a piece of grand dao stone as compensation.

When he went back to his place from the sacrificial altar, inside the privacy of his room, Huang Xiaolong took his time to check the changes in his body. After the heavenly energy's baptism, whether it was his physical body, or holy souls, his three complete dao saint godheads, and even his Inextinguishable Dao Heart, had improved significantly.

The most important of all, there was something new inside his body!

The Yellow Dragon (黄龙 Huánglóng) the zoomorphic incarnation of the Yellow Emperor, the center of the universe in Chinese religion and mythology. The Yellow Emperor or Yellow Deity was conceived by a virgin mother, Fubao, who became pregnant after seeing a yellow ray of light turning around the Northern Dipper (in Chinese theology the principal symbol of God). Twenty-four months later, the Yellow Emperor was born and was associated with the color yellow because it is the color of the earth, the material substance in which he incarnated.

Chapter 2646: Do You Want Me to Stay and Protect You?

Something round and golden was located in Huang Xiaolong's lower dantian. Seemingly, the raindrops of heavenly energy had condensed into this ball of light that resembled a golden energy whirlpool, and it was turning slowly.

What is this?

Huang Xiaolong was bewildered.

He had never heard his masters, Cangqiong Old Man, or the Heavenly Master, Tyrant Chu, Lord Long, or Elder Crow mention this kind of situation. But, without a doubt, this thing was born from heavenly energy.

He could feel as the golden whirlpool turned, heavenly energy was also slowly flowing through his body.

After a good half a day of studying the golden whirlpool, Huang Xiaolong still couldn't figure out the ins and outs of it. In the end, he gave up and thought of asking the Heavenly Master later.

Huang Xiaolong adjusted his mood, and then took out a pellet of grand dao pill he had gotten from the Flying Heaven Hidden Treasury.

This grand dao pill had soft resplendent light enveloping it, reflecting dao laws. This grand dao pill resembled a powerful existence that would absorb holy spiritual qi like a True Saint expert, and it had a life of its own that was comparable to a True Saint Realm expert.

Moreover, the grand dao pill's energy was purer than a True Saint expert's saint attributes. The grand dao pill was purely a product of harmonious dao energy and dao laws.

In Huang Xiaolong's eyes, a holy pill still had some imperfections, but the grand dao pill in his hand was flawless and perfect. Not even a blemish could be found on it.

'I wonder, how did the Flying Heaven Race's old ancestor Fei Wushuang come about this grand dao pill?' while admiring the grand dao pill, Huang Xiaolong wondered to himself. Clearly, Fei Wushuang had not refined this grand dao pill. In the entire Holy World and Alien Lands, no one knew the method of refining grand dao pill, and obviously, there was no marking of any sort belonging to the Flying Heaven Race's expert on this grand dao pill.

Perhaps, can it be that this grand dao pill is not something that belongs to the Holy World and Alien Lands? Did Fei Wushuang find this grand dao pill from somewhere...? Could Fei Wushuang's disappearance be related to this?

A moment later, Huang Xiaolong threw the grand dao pill into his mouth.

Immediately, an ocean of grand dao energy roared as it flowed to every corner of his body.

Huang Xiaolong swiftly circulated the Grandmist Parasitic Medium to absorb the grand dao energy and grand dao laws.

While Huang Xiaolong was fully immersed in absorbing the grand dao pill's benefits, a certain news was quietly spreading fast.

"Huang Xiaolong is the Son of Creation? It was said during the Flying Heaven's sacrificial ritual, his bloodline's power took on the image of the God of Creation Yellow Dragon! Many Flying Heaven Race's core disciples witnessed it!"

"Impossible! How could Huang Xiaolong be the Son of Creation! Since when is there a Son of Creation or God of Creation in this world!"

Although Fei Yanzi had banned the tribe from mentioning the events during the sacrificial offering ritual, still, some details spread out, causing a stir and raising many doubts.

Despite causing quite a stir, the majority did not believe that Huang Xiaolong was the rumored Son of Creation. Does someone like that even exist? Everyone listened to it like it was a funny joke.

Yuan Wangfeng reported the rumors to Yuan Qianxing, and after listening to it, Yuan Qianxing laughed it off, "What Son of Creation? In that case, I can't be the Son of Origin and also the God of Creation. Leave it up to the Flying Heaven Race to think of something so ridiculous." He took it for granted that the Flying Heaven Race was deliberately spreading such a rumor.

And the Flying Heaven Race's intention was to create momentum for Huang Xiaolong.

Are they doing this to make it more convenient for Huang Xiaolong to gather support from the alien races' royal families to raise Huang Xiaolong's favorability and confidence to win the Mansion's young master position?

"My thoughts exactly." Yuan Wangfeng chuckled. "There is no God of Creation in this world, and the rumors about the God of Creation originated from Fei Wushuang that old man. This piece of heaven and earth came into existence through natural phenomena."

Whether it was the Holy World or the Alien Lands, everyone believed heaven and earth had come into being by itself. Still, a small number of people believed the world was created by the God of Creation, and believed in the God of Creation's existence.

Yuan Qianxing's tone turned icy as he spoke, "It looks like Feitian Longpeng and Fei Yanzi are adamant to stand on Huang Xiaolong's side. In that case, when the Mansion's young master position is in my hands, the Flying Heaven Race will be the next after I deal with Huang Xiaolong!"

After winning the Mansion's young master position, he needed an opportune chance to show his authority and deter others, and in this circumstance, the Flying Heaven Race was the ideal target.

According to Yuan Qianxing, after successfully annihilating the Flying Heaven Race, his prestige would reach a new peak, indirectly eliminating the many troubles he might face once he sat in the Mansion young master position.

“Pay attention to the Flying Heaven Race’s movements.” Yuan Qianxing said to Yuan Wangfeng, “I’m going into seclusion to study the Return to Origin!”

Recently, he had gained some insights, and he believed that before the Mansion’s young master battle, he could completely grasp the Myriad Origin Race’s Return to Origin dao art. After accomplishing that, his combat strength would rise to another level, and killing Huang Xiaolong would be nothing more than slaughtering a mongrel.

“Rest assured, Your Highness, it will be done properly,” Yuan Wangfeng swiftly complied.

Time flowed by...

In the blink of an eye, a decade and a few years had passed.

In these dozen years, Huang Xiaolong had not taken a step out of the palace arranged by the Flying Heaven Race. There was nothing but cultivation in his days. After refining his first grand dao pill, he went on to refine the second one.

In this little over a decade’s time, Huang Xiaolong had refined and absorbed six grand dao pills, and his cultivation had reached the limit of peak late-Third Heaven True Saint Realm.

Through refining and absorbing these grand dao pills, Huang Xiaolong’s comprehension towards the grand dao had risen significantly. Moreover, under the tempering of grand dao energy and dao laws’, his holy souls and saint attributes too had changed greatly in a positive manner.

During this period of cultivation, the golden whirlpool at his lower dantian also had changed greatly from its initial appearance. In the beginning, the golden whirlpool was merely tiny golden speckles gathered together, but now, these individual speckles had merged into one entity. At the golden whirlpool’s center, an independent space was growing.

What exactly was this space, Huang Xiaolong still could not determine at this point.

“It’s time to advance to Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm.”

Huang Xiaolong walked out from his palace while pondering, and decided to look for Fei Yanzi to discuss borrowing the Flying Heaven Race’s forbidden land as his breakthrough location.

His breakthrough to Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm would surely cause a big movement, and he wanted to use the Flying Heaven Grand Formation to block off some of the effects.

Huang Xiaolong soon saw Fei Yanzi at her palace and told her his plans, resulting in Fei Yanzi staring at him wide-eyed. She looked at Huang Xiaolong in bewilderment. Truth be told, she had not expected Huang Xiaolong’s cultivation to have reached the peak of late-Third Heaven True Saint Realm in such a short time.

From early Third Heaven True Saint to peak late-Third Heaven True Saint Realm in a little over a decade... What kind of concept is that? Did I miss something while growing up?

She had never come across this kind of situation nor had she heard of anything similar.

After her shock receded, Fei Yanzi nodded her head in agreement. Then, she personally led Huang Xiaolong towards the forbidden land, and activated the Flying Heaven Grand Formation.

When all these things were done, she turned around to leave, but then stopped in her steps. She faced Huang Xiaolong and asked shyly, "You, do you want me to stay and protect you?"

There was a gentleness and delicate quality to her shyness that could stir the heartstrings.

Huang Xiaolong was caught off guard as he stared blankly at her and failed to respond promptly.

Chapter 2647: The World's Strongest Fourth Heaven Tribulation

Honestly, Huang Xiaolong didn't have the cheek to ask for Fei Yanzi's help to ensure that no one disturbed him during his advancement. After all, Fei Yanzi was the prestigious Flying Heaven Race's matriarch, a First Resurrection Primal Ancestor expert. Probably, no one crossing his Fourth Heaven True Saint tribulation was qualified to ask of her identity and status, to stand guard for him, even if the person crossing tribulation was Yuan Qianxing.

Fei Yanzi felt her cheeks reddening under Huang Xiaolong's stare.

Moreover, Huang Xiaolong's line of sight was right below her neck.

"It's fine if you don't want me to," Fei Yanzi muttered in annoyance after getting no response for a long time. She huffed and turned away, but her actions somehow exuded sultriness.

"I want!"

Realizing Fei Yanzi was going to leave, Huang Xiaolong blurted the words out in a hurry.

I want?

This ambiguous sentence...!

Fei Yanzi halted, and her mood lightened inexplicably as she nodded her head.

After seeing that Fei Yanzi had agreed to stay, Huang Xiaolong was inwardly delighted; having a Primal Ancestor like Fei Yanzi guarding from the side was more than he could have hoped for. Crossing the fourth dao tribulation was very important to him, and the dao tribulation this time was the strongest one he would face, and Fei Yanzi's presence made things foolproof.

Although there was Fei Yanzi, Huang Xiaolong still summoned Hei Luo out.

Through these years of healing, Hei Luo had more or less recovered.

A complex light flickered across Fei Yanzi's eyes when she saw Hei Luo. Similar to Yuan Qianxing, Long Shengtian, and the others, she too had wondered where the h*ll had Huang Xiaolong found a Primal Ancestor's corpse. Not to mention, how the heck had a True Saint Realm like Huang Xiaolong managed to control a puppet refined from the corpse of a Primal Ancestor...?

With Hei Luo there, Huang Xiaolong finally walked into the Flying Heaven Grand Formation, and sat cross-legged at the formation's center.

All this time, he had been suppressing his breakthrough, but now, without his deliberate suppression, all three complete dao saint godheads spun simultaneously, sending holy energy roaring through his body. His momentum soared, rising like a world-destroying flood. The space around him hummed in protest as it threatened to collapse.

The surrounding space could barely maintain its form against Huang Xiaolong's sudden burst of power.

Fei Yanzi was forced to retreat repeatedly under pressure, leaving a stupefied expression on her beautiful face.

At this moment, it struck her that Huang Xiaolong's momentum had greatly surpassed the average Fourth Heaven True Saint, even surpassing hers, a mid-First Resurrection Primal Ancestor expert!

"This, how is this possible?!" Fei Yanzi was shaken, and her eyes remained fixed on Huang Xiaolong. She was already astonished by Huang Xiaolong's strength when Feitian Jin's group had failed to contain him within the Flying Heaven Grand Formation. Has Huang Xiaolong become twice as strong in such a short time?!

"Probably, his strength is already at par with Yuan Qianxing," Fei Yanzi muttered, a little out of breath.

If Huang Xiaolong successfully crosses his tribulation and advances to Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm, doesn't that mean?!

At the thought of the possibility, a flush of anticipation crept up Fei Yanzi's face.

Despite the waves of shock and astonishment she felt, Fei Yanzi still found it unbelievable how Huang Xiaolong, a Third Heaven True Saint, could be so frighteningly strong.

This shattered the universe's common sense.

A Third Heaven True Saint Realm capable of suppressing a Primal Ancestor expert, this was something Fei Yanzi had never thought possible in the past, yet Huang Xiaolong had done it.

While Fei Yanzi was still swimming in her bewilderment and astonishment, gloomy tribulation clouds took over the sky. Frightening tribulation lightning dragon quickly took shape, and it was growing bigger at an astounding speed.

"Is this, a ninth heaven dao tribulation?" Fei Yanzi's eyes were about to fall out from their sockets. But she soon rejected the thought. A ninth heaven tribulation was not as scary as this.

The tribulation lightning clouds continued to expand, and streaks of angry lightning weaved through them.

The tribulation clouds continued to brew even after exceeding the normal ninth heaven dao tribulation by twenty times, even thirty times.

The tribulation clouds in the sky were so dense and expansive that it was literally an enormous mainland. Dark tribulation clouds were so dense and dark that it gave the impression that they had risen from the abyss of darkness.

Fei Yanzi's chest tightened as a feeling of suffocation almost overwhelmed her. At one point, Fei Yanzi had to put up a dao energy protective barrier around herself.

"This is probably the strongest fourth heaven dao tribulation ever..." Fei Yanzi exhaled. Don't try to convince her otherwise, kill her and she still won't believe there would be a fourth heaven dao tribulation as powerful as this.

An hour later, the tribulation clouds were still expanding outwards. During this time, the number of tribulation lightning dragons increased from one, to two, then three, four... and each lightning dragon was ten, twenty, forty times more powerful than the average ninth tribulation dao?

Ten tribulation lightning dragons!

When the tenth tribulation lightning dragon formed, Fei Yanzi's heart skipped a beat.

This really is!

Between heaven and earth, has there been any fourth heaven tribulation stronger than this?

All along, whether it was a fourth heaven tribulation or ninth heaven tribulation, there was always only one tribulation lightning dragon, but there were ten of them in the sky at this time.

Furthermore, there seemed to be an eleventh lightning dragon taking shape.

Seemingly to confirm Fei Yanzi's thoughts, moments later, the eleventh tribulation lightning dragon successfully condensed, and then began the formation of the twelfth lightning dragon...

There were twelve tribulation lightning dragons high in the air, head to tail, shaking the ninth heavens.

Despite the Flying Heaven Grand Formation concealing most of the movements over there, it couldn't completely contain the twelve tribulation lightning dragons' overbearing destructive powers from spreading to every corner of the Flying Heaven City, as well as the nearby cities.

Experts in these cities were alarmed by the powerful destructive powers even though only a fraction of it reached them, yet this was enough to frighten these experts. It felt like the world was crumbling down.

"Is a Primal Ancestor crossing tribulation?"

"Is it the Flying Heaven Race's Matriarch Fei Yanzi? But isn't matriarch Fei Yanzi a mid-First Resurrection Primal Ancestor Realm?"

Questions and doubts popped out from bewildered experts' mouths as they tried to figure out what was going on.

A True Saint expert has to cross dao tribulation when they advance, whereas a Primal Ancestor's tribulation was called the immemorial dao tribulation.

Experts within the Flying Heaven City felt the tribulation lightning dragons' destructive powers, and they had no idea what was going on because the Flying Heaven Grand Formation was blocking their sights. Otherwise, the sight of twelve great tribulation lightning dragons would have scared the pants off them!

Bang!

While Fei Yanzi and experts within the Flying Heaven City were in shock, the world fell into darkness for a second. The twelve tribulation lightning dragons, head to tail, formed a great circle and released surging waves of lightning energy that struck the ground like a surging waterfall of lightning.

When this waterfall of lightning targeting Huang Xiaolong arrived right above the crown of his head, coruscating light burst out from Huang Xiaolong's body as his three saint godheads emerged.

As Huang Xiaolong's three evolved saint godheads flew out, everything in the world seemed frozen in time, and the terrifying lightning waterfall's descending speed also slowed down.

Fei Yanzi stared at Huang Xiaolong's three saint godheads like she was seeing a ghost with her cherry mouth agape, "Xuanhuang Supreme Dragon! Nefarious Origin! Great Immemorial!"

