

Conqueror 1481

Chapter 1481: Thoroughly Defeated

If the Fortune Emperor Palace is gone?!

What's the use of a cultivation manual?

Threat—! A naked threat!

That too right in front of various Emperor Palaces' masters, disciples, and young lords!

Fang Gan, Zhou Chen, Li Shan, Chen Yirong, and Zhao Lei's faces turned even uglier at the black-robed young man's words.

But deep down in their hearts, they knew that the Fiend God Emperor Palace had the power to make good on their words.

The hall's atmosphere became stagnant.

Suddenly, Fang Gan threw his head back and let out a hearty laughter. A while later, he looked at the black-robed young man and said, "What? Is Old Man Fiend God trying to go to war with my Fortune Emperor Palace? I admit that the Fiend God Emperor Palace is strong, but my Fortune Emperor Palace is not a soft persimmon you can squish as you like! You guys want to play it that way, then fine, my Fortune Emperor Palace will play along too." His domineering aura and valiance soared.

Old Man Fiend God was none other than the Fiend God Emperor.

Upon hearing Fang Gan's referral to their Fiend God Emperor as Old Man Fiend God, the black-robed young man's brows furrowed, but they quickly smoothed as his face bloomed into a smile once more. "I've already heard that Emperor Fang Gan's valiance is as high as the sky, excellent. If I win, forget about the Creation Holy Scripture, I just want ten million Fortune Divine Fruits! However, I will only accept the highest grade of Fortune Divine Fruits!"

Ten million Fortune Divine Fruits!

And will only accept the highest grade?

Gasps echoed through the great hall.

Even though that chaos spiritual vein was estimated to bring at least ten million low-grade chaos spirit stones, the price for ten million highest grade Fortune Divine Fruits was worth far more than that.

According to the black-robed young man's offer, didn't that mean the price for one Fortune Divine Fruit was equivalent to one low-grade chaos spirit stone? Ten pieces of top grade-ten spirit stones? And if converted to top grade-nine spirit stones, one only needed eight hundred top grade-nine spirit stones to 'buy' one of the highest grade Fortune Divine Fruit.

This price was obnoxiously low.

Fang Gan responded frostily, "I have to say that our Fortune Emperor Palace doesn't have so many Fortune Divine Fruits, and even if we do, I wouldn't agree. If you win, our Fortune Emperor Palace agrees to give you one million Fortune Divine Fruits."

The black-robed young man's eyebrows were scrunched together as if in thought. A moment later, he raised up his three fingers and negotiated, "Three million Fortune Divine Fruits, that's the minimum I can accept!" Before Fang Gan could interject, the black-robed young man's tone changed and sounded a little taunting, "Emperor Fang Gan, I forgot to tell you earlier that a few days back, I happened to run into Miss Xuan'er, so I invited her to be my guest at my residence. I hope you won't think that I have been impolite because of this?"

"What?!" Fang Gan, Li Shan, Zhou Chen, Chen Yirong, Zhao Lei, as well as the Fortune Emperor Palace's Grand Elders and Elders were shocked and outraged at the same time.

That came as a surprise to Huang Xiaolong and a light gleamed in his eyes as his thoughts turned.

No wonder he did not see Fang Xuanxuan attending the apprenticeship ceremony. Who would have thought that she was actually kidnapped by the Fiend God Emperor Palace?

“You, what did you do to Xuan’er?” Fang Gan’s gaze and tone was chilling, and his reason seemed to be thinning with every word spoken.

It was only a few days ago that Fang Xuanxuan had left the Fortune Emperor Palace to visit Clear Snow City, then how did she end up in the hands of the enemy!?

Well, Fang Gan and the Fortune Emperor Palace’s higher echelons were to blame. All of them took Fang Xuanxuan’s safety for granted, since she had the two elderly women protecting her at all times. This was also the reason why no one had checked why she hadn’t returned for the apprenticeship ceremony.

The black-robed young man waved his hand nonchalantly as he reassured, “Emperor Fang Gan need not worry, Miss Xuan’er eats and sleeps well at my place, and not a hair on her is missing or harm.”

Fang Gan inhaled deeply to calm himself down. Hesitation flickered back and forth on his face, but in the end, he nodded his head and agreed, “Fine, three million Fortune Divine Fruits, however, whether you win or lose, you must send Xuan’er back to me!”