The second-ranked, third-ranked, and fourth-ranked!

Three great complete dao saint godheads!

Huang Xiaolong alone possesses three of the top ten saint godheads. Moreover, he has the Xuanhuang, Nefarious Origin, and Great Immemorial godheads! But, didn't they say that his complete dao saint godheads were the Primal Dragon, Solitary Darkness, and Chaos Void Saint Godhead?

Great waves of shock hit Fei Yanzi's heart.

When Feitian Longpeng met Huang Xiaolong at the Golden Buddha Domain, he guessed Huang Xiaolong had three complete dao saint godheads that could evolve, but he wasn't absolutely certain. Therefore, he hadn't brought the matter to Fei Yanzi's attention.

Fei Yanzi watched wide-eyed as a human-faced giant divine dragon flew out with an open jaw and swallowed the lightning waterfall, whole.

Swallowed!

The appearance of Huang Xiaolong's three saint godheads seemed to have provoked the twelve tribulation lightning dragon's wrath. The lightning around their bodies sizzled and crackled and struck down like a raging flood.

Chapter 2648: Mo Wunian

After facing the lightning waterfall galloping down, Huang Xiaolong's three saint godheads shifted into a triangular formation as they spun rapidly upwards with an indomitable momentum.

The nefarious origin qi and great immemorial qi surging out from the Nefarious Origin Saint Godhead and Great Immemorial Saint Godhead boosted the Xuanhuang Supreme Dragon as it collided head-on with the lightning waterfall.

The lightning waterfall with world-destroying momentum was torn apart by the Xuanhuang Supreme Dragon, Nefarious Origin, and Great Immemorial's robust qi, reducing the majestic lightning waterfall into harmless wisps of lightning and smoke.

Rumble!

The twelve tribulation lightning dragons continued to release powerful bolts of lightning.

However, no matter how terrifying the twelve tribulation lightning dragons' power was, they were unable to stop the three saint godheads' footsteps. Every strand of lightning power was scattered, devoured, and then corrupted—yes, corrupted by the nefarious origin qi.

The power of a dao tribulation was actually corrupted. Fei Yanzi had never heard of anything like this before, yet she was witnessing this 'miracle' with her own eyes.

After the twelve tribulation lightning dragons released lightning power for an unknown number of times, the three saint godheads had reached where the twelve tribulation lightning dragons were.

Subsequently, Fei Yanzi saw the twelve lightning dragons swooping down like twelve great lightning mountains.

Fei Yanzi's gaze was fixed unblinkingly at the sky, and her fingers unknowingly curled into fists.

She knew that this was the last burst of power from the twelve tribulation lightning dragons, the decisive moment that would determine whether Huang Xiaolong could successfully cross the fourth heaven tribulation. If Huang Xiaolong survived this last strike, then...

But twelve tribulation lightning dragons attacked Huang Xiaolong simultaneously, and she wasn't confident that he would be able to withstand it!

Will Huang Xiaolong withstand this strike? Or the better question is, can the three saint godheads, that have been indomitable so far, resist the final and most powerful strike from the twelve tribulation lightning dragons?

As Fei Yanzi watched on nervously, suddenly, she saw twelve beams of golden lights flowing out from the three saint godheads. These twelve beams of light were very dazzling and resplendent, as well as ethereal and soul-jarring.

Fei Yanzi trembled at the sight.

"These are high-order Saint Fates! Twelve of them!" She was quite familiar with the aura of high-order Saint Fates.

Nine out of ten Primal Ancestors were cultivators who had successfully integrated with high-order Saint Fates. In the past, she had gone above and beyond in order to grab a high-order Saint Fate, and survived a dangerous period of integration with the high-order Saint Fate in order to enter True Saint Realm.

"How come?! How come?! How could it be like this?!" As she at the twelve sprightly high-order Saint Fates, Fei Yanzi had never felt so shocked in her life that she yelled three consecutive 'how come?!'

Twelve high-order Saint Fates!

These are twelve high-order Saint Fates?!

For real?!

Her eyes were wide, beyond shock, as if she was somehow imagining things! Am I hallucinating because I am too nervous?

But no matter how much she blinked her eyes and looked, there were still twelve high-order Saint Fates!

As overwhelming shock, bewilderment, and disbelief rolled in her chest, the twelve high-order Saint Fates in the sky had already collided with the twelve tribulation lightning dragons.

A resounding explosion ensued.

The moment the twelve high-order Saint Fates collided with the twelve tribulation lightning dragons, it was akin to fire meeting gasoline. Great explosions thundered in the sky, and to Fei Yanzi's horror, her soul was jarred from the aftershock energy.

Even a Primal Ancestor like Fei Yanzi was affected. Not to mention the lower cultivation realm experts within the Flying Heaven City as they hugged the ground as their bodies trembled.

The entire Flying Heaven City quaked unsteadily, as if it was perching over a high cliff.

Fortunately, the exchange was very brief. In a dozen breaths, the thunderous rumbles and explosions died down. Fei Yanzi saw that the twelve high-order Saint Fates and twelve tribulation lightning dragons were going head to head. No, more accurately said, the twelve high-order Saint Fates had encircled the twelve lightning dragons, gnawing away their powers and devouring them.

The twelve tribulation lightning dragons' size shrunk rapidly and disappeared in the end.

A dao tribulation can be crossed with this method?! There was a dazed expression on Fei Yanzi's face as she watched this extraordinary scene.

As the twelve tribulation lightning dragons disintegrated and disappeared, the dense tribulation clouds scattered and the bright blue skies emerged. The experts, who were crouching on the ground, raised their heads slowly and cautiously and discovered that the sky still existed, the ground was still firmly below them, and the Flying Heaven City was still standing. There was nothing different except for their sweat-dampened back.

Three saint godheads and twelve high-order Saint Fates slowly descended and returned to Huang Xiaolong's body.

Huang Xiaolong circulated the Grandmist Parasitic Medium and began absorbing the waves of grand dao energy and grand dao laws from his fourth heaven tribulation.

In the far distance, Fei Yanzi looked at Huang Xiaolong through the Flying Heaven Grand Formation's barrier with indescribable complicated feelings. Up until now, she was unable to understand why a Third Heaven True Saint had possessed the strength to suppress her, but today, she had gotten her answer.

Xuanhuang, Nefarious Origin, and Great Immemorial!

Three top saint godheads!

Twelve high-order Saint Fates!

After recalling the scene, where the twelve high-order Saint Fates had blocked the twelve tribulation lightning dragons and dealt with them, Fei Yanzi couldn't calm down.

Then she thought of Yuan Qianxing, who was hailed as the Son of Origin, the person the alien races' royal families predicted to be the most powerful cultivator in the Alien Lands, and she shook her head. She suddenly felt a surge of pity for Yuan Qianxing.

...

Time passed, and unknowingly, another decade had passed.

In the Otherworldly Mansion, Yuan Qianxing appeared refreshed and ruddy, radiating a good mood.

"Congratulations for fully comprehending the Return to Origin in seclusion, Your Highness!" Yuan Wangfeng and various Myriad Origin Race's experts in the main hall congratulated Yuan Qianxing in sonorous voices.

Yuan Qianxing nodded smilingly at them.

As expected, he had fully comprehended the Myriad Origin Race's dao art during seclusion this time. On top of that, his cultivation had risen one small realm to the peak of early Seventh Heaven True Saint, which greatly boosted his confidence, giving him the superior feeling of holding the world in his hands.

"When I was in seclusion, was there any action on the Flying Heaven Race's side?" Yuan Qianxing asked.

Yuan Wangfeng shook his head as he answered, "There doesn't seem to be any action on the Flying Heaven Race's side."

But he suddenly thought of something and added, "Oh right, a little over a decade ago, the spies stationed at the Flying Heaven City reported that there might be a Primal Ancestor advancing within the Flying Heaven's headquarters, but we couldn't find out who it was exactly."

Yuan Qianxing raised an eyebrow in interest, "Oh, a Primal Ancestor advanced?" He asked seriously, "Would it be that guard by Huang Xiaolong's side?"

Since the Golden Buddha Domain's Golden Buddha Race Old Ancestor Chan Yuli was forced to retreat, the people outside had been guessing that the guard by Huang Xiaolong's side was a peak late-First Resurrection Primal Ancestor, and if he was really the one who advanced, there was nothing strange about it.

"Even if that guard advanced to the early Second Resurrection Primal Ancestor realm, Huang Xiaolong can't escape death in the state competition for the Mansion's young master position!" Yuan Qianxing let out a relaxed laugh and added, "There is less than a year's time until the competition battle. Huang Xiaolong, ah, Huang Xiaolong, I hope you're prepared to die."

Yuan Wangfeng and the others laughed.

"But, Your Highness, what if Huang Xiaolong makes a run for it?" a Myriad Origin Race expert asked.

"Run?" Yuan Qianxing sneered, "Once I take over the Mansion's young master position, no matter how big the world is, there will be no place for Huang Xiaolong to hide! At that time, his life would be worse than a stray mongrel's!"

He then looked at Yuan Wangfeng, "Is that old man Mo Zhi back yet?"

Yuan Wangfeng hurriedly answered, "He's back, and Mo Wunian as well."

He hesitated for a split second and added, "I heard Mo Wunian has broken through to Primal Ancestor Realm, but I don't know if it's valid information."

Mo Wunian, a Moyue Race disciple, was one of the candidates for Mansion Master. Before Yuan Qianxing had appeared, Mo Wunian was the person with the highest chances of succeeding the Mansion Master's position. Yuan Qianxing's rapid rise after joining the Otherworldly Mansion proved to be a stiff contender.

"Primal Ancestor?" Yuan Qianxing was genuinely shocked this time, but he promptly covered it with a cold sneer, "So what if he has really broken through to Primal Ancestor Realm? If he refuses to submit to me, his end will be the same as Huang Xiaolong's!"

Chapter 2649: True Identity?

Although the news that Mo Wunian had entered Primal Ancestor Realm came as a surprise, Yuan Qianxing wasn't overly concerned about it. In other people's eyes, a First Resurrection Primal Ancestor might have been a supreme existence, but in his eyes, that realm was an ant, and that would never change!

After he stepped into Primal Ancestor Realm, all low-level Primal Ancestors would reduce to ants in his eyes.

At the moment, Huang Xiaolong was the biggest threat to him.

When Huang Xiaolong was besieged on the Chaos Essence Holy Peak, Huang Xiaolong had shown astounding combat power. The moment Huang Xiaolong had comprehended all the dao laws at Dao Gate, Huang Xiaolong's existence had been elevated to the highest threat and danger to him.

Huang Xiaolong must die!

A cruel light glimmered in Yuan Qianxing's eyes, as the battle stage competition was just around the corner, which was less than a year.

"Just thinking about it fills me with anticipation." At the bottom of Yuan Qianxing's heart, strong bloodthirst and killing intent surged quietly.

Several months went by.

Inside the Flying Heaven Race's Flying Heaven Grand Formation, Huang Xiaolong, who had been inside absorbing grand dao energy and grand dao laws all this time, opened his eyes. The golden dragon phantom, hovering behind him, slowly disappeared.

Fei Yanzi, who had been guarding Huang Xiaolong from outside the formation, exhaled lazily when she noticed Huang Xiaolong had awakened. This fella is finally awake, he wouldn't have made it in time for the stage battle competition if he hadn't.

Both Fei Yanzi and Hei Luo flew towards Huang Xiaolong.

“You’ve finally awakened.” As she descended in front of Huang Xiaolong, Fei Yanzi teased with her pleasant, soothing voice.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Fei Yanzi’s beautiful eyes, and he nodded and smiled as he sincerely thanked her, “Thank you.”

A Primal Ancestor Realm like Fei Yanzi had willingly stayed to protect him for more than a decade. Due to this, Huang Xiaolong felt a little embarrassed.

“If you really want to thank me, treat me with some dragon dates,” Fei Yanzi responded cheerfully.

“Dragon dates?” This was the first time Huang Xiaolong heard of dragon dates.

“From your face, I can already tell that you have not heard of it.” Fei Yanzi smiled charmingly as she explained, “The dragon date is a holy fruit found in the World River, but the rate of their output is very low. Only a dozen or so grow every few hundred million years. Even the World River’s Primal Ancestors don’t have dragon dates in their possession. I got a chance to taste it once long ago, and their taste is truly unforgettable.”

Huang Xiaolong was surprised that the dragon dates had left such a deep impression on Fei Yanzi even after she had eaten the fruit once. Is there really something so tasty in the world?

“Dragon dates are the most delicious food in the world,” Fei Yanzi stressed when she noticed the doubt on Huang Xiaolong’s face. “Everyone, who has eaten it, thinks so. If you’re lucky enough to taste it in the future, you won’t be able to forget it’s taste.”

“Deal! When I go to the World River, I will save you some dragon dates if I find them,” Huang Xiaolong promised generously.

Fei Yanzi giggled charmingly and reminded, “Dragon dates are not easy to find.”

The two of them chatted as they walked out from the forbidden land with Hei Luo following behind them. Their topic shifted from the dragon dates to the various big clans and forces along the World River, to Yuan Qianxing and the Otherworldly Mansion, Golden Buddha Race, and even the looming war between the Holy World and Alien Lands.

The two walked side by side, talking merrily like they were old friends.

There was a delicate, fresh fragrance coming from Fei Yanzi’s body that was pleasing to the senses.

Fei Yanzi stopped abruptly and looked at Huang Xiaolong with a strangely serious expression, “Your Highness, I have a question that I have been wanting to ask, but I don’t know if it is alright to ask.”

Huang Xiaolong was baffled by the seriousness on Fei Yanzi’s face, and he asked what question she had.

“Are you really a human from our Alien Lands?” Fei Yanzi hesitated for a second before asking. “Or what I want to ask is, which alien race are you from?”

Huang Xiaolong was surprised.

Just this? He thought she had something important to ask.

In fact, the Alien Lands' various forces were guessing his identity. They were wondering if he was really a human native to the Alien Lands, or if he came from the Holy World. Fen Yanzi wanted to confirm this point?

"No, I am not asking if you're from the Holy World," Fei Yanzi quickly explained when she noticed Huang Xiaolong's expression and shook her head. She went on to recount Huang Xiaolong's situation during the sacrificial ritual, and then briefly told Huang Xiaolong about their Flying Heaven Race's ancient records regarding the God of Creation and Son of Creation.

"God of Creation? Son of Creation?" Huang Xiaolong was piqued.

There is something like the God of Creation Yellow Dragon's bloodline?

Huang Xiaolong felt as if he was handed pieces of puzzles, and he didn't know where to start.

Is Fei Yanzi asking if I am the Son of Creation? How is that possible? These were the first thoughts that crossed Huang Xiaolong's mind, and he found it funny. How can I be the Son of Creation? I am but the most ordinary mortal from the lower worlds, the most ordinary of Huang Clan Manor's disciples. I have persisted with my cultivation path and achieved what I have today, step by step.

Although he had suspected his true identity, Huang Xiaolong thought that saying that he was the Son of Creation was the furthest thing from the truth.

"Patriarch Fei Yanzi, you're probably mistaken. My bloodline shouldn't be the God of Creation's bloodline." Huang Xiaolong smiled. "How could I be the Son of Creation? In truth, I am nothing more than an ordinary mortal family's disciple."

Fei Yanzi looked like the cat had got her tongue, "Mortal world?"

Huang Xiaolong had nothing to conceal and briefly told Fei Yanzi that he was a small clan's disciple from the mortal world.

Fei Yanzi's eyes widened in disbelief, as she had thought of many possibilities but never had it occurred to her that Huang Xiaolong was actually a disciple from the lower worlds' mortal world.

This idea was simply unbelievable.

A mortal world's disciple came this far? He grew strong to the point that the Primal Ancestors are wary of him? This, how is this possible? Fei Yanzi had a hard time believing that.

"In truth, not only you, I myself can't believe it." Huang Xiaolong shook his head self-deprecatingly and added, "Sometimes, even I have doubted my true identity, thinking if I am some big shot's reincarnation. However, saying that I am the Son of Creation is really impossible. How could I be the Son of Creation?"

"Why impossible?" Fei Yanzi suddenly retorted sonorously.

Huang Xiaolong blanked for a second.

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Why impossible? This...

“Just because you were born in the mortal world, why is it not possible for you to be the Son of Creation?” Fei Yanzi pressed on.

Huang Xiaolong looked dazedly at Fei Yanzi. She’s right, ah. Just because I was born in the lower worlds’ mortal world, why can’t I be the Son of Creation? Huang Xiaolong fell into contemplation.

“If you are not the Son of Creation, and you don’t have the God of Creation’s bloodline, then how come you have achieved what you have achieved so far by being a mere mortal?” Fei Yanzi argued.

“Moreover, if you are not the Son of Creation, how can you possess such frightening combat power?”

Huang Xiaolong continued to remain silent.

An hour later, Huang Xiaolong and Fei Yanzi arrived at the highest floor of the Flying Heaven Race's bibliotheca and found the ancient record describing the God of Creation at the deepest area.

There was a kind of mysterious energy around the ancient record that one couldn’t read with their divine sense. Instead, they had to flip through the pages one by one. When Huang Xiaolong opened the cover and turned to the first page, his hand was trembling. Although he had never seen this ancient record before, inexplicably, there was a familiar feeling, as if he had seen it in his dream?

When he flipped to the first page, suddenly, a light flew out from the ancient record.

Chapter 2650: Return

This sudden streak of light shot straight into Huang Xiaolong’s body faster than lightning. Neither Huang Xiaolong nor Fei Yanzi reacted in time when it appeared.

The shock Fei Yanzi felt was greater than Huang Xiaolong. She, Feitian Longpeng, and also her father, Fei Wushuang had read this ancient record in the past, but none of them had encountered any strange light flying out.

But she had seen the streak of light just as Huang Xiaolong had turned to the first page.

Fei Yanzi stared dazedly at Huang Xiaolong.

But Huang Xiaolong was staring at the page with feverish eyes.

He turned to the second page as he was done with reading the first page. Once again, another streak of light flew out from the page and entered Huang Xiaolong’s body. Moreover, this second streak of light was brighter than the first.

On the third page, the light was like blazing flames.

On the fourth page, the light’s brightness intensified further.

Huang Xiaolong read on, flipping one page after another until he was done reading. One after another, on every page he turned, a streak of light from the new page would enter his body. As time passed, Huang Xiaolong could feel there was an unfamiliar energy awakening in his body. It was as if something was breaking out from its restraints.

From Fei Yanzi's angle, she could see that the golden dragon phantom had appeared behind Huang Xiaolong, and with each additional streak of light, the phantom dragon became more solid, and more life-like.

The entire golden dragon phantom seemed to have a life of its own like a real entity instead of just a phantom.

The ancient record had a total of one hundred pages. Half a day later, Huang Xiaolong had reached the ninety-ninth page, but no matter how he tried, he could not turn to the last page!

Despite using his holy energy, circulating the powers of his three saint godheads, he still failed to turn to the one-hundredth page.

Huang Xiaolong hadn't expected this.

This is?! Huang Xiaolong turned to Fei Yanzi with a puzzled expression.

Fei Yanzi responded with a bitter smile as she explained, "This page, both my father and I can't turn it over. No one knows what is recorded on the last page, but my father guessed that the last page may contain a technique or a shocking secret left behind by the God of Creation. As for how to read it, and what conditions are required to read it, we really don't know about that."

Huang Xiaolong's eyebrows scrunched together at her answer.

He had a strong feeling that something very important was on the final page. It could be related to his true identity and origins.

"How did your father get this ancient record?" Huang Xiaolong couldn't help asking.

Fei Yanzi never thought of hiding it from Huang Xiaolong and answered frankly, "My father got it from one of his adventures at the World River. If I am not mistaken, he found this ancient record from the World River's Dragon Fish Race's treasury. My father sneaked into the Dragon Fish Race's treasury and found this ancient record in the most hidden place in the treasury and took it away. It was said that after the Dragon Fish Race's old ancestor learned about it, he was outraged. Perhaps, the Dragon Fish Race's old ancestor knows the secret on the last page."

A thought flashed in Huang Xiaolong's mind.

Dragon Fish Race?

At the end of the Alien Lands was where the World River began. Within the World River area, lived numerous sea races, and similar to the alien races on land, there were also royal families amongst the sea races. The Dragon Fish Race was one of the sea races' royal families. Furthermore, the Dragon Fish Race royal family's overall strength definitely ranked in the top three, which was equivalent to the Alien Lands' Myriad Origin Race.

Since there was a possibility of learning the secret on the last page from the Dragon Fish Race's old ancestor, then Huang Xiaolong was bound to make that trip to the World River no matter what. Not to mention that he had already planned to go to the World River sometime in the future, wanting to see what was at the end of the World River, and if there was a road linking to another world.

Huang Xiaolong then requested to take the ancient record away. Fei Yanzi was reluctant but agreed in the end. Although the Creation Record's last page contained a big secret, it was useless since the Flying Heaven Race could not read it. Placed with the Flying Heaven Race, the records were nothing more but useless papers.

Then again, Huang Xiaolong wouldn't take something for nothing. In return for taking the Creation Record, he gave Fei Yanzi a grand dao jade stone and a huge amount of holy herbs and holy pills as compensation.

To the Flying Heaven Race, the Creation Record was nothing more than useless papers, but to Huang Xiaolong, it was of utmost importance.

Coming out from the Flying Heaven's bibliotheca, Huang Xiaolong separated from Fei Yanzi and returned to his palace, where he focused on studying the Creation Record. He discovered that when he spurred his bloodline power and channeled it into the Creation Record, small spheres of light would emerge from the ancient record and enter his body. His body felt extremely comfortable when came in contact with these lights.

But to Huang Xiaolong's sore disappointment, he still failed to open the last page.

A day later, after using all the methods he could think of, Huang Xiaolong still could not open the last page, so he gave up.

Early the next day, Fei Yanzi, Feitian Longpeng, and a few others came by Huang Xiaolong's place to discuss the journey back to the Otherworldly Mansion.

The stage competition for the Mansion's young master position this time around was a grand event for the entire Alien Lands. Hence, Fei Yanzi, as the Flying Heaven Race's patriarch, was going to travel to the Otherworldly Mansion to spectate the competition.

Of course, there was another important factor for making this trip—Huang Xiaolong!

"Yuan Qianxing!" As he stood high in the air, Huang Xiaolong said the name icily as he looked in the direction of the Otherworldly Mansion.

Fei Yanzi had told him that Yuan Qianxing's strength had risen exponentially in these years, and he had reached perfection in his Return to Origin grand dao art.

Currently, the whole Alien Lands, and nearly all alien races' royal families leaned towards Yuan Qianxing. Everyone was confident that Yuan Qianxing would win the Mansion's young master position.

Two days later, Huang Xiaolong, Fei Yanzi, and Feitian Longpeng set off to return to the Otherworldly Mansion.

However, for their journey this time, they boarded Fei Yanzi's personal Swallow Flight instead of the Flying Heaven Holy Ship. The Swallow Flight was a dao artifact forged with feathers fallen from her true body after entering Primal Ancestor Realm. Its speed left the Flying Heaven Holy Ship in the dust.

With its wings spread open, from end to end, the flying ship was the size of a small city. Huang Xiaolong stood on the deck, letting the winds blow at him as he combed through his thoughts. Perhaps, I can inquire about the Tree of Grand Dao from Long Shentian and Mo Zhi after the battle competition ends.

Although there was still time before Zi Dongping and Chan Yuli's impending battle, the sooner he found the Dao Fruit, the faster Zi Dongping's injuries could heal, and that would help him prepare for the battle.

On top of that, if there was more than one Dao Fruit, it would be a great opportunity for his cultivation to break through as well. Ideally, he could enter the Sixth Heaven True Saint Realm from the Fifth Heaven True Saint realm, and at that time, would he need to fear that Myriad Origin Race's old monster?

He learned from Fei Yanzi that the Myriad Origin Race's old ancestor was a Fifth Resurrection Primal Ancestor.

Because the Swallow Flight flying ship did need anyone at the helm, it left Huang Xiaolong, Fei Yanzi, and Feitian Longpeng free to cultivate inside the cultivation rooms onboard.

Several months passed, and they finally entered the Otherworldly Mansion's territory.

The moment Huang Xiaolong stepped into the Otherworldly Mansion, Yuan Qianxing, Yuan Wangfeng, Yao Ji, and others got the news.

"Your Highness' foresight is incredible. Huang Xiaolong has really returned." Yuan Wangfeng was grinning as he flattered Yuan Qianxing, "It looks like he's aware that he won't be able to run even if he wants to, and he can't hide either. So in the end, he could only return and accept his fate."

"It's merely futile resistance." Yuan Qianxing sneered in contempt, "I heard that Fei Yanzi came with him?"

Yao Ji rushed to answer, "Fei Yanzi has bad judgment, taking the eye of a fish for a pearl. She would soon regret her choice. When Senior Brother Qianxing rises to the Mansion's young master position, she would come begging on her knees to climb up Senior Brother Qianxing's bed."

Yuan Qianxing was smitten with Fei Yanzi at first sight, and he had professed his feelings to Fei Yanzi on the spot in front of everyone, but Fei Yanzi had rejected him. This matter had become a thorn in Yuan Qianxing's heart.

Upon hearing Yao Ji's words, a feverish light glimmered in Yuan Qianxing's eyes.

Chapter 2651: Go Lay Low in the World River

Back at the Otherworldly Mansion, Huang Xiaolong didn't go anywhere but headed straight back to his place. Of course, Huang Xiaolong had not expected Fei Yanzi to actually stay at his place on the Chaos Essence Holy Peak!

Although it greatly satisfied his vanity, having the Alien Lands' number-one beauty staying at his place, it made him think that there needed to be a distinction between men and women. This put Huang Xiaolong in a dilemma. He looked at Feitian Longpeng, but Feitian Longpeng, this brat, pretended to be studying the floating white clouds in the sky with absolute interest. There's also a bird flying in the sky.

"What, you don't welcome me?" Fei Yanzi asked dangerously, looking at Huang Xiaolong's troubled face.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head and waved his hands at the same time, “No, no, it’s not that. I’m only worried if people spread rumors that affect your reputation, that...”

“I’m not afraid of rumors as a woman, then what’s a big man like you afraid of?” Fei Yanzi widened her eyes and glared at Huang Xiaolong, and walked into the palace before Huang Xiaolong could say another word.

Huang Xiaolong was left stunned on the spot. When he reacted and looked at Feitian Longpeng again, Feitian Longpeng had secretly fled several hundred meters away. Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong ‘happily’ helped him with a kick to his butt.

A second later, Feitian Longpeng’s pitiful scream came from the bottom of the cliff.

As Huang Xiaolong had foreseen, the news of Fei Yanzi staying at his place caused quite a stir amongst the Otherworldly Mansion’s experts.

Fei Yanzi was hailed as the Alien Lands’ number-one beauty, and many royal families’ experts looked forward to marrying her back into their own race. But now, the beauty they dreamed about day and night was robbed by Huang Xiaolong...

Many alien races’ experts envied and hated Huang Xiaolong while inwardly hammering their chests in frustration.

Yuan Qianxing had the biggest reaction when he heard that Fei Yanzi was staying at Huang Xiaolong’s cultivation cave. The thing he held in his palm was crushed into dust.

“That dirty sl*t!” A green monster reared its head in Yuan Qianxing’s heart. “You rejected me that year, but stick yourself on a stray dog that’s going to die soon, you b*tch! Wait till I take Huang Xiaolong’s life, then I’ll strip you naked for the world to see!”

Upon sensing the surging violent anger coming off Yuan Qianxing’s body, Yuan Wangfeng and the others dared not make any noise.

“Didn’t I say it before that women like Fei Yanzi only pretend to be chaste on the surface.” Yao Ji continued to add fuel, “But looking at the way she’s acting, it feels like she is deliberately making Senior Brother Qianxing embarrassed...”

Despite Fei Yanzi’s public rejection, Yuan Qianxing had always regarded Fei Yanzi as his exclusive property. This was a well-known secret amongst the Myriad Origin Race’s experts. Now that Fei Yanzi was staying at Huang Xiaolong’s Chaos Essence Cultivation Cave, this was definitely embarrassing for Yuan Qianxing.

After remembering her rejection, Yuan Qianxing’s fury and hatred towards Huang Xiaolong and Fei Yanzi burned stronger.

Not long after Fei Yanzi started living in Huang Xiaolong’s place, Long Shengtian and Yin Zhangguo came knocking at Huang Xiaolong’s door. The first thing these two did when they saw Huang Xiaolong was to give Huang Xiaolong a thumbs up, nearly causing Huang Xiaolong to break out in cold sweat.

They both were accompanied by another person, a young man clad in ink-black brocade robe, with his aura fully converged. Even so, it did not escape Huang Xiaolong's eyes that this young man was very strong, stronger than Yin Zhangguo!

Mo Wunian!

Huang Xiaolong guessed the young man's identity immediately.

The other four Mansion Master candidates, whether it was Yuan Qianxing, Yao Ji, or Chan Wuwo, Huang Xiaolong had met all of them except for Mo Wunian. Before Huang Xiaolong's arrival, Yuan Qianxing was said to be the strongest among these four Mansion Master candidates. On the other hand, Yao Ji was said to be the youngest, Chan Wuwo was renowned to be the most lustful, and this Mo Wunian was the most mysterious.

As Huang Xiaolong observed Mo Wunian, Mo Wunian too was observing Huang Xiaolong.

"Xiaolong, let me introduce to you, this one here is the Moyue Race's Mo Wunian," Long Shengtian's voice sounded at this time, and there was a hint of laughter in his voice. He was very familiar with Mo Wunian, or he wouldn't have come to visit Huang Xiaolong, bringing Mo Wunian with him.

"Even at the World River, I heard of Junior Brother Huang Xiaolong's name," Mo Wunian said as he cupped his hands in greeting at Huang Xiaolong.

"How can I compare with Senior Brother Wunian? Senior Brother Wunian's reputation resounds through the entire Alien Lands."

"Enough you two. There is no need to exchange flatteries. Xiaolong, I heard from Zhangguo that you have good wine here!" Long Shengtian did not feign any superficial politeness with Huang Xiaolong, clamoring for Huang Xiaolong's wine the moment his laurels touched the chair.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Yin Zhangguo, and at the receiving end of Huang Xiaolong's gaze, Yin Zhangguo felt slightly embarrassed. "It was a coincidence, when I was taking a drink, the deputy Mansion Master happened to drop by, and spotted the wine."

It was truly a coincidence. He had been reluctant to drink that jug of wine Huang Xiaolong had given him the last time, and just as he had finally taken it out a few days ago, Long Shengtian had happened to drop by his place and seen it.

Now that Long Shengtian was asking him upright, it wouldn't be good for Huang Xiaolong to hide his stash of wine. So, he took out a few jugs of wine, and popped open the corks. The alluring fragrance of wine permeated the air in an instant, and even those outside caught a whiff of the scent.

Mo Wunian's eyes were sparkling when he saw the jugs of wine.

The four talked as they savoured good wine.

Long Shengtian first mentioned Chan Wuwo's matters. When Huang Xiaolong had destroyed Chan Wuwo's physical body at the Golden Buddha Domain, and imprisoned Chan Wuwo's and other Golden Buddha Race experts' holy souls, the news had shocked the alien races when it spread. All these years, the Golden Buddha Race's old ancestor Chan Yuli had been pressuring the Otherworldly Mansion to deal with Huang Xiaolong, making trouble nonstop.