The smile on the black-robed young man’s face widened, “Emperor Fang Gan need not remind me about this. I am standing on my feet right now, but if I don’t send back Miss Xuan’er safe and sound, will I be able to ever leave this place in one piece?”

Fang Gan, Li Shan, Zhou Chen, Chen Yirong, and Zhao Lei exchanged a glance then nodded their heads in agreement.

Zhou Chen turned to look at Sun Shihai and said, “Shihai, fight with all you’ve got!”

This matter had gone beyond the issue of just the Fortune Emperor Palace’s reputation.

Sun Shihai nodded respectfully and said with confidence, "Yes, rest assured Master." The opponent was an early Second Order God King Realm like him, but he had the Dragon Devourer Spear, as well as his Celestial Blood Ape Physique. He had ninety percent confidence that he would defeat his opponent.

Fang Gan looked at Sun Shihai and added, "If you win, the Fortune Emperor Palace will reward you with half of that low-grade chaos spiritual vein!"

Half of the low-grade chaos spiritual vein!

Hearing that, Sun Shihai was overjoyed and quickly complied, "Yes, please rest assured, Sect Chief! This disciple will spare no effort and will not disappoint Sect Chief!"

Recalling the battle strength Sun Shihai had shown earlier, easily defeating Zheng Ming and the other challengers, Fang Gan's tensed expression loosened slightly. He nodded at Sun Shihai.

Everyone backed away from the hall center to make space, and retreated back to their seats.

The black-robed young man and Sun Shihai stood facing each other with more than ten meters of distance between them.

Suddenly, the black-robed young man taunted, "Brat, remember my name, Wang Yongsen, otherwise, it'd be a shame not to know who you lost to."

Anger flitted across Sun Shihai's eyes, but he laughed instead and enshrouded himself in a radiant blood colored light. Sun Shihai's body grew bigger at a shocking speed in front of everyone's eyes. On the surface of his body was a kind of a protective armor that was similar to scales, and his eyes turned scarlet.

In all previous challenges, Sun Shihai had never fully displayed the power of his Celestial Blood Ape Physique's bloodline, but now, he had completely released it.

Sun Shihai's momentum was much stronger as compared to the time when he battled Zheng Ming and the others.

Fang Gan, Zhou Chen, and the others felt more confident watching this.

After Sun Shihai had fully activated his Celestial Blood Ape Physique's bloodline, he roared and thrust his spear towards the black-robed young man Wang Yongsen at an unbelievable speed.

The heaven devouring beast inscription on his Dragon Devourer Spear emitted a glaring light. A surreal image of a heaven devouring beast floated in the air with its jaw wide open as if it was going to swallow Wang Yongsen in a gulp.

As Sun Shihai's spear was close to piercing Wang Yongsen's body, a black light surged out and enshrouded him. A hellish shriek from Wang Yongsen's body pierced the air, and in the next instant, everyone saw black devilish shadows appear around him.

These devilish black shadows formed a big ancient darkness element array, blocking Sun Shihai's spear attack! On top of that, the heaven devouring beast's soul was repelled by the array and it reconverged back into the spear.

Sun Shihai was sent staggering backward just in the first collision.

Sun Shihai forcibly twisted his body, changing the direction of his movement in time, but the devilish black shadows pounced on him, eclipsing all light around him.

A curdling scream ensued and light returned in the next second before anyone could react.

Everyone looked over and saw Sun Shihai lying on the floor, barely breathing. His was dyed in blood completely, and chunks of flesh were missing from his body, as if some horrifying creatures had feasted on him.

What?! Everyone was aghast by the sight.

Sun Shihai lost! Lost so thoroughly!

“Shihai!” Zhou Chen appeared by Sun Shihai’s side in a flicker. He consecutively hit Sun Shihai’s several acupoints, and fed him a pellet before heaving a sigh of relief. However, the bite wounds on Sun Shihai’s body were still bleeding black colored blood.

Zhou Chen, Chen Yirong, and the others glared furiously at the black-robed young man Wang Yongsen.

“Darkness Domain Devil Art!” Fang Gan exclaimed as he looked at the several devilish black shadows around Wang Yongsen.

Chapter 1482: Crimson Flames Emperor Palace

“Darkness Domain Devil Art!”

All the guests in the Fortune Great Hall murmured in shock. These Emperor Palaces’ forces’ masters looked at the black-robed young man Wang Yongsen with apprehension and solemn expressions.