Although Logn Shengtian and Mo Zhi had been suppressing this matter, it was also a big headache to Long Shengtian.

“You shouldn’t have returned this time.” Long Shengtian sighed, shaking his head, “I know your combat power is very strong, and your cultivation has improved during this time, but don’t forget, Yuan Qianxing is also improving. He’s already a peak early Seventh Heaven True Saint now, and on top of that, he has fully comprehended the Return of Origin dao art. Give him a little bit more time, and even I won’t be enough to be his opponent.”

As Long Shengtian spoke these words, there was barely noticeable apprehension on his face.

Currently, there was not a race in the Alien Lands that did not feel apprehension at the mention of Yuan Qianxing, including the current Otherworldly Mansion Master, Mo Zhi.

Apprehension also seeped into Yin Zhangguo’s voice as he spoke, “Yes ah, Yuan Qianxing’s growth is indeed terrifying. In another several hundred years, he would be able to enter Ninth Heaven True Saint. At that time, even Lord Mansion Master won’t be able to suppress him anymore.” He looked at Huang Xiaolong in all seriousness and suggested, “Xiaolong, I think it would be better if you leave the Otherworldly Mansion, lay low at the World River for a while, and return only when you’ve entered Primal Ancestor Realm.”

In Long Shengtian and Yin Zhangguo’s opinions, even though Huang Xiaolong had fully comprehended the Dao Gate’s dao laws, and possessed shocking combat prowess, Huang Xiaolong was still far from being Yuan Qianxing’s opponent. At the end of the day, the cultivation realm gap between the two was simply too big.

Mo Wunian chimed in sincerely, “I went to the World River a few years ago, and met the Black Tortoise Race’s patriarch. You can see him with my token.”

Huang Xiaolong was speechless.

If he had really wanted to leave, rather than going to the World River, he would have returned to the Holy World’s side.

Then again, Huang Xiaolong understood their suggestions were out of concern for him, thus he wasn’t offended. He responded half-jokingly, “Although Yuan Qianxing is very strong, now that I’ve entered Fourth Heaven True Saint, I am no weakling either. It’s not so easy for him to defeat me.”

Long Shengtian and Yin Zhangguo shook their heads helplessly, seeing that Huang Xiaolong didn’t put their advice to heart.

It was deep into the night when the three visitors took their leave.

Long Shengtian took away Chan Wuwo’s holy soul, considering it as an explanation to the Golden Buddha Race.

“It looks like no one in the whole Alien Lands thinks you have any chance of winning.” After the three people left, Fei Yanzi appeared behind Huang Xiaolong, speaking in her lilting voice.

Chapter 2652: Beg Him Not To Torture You to Death

A smug smile spread over Huang Xiaolong's face. When Fei Yanzi noticed this, she immediately refuted, "I don't think you can." Throwing that sentence, she turned around and entered the inner hall, turning her back to Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong stood dumbly on the spot.

Honestly speaking, Fei Yanzi's expression was full of charm and style that would make a man's heart itch.

Although Fei Yanzi was clad in a loose brocade robe, it did nothing to hide her rotund derrière that swayed seductively as she walked, and each movement only emphasized her hidden curves.

Seemingly feeling Huang Xiaolong's stare on her behind, her footsteps obviously quickened. Back in her room, Fei Yanzi leaned onto the door for support, feeling her heart thumping fast in her chest.

Her heart seemed to be hitting the walls of her chest. Is this what they call a deer bumping around in one's heart?

Early the next day, the disciples of the Purple Spider Race and the human race came to call on Huang Xiaolong. Apart from them, no one else came. Indirectly, this showed that no other races in the Alien Lands thought that Huang Xiaolong had a chance of surviving the battle stage. It was not surprising to see that those who used to flatter Huang Xiaolong didn't come around.

However, the disciples from the human race and Purple Spider Race told Huang Xiaolong that the human race's Chen Luo Sect's young patriarch, Chen Muguang, had chosen to side with Yuan Qianxing's camp, becoming one of Yuan Qianxing's most loyal dogs.

"Young Patriarch, you don't know, but in recent years, ever since Chen Muguang became Yuan Qianxing's dog, he has become so arrogant. He beats the disciples of our race every time he encounters any one of us," a Purple Spider Race's disciple complained to Huang Xiaolong. "After beating us up, he runs to Yuan Qianxing seeking merit."

The human race's disciples also complained about Chen Muguang to Huang Xiaolong, saying that Chen Muguang was basically being inhuman towards them ever since he had climbed up to be Yuan Qianxing's dog, abusing them left and right.

After sending away these Purple Spider Race's and the human race's disciples, a cold glimmer flickered across Huang Xiaolong's eyes, "Chen Muguang.

Since you want to die so badly, I shall fulfill your wish.

The next few days were calm and peaceful. But everyone knew it was merely an illusion on the surface, as the undercurrents were surging violently.

Several days later...

The first rays of sunlight peeked over the horizon, throwing a glistening cloak over the Chaos Essence Holy Peak's roiling fog.

Huang Xiaolong stepped out from his Chaos Essence Cultivation Cave, inhaling the morning's fresh air that carried the faint scent of flowers and grass.

The day of the stage battle is finally here!

Huang Xiaolong stood with his hands clasped behind him, looking in the direction of the battle stage. Though the two places were far apart, he almost imagined he could hear the rowdy liveliness around the battle stage at this time. Were those Myriad Origin Race's disciples' cheers?

Fei Yanzi came out after Huang Xiaolong. Ever since that abnormality with her heartbeat a few days back, she had kept to her room to 'meditate,' avoiding Huang Xiaolong.

After several days of not seeing each other, Huang Xiaolong discovered that there was something different about Fei Yanzi.

"What are you looking at?" Fei Yanzi sounded grumpy.

Huang Xiaolong merely smiled silently at her.

After seeing that Huang Xiaolong had only smiled at her without a word, Fei Yanzi was about to speak when she spotted Feitian Longpeng and a group of Flying Heaven Race's experts flying over from a distance. Thus, she could only swallow back whatever she wanted to say.

Feitian Longpeng and the rest saluted upon descending, and then Feitian Longpeng said to Huang Xiaolong, "Your Highness, Patriarch, should we head over there now?"

"En, let's go," before Huang Xiaolong answered, Fei Yanzi agreed. With that said, she leaped into the sky and sped away. Feitian Longpeng and other Flying Heaven Race's experts were left bewildered.

Feitian Longpeng looked at Huang Xiaolong suspiciously.

"Let's go," Huang Xiaolong grinned, then quickly followed after Fei Yanzi. Feitian Longpeng and the rest followed, still baffled by the weird atmosphere.

Huang Xiaolong soon caught up to Fei Yanzi, but it seemed like she was deliberately keeping her distance from Huang Xiaolong. At any given time, she would be a few steps ahead of Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong smiled bitterly inside. I don't recall offending Fei Yanzi, did I?

A while later, Huang Xiaolong and the others were close to arriving at the battle stage.

The battle stage was built between the Five Spirits Peaks. It was said that the Otherworldly Mansion Master Mo Zhi had found the Five Spirits Peak in a chaos grandmist land. Then, exerting his utmost strength, Mo Zhi had moved the Five Spirits Peak to the Otherworldly Mansion. The Five Spirits Peak possessed an innate five elements grand formation, which was then refined by Mo Zhi. He had added many layers of grand formation, creating a small independent world with the Five Spirits Peak as the core.

Of course, there was a reason the Mansion Master Mo Zhi had set the Five Spirits Peak as the battle venue. With the Five Spirits Peak's grand formations, and him presiding over the overall situation, he wasn't afraid of the Myriad Origin Race or other alien races' royal families interfering with the competition.

This is the Five Spirits Peak.

Huang Xiaolong saw the five majestic summit of Five Spirits Peak from afar. The Five Spirits Peak resembled the five fingers extending skywards, with thick fog surrounding its summit, reflecting a prism of soft glow.

Arriving at the Five Spirits Peak, Huang Xiaolong and the others flew onwards to the middle area of the Five Spirits Peak. There was a small-sized continent of land in the middle area, and the battle stage was set up here.

They saw more alien races' disciples upon entering the Five Spirits Peak.

Upon seeing that Huang Xiaolong's group had arrived, many alien races' disciples, who used to flatter and fawn on Huang Xiaolong, scurried off as if they couldn't wait to draw a line between them and Huang Xiaolong fast enough...

As they looked at Huang Xiaolong and Fei Yanzi from a far and safe distance, there was envy and jealousy in their eyes as their gazes swept past Fei Yanzi.

At the same time, Yuan Qianxing, Yao Ji, and Yuan Wangfeng stood tall amidst a group of experts on the battle stage area.

"Your Highness, Huang Xiaolong is here," Yuan Wangfeng informed Yuan Qianxing.

Yuan Qianxing's gaze shifted onto Huang Xiaolong, and a sharp light shot out. Fissures appeared in space as if they were slashed by sharp swords, but when the sharp light arrived in front of Huang Xiaolong, it crumbled as if it was repelled by a stronger force.

Under numerous experts' attention, Huang Xiaolong, Fei Yanzi, and the rest of the group entered the battle stage area.

Yuan Qianxing let out a low, wicked chuckle as he approached Huang Xiaolong and Fei Yanzi. Yao Ji, Yuan Wangfeng, and the others followed closely behind. Stopping in front of Huang Xiaolong, he made a big action of scrutinizing Huang Xiaolong from head to toe and said in a mocking tone, "Oh, so you've broken through to the Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm. No wonder you returned to fight for the Mansion's young master position." He let out a mocking sneer, "Huang Xiaolong, how many of my moves do you think you can take?"

The Myriad Origin Race's experts jeered.

Although Yuan Qianxing appeared calm on the surface, inwardly, he was genuinely astonished. He hadn't expected that in a short decade, Huang Xiaolong's cultivation would have risen to Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm!

Now, he was even more determined to kill Huang Xiaolong.

Despite his astonishment at Huang Xiaolong's increased strength, Yuan Qianxing was still confident that he could easily kill Huang Xiaolong.

Yuan Qianxing's gaze subsequently moved to Fei Yanzi, and the smile on his face was a little icy and villainous, "Fei Yanzi, I will let you see how I am going to torture your man to death on the stage!"

Your man? Since when did I have a man?

Fei Yanzi's mind went blank for a moment. She soon reacted as she realized Yuan Qianxing was referring to Huang Xiaolong and redness tinged her cheeks. At the same time, she was inwardly annoyed, and her eyes narrowed as she glared at Yuan Qianxing, "Don't worry. You will soon be begging him not to torture you to death!"

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Begging him not to torture you to death? This sentence was truly domineering!

Even Huang Xiaolong was surprised that the usually soft-spoken Fei Yanzi had blurted out such a sentence that was contrary to her personality.

Yuan Qianxing's face turned gloomy at the drop of a hat. He chuckled sinisterly and retorted, "Is that so? Then you better open your eyes wide when watching the battle later."

Chapter 2653: Bloodied From One Punch!

Huang Xiaolong's gaze stopped on Chen Muguang, standing behind Yuan Qianxing. At this time, Chen Muguang was slightly bowing, with his head lowered. He was the very image of a submissive slave, a human-shaped dog tethered to Yuan Qianxing by an invisible chain.

Yuan Qianxing noticed Huang Xiaolong's line of gaze on Chen Muguang, and a smile bloomed on his face. He waved his hand at Chen Muguang, summoning him, "Lil' Guang, come here."

Lil' Guang?

This name, coupled with Yuan Qianxing's tone, sounded like Yuan Qianxing was calling for his pet.

As he heard Yuan Qianxing calling him, Chen Muguang quickly responded and scurried over with a slight bow, looking flattered and ecstatic, "Your Highness, you called for me?"

Being called by Yuan Qianxing in front of a crowd of experts was an honor in itself.

Chen Muguang's face was glowing with pride.

Upon watching Chen Muguang's flattered expression, Yuan Qianxing asked, "Tell me, what do you usually call Huang Xiaolong in front of me?"

All eyes were immediately fixed on Chen Muguang.

Chen Muguang hesitated only for a split second, and then smiled flatteringly at Yuan Qianxing. "Huang-Puppy!"

"What else?" Yuan Qianxing asked smilingly.

"Huang-Bastard!" There wasn't the slightest hesitation this time.

Huang-Puppy! Huang-Bastard!

After hearing Chen Muguang insult Huang Xiaolong with these vulgar names behind his back, all present disciples from Purple Spider Race and human race glared at Chen Muguang with raging fury. Feitian Longpeng, and the experts of his race, the Silver Purity Race's experts and even the Fiery Phoenix Race's experts were outraged.

The Suoluo Race's Young Patriarch Jiang Shaohuang, and a group of experts stared fixedly at Chen Muguang, and killing intent in their eyes was too obvious to be ignored.

But Yuan Qianxing was laughing happily and said to Huang Xiaolong, "Huang Xiaolong, did you hear that? Even your human race Chen Luo Sect's Young Lord despises you, just to show how unpopular you are."

Huang Xiaolong ignored Yuan Qianxing's taunting, as his gaze was fixed on Chen Muguang. "After dealing with Yuan Qianxing, I'll kill you, very slowly!"

Chen Muguang stared back at Huang Xiaolong and jeered, "Huang Xiaolong, you're someone that's going to die soon. Therefore, I will advise you not to struggle in vain on the stage later, or your death will only be more miserable."

Yuan Qianxing patted Chen Muguang's shoulder, laughing sonorously, "Tell it to him!"

He continued to laugh as he walked away with Chen Muguang and the group of Myriad Origin Race's experts.

Coldness seeped into Fei Yanzi's eyes as the aura around her changed, but Huang Xiaolong shook his head at her and said, "Just a few fleas."

Fei Yanzi was stunned for a second by the description. In the end, she converged her anger.

After hearing Huang Xiaolong's comparison of him and Chen Muguang to fleas, the mirth in Yuan Qianxing's eyes was instantly replaced with surging killing intent, but he managed to rein it in.

Moments later, Long Shengtian, Yin Zhangguo, Mo Wunian, and the Mansion Master Mo Zhi arrived. Mo Zhi was a kind-looking old man with a black goatee and a height shorter than the average man. He was clad in an ink-black brocade robe similar to Mo Wunian, and an amiable smile hung on his face, brimming with vitality and vigor. At first glance, Mo Zhi looked like any other nondescript elderly. No one would be able to tell this smiling short old man with a goatee was the Otherworldly Mansion's Mansion Master Mo Zhi!

When Mo Zhi arrived, all the experts from the Myriad Origin Race, Golden Buddha Race, and Enchantress Race stopped talking and saluted respectfully. Even Yuan Qianxing was more subdued, and saluted Mo Zhi like everyone else.

Mo Zhi stood on the main viewing stage, and he scanned around. Every expert at every corner of the Five Spirits Peak felt as if all of their secrets were laid bare before the Mansion Master, and even Huang Xiaolong felt this.

Huang Xiaolong's heart tightened nervously as he tried his best to fully conceal everything about him, from the dao artifacts inside him to the four divine fires.

Mo Zhi seemingly detected Huang Xiaolong's action, and he looked at Huang Xiaolong and smiled.

After letting everyone stand up, Mo Zhi went straight to the point—the competition. Although Mo Zhi's voice wasn't loud, it sounded warm and comfortable to the ears, inexplicably giving birth to reliance and trust to the speaker.

He simply stated the competition rules, and went on with his gaze fixed on Yuan Qianxing, “Yao Ji and Chan Wuwo have voluntarily withdrawn from the challenge. According to the rules I just stated, if Mo Wunian and Huang Xiaolong were to lose in their challenge against Yuan Qianxing, then Yuan Qianxing is the next young master of the Mansion.

Everyone’s attention fell on Yuan Qianxing, Mo Wunian, and Huang Xiaolong.

Mo Zhi went on to have Yuan Qianxing proceed onto the battle stage.

Yuan Qianxing walked forward unhurriedly. When he reached the battle stage, he raised his chin at an angle and peered down at Mo Wunian and Huang Xiaolong with condescending eyes.

“Which of you is coming up to die first?” Yuan Qianxing went on with contempt, “I think there is no need to challenge one by one. Both of you can come up together, so you can die together, rather than wasting my time.”

Just as Huang Xiaolong was about to get onto the battle stage, Mo Wunian was the one who stepped ahead of him, leaping onto the battle stage in a blur. On the stage, Mo Wunian calmly faced Yuan Qianxing, “I alone am enough to deal with you. Yuan Qianxing, do you really think you can become the Otherworldly Mansion’s young master?”

Mo Wunian no longer converged his cultivation realm at this point, fully displaying his cultivation.

Immediately, strands of grand dao light soared to the sky and the light of darkness overcast the land, submerging everything in an abyss of darkness. At the same time, the coercion belonging to a Primal Ancestor expert enveloped the entire battle stage area.

Everyone was astounded.

“Primal Ancestor! His Highness Mo Wunian has actually entered Primal Ancestor Realm!”

“His Highness Mo Wunian the mighty!” Moyue Race’s disciples felt their blood boil with excitement, and their cheers were one wave louder than the other.

Although there had long been rumors circulating the Otherworldly Mansion that Mo Wunian had broken through to Primal Ancestor Realm, it had remained a rumor. Half of the disciples believed it while the other half doubted it. Now, witnessing the truth with their own eyes, the Moyue Race disciples, who had always been steadfast in supporting Mo Wunian, were beyond excited.

Mo Wunian stood in the air as ripples of black light reflected in his pupils, exuding the majesty of a darkness sovereign. His cold gaze was locked on Yuan Qianxing, and without wasting time with nonsense, he pushed out his palms towards Yuan Qianxing.

“Light of Darkness!” Mo Wunian’s sharp voice rang through every corner of the Five Spirits Peak.

As Mo Wunian’s palms pushed forward, beams of black light surged out from his palm, roiling into an ocean of tidal waves, resembling a hundred million black qi swords being released simultaneously.

The Light of Darkness was a form of extreme light from the world’s core, and it was also one of the most powerful lights between heaven and earth. This was also the Moyue Race’s grand dao art. When this grand dao art was executed by Mo Wunian, who had entered Primal Ancestor Realm, it burst out with

world-shaking power. Fei Yanzi, Long Shengtian, and other Primal Ancestor Realm experts looked solemn as they watched on.

It was said that the Light of Darkness could split a Primal Ancestor's dao physique, and it was one of the few things in the world that could hurt a Primal Ancestor.

But Yuan Qianxing was indifferent to Mo Wunian's words and actions. When the Light of Darkness reached him, he leaped into the air and punched out with his fists. The moment his fists punched out, everyone felt as if the world was crumbling.

"Return to Origin, Origin Extinction!"

The world flow stagnated for a second. Vigorous origin energy galloped forward, and the Light of Darkness that was capable of splitting a Primal Ancestor's dao physique was transformed into origin energy.

Yuan Qianxing's fists' force went straight to the target, and Mo Wunian was slammed by an invisible force, smashing him back to the battle stage. Mo Wunian staggered back unsteadily and finally regained his balance at the edge of the stage, then blood spurted out from his mouth uncontrollably.

The Moyue Race experts, who had been cheering, quieted down abruptly.

Everyone was flabbergasted.

Mo Wunian, who has broken through to Primal Ancestor Realm, is coughing up blood under one punch from Yuan Qianxing?

Chapter 2654: Huang Xiaolong, It's Your Turn Now!

The Moyue Race's disciples were ecstatic and euphoric after seeing that Mo Wunian had broken through to Primal Ancestor Realm and joined the ranks of invincible Primal Ancestor experts. They had thought that Mo Wunian would defeat Yuan Qianxing, and even if he failed to do so, he would be able to fight Yuan Qianxing to a draw at the very least.

But in the blink of an eye, Yuan Qianxing had smashed Mo Wunian down from high air to the ground in one move, making him cough up blood.

This had caused a tiny crack to appear in their belief, and they were shocked to the core.

Before Mo Wunian had entered the Primal Ancestor Realm, he was capable of defeating early First Resurrection Primal Ancestors, and now that he had entered Primal Ancestor Realm, his strength could only be stronger. But contrarily, Mo Wunian was powerless against Yuan Qianxing's attack, and he was even coughing up blood!

Doesn't that mean that Yuan Qianxing's strength...?!

Long Shengtian's and Fei Yanzi's expressions changed greatly.

The Otherworldly Mansion Master Mo Zhi frowned subconsciously at this result. Although it had crossed his mind that Mo Wunian would not be Yuan Qianxing's opponent, Mo Wunian should have at least

been able to last some time against Yuan Qianxing, making him pay a big price. But who would've thought that Mo Wunian would suffer heavy injuries in just one exchange!

Yuan Qianxing is so terrifying after comprehending the Return to Origin dao art!

Or was Yuan Qianxing concealing his strength in the past?

Everyone was shaken by the strength Yuan Qianxing had displayed, and they sucked in a breath of cold air. There had never been such an ugly expression on Mo Wunian's face as there was now.

"Great!"

Suddenly, someone applauded and cheered. It was the Myriad Origin Race's Yuan Wangfeng.

As the sound of Yuan Wangfeng's applause echoed, other Myriad Origin Race experts recovered from their shock and began to clap and shout excitedly. The Enchantress Race's and Golden Buddha Race's experts also joined in the excitement.

Yao Ji let out a dramatic giggle, "Mo Wunian, even though you are hailed as Moyue Race's most talented junior disciple, you are nothing more than rubbish in front of Senior Brother Yuan Qianxing."

Yuan Wangfeng let out an unbridled laugh. "The way I see it, even ten Mo Wunians wouldn't be Yuan Qianxing's opponent!"

The entire time, Huang Xiaolong was watching with a calm expression.

Yuan Qianxing's strength surprised him, but then again, he was merely surprised.

Feitian Longpeng felt his throat going dry. He leaned in and whispered to Huang Xiaolong, "Your Highness, Yuan Qianxing...?!"

Feitian Longpeng had an idea about Huang Xiaolong's strength, and how he had once forced back the Golden Buddha Race's old ancestor Chan Yuli. Not just that, but he also knew that a group of Flying Heaven Race's Eminent Elders had failed to suppress Huang Xiaolong despite having activated the Flying Heaven Grand Formation. And yet, he couldn't help but feel worried after witnessing Yuan Qianxing's strength today.

After all, the visual impact of watching Mo Wunian smashed down from high air was jolting.

Probably, even the majority of Second Resurrection Primal Ancestor experts would be helpless against Mo Wunian, who had entered Primal Ancestor Realm, but the same Mo Wunian had seemed so weak against Yuan Qianxing.

After glancing at Feitian Longpeng's conflicted face, Huang Xiaolong smiled and teased, "What, you're afraid I will lose?"

Feitian Longpeng scratched his head in embarrassment due to Huang Xiaolong's question. He couldn't really say to Huang Xiaolong that he was really afraid that he would lose, could he?

On the battle stage, Yuan Qianxing leisurely approached Mo Wunian with his hands clasped behind him, as if he was taking an evening stroll around his back garden.

“Didn’t I say that the two of you should come together, so you could die together? Clearly, you didn’t listen at all,” Yuan Qianxing ridiculed Mo Wunian.

Mo Wunian’s face darkened and robust strands of darkness energy emerged, wrapping around his body, as his icy voice sounded, “Yuan Qianxing, you haven’t won yet, so don’t feel happy too early!”

Mo Wunian’s momentum was stronger than before, and the dark light from his pupils created a world of darkness, and numerous dark saints emerged by his side. Heaven and earth once again plummeted into darkness. Other than Primal Ancestor experts, the rest felt a suffocation from the coercion coming off Mo Wunian.

“Flames of Darkness!”

Mo Wunian’s chilling voice rang once again as his ten fingers moved. Immediately, the Flames of Darkness submerged the land like a tsunami of dark waters, reaching Yuan Qianxing in a split second.

The Flames of Darkness did not have any light belonging to a fire and they resembled black and dark souls, but it’s power was not weaker than the Light of Darkness either. However, the Flames of Darkness’ attacks were more peculiar, making them unpredictable.

“Hmmp!”

Yuan Qianxing harrumphed coldly, and repeated the same move, punching out with both his fists.

“What b*llshit Light of Darkness... and Flame of Darkness? In my opinion, all these were vulnerable attacks!”

A thunderous boom shook the stage.

The airflow became turbulent.

Mo Wunian was sent staggering back for the second time.

.....

A few minutes later.

Mo Wunian was hit on the chest by Yuan Qianxing, and sent flying off the battle stage. His body crashed heavily on the ground and his bloodied and sunken chest was fully displayed in everyone’s view, shocking and frightening them.

Gasps could be heard from the crowd. The dao physique was said to be the strongest physique in the world, yet Yuan Qianxing had nearly punched a hole through Mo Wunian’s chest.

Had Yuan Qianxing’s fists landed on a peak late-Ninth Heaven True Saint expert’s body, would that expert have exploded to pieces?

“Too weak, there’s no fun in this.” Yuan Qianxing stood with his hands at his back on the edge of the battle stage, peering down on Mo Wunian on the ground. He went on with thick sarcasm, “You should thank your lucky stars that you’ve entered Primal Ancestor Realm, and possess the dao physique, or you would have died sooner.”

The Myriad Origin Race, Enchantress Race, and Golden Buddha Race's experts let out deafening cheers.

Mo Wunian's pallid and defeated face could not hide his unwillingness.

Yuan Qianxing stopped paying attention to Mo Wunian as he turned to his next target, Huang Xiaolong. His face split into a grin, looking a little twisted, "Huang Xiaolong, it's your turn!"

According to the competition rules, Mo Wunian lost when he fell off the battle stage.

"I think Huang Xiaolong is so scared that he can't feel his legs and he has no strength to walk up to the stage anymore," a Myriad Origin Race's expert mocked loudly.

"It's already an achievement that he didn't piss in his pants," Yao Ji chimed in.

Harsh sounds of laughter erupted from the Myriad Origin Race, Enchantress Race, and Golden Buddha Race.

Huang Xiaolong raised his foot and walked towards the battle stage. As he passed by Mo Wunian's side, Huang Xiaolong reached out and sent a burst of holy energy into Mo Wunian's body. Mo Wunian was clearly surprised by Huang Xiaolong's action, and he sighed, "Junior Brother Xiaolong, be careful!"

His original intention in rushing forward to challenge Yuan Qianxing was to exhaust some of Yuan Qianxing's energy and injure him. This way, Huang Xiaolong's pressure could be reduced slightly. Who would have thought that Yuan Qianxing's strength would exceed Mo Wunian's strength by so much? Forget about injuring Yuan Qianxing, he couldn't even make a scratch on Yuan Qianxing's body.

"I will," Huang Xiaolong gave Mo Wunian a reassuring smile and nodded, then went up to the battle stage.

As he watched Huang Xiaolong walk up to the battle stage, Yuan Qianxing chuckled softly, "Huang Xiaolong, has it ever crossed your mind that one day, you might get tortured to death by someone right in front of your woman?!"

His finger pointed at Fei Yanzi.

Below the battle stage, Fei Yanzi was on the verge of running amok.

Huang Xiaolong smiled nonchalantly in retort, "Then, has it ever crossed your mind that one day, you would be tortured miserably by someone else, and you would be so pitiful that you wouldn't even have pants to cover yourself?"

"Puff-f—!" Perhaps the image of Yuan Qianxing without his pants suddenly barged into some of the disciples' minds, and they couldn't hold back their laughter.

An embarrassed flush colored Fei Yanzi's face, as she knew very well that Huang Xiaolong was not merely making a joke out of Yuan Qianxing. Later, if Huang Xiaolong really stripped off Yuan Qianxing's....?

Fei Yanzi frantically waved away her imagination that was running wild.

Huang Xiaolong's words drew a cold snort from Yuan Qianxing. "Very good! Huang Xiaolong, you have aroused my desire to torture you to death." He then took a step forward, and another, approaching

Huang Xiaolong. "Don't even think of running away, the entire battle stage is locked down by my holy energy, you have no chance of stepping out of this battle stage."

Huang Xiaolong stood where he was, having no intention to move at all, letting Yuan Qianxing close the distance between them.

Chapter 2655: It's Impossible for Me to Lose to You

The various races' experts around the battle stage began to ridicule and throw insults at Huang Xiaolong, who was standing there like a fool.

"This Huang Xiaolong, is he frightened foolish?" Yao Ji muttered with confusion.

Yuan Wangfeng snickered, "I don't know if he's frightened foolish, but he will soon turn into a fool."

"Grand Hall Master is right," Chen Muguang promptly flattered. "In a while, His Highness Yuan Qianxing is going to inflict inhuman torture on Huang Xiaolong that he won't even remember his own surname."

Laughters sounded all around.

At this time, Yuan Qianxing stopped a meter away from Huang Xiaolong. As he saw that Huang Xiaolong hadn't moved even an inch, still standing arrogantly at death's door, Yuan Qianxing's fury lit up instantly, and he punched out in a rage.

"Return to Origin!"

It was the same grand dao art.

After fully comprehending the Return to Origin dao art, Yuan Qianxing could smoothly execute any of the attacks like it was part of his body, and it didn't take much effort at all. And each attack was more than ten times more powerful than before!

Origin energy roiled vigorously, roaring and howling, causing the battle stage's space to vibrate violently, targeting Huang Xiaolong's chest.

Just as everyone thought Huang Xiaolong would be sent flying by Yuan Qianxing's punch, Huang Xiaolong raised his right hand and lightly waved, just like how one would wave away some dust. The world seemed to sway with Huang Xiaolong's wave of his hand, and the world-destroying Return of Origin fist force was redirected.

The Return of Origin fist force hit on the battle stage's barrier instead, and the remnant impact jarred Yuan Wangfeng's, Yao Ji's, Chen Muguang's, and the others' heads, buzzing endlessly.

Yuan Wangfeng and the rest retreated in alarm with their eyes wide with astonishment at this sight.

Long Shengtian blanked momentarily.

Mo Wunian, too, had a blank expression on his face.

The experts of Myriad Origin Race, Enchantress Race, and Golden Buddha Race were dazed. So were all the Otherworldly Mansion's higher echelons.

The Otherworldly Mansion Master Mo Zhi's eyes were wide in astonishment like many others.

On the scene, only Fei Yanzi managed to keep a calm composure. However, she was just as shocked as anyone that Huang Xiaolong had deflected Yuan Qianxing's attack so effortlessly.

On the battle stage, Huang Xiaolong was enjoying the shocked expression on Yuan Qianxing's face. Then, without any warning, he swung out his fist. Yuan Qianxing, who was still in shock, was flustered when he felt the terrifying force coming from Huang Xiaolong's punch, and he raised his fist to counter in a panic.

RUMBLE!

The collision of their fists was akin to two giant mountains slamming into each other.

The mountain under their feet quaked.

Yuan Qianxing's body shook after being struck by a great impact, and he couldn't help staggering back to steady himself but failed several times. He finally managed to stop forcefully at the edge of the stage. As he stood there, he felt the prickling numbness traveling up his right arm. His blood flow was chaotic, and his holy energy almost stagnated.

Most of the experts present were already shocked speechless, and there was only dazed expression on their faces.

Yuan Qianxing stared at the deep foot imprints on the battle stage floor in disbelief. He had made these deep foot imprints as he had staggered to regain his balance moments ago. These foot imprints were like humiliation and loud slaps on his face!