Wang Yongsen has actually cultivated the Darkness Domain Devil Art!

The Devil World’s Archdevil Lord had twelve Archdevil subordinates below him, and the Darkness Domain Archdevil’s strength ranked fourth amongst them! The Darkness Domain Devil Art was the Darkness Domain Archdevil’s cultivation technique!

In the past, the Archdevil Lord Wu Tian had raged war against other big worlds, slaughtering through tens of thousands of world surfaces. Countless lives were lost under his twelve Archdevil subordinates. Each Archdevil had stood above the mountains of white bones, and other worlds’ masters would shudder just by hearing their names. Even Emperor Realm masters from Hell used to shudder involuntarily upon hearing the twelve Archdevils’ names.

Though Fang Gan and the others had felt something eerie about Wang Yongsen earlier, never had they imagined that he had cultivated the Darkness Domain Devil Art!

On top of that, it seems like he has a high grasp of the technique. He has probably already entered the third stage?

The third stage of the Darkness Domain Devil Art was enough for Wang Yongsen to be among his peers of the same cultivation realm. Hence, it was no surprise that Sun Shihai was defeated so miserably.

Upon seeing Fang Gan and others' aghast expressions, Wang Yongsen smiled and admitted proudly, "That's right, it is the Darkness Domain Archdevil's Darkness Domain Devil Art." Then, his mocking gaze fell on Sun Shihai as he went on, "What unique physique? A supreme godhead genius who is weaker than a kitten. He can't even take one attack from me!"

Faces turned white with fury, especially Fang Gan and Zhou Chen's.

Wang Yongsen continued wearing the same smile as if he had not noticed the ugly expressions on Fang Gan, Zhou Chen and others' faces, "Pardon me, I was a little too heavy handed just now, I didn't expect the so-called Fortune Emperor Palace's supreme godhead genius to be such a rubbish, and so very weak!"

Such rubbish! So very weak!

Each word was like a thorn in the Fortune Emperor Palace masters' hearts!

Fang Gan, Zhou Chen, and the others' faces turned even uglier.

Even so, Fang Gan, Zhou Chen, Li Shan, and the rest had to admit that compared to this black-robed young man Wang Yongsen, Sun Shihai was indeed too weak. Sun Shihai couldn't even withstand one move from Wang Yongsen.

A heavy silence enveloped the great hall.

The various Emperor Palaces' masters, disciples, and supreme godhead geniuses looked at Wang Yongsen in astonishment for having the guts to utter those words in such a fragile situation.

Moreover, judging from the strength Wang Yongsen had shown earlier, not even a peak late-Second Order God King Realm disciple would be a match against him.

The highest cultivation realm among these Emperor Palaces' supreme godhead geniuses was Sun Shihai, didn't that mean Wang Yongsen had already won?

"Emperor Fang Gan, since I've won, where's the promised three million Fortune Divine Fruits?" Wang Yongsen extended his palm out and demanded without any humility.

Fang Gan retorted sullenly, "You won this round of challenge, however, Shihai does not represent all of the Fortune Emperor Palace's disciples, isn't that so?"

Wang Yongsen blanked for a second then broke out laughing. "Alright then, since Emperor Fang Gan isn't willing to give in, I'll stand here and accept challenges from all the Emperor Palaces' newly recruited disciples attending this ceremony. If someone defeats me, then I'll hand over the low-grade chaos spiritual vein with both hands!"

His gaze swept around the great hall, more specifically, the various Emperor Palaces' so-called genius disciples and went on nonchalantly, "Who else here wants to challenge me?"

None of the Emperor Palaces' disciples made any sound.

If Sun Shihai could not withstand one attack from this Fiend God Emperor Palace's Wang Yongsen, then they were no match for him at all! Furthermore, Wang Yongsen's attack was simply brutal. Since all of them had witnessed Sun Shihai's miserable ending, who would be so stupid to volunteer to get tortured?

Roughly two minutes passed in silence when Wang Yongsen turned to Fang Gan in a mocking sneer, "Emperor Fang Gan, can you see? None of these Emperor Palaces' disciples dare to come up and challenge me, so, can you give me the three million Fortune Divine Fruits now?"

Fang Gan took a deep breath. Just as he was about to speak, a voice rang, "I'll battle you!"

Everyone was surprised. They turned to look and saw a young man in crimson brocade robe standing up from his seat.