"What b*llshit Return-to-Origin? To me, it's a vulnerable attack!" Huang Xiaolong looked at Yuan Qianxing with cold and indifferent eyes and his tone was the exact imitation of the way Yuan Qianxing had ridiculed Mo Wunian when he had smashed Mo Wunian down from the air.

Now, Huang Xiaolong retaliated in the same manner.

Vulnerable attack?!

Looking at Huang Xiaolong's indifferent gaze, the contempt within Huang Xiaolong's eyes stimulated Yuan Qianxing's rage, and his killing intent roared in his chest.

Roar!

Yuan Qianxing's eyes had turned bloodshot. Intense rays of golden light burst out from his body as origin energy surged violently around him. At the same time, a terrifying power emerged within his body, and the moment this power emerged, all present Primal Ancestor experts felt like endless origin energy had come flooding down from the starry void.

At this moment, Yuan Qianxing had awakened the Myriad Origin Race's innate talent's power.

If Yuan Qianxing was a docile rabbit a moment ago, then he was definitely a raging ferocious tiger now.

The coercion coming off him was several times stronger than before.

Every strand of his hair stood on ends because of the energy rushing out from his body, and under the coercive pressure from his body, the energy flow around the Five Spirits Peak froze. This phenomenon rendered Feitian Longpeng, Yin Zhangguo, Feng Jiu, and others dumbfounded.

“Huang Xiaolong, you will die in the most miserable, tragic way!” Yuan Qianxing spoke every word through gritted teeth, and it was bone-chilling.

When he was still a Sixth Heaven True Saint, he could defeat the average First Resurrection Primal Ancestor. At that time, he was hailed as the Alien Lands strongest person below the Primal Ancestor realm!

After he had entered Seventh Heaven True Saint, many Second Resurrection Primal Ancestors were no longer qualified to be his opponent. But today, right in front of so many Otherworldly Mansion’s experts, he was sent staggering back by a Fourth Heaven True Saint human!

Humiliation! Absolute humiliation!

Yuan Qianxing suddenly screamed, and his fists punched at Huang Xiaolong, carrying intense killing intent.

“Return to Origin, Complete Annihilation!”

“Die for me!”

BOOM!

Everyone on the Five Spirits Peak felt the world rumbling as Yuan Qianxing’s fists swung out as if a mighty force had struck it. They saw two colossal fists that were completely condensed out of origin energy flowing across the air. It gave everyone the illusion that even the unreachable sun in the sky would shatter into pieces if it was hit by Yuan Qianxing’s fists.

Faces ashened at the fists’ destructive force.

As he watched the two fists speeding at him, Huang Xiaolong spurred the holy energy within him, and the Holy Mandate Imprint between his brows came to life, emitting resplendent rays of light as he punched out with both fists.

Boundless rays of purple light rushed out following Huang Xiaolong’s fist force.

Rumble!

Four fists collided.

The battle stage that had been repeatedly forged and strengthened for countless hundred millions of years by Primal Ancestor experts began to crack. Overwhelming destructive force swept violently outwards in the four directions. Whereas, Yuan Qianxing was sent staggering back again. Moreover, this time, Yuan Qianxing nearly fell off the edge, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood.

“What?!”

Yuan Wanfeng, Yao Ji, Chen Muguang, and many others were stupefied.

Mo Zhi, Long Shengtian, Yin Zhangguo, and all the Otherworldly Mansion’s higher echelons were agape.

Yuan Qianxing, who had awakened his innate talent’s power, was forced back by Huang Xiaolong just the same!

Not to mention, this time, Yuan Qianxing vomited blood, and his blood glistened on the battle stage like gold.

On the battle stage and all around was dead silence.

Fei Yanzi's gaze was glued to Huang Xiaolong's figure. She had expected Huang Xiaolong's combat power to have exploded upon entering Fourth Heaven True Saint, but it had never occurred to her that Huang Xiaolong would be this strong!

So, so strong!

Not long ago, Mo Wunian, who had broken through to Primal Ancestor Realm, had failed to withstand even one strike from Yuan Qianxing, but now Yuan Qianxing seemed weaker in comparison to Huang Xiaolong?! Didn't that mean that Huang Xiaolong...?!

Yuan Qianxing vomited three mouthfuls of blood before he managed to suppress his roiling blood flow. He roughly wiped away the blood from the corners of his mouth, and glared at Huang Xiaolong as shock and fury were obvious on his face. "You, impossible! I am the Son of Origin, I have the Origin Saint Godhead, the number one saint godhead. How could I possibly lose to you?!" The more he said, the murderous aura around him grew increasingly chilling.

"Huang Xiaolong, I won't lose to you!" A saint godhead flew out from Yuan Qianxing's body.

The world quivered when the saint godhead appeared. Every ray of light and color in the world seemed to gather on this saint godhead! This was the king of saint godheads, the Origin Saint Godhead!

Chapter 2656: You, Three Evolvable Saint Godheads?!

As Yuan Qianxing called out his Origin Saint Godhead, everyone present trembled involuntarily.

At the same time, everyone's heart couldn't help but give birth to fear, and everyone included the Otherworldly Mansion Master, Mo Zhi. That was the regal king that reigned above all other saint godheads, the Origin Saint Godhead!

Between this heaven and earth, although the top ten ranked saint godheads were amazing, in Mo Zhi, Long Shengtian, Fei Yanzi, and other Primal Ancestor experts' eyes, they didn't really amount to a lot at their level.

Even the second-ranked godhead did not stir a ripple of apprehension in Mo Zhi's heart.

But the Origin Saint Godhead was the sole exception.

Though the top ten saint godheads were rare, there were still a number of them, and Mo Zhi had even seen two people with Myriad Creations Saint Godhead, but no matter what, at any one time, there would only be one Origin Saint Godhead!

One and only!

On this great land, encompassing the entire Holy World and Alien Lands, there was only one Origin Saint Godhead. One origin core gave birth to one Origin Saint Godhead, and there was only one Son of Origin!

When everyone was looking at the Origin Saint Godhead in shock, Huang Xiaolong's eyes glimmered with burning desire. The Origin Saint Godhead, ah. If he could devour Yuan Qianxing's Origin Saint Godhead, then his three saint godheads could definitely rise to higher ranks.

Waves of origin energy roiled off the Origin Saint Godhead in the air like a powerful waterfall, enveloping Yuan Qianxing entirely. The bloodstains on the corner of his mouth vanished as vigorous origin energy filled him from head to toe, and his momentum rose to a higher peak.

"Huang Xiaolong, my Origin Saint Godhead has complete suppression power over all lower-ranked saint godheads. I bet that under the suppression of my Origin Saint Godhead, your Primal Dragon Saint Godhead, Solitary Darkness Saint Godhead, and Chaos Void Saint Godhead can't employ any powers now, right?" Yuan Qianxing sneered harshly, "Even if you can spur some powers, your holy energy's circulation would be too slow, let's see how you're going to attack now!"

Under the Origin Saint Godhead's innate suppression, the second-ranked to the tenth-ranked saint godheads could perhaps resist, but their powers would definitely be halved. But saint godheads outside of the top ten would be subjected to an even greater suppression, and the Primal Dragon Saint Godhead, Solitary Darkness Saint Godhead, and Chaos Void Saint Godhead happened to rank outside of the top ten. Huang Xiaolong would be lucky if these three saint godheads could employ even one-tenth of their powers.

And for saint godheads ranking outside the top one hundred, they won't be able to move at all under the Origin Saint Godhead's absolute suppression. These cultivators could only wait to be killed obediently. This was the horror of the Origin Saint Godhead.

Looking at the smug smile on Yuan Qianxing's face, Huang Xiaolong interjected indifferently, "Is that so?"

With that said, his three saint godheads spun, and flew out from his body one by one.

When the first of Huang Xiaolong's saint godheads appeared, the world's light eclipsed for a second. Its momentum was no weaker than the Origin Saint Godhead. A resounding dragon roar echoed through heaven and earth, and it was ethereal as if it originated from another world. The moment the dragon's roar echoed, every single dragon species reared by the holy grounds' branches within the Otherworldly Mansion territory, all crouched on the floor.

Awe-inspiring dragon might swept through the lands.

Waves of shock hit the crowd's heart upon seeing this saint godhead, and their level of shock was no less than when they had seen Yuan Qianxing's Origin Saint Godhead.

"Xuan, Xuanhuang Supreme Dragon Saint Godhead!"

Someone in the crowd yelled in astonishment. Actually, there were two people who yelled, Yuan Wangfeng and Yao Ji.

Xuanhuang Supreme Dragon Saint Godhead, the second-ranked saint godhead!

It was the strongest saint godhead after the Origin Saint Godhead.

Looking at the human-faced dragon-bodied supreme dragon and the robust xuanhuang qi coming from the Xuanhuang Supreme Dragon Saint Godhead, Yuan Qianxing couldn't believe what he was seeing. "How could it be like this?! How could it be the Xuanhuang Supreme Dragon Saint Godhead, not the Primal Dragon Saint Godhead?!"

Clearly, Huang Xiaolong's saint godheads were the Primal Dragon, Solitary Darkness, and the Chaos Void Saint Godhead!

Yuan Qianxing wasn't the only person shocked when the Xuanhuang Supreme Dragon Saint Godhead flew out from Huang Xiaolong's body. Mo Zhi, Long Shengtian, and Yin Zhangguo also had surprised expressions on their faces.

In the next second, faces in the crowd changed again as they remembered something.

"Could it be?!" Long Shengtian blurted in a quivering voice.

At this time, the second saint godhead flew out from Huang Xiaolong's body.

A nefarious aura immediately spread out in the four directions, covering the lands. For an instant, the land seemed to have fallen into a nefarious abyss.

"Nefarious, Nefarious Origin Saint Godhead!" sharp shrieks sounded from the crowd. These shrieks came from none other than Yuan Wangfeng, Yao Ji, and Chen Muguang.

Long Shengtian had been holding his breath as he watched on, and upon seeing the second saint godhead flying out from Huang Xiaolong's body, he quivered excitedly, "Really, it really is! It's real! It really is!"

Beside him, the Otherworldly Mansion Master Mo Zhi's eyes glimmered as his lips moved silently, and his goatee curled like it had a life of its own.

Even Fei Yanzi, who was seeing Huang Xiaolong's three saint godheads for the second time, felt her blood rushing through her veins.

Under the double shock, the third saint godhead flew out.

"Chaos Void Saint Godhead!"

The second, third, and fourth-ranked saint godheads!

Xuanhuang Supreme Dragon, Nefarious Origin, and Chaos Void, were the three great saint godheads hovering in high air in a triangular formation. Prior to this, every ray of light was gathered around the Origin Saint Godhead, but with the flickering lights from Xuanhuang Supreme Dragon, Nefarious Origin, and Chaos Void Saint Godhead, the Origin Saint Godhead's brilliance seemed to have diminished significantly!

"This!" Everyone was dumbfounded.

The Origin Saint Godhead that is the king of godheads is actually being suppressed?!

This is truly...!

Even Mo Zhi, Long Shengtian, and the others were dazed by the sight they were witnessing. Never in their wildest imagination had they thought that they would see the Origin Saint Godhead being suppressed.

But now...

Yuan Qianxing's reaction was the strongest of all, he shook his head vehemently and refused to believe, "How come? How come it's like this??!!"

His eyes were completely bloodshot as he fixed a deathly stare on Huang Xiaolong, "You... have three evolvable saint godheads?!"

If he still couldn't see that Huang Xiaolong's three saint godheads were evolvable saint godheads, then he might as well die on the spot.

Three evolvable saint godheads! Even Yuan Qianxing couldn't stop his tongue from quivering slightly when speaking.

All astounded gazes in the competition area were fixed on the three saint godheads in high air.

"That's right." There was no temperature in Huang Xiaolong's eyes as he looked at Yuan Qianxing, "If I devour your Origin Saint Godhead, my three saint godheads would surely become stronger."

Yuan Qianxing blanked for a second, and then his expression became twisted. "Huang Xiaolong, that is exactly what I wanted to say. If my Origin Saint Godhead devours your three saint godheads, then my Origin Saint Godhead would be absolutely invincible in this world. I will be able to kill True Saints and destroy Primal Ancestors, and unifying the Alien Lands is just around the corner!"

Similar to how Huang Xiaolong could devour other saint godheads to continuously evolve his three saint godheads, Yuan Qianxing's Origin Saint Godhead had the same ability. The Origin Saint Godhead's origin energy could turn other energies into origin energy and then absorb it to increase its own strength. All kinds of energy originated from the same source.

Then again, it didn't mean that the Origin Saint Godhead could become more powerful the more saint godheads it devoured. Only those evolvable saint godheads in the top ten ranks like Huang Xiaolong's three saint godheads had any effect.

Like Huang Xiaolong's current three saint godheads, devouring saint godheads below the top ten ranks no longer had much effect for him. Only saint godheads in the top ten ranks could improve his saint godheads' power.

As Yuan Qianxing spoke, his forehead emitted blinding rays of light.

"Holy Mandate Imprint!" Feitian Longpeng exclaimed in apprehension.

This was Yuan Qianxing's Holy Mandate Imprint. At this juncture, he no longer concealed his strength. After revealing his Holy Mandate Imprint, there was grand dao light shining out from his chest.

"Inextinguishable Dao Heart!"

In an instant, Yuan Qianxing's grand dao energy bloomed.

With that, Yuan Qianxing's momentum reached a new height.

"Huang Xiaolong, I have the Holy Mandate Imprint, as well as the Inextinguishable Dao Heart!" Yuan Qianxing laughed hysterically, "Even if you have three evolvable saint godheads, so what? Even True Saints have died against my Inextinguishable Dao Heart! You only have one ending, and that is being transformed into origin energy and devoured!"

Chapter 2657: The Eternal One and Only

It was no wonder that Yuan Qianxing's arrogance did not crumble. Just like he said, he had the Inextinguishable Dao Heart!

True Saint experts' holy souls were said to be immortal and indestructible, but when the opponent possessed the Inextinguishable Dao Heart, death was the only end for a True Saint expert!

The way Yuan Qianxing saw it, even though Huang Xiaolong had three top saint godheads, he still couldn't escape the fate of being annihilated by his Inextinguishable Dao Heart!

Huang Xiaolong's three saint godheads would end up as a super supplement to his Origin Saint Godhead!

Long Shengtian, Mo Wunian, Feitian Longpeng, and others around the battle stage, especially Fei Yanzi, had worried expressions on their faces.

Despite knowing that Huang Xiaolong had three saint godheads and possessed amazing combat power, she had not seen all of Huang Xiaolong's trump cards.

"Senior Brother Qianxing will finally use the power of his Inextinguishable Dao Heart. Huang Xiaolong is nothing but a piece of sh*t under the Inextinguishable Dao Heart's power!" Yao Ji laughed wantonly.

"As long as His Highness Yuan Qianxing absorbs Huang Xiaolong's three saint godheads, His Highness would be invincible in the truest sense!" Yuan Wangfeng's eyes shone with a fanatic, euphoric light.

Since I have been serving under His Highness Yuan Qianxing, once he conquers the Alien Lands and the Holy World, would that mean...?

On the battle stage, Huang Xiaolong remained indifferent facing the complacent Yuan Qianxing, "Is that so?"

With that said, golden lights flew out one by one from his three saint godheads.

Every golden light was brilliant and brimming with the aura of supremacy. Heaven and earth's most dazzling rays enshrouded each golden light.

All around were dazed expressions after seeing the golden lights emerging from Huang Xiaolong's three saint godheads, but these expressions were soon replaced by absolute awe.

"These, these are high-order Saint Fates!"

"So many of them? There are three high-order Saint Fates?!" an Otherworldly Mansion's vice hall master exclaimed.

Greeting him was the surrounding shocked silence.

“It’s not surprising that Huang Xiaolong has three saint godheads and three high-order Saint Fates.” Yuan Wangfeng reacted and sneered coldly, “His Highness Yuan Qianxing’s one godhead contains three high-order Saint Fates!”

As expected, Yuan Qianxing also summoned the high-order Saint Fates within his saint godhead after a brief moment of surprise. Not one more, and not one less, there were exactly three high-order Saint Fates!

Yuan Qianxing looked mockingly at Huang Xiaolong, and that expression on his face said it all.

Everyone’s attention was on Yuan Qianxing’s three high-order Saint Fates, including Mo Zhi and Long Shengtian. This was the first time they were learning that Yuan Qianxing had actually integrated with three high-order Saint Fates!

During the year the Saint Fates had appeared, there had been a change in the surroundings when Yuan Qianxing had snatched for them. Thus no one had known exactly how many Saint Fates Yuan Qianxing had integrated with at that time. Now, the answer to this mystery was right before their eyes!

When everyone was shocked by Yuan Qianxing’s three high-order Saint Fates, a golden light suddenly flew out from one of Huang Xiaolong’s saint godheads.

“What?! Four, four high-order Saint Fates?!” The crowd was flabbergasted, and their attention shifted from Yuan Qianxing’s Saint Fates to Huang Xiaolong’s Saint Fates.

“...This?!” Yuan Wangfeng was dumbfounded.

While Yuan Qianxing was caught off guard by Huang Xiaolong’s fourth high-order Saint Fates, his face was unsightly despite his disdainful words, “Merely four high-order Saint Fates.”

His one saint godhead had three Saint Fates, whereas Huang Xiaolong’s three saint godheads merely had four Saint Fates!

When comparing, it was obvious who was better.

But right at this time, another golden light flew out from one of Huang Xiaolong’s three saint godheads.

“Five, five high-order Saint Fates!” Yuan Wangfeng’s eyes turned dazed, and his body quivered slightly.

Long Shengtian, Yin Zhangguo, Feitian Longpeng, and the others stared at the fifth high-order Saint Fate with their mouths agape.

Fei Yanzi’s delicate hand was pressed against her heart, as she tried to calm herself down.

Yuan Qianxing’s expression was even more unsightly, and his voice sank as he insisted, “Merely five high-order Saint Fates!”

After all, Yuan Qianxing had integrated with three high-order Saint Fates in one saint godhead. Whereas, even with his five high-order Saint Fates and three saint godheads, Huang Xiaolong was still lacking in comparison to him as it averaged to less than two Saint Fates in one saint godhead.

But he barely finished his sentence when he saw that another golden light had appeared. He nearly choked but his eyes never left the newly appeared high-order Saint Fate.

“Six, six high-order Saint Fates!”

The crowd was in an uproar.

The shrieks coming from all around the battle stage were filled with shock and disbelief.

Yuan Wangfeng, Yao Ji, and Chen Muguang felt their throats go dry, whereas Fei Yanzi’s hand on her chest pressed down firmer.

Then, another golden light emerged!

“Seven, seven!”

A vice hall master yelped, but before he could finish what he wanted to say, the eighth golden light emerged from Huang Xiaolong’s saint godheads.

“Eight, eight!”

Then, the ninth golden light joined the lineup.

“Ninth, ninth!”

The vice hall master suddenly started stuttering, mouthing his numbers.

“This, this isn’t true, right?!”

“Ninth, ninth! This is unprecedented, eternally one and only, ah!”

Though it wasn’t cold, people were sucking in breaths of cold air, as they were rendered shocked and speechless.

Yuan Qianxing, who was being disdainful towards Huang Xiaolong a while ago, was completely frozen, and not a sound came from him anymore.

His fingers dug into his palms, as he clenched his fists tightly. At the same time, his eyes were fixed on the nine high-order Saint Fates!

Three saint godheads, nine Saint Fates!

Like him, Huang Xiaolong had integrated three Saint Fates within each of his saint godheads!

Just as everyone thought that it was going to end there, suddenly, another golden light flew out. It appeared in front of everyone quietly, shining brilliantly, and shocking everyone until their eyes almost fell out of their sockets.

“Ten, ten, ten!” The same vice hall master started stuttering again.

Mo Wunian’s eyes dimmed slightly. Am I a...?

On the other hand, Fei Yanzi pressed on her chest again with a little more force.

Huang Xiaolong took note of the crowd’s expression as he released the eleventh high-order Saint Fate!

Eleven high-order Saint Fates in a row in high air. The world seemed as if it was losing its brilliance, and Yuan Qianxing's Origin Saint Godhead's three high-order Saint Fates looked dim and bleak in comparison. The Origin Saint Godhead's three Saint Fates huddled together, akin to moths seeking warmth from closeness.

"How come?! It's not possible. How could there be eleven high-order Saint Fates!" Yuan Qianxing roared hysterically.

Huang Xiaolong sneered as his twelfth Saint Fate flew out, and the world's light was eclipsed.

Everyone stared foolishly at the twelve high-order Saint Fates in an orderly row in high air.

Yin Zhangguo was already numbed from the consecutive shocks he had received today that he was speechless. When Huang Xiaolong had revealed his nine Saint Fates, he had proclaimed Huang Xiaolong as an unprecedented genius, eternally one and only. What should he say now that there were twelve high-order Saint Fates?

Suddenly, Yuan Qianxing laughed loudly like he had gone mad. "Excellent, excellent! This is simply wonderful! Huang Xiaolong, the stronger your three saint godheads are, the better it is. With my Inextinguishable Dao Heart, I will absorb your three saint godheads, and devour your twelve high-order Saint Fates. Then, I will truly be super invincible!"

Huang Xiaolong shot Yuan Qianxing a ridiculing gaze. In the next second, the Holy Mandate Imprint between his eyebrow let out the brightest dazzling rays, stupefying the crowd. Rays of inextinguishable light also shone from his chest, coupled with grand dao energy that flowed around Huang Xiaolong like best-behaved children.

Yuan Qianxing's hysterical laughter died as his fantasy of becoming super invincible shattered into smithereens, kicking him back to reality.

"In-Inextinguishable Dao Heart!" someone in the crowd yelled.

Chapter 2658: Miserable till No Pants to Wear

"Inextinguishable Dao Heart!"

The words reverberated through the Five Spirits Peak space.

Fei Yanzi's hand on her chest was pinching a handful of flesh, adding another layer of charm to her.

There seemed to be an invisible giant hand strangling Yuan Wangfeng's, Yao Ji's, and others' throats. Chen Muguang's eyes protruded from his sockets, as he looked deathly pale. An overwhelming fear spiraled from the bottom of his heart, and it was so sudden and strong that it pushed him into absolute despair in seconds.

"This, this is simply..." On the main viewing stage, Long Shengtian's mouth was agape, and he was at a loss for words to describe the shock and excitement boiling in his heart.

Everyone was just as dumbfounded.

When Yuan Qianxing's cultivation was still at the Sixth Heaven True Saint, he had successfully transformed his heart to Inextinguishable Dao Heart, shocking the Alien Lands' numerous Primal Ancestors. Yet, Huang Xiaolong, who was merely a Fourth Heaven True Saint, had already formed his Inextinguishable Dao Heart.

Then again, if they knew that Huang Xiaolong had formed his Inextinguishable Dao Heart before entering True Saint Realm, they would probably pee in their pants...

Seeing that Yuan Qianxing had returned to normal after brief interlude of hysterics, Huang Xiaolong stepped forward, approaching Yuan Qianxing, and his voice rang on the stage, "Yuan Qianxing, yes, you have an Inextinguishable Dao Heart, but in this world, you are not the sole person who has an Inextinguishable Dao Heart."

In other words, below the Primal Ancestor Realm, Yuan Qianxing, was not the sole special person who had the Inextinguishable Dao Heart.

Yuan Qianxing's senses returned to reality, and his face was twisted with insanity as killing intent surged viciously in his eyes. "Huang Xiaolong, so what if you also have the Inextinguishable Dao Heart. Can it be more powerful than mine?!"

There were distinctions between saint godheads and holy souls, and such distinctions also exist between inextinguishable dao hearts. The higher the rank of an inextinguishable dao heart, the more powerful the grand dao energy it condensed.

"Return to Origin!"

"Annihilate Heaven, Annihilate Earth, Annihilate All-things!"

Yuan Qianxing bellowed. His body rose into the air as his fists murderously punched towards Huang Xiaolong. Origin energy poured down from the void, while the Holy Mandate Imprint on his forehead and the Inextinguishable Dao Heart in his chest burst out in dazzling rays of light.

As Yuan Qianxing's fists struck out, origin energy and grand dao energy flooded, swirling into a great sea of origin energy of grand dao energy.

Under his fists' force, everything seemed to return to the most primitive form in fragments.

The Third Resurrection Primal Ancestor Long Shengtian paled at the terror of Yuan Qianxing's attack.

Fei Yanzi's face was drained of blood.

But Huang Xiaolong was as calm as he ever was. The three saint godheads and twelve high-order Saint Fates' brilliance intensified as xuanhuang qi, nefarious qi, and chaos void qi poured in three different waterfalls of energy from the void.

The twelve high-order Saint Fates' brilliant rays shook the world.

Everyone's sight was blinded by the intense light from the twelve Saint Fates.

At the same time, Huang Xiaolong's Inextinguishable Dao Heart and his Holy Mandate Imprint's powers roared to life as his fists punched out.

Upon seeing Huang Xiaolong's fists force, the crowd had an illusion that they would undoubtedly perish.

R-r-rum-r-rumble!

As the two people's fists collided, world-shaking explosions drummed endlessly.

It felt like an eternity had passed when the thunderous explosions finally stopped, and the crowd was immediately agape upon seeing Yuan Qianxing sprawled weakly on the edge of the battle stage, sans his robe and pants. One could only wonder whether Huang Xiaolong was too strong or the quality of Yuan Qianxing's pants was inferior. Anyway, the point was, Yuan Qianxing no longer had pants on him. In fact, he was only clad in a piece of dirty-looking underpants that was dazzling red in color.

Clearly, he looked like he had been abused miserably that he had lost his pants!

Fei Yanzi took a quick gaze over Yuan Qianxing's crotch and spat inwardly, annoyed that Huang Xiaolong had really taken off Yuan Qianxing's pants in public!

However, looking at Yuan Qianxing's sorry state, she gloated inwardly.

For many years, because of Yuan Qianxing, the Myriad Origin Race's disciples had been bullying the Flying Heaven Race's disciples.

"Your Highness!" Yuan Wangfeng and a group of Myriad Origin Race's experts exclaimed anxiously as they rushed towards the battle stage, but all of them were sent flying by the protective barrier.

On the main viewing stage, Long Shengtian was laughing heartily, "Yuan Qianxing probably hadn't expected that there would be a day that he'd be so miserable to the point of losing his pants."

Fei Yanzi gloated at Yuan Qianxing's state, and Long Shengtian even more so.

With Long Shengtian taking the lead, the disciples from Flying Heaven Race, Silver Purity Race, Twin Dragon Race, Purple Spider Race, and even the human race burst into laughter.

Yuan Qianxing struggled to his feet on the edge of the battle stage, and the harsh laughter all around drummed into his ears. His eyes were spitting flames of fury, and his killing intent surged violently around him. These insignificant ants dare to laugh at me?!

When this farce finished, he would squish each of these ants to their deaths! Every-single-one-of-them!

"Long Shengtian, don't be complacent. One day, I will end your life and swallow you!" Yuan Qianxing shot Long Shengtian a bone-chilling glare from the battle stage.

Long Shengtian's face sank, and he retorted icily, "Do you think you still have that chance?"

A light flashed and a metallic purple blade appeared in Yuan Qianxing's hand. This metallic purple blade reflected heart-palpitating gleams under the sunlight as if it was enshrouded by metallic purple blazing flames.

"Purple Metal Blade!" Many present experts gasped when they recognized which blade had appeared in Yuan Qianxing's hand.

The Purple Metal Blade was the Myriad Origin Race's dao artifact!

No one had thought that the Myriad Origin Race would actually give Yuan Qianxing the Purple Metal Blade.

Seemingly pleased by the crowd's shock, Yuan Qianxing let out a satisfied chuckle and pointed the tip of his blade at Huang Xiaolong and slashed down. Curtains of metallic purple blade qi turned into indomitable mountains of blade.

"Huang Xiaolong, die, die for me!" Yuan Qianxing roared savagely.

Huang Xiaolong snorted with disdain, and as Yuan Qianxing's Purple Metal Blade slashed down, a bird-headed spear appeared in his hand. The sharp pointed beak of the bird-head was aimed at Yuan Qianxing's crotch, tearing down with one swift motion.

"Flying Heaven Spear!"

Yes, it was the Flying Heaven Race's Flying Heaven Spear!

The Flying Heaven Spear's bird-head's sharp beak pierced through the rows of blade mountains, and hooked onto Yuan Qianxing's underpants in the blink of an eye.

Seeing this, Yuan Qianxing's face froze, and he could no longer bother with anything else. With a flick of his wrist, he used the Purple Metal blade to block in front of his crotch.

Dang!

A crisp metallic noise echoed through the air.

The Purple Metal Blade barely blocked the bird's sharp beak in time. Purple flaming sparks flew from the friction, and a numbing pain snaked up Yuan Qianxing's arm from the impact as his body was knocked back, crashing down onto the battle stage. His blood surged, and blood trickled down the corner of his mouth. But he didn't have the time to be concerned with this. He looked down and sighed in relief, seeing his underpants were still on. Then again, cold sweat dampened his back.

Before he could finish letting out a sigh, the Flying Heaven Spear in Huang Xiaolong's hand moved forward again. Yuan Qianxing tried to dodge in panic, but he was still a beat too slow. The bird beak pierced into his chest and came out from his back.

Terrifying destructive energy from the spear's bird-head rushed into Yuan Qianxing's body, destroying Yuan Qianxing's Origin Saint Physique. Blood spurted from Yuan Qianxing's mouth.

But right at this time, several sources of terrifying power descended from the void, passing the Five Spirits Peak's restrictions, slamming straight onto the battle stage. More accurately, all the attacks were targeted at Huang Xiaolong. The power of this combined attack was enough to kill a dozen, even several hundred Ninth Heaven True Saint experts.

Primal Ancestors!

Moreover, there were several Primal Ancestors' combined full force attack on Huang Xiaolong.

On the main viewing stage, the Otherworldly Mansion Master Mo Zhi let out a cold harrumph. His hands moved in the air, with his palms straight as a blade as he cut to the front. Under the power of his palms, space cracked inch by inch.

Almost at the same time, Long Shengtian and Fei Yanzi also attacked.

Huang Xiaolong pulled the Flying Heaven Spear out from Yuan Qianxing's chest and thrust skyward without any emotion. In fact, he had long discovered that the Myriad Origin Race's, Enchantress Race's, Golden Buddha Race's, and another race's old ancestors were hidden in the void close by.

Chapter 2659: Grand Dao Source Spring

When the Otherworldly Mansion Master Mo Zhi's, Long Shengtian's, and Fei Yanzi's attacks reached the several uninvited guests, Huang Xiaolong's Flying Heaven Spear also collided with attacks aimed at him.

Deafening rumbles shook the air.

All other noises in the world disappeared at this moment.

The overwhelming destructive force from several Primal Ancestors' attacks swept outwards. Even a little bit of this degree of power could easily destroy a peak late-Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm expert with absolute decimation. Not even one's holy soul would be able to escape.

Faces of the Otherworldly Mansion's experts turned gray.

Right at this time, as Mo Zhi's hands gestured in the air, the blinding lights burst out from the Five Spirits Peak, straight into the sky, and covered the entire Five Spirits Peak and everyone present. Everyone within the Five Spirits Peak felt the space around them twisted for a second, then, all of them were transferred into another space.

Destructive power swept through the space they were originally in and the space crumbled, reduced to dust that scattered away, leaving only a black void.

Watching this sight, every Otherworldly Mansion's experts broke out in a cold sweat.