This crimson-robed young man's features were a little different—his pupils were red in color, red as flames! This was not because of his cultivation technique, but he was born this way.

Fang Gan gave Zhou Chen, Chen Yirong, Li Shan, and Zhao Lei a baffled look, but they responded by shaking their heads, indicating that they too had no clue about this young man's identity.

"I, Xie Ming of Crimson Flames Emperor Palace, would like to experience your Darkness Domain Devil Art." The young man said flatly after he came to the center of the hall, standing face to face with Wang Yongsen.

"Crimson Flames Emperor Palace!"

"There Crimson Flames Emperor Palace's disciple actually came!"

The guests stirred with excitement.

The Crimson Flames Emperor Palace ranked ninth among the top one hundred Emperor Palaces' forces!

All the Emperor Palaces in the top one hundred rankings were giant forces of the Divine World. Any one of them was an existence that made people shudder at their names.

Fang Gan was inwardly shocked. It was an understatement to say that it was hard to invite the top ten Emperor Palaces. Therefore, he definitely had not sent any invitation to the Crimson Flames Emperor Palace, yet there was a disciple of the Crimson Flames Emperor Palace amongst his guests!

How did this Crimson Flames Emperor Palace's disciple sneak in?

Despite Fang Gan's surprise, he chose not to ask anything at this point. Regardless of the young man's intention in getting involved in this matter, in a sense, he was helping the Fortune Emperor Palace.

“Oh, the Crimson Flames Emperor Palace.” An unnoticeable black light glimmered in Wang Yongsen’s eyes, however, he didn’t really put the Crimson Flames Emperor Palace’s young man to heart. “This is good, at least, it won’t be so boring. Hope you’re not as weak as that Fortune Emperor Palace’s rubbish who couldn’t even stand one strike from me!”

The ‘rubbish’ was naturally Sun Shihai.

Zhou Chen’s face darkened and he started exuding a frosty air from his body.

The Crimson Flames Emperor Palace’s Xie Ming observed the Fiend God Emperor Palace’s Wang Yongsen then spoke coldly, “You’ve got quite a big tone, I hope your Darkness Domain Devil Art can withstand my Golden Crystal Divine Fire!” Radiant golden flames surged from his body and danced around him.

These golden flames resembled crystals, reflecting golden halos.

As these golden flames appeared, the great hall’s temperature spiked up, and heat spread at a rapid pace. Some weaker First Order God King Realm, and even Second Order God King Realm masters had no choice but to circulate their godforce to withstand the rising heat.

Everyone watching this was astonished.

“Golden Crystal Divine Fire!”

“Golden Crystal Divine Fire is one of the desolate era divine fires, and the bane of all darkness element power!”

Various Emperor Palaces’ masters exclaimed.

Fang Gan, Zhou Chen, Li Shan, and the others of Fortune Emperor Palace finally revealed a weak and hopeful smile.

In that case, the Fiend God Emperor Palace Wang Yongsen's Darkness Domain Devil Art would be suppressed by the Golden Crystal Divine Fire! Even though the Darkness Domain Devil Art was powerful, the Golden Crystal Divine Fire ranked at a high thirteenth in the desolate era's divine fires, and it was overbearing by nature. Not to mention, they could see that the Crimson Flames Emperor Palace's Xie Ming was a mid-Second Order God King Realm master. So at least, in this aspect, he was stronger than Wang Yongsen.

Contrary to everyone's expectations, Wang Yongsen actually chuckled when he saw the Xie Ming's Golden Crystal Divine Fire. "So, this is your trump card?" His figure blurred and disappeared even before finishing his words.

Just like before, the devilish black shadows around Wang Yongsen flickered, casting complete darkness over the hall as if they had pulled everyone into hell.

At the same time, they noticed that the Golden Crystal Divine Fire had actually dimmed under the devilish black shadows' darkness, and it soon extinguished, completely suppressed by the darkness!

Muffled booms sounded in the darkness.

Moments later, light returned to the great hall, and everyone saw that Crimson Flames Emperor Palace's Xie Ming was lying on the floor at the center of the hall the same way Sun Shihai was, bathed in blood with bite wounds all over his body.

Chapter 1483: Fang Gan's Plea

Lost!

Even a Crimson Flames Emperor Palace's mid-Second Order God King Realm disciple Xie Ming who possessed the Golden Crystal Divine Fire was defeated! A miserable defeat like Sun Shihai! A thoroughly ugly defeat!

The shock in everyone's heart in that moment was indescribable.

How strong exactly was this Fiend God Emperor Palace's Wang Yongsen?!!

The small hope that had lit up in Fang Gan, Zhou Chen, and the others' hearts fizzled out. It had been a long time since their expressions had been so ugly as it did at that moment.

Even the Crimson Flames Emperor Palace's Xie Ming was no match against Wang Yongsen, then which Emperor Palace's disciple attending this ceremony could say he was?

Despite his current foul mood, Fang Gan acted swiftly as he reached the Crimson Flames Emperor Palace's Xie Ming's side. He circulated his godforce to stop Xie Ming's bleeding and fed him a healing pellet.

Xie Ming was a disciple of Crimson Flames Emperor Palace, and if he died in the Fortune Emperor Palace, even if he was killed by the Fiend God Emperor Palace, the Crimson Flames Emperor Palace would be extremely dissatisfied with the Fortune Emperor Palace.

Therefore, Fang Gan couldn't let Xie Ming die there.

Fortunately, Wang Yongsen still had some apprehension towards the Crimson Flames Emperor Palace, therefore he had held back. Xie Ming's injuries were heavy but he would live.

After Fang Gan's timely healing, the Crimson Flames Emperor Palace's Xie Ming regained consciousness.

Fiend God Emperor Palace's Wang Yongsen sneered as he looked at Xie Ming, and the corners of his lips curved up in a mocking smile. "You can be considered as okay, since you were able to take a strike from me. You are only a little bit stronger than that Fortune Emperor Palace's rubbish; pity though, you're also rubbish in my eyes."

Xie Ming managed to stand up and his face was distorted in fury at Wang Yongsen's words, but he had no words to retort. He hadn't expected Wang Yongsen to be so much stronger than him, even his Golden Crystal Divine Fire had no suppressive effect on Wang Yongsen's Darkness Domain Devil Art.

Xie Ming silently returned to his seat.

With that, everyone's attention fell on the Fiend God Emperor Palace's Wang Yongsen once more.

Wang Yongsen stood straight and proud. His gaze swept over the hall once more, repeating what he had said earlier, "Any other Emperor Palace's newly recruited disciples want to challenge me?"

A full two minutes passed, but no one made a sound.

Sitting where he was, Huang Xiaolong was having an internal struggle with himself.

Although this Fiend God Emperor Palace's Wang Yongsen was strong, Huang Xiaolong was confident that he could defeat him. The question was, if he defeated Wang Yongsen, wouldn't that be the same as exposing his supreme godhead to the world?

To fight?

Or not to fight?

It goes without saying if he got involved, the Fiend God Emperor Palace would target him in the future!

And it was not a good thing to be targeted by the Fiend God Emperor Palace at his current level of strength.

While Huang Xiaolong was having an internal debate, Wang Yongsen turned and flashed Fang Gan a radiant smile as he said, "Emperor Fang Gan, since it doesn't seem like there would be any more challengers, can you give me those three million Fortune Divine Fruits now?"

Fang Gan hesitated, but he nodded his head in the end. He flicked a spatial ring containing three million Fortune Divine Fruits to Wang Yongsen.

Wang Yongsen caught the spatial ring and opened it to check its contents. The moment he opened the spatial ring, startling rich fortune energy filled the great hall.

All of the guests' eyes lit up, and so did the flames of greed.

Wang Yongsen nodded his head, extremely satisfied, "Not bad, exactly three million Fortune Divine Fruits of the highest grade." With that said, he turned to leave.

"Stop!" Fang Gan bellowed, "Where's my daughter?"

Wang Yongsen smacked his forehead and smiled shyly, "Look at my memory. If Emperor Fang Gan would not have reminded me, I would have completely forgotten about your daughter!" His tone changed, as if he was negotiating, "Emperor Fang Gan, how about this? You give me another three million Fortune Divine Fruits and I'll have your daughter sent back unharmed!"

"What—?!"

He wants another three million Fortune Divine Fruits!

Fang Gan, Zhou Chen, Chen Yirong, Li Shan, and Zhao Lei's faces tightened with fury, especially Fang Gan's, and sharp killing intent surged from his body.