On the battle stage, Huang Xiaolong staggered back from the repelling force, feeling a burst of pain scorching through his hand that was holding the Flying Heaven Spear. However, as Huang Xiaolong's holy energy circulated through his body, his discomfort disappeared.

When Huang Xiaolong parried the several old ancestors' attack with the Flying Heaven Spear, on the battle stage, Yuan Qianxing's body was suddenly enshrouded in resplendent light that turned into strands of origin energy and he disappeared from the battle stage.

"Huang Xiaolong, I'll pay you back today's humiliation by a million times!"

Yuan Qianxing's voice echoed loudly, filled with malice and brimming with killing intent that sent chills down the spine. Being targeted by an enemy that had the strength comparable to a Third Resurrection Primal Ancestor was never something good.

However, replying to Yuan Qianxing's threat was a stab to the void from Huang Xiaolong's spear. The Flying Heaven Spear in Huang Xiaolong's hand was infused with his three saint godheads' powers,

aiming straight at Yuan Qianxing's chest. A streak of blinding light pierced into the void, and a split second later, Yuan Qianxing's miserable scream reverberated in the air.

Any one could hear that stab just now had certainly given Yuan Qianxing a lot of pain.

Yuan Qianxing disappeared completely after that scream.

The Myriad Origin Race, Enchantress Race, Golden Buddha Race, and another race's old ancestors, who had hidden in the void earlier, did not show up nor utter a sound. All around was heavy silence.

Huang Xiaolong did not bother to attempt chasing after Yuan Qianxing. Yuan Qianxing had an Inextinguishable Dao Heart, and many unknown trump cards. At his current strength, Huang Xiaolong knew that he could inflict heavy injuries on Yuan Qianxing but not kill him in a short time. Not to mention that there were the Myriad Origin Race and three other old ancestors protecting Yuan Qianxing. Thus this time, Huang Xiaolong had to let Yuan Qianxing go.

Huang Xiaolong retrieved his saint godheads and Holy Mandate Imprint.

The curtain had fallen on the Otherworldly Mansion's mansion young master competition.

Below the battle stage, Yuan Wangfeng, Yao Ji, and the rest of the Myriad Origin Race's, Enchantress Race's, and Golden Buddha Race's experts' faces were ugly to the extreme. Chen Muguang looked like a dead man. Before the competition had started, no one had expected this result.

Yuan Qianxing, with his Origin Saint Godhead, was hailed as the Son of Origin. But he had lost to Huang Xiaolong, who was merely a Fourth Heaven True Saint.

On the battle stage, Huang Xiaolong's cold gaze swept over Yuan Wangfeng, Yao Ji, Chen Muguang, and the others, and they blanked for a second. When Chen Muguang felt Huang Xiaolong's gaze, his knees buckled, and he almost fell on his arse on the ground.

Subsequently, before everyone's astonished and fearful gazes, the Otherworldly Mansion Master Mo Zhi smiled as he announced the final result—Huang Xiaolong was the Otherworldly Mansion's young master!

With his Xuanhuang Supreme Dragon, Nefarious origin, and Chaos Void Saint Godhead, twelve high-order Saint Fates, Huang Xiaolong's promotion to the position of mansion young master was more than appropriate!

No one dared to voice any objection, not even Yuan Wangfeng who was very vocal against Huang Xiaolong.

The Otherworldly Mansion Master Mo Zhi, Deputy Mansion Master Long Shengtian, and the others all surrounded Huang Xiaolong as they congratulated him.

As the competition came to an end, news of the stage battle spread like wildfire through the Alien Lands. Experts in the numerous domains boiled in excitement, shock, and disbelief as if they were listening to some kind of unbelievable myth.

"Huang Xiaolong has three evolvable saint godheads? Twelve high-order Saint Fates?!"

“Not only that, I’ve heard he also has the Holy Mandate Imprint, and Inextinguishable Dao Heart! It is said that on the battle stage, Yuan Qianxing couldn’t withstand one strike from Huang Xiaolong, and even his pants shattered into fragments in the first blow!”

“In the end, Yuan Qianxing fled in a sorry state. If it wasn’t for the Myriad Origin Race’s old ancestor and several other old ancestors’ rescue, Yuan Qianxing probably wouldn’t have survived till the end! When Yuan Qianxing escaped, he only had his underpants on him, turning him into a laughing stock through the whole Alien Lands! Remember, how glorious he was before, with the Origin Saint Godhead? Hailed as the Son of Origin, he was a mansion master candidate, but now, he’s nothing!”

Through the Alien Lands were talks and whispers of the battle between Yuan Qianxing and Huang Xiaolong, shocking various races’ experts.

Naturally, Yuan Qianxing had become the biggest laughing stock in history.

The Myriad Origin Race, Enchantress Race, and Golden Buddha Race had ordered the disciples of their own races to spread rumors detrimental to Huang Xiaolong. For example, they were told to say that Huang Xiaolong had made insidious sneak attacks on Yuan Qianxing, or the Otherworldly Mansion Master Mo Zhi, Deputy Mansion Master Long Shengtian, and others had helped Huang Xiaolong in secret. They even accused Huang Xiaolong of being shameless. But when these rumors appeared, most of the people merely listened to it as a joke. No one believed a word of it.

Half a month later...

At nightfall...

On the top of the Chaos Essence Holy Peak, Huang Xiaolong was pondering.

There was news about the escaped Yuan Qianxing from the Otherworldly Mansion. Yuan Qianxing was seen at the boundary of the World River. Clearly, he was planning to hide in the World River. According to Long Shengtian’s analysis, Yuan Qianxing, very likely, was headed to the Eight Claw Devil Eye Race.”

“World River,” Huang Xiaolong muttered to himself.

No matter what, leaving Yuan Qianxing alive was going to cause endless troubles. Thus he planned to go to the World River to tie up this loose end and also look for the Dragon Fish Race’s old ancestor to ask about the secret on the Creation Record’s last page.

Then again, before he set off to the World River, he needed to raise his strength a little more.

Dao Fruit, Huang Xiaolong muttered inwardly.

Now that he was the official Otherworldly Mansion’s young master, perhaps, he could ask Mo Zhi and Long Shengtian about the Three of Grand Dao and Dao Fruit. Since he was the mansion’s young master, he had the right to know about certain secrets.

After getting the Dao Fruit, he could probably advance to Fifth Heaven True Saint.

Early the next day, Huang Xiaolong went to see Mo Zhi and Long Shengtian, and managed to inquire about the Tree of Grand Dao and Dao Fruit.

Both Mo Zhi and Long Shengtian were surprised as neither of them had expected Huang Xiaolong to know that the Tree of Grand Dao was at the Otherworldly Mansion.

“Yes, the Tree of Grand Dao is in the forbidden land of our Otherworldly Mansion.”

After exchanging a brief glance, Mo Zhi nodded and did not conceal the matter. “The thing is, a few years back, it was traumatized, and it suffered some serious damages, which affected the Dao Fruits it bears. At the moment, there is no way the Dao Fruits can be collected, and even if you consume the Dao Fruit, it won’t have the ideal effects.”

They brought Huang Xiaolong into the Otherworldly Mansion’s forbidden land, in front of the towering Tree of Grand Dao. As they had said, the tree’s trunk was scorched black, and the six fist-sized fruits on its branches looked bleak, wrinkly and shrunken, as if their vitality had leaked away.

Huang Xiaolong frowned. Why is the situation so bad?

“In truth, there is a way to heal the Tree of Grand Dao, as long as there is the grand dao source spring.” Mo Zhi suddenly said, “When I went to the World River, I went because of this.”

“You mean the grand dao source spring is at the World River?” Huang Xiaolong immediately became spirited.

Chapter 2660: Sky Opening Island

“Yes, there is ninety-nine percent certainty that the grand dao source spring is on the Sky Opening Island.” Mo Zhi nodded his head with certainty.

“Sky Opening Island?” Huang Xiaolong repeated with an expression of doubt. This was the first time he was hearing the name Sky Opening Island. Then again, if Mo Zhi had returned without any harvest, then it seemed like the Sky Opening Island was not simple.

As Huang Xiaolong guessed, Mo Zhi went on, “There is a legend about the Sky Opening Island that before the Holy World and Alien Lands came into existence, a piece of Xuanhuang Stone fell into the World River. Later on, that Xuanhuang Stone became the Sky Opening Island. On the Sky Opening Island, there are many unseen but terrifying layers of restrictions, and even at my strength, I can barely break a few of them.”

“Xuanhuang Stone?” Huang Xiaolong exclaimed, “No one could break the restrictions on it?”

Long Shengtian nodded in agreement, “That’s right. Even though many of World River’s Primal Ancestors had joined hands, they failed to enter the deepest area of the Sky Opening Island, and they were only able to around the outer periphery at most. Then again, although it is merely the outer peripheral region, some Primal Ancestors collected a few grand dao treasures. As for the deepest area, there could only be even more amazing grand dao treasures!”

Even more amazing grand dao treasures!

Huang Xiaolong’s eyes lit up like a million watt light bulb.

“The Holy World and Alien Lands have existed for countless billions of years, and the Sky Opening Island for even longer than that. Hence, all these years, no one has been able to determine what’s further

inside the Sky Opening Island, but after searching through many ancient records, and looking around here and there, I can confidently deduce that the grand dao source spring is at the deepest area of Sky Opening Island.” Mo Zhi went on, “There are many, many grand dao treasures that are no worse than the Tree of Grand Dao.”

A light flickered across Huang Xiaolong’s eyes.

“After so many years’ of study, I have come to one conclusion. The restrictions on the Sky Opening Island not necessarily need to be resolved by pure force,” Mo Zhi’s voice grew serious, “To pass through the many restrictions and enter the deepest area, one of the main conditions requires possessing strength equivalent to a Primal Ancestor, the second condition is super strong talent, while the third and final condition is, luck!”

Huang Xiaolong’s head buzzed with excitement.

Strength rivaling a Primal Ancestor? He had it.

Super strong talent? He had it.

And his luck had always been very good, and it was not an exaggeration to say that his luck was unbelievably good.

Huang Xiaolong almost convinced himself that he could pass through the Sky Opening Island’s restrictions with his eyes closed.

Noticing Huang Xiaolong’s confident expression, Mo Zhi shook his head and advised, “Xiaolong, even though you have the strength equivalent to a Primal Ancestor with super strong talent, and intangible things like luck, being lucky in the past doesn’t mean you will always be lucky. The Sky Opening Island is filled with dangers, and even a Primal Ancestor can get trapped on the island and never come out. If you really want to go there, I think it is better you wait until you’ve broken through to Seventh Heaven True Saint as it will be less risky that way.”

Wait until Seventh Heaven True Saint? Huang Xiaolong shook his head. How many years later would that be, he couldn’t wait that long.

Therefore, he was bound to go to the Sky Opening Island as soon as he could.

Mo Zhi and Long Shengtian continued to dissuade Huang Xiaolong, but after seeing that he was determined, they gave up. Inwardly, both of them hoped Huang Xiaolong would be able to find the grand dao source spring and revive the Tree of Grand Dao.

Mo Zhi solemnly promised, “If you can get the grand dao source spring and revive the Tree of Grand Dao, I will give you three Grand Dao Fruits from the six growing on the tree.”

Three of six Dao Fruits was a great reward. After all, the Otherworldly Mansion had spent countless resources all these years to nurture the Tree of Grand Dao and its Dao Fruits, not to mention the amount of effort.

“Deal!” Huang Xiaolong agreed crisply.

Originally, his aim in joining the Otherworldly Mansion was to get two Dao Fruits, now that he was promised three, one for Zi Dongping, one for himself, and there was one extra.

Subsequently, Mo Zhi explained to Huang Xiaolong in detail the things related to the Sky Opening Island. As long as it was something that he knew of, he informed Huang Xiaolong about it, from how he himself had passed through the Sky Opening Island's restrictions, which direction he had gone, where the dangers were, how to avoid them, and what kind of beasts he had seen.

The sky opening beasts on the Sky Opening Island were stronger than beasts in other places, and many of them had the strength of a Primal Ancestor Realm.

Mo Zhi spent half a day explaining things to Huang Xiaolong with Long Shengtian occasionally adding a word or two. They let Huang Xiaolong leave only after the two really could not squeeze out any more information from their brains.

The next day...

Fei Yanzi came knocking on Huang Xiaolong's bedroom door and asked, "I heard from Mo Zhi and Long Shengtian that you're planning to go to the World River?"

Huang Xiaolong nodded as he answered yes.

"I want to go with you," Fei Yanzi suddenly said.

Huang Xiaolong was surprised and asked, "You... want to go with me?"

"What is that expression on your face? What, me going with you lowers your status or prestige?" Fei Yanzi snorted codly as her gaze sharpened, rendering Huang Xiaolong stupefied.

"It's fine if you don't want to." Fei Yanzi snorted and turned away, leaving a sentence in the air, "I'll go myself."

This clearly looked like sulking.

Huang Xiaolong watched Fei Yanzi stride out from his room, and his mouth opened and closed without saying a word.

After seeing that Fei Yanzi had walked out of sight, Huang Xiaolong smiled helplessly.

In all honesty, it was inconvenient to have Fei Yanzi following him. In a dangerous place like the Sky Opening Island, safety did not necessarily rely on numbers. Sometimes, it was easier to fall into predicament with more people around.

This was why Huang Xiaolong did not retain Fei Yanzi in the end.

A few days after that, Huang Xiaolong greeted Mo Zhi and Long Shengtian, then set off from the Otherworldly Mansion. He didn't want too many people to know of his departure this time. Therefore, other than Mo Zhi and Long Shengtian, only Fei Yanzi knew of it.

Not long after Huang Xiaolong left the Chaos Essence Holy Peak, Fei Yanzi also left the peak, and she left in the direction towards the World River.

Honestly, the reason she had insisted on going to the Sky Opening Island wasn't because she was sulking, but she really needed to look for something on the Sky Opening Island.

After leaving the Otherworldly Mansion, Huang Xiaolong summoned the Cangqiong Dao Palace out, and traveled onward in it. The Cangqiong Dao Palace was indeed a top grade flying dao artifact. In less than two months, Huang Xiaolong reached the small area of the junction between the World River and Alien Lands.

Although the relationship between the Alien Lands' forces and World River's forces was not considered as hostile, border areas such as this place were always lawless and chaotic. Robberies and killings were common daily occurrences. The World River's sea races' disciples would sneak into the Alien Lands' territories, killing alien races' and human races' disciples as sport.

Because the Cangqiong Dao Palace's appearance was too striking, Huang Xiaolong put away with the Cangqiong Dao Palace when he was close to arriving at the border and flew the rest of the way himself. On top of that, Huang Xiaolong also altered his overall physical appearance as he definitely did not want his arrival at the World River to alert Yuan Qianxing before he found him.

Huang Xiaolong's original plan was to avoid any conflict with the World River's sea races, but unfortunately, he encountered more than a few sea races' disciples' attack on his way.

To maintain secrecy, Huang Xiaolong annihilated these sea races' disciples, but his action not only failed to deter further attacks, but these sea races' disciples' attacks intensified and multiplied.

As the number of sea races' disciples joined in to attack Huang Xiaolong, he finally attracted the attention of these sea races experts, including experts from the sea races' royal families.

"Oh, a mere human has killed more than ten thousand of my sea races' disciples? Including a dozen of my Eight Claw Devil Eye Race's disciples?" Murderous aura rippled across Mo Shuo's eyes when he heard the report from one of the disciples. "And he's heading towards us?"

"It is so, Young Master Mo Shuo, but that human is quite strong." one of the Eight Claw Devil Eye Race's disciples added.

Mo Shuo sneered, "A human from the Alien Lands is the lowest kind of a being. What kind of expert can a slave in the Aliens Lands be??"

"Go, gather everyone. We'll kill him at the river mouth!"

The river mouth was a spot everyone needed to pass through to enter the World River.