Wang Yongsen chuckled as if he could not notice Fang Gan's killing intent. Blase as he was 'comforted,' seeing this, Wang Yongsen said "Emperor Fang Gan don't get angry ah. I won the three million Fortune Divine Fruits from the sparring challenge, moreover, isn't your daughter worth three million Fortune Divine Fruits? Give me three million Fortune Divine Fruits and I'll have someone send your daughter back unharmed, isn't that reasonable? This is a fair trade."

Fang Gan turned even gloomier.

"Oh right, that three million Fortune Divine Fruits must also be of the highest quality, or the trade is off." Wang Yongsen added with nonchalance.

“Believe me, do you think I’ll not kill you right now?” Fang Gan spoke icily.

Wang Yongsen seemed to be enjoying himself as he erupted into laughter. “Believe, of course I believe you, but, Emperor Fang Gan, if you kill me, your daughter won’t live much longer. On top of that, she would die a much more miserable death than me, a thousand, or even a million times worse. Your daughter is still a virgin, right? Heihei, I believe that the tens of millions of our Fiend God Emperor Palace’s brothers desire to experience the taste of dual cultivation with your daughter!”

Tens of millions of Fiend God Emperor Palace’s brothers desire to experience the taste of dual cultivation with your daughter!!

How could Fang Gan endure anymore hearing those words?! He roared in fury, his momentum turned violent and soared skywards. Clouds above the Fortune Great Hall roiled as a tempest rose. Fang Gan’s struck out his palm, and a horrifying palm force brushed past Wang Yongsen’s body, rumbling several million li before vanishing!

Other Emperor Palaces’ masters were inwardly alarmed sensing the destructive force of Fang Gan’s palm strike, including Azure Dragon Emperor Chen Jianwei as well as the six Fiend God Emperor Palace’s Emperor Realm masters hidden in the void.

Wang Yongsen’s robe fluttered loudly as the palm force flew past him.

Despite his calm appearance, Wang Yongsen was inwardly quivering in tears. Had Emperor Fang Gan’s palm strike deviated by even a tiny bit, he would have been reduced to meat paste.

A long time later, the rumbling noises from the palm strike died down.

Fang Gan’s eyes never left Wang Yongsen the whole time. “The Fortune Emperor Palace only has two million of the highest quality Fortune Divine Fruits left, I can give them to you, but... I want to see my daughter first.”

Wang Yongsen shook his head and replied, “Our Fiend God Emperor wants three million, I cannot make decisions arbitrarily. So, the price must be three million Fortune Divine Fruits. I hope Emperor Fang Gan can understand.”

Fang Gan, Zhou Chen, and the others' fury rose further, and it was showing on their faces.

At the same time, Huang Xiaolong heard Chen Hao's enraged comment from the side, "The Fiend God Emperor Palace is simply bullying!"

Then, Wang Yongsen's voice rang again, "However, if any present Emperor Palaces' disciples can take ten moves from me, I can arrange for your daughter to be sent back safely, and write off those three million Fortune Divine Fruits!"

Fang Gan, Zhou Chen, and the rest of Fortune Emperor Palace's side was disheartened at Wang Yongsen's words. Some inwardly shook their heads. Even the Crimson Flames Emperor Palace's Xie Ming had barely withstood five strikes from Wang Yongsen, then which other disciples from Emperor Palaces could last ten strikes? Wang Yongsen's proposal was no different than not saying anything at all.

Fang Gan looked around the hall at the various Emperor Palaces' disciples, the plea in his voice was obvious as he said, "Which Emperor Palace's disciple is willing to take up the challenge? Any disciple who can take ten strikes from this Wang Yongsen will be heavily repaid by the Fortune Emperor Palace and me personally!" He gritted his teeth and promised, "Our Fortune Emperor Palace would give the remaining two million Fortune Divine Fruits as appreciation. On top of that, I, Fang Gan, can agree to one request, as long as it's within my capability!"

Even though Fang Gan wasn't hopeful, he still made a plea.

The guests were buzzing with astonishment.

It was a rare sight to see Fang Gang being willing to plead so humbly for the sake of his daughter despite his identity as the Fortune Emperor Palace's Emperor. Not many people could do so.

Huang Xiaolong sighed and slowly stood up. It seemed like it was impossible to not get involved. Even though Fang Xuanxuan didn't seem to have a good impression of him, at this point, he couldn't watch her die.

If his Master Zhao Lei found out in the future that Huang Xiaolong did nothing to save Fang Xuanxuan despite having the strength, what would he think of him? He also knew that Master Zhao Lei doted on Fang Xuanxuan as his (martial) niece.

Chapter 1484: You're Being A Disgrace

Chen Hao was dumbfounded when he saw Huang Xiaolong stand up and proceed towards the hall center. He came to his senses and quickly reached out to pull Huang Xiaolong back, but Huang Xiaolong was already out of his reach.

In this brief moment, others in the hall also noticed Huang Xiaolong walking towards the hall, center and watched him doubtfully.

What is this mid-Tenth Order Ancestor God Realm Fortune Emperor Palace's disciple planning to do?

Huang Xiaolong weaved through the banquet tables and chairs. When he was passing by the front row of the banquet tables, Bei Xiaomei grabbed Huang Xiaolong's hand as she had probably guessed his intention, and said, "Uncle, you cannot go!" She shook her head with begging eyes. Even Sun Shihai and the Crimson Flames Emperor Palace's Xie Ming weren't a match against that Fiend God Emperor Palace's Wang Yongsan, so Huang Xiaolong's action was literally equivalent to offering his life on a platter!

Huang Xiaolong lightly patted her slender hand and gave her a reassuring look. He smiles at her and said, "It'll be fine." He continued towards the center of the hall.

His actions baffled all the guests.

At this point, they obviously knew what this black-haired young man was planning to do.

"Who is this Fortune Emperor Palace's disciple? He is merely a mid-Tenth Order Ancestor God Realm, so don't tell me that he really wants to challenge Wang Yongsan? Has he gone mad? Is there something wrong inside his head?!"

"I am sure something is wrong inside his head. I would say that he's a downright fool!"

"I wonder which idiot is his Master, actually accepting such a fool for a disciple!"

Some Emperors' Disciples ridiculed mercilessly.

The Azure Dragon Emperor Disciple Chen Zhao who was sitting beside Azure Dragon Emperor Chen Jianwei couldn't help exclaiming as well, "Father, that kid actually has the guts to challenge Wang Yongsen!"

The Nine Dragons Emperor Palace's supreme godhead genius disciple Zheng Ming who was defeated by Sun Shihai earlier shook his head and said, "This is not the proper method to get famous, or does he think that Wang Yongsen will not dare to kill him for real? He might not have killed Sun Shihai, but it's a different situation when it comes to an average Fortune Emperor Palace's disciple; Emperor Fang Gan won't even say a word if Wang Yongsen takes his life!"

Upon seeing that Huang Xiaolong was about to challenge Wang Yongsen, whether it was Fang Gan, Li Shan, Zhou Chen, Chen Yirong, and especially Zhao Lei, all of them frowned.

As the surrounding guests laughed and ridiculed, Huang Xiaolong arrived at the hall center.

"You guarantee you will release Senior Sister Fang Xuanxuan safely if I'm able to take ten strikes from you?" Huang Xiaolong ignored the noises around him and spoke calmly to Wang Yongsen.

Wang Yongsen broke out into laughter at Huang Xiaolong's question, and jeered at Huang Xiaolong in response, "Kiddo, are you saying you're going to challenge me? You, a mere mid-Tenth Order Ancestor God Realm wants to take ten strikes from me?!"

Other Emperor Palaces' young lords and Emperors' Disciples joined into the laughter marathon.

"If I can take ten strikes from you, then you will release and send Senior Sister Fang Xuanxuan back safely and soundly, is that correct?!" Huang Xiaolong stared directly at Wang Yongsen as he repeated his question.

Wang Yongsen laughed again but answered a moment later, "That's right. I did say that if any of the Emperor palace's newly recruited disciples can take ten strikes from me, I'll have Miss Fang Xuanxuan sent back safely."

"What if I defeat you?" Huang Xiaolong's tone suddenly turned playful as he asked.

Huh? Everyone blanked for a second, failing to react to Huang Xiaolong's ridiculous question.

The mirth in Wang Yongsen's eyes was replaced by a chilling coldness. "What did you say?"

Had he heard the question correctly right now?

Sun Shihai chose to interject at this point, snapping at Huang Xiaolong with disdain, "Huang Xiaolong, haven't you made enough trouble? Quickly step back and stop disgracing the Fortune Emperor Palace!"

In Sun Shihai's mind, Huang Xiaolong was turning the Fortune Emperor Palace into a big joke. Even he wasn't Wang Yongsen's match, much less Huang Xiaolong who was only a mid-Tenth Order Ancestor God Realm. Yet Huang Xiaolong was thinking that he could take ten strikes from Wang Yongsen? On top of that, Huang Xiaolong had gone nuts and had the cheek to say he could defeat Wang Yongsen?!

If this was not a big joke, then what was it?!

As expected, the guests erupted in another fit of laughter, some shook their heads at Huang Xiaolong's ignorance, and one of them was Azure Dragon Emperor Chen Jianwei.

Fang Gan's expression also wasn't that good upon hearing Huang Xiaolong's crazy words. His mood was already at its worst after learning that his daughter was in the hands of the Fiend God Emperor Palace's bastards, yet this Huang Xiaolong had jumped out and further messed up the things, regardless of the time and place. However, Huang Xiaolong was Zhao Lei's personal disciple, thus he didn't want to reprimand Huang Xiaolong in Zhao Lei's face.

He looked at Zhao Lei instead.

Zhao Lei ordered heavily, "Xiaolong, step down right away."

Huang Xiaolong shook his head at Zhao Lei and said, "Master, I'd like to try." His tone was determined.

Silent gasps sounded among the guests... Master? This kid is Zhao Lei's disciple? Those who had ridiculed Huang Xiaolong's 'idiot Master' nearly jumped out of their skins.

Sun Shihai snapped at Huang Xiaolong again, "Huang Xiaolong, now you even dare to defy your Master's order! You unfilial disgrace! Why are you still standing there like a clown!"

Huang Xiaolong glanced coldly in Sun Shihai's direction and reminded him, "It seems like you've forgotten who was the disgrace? Who was it that couldn't even take one strike?"

Sun Shihai's face turned red, in fact it was almost purple as he glared fiercely at Huang Xiaolong but couldn't refute at all.

Zhou Chen looked coldly at Huang Xiaolong then said to Zhao Lei, "Zhao Lei, you've accepted a 'good' disciple! I'll penalize him after this matter ends!"

Zhao Lei's face darkened with displeasure. He sneered at Zhou Chen, "You will penalize my disciple? Ancestor Zhou Chen, what wrong has my disciple done? The Sect Chief did say earlier that all Emperor Palaces' newly recruited disciples could come up and challenge Wang Yongsen. My disciple is our Fortune Emperor Palace's newly recruited disciple, then how is it a crime for him to challenge this Wang Yongsen?"

Although he had told Huang Xiaolong to step down earlier, it was more out of concern because he knew that Huang Xiaolong wasn't Wang Yongsen's match, and didn't want his disciple to end up injured. But when he heard Zhou Chen wanted to penalize Huang Xiaolong after the apprenticeship ceremony banquet, it had riled him up instantly.

Zhou Chen had not expected Zhao Lei to contradict him in public, causing him to lose face. His sullen expression was even gloomier now.

“Alright, that’s enough.” Fang Gan interjected to cut off their argument.

Only then did Zhou Chen and Zhao Lei stop their tit-for-tat.

“Huang Xiaolong, are you sure that you want to challenge Wang Yongsen?” Fang Gan stared fixedly at Huang Xiaolong as he asked.

Despite knowing Huang Xiaolong’s amazing battle strength, and even that Peng Xiao had lost to him, in Fang Gan, Li Shan, Chen Yirong, and others’ eyes, Huang Xiaolong’s strength was still slightly lacking compared to Sun Shihai. Hence, Huang Xiaolong challenging Wang Yongsen was no different than running towards death’s embrace.

“Yes, Master.” Huang Xiaolong thought for a second, but came to the same decision. In truth, for a split second there, Huang Xiaolong was reconsidering getting involved in this whole matter.

“Alright then.” Fang Gan could only agree.

Huang Xiaolong’s attention returned to Wang Yongsen and he stated, “If I defeat you, on top of having Miss Fang Xuanxuan returned safely, I also want those three million Fortune Divine Fruits and that low-grade chaos spiritual vein!” He pointed at the spatial ring in Wang Yongsen’s palm.

Since he would be exposing his supreme godhead fighting Wang Yongsen, he might as well get as many benefits as he could.

Wang Yongsen clasped his hands behind his back and threw his head back in laughter, as if he had heard the funniest joke in the world. When he finally stopped laughing, he agreed to Huang Xiaolong’s request. “Sure, if a mid-Tenth Order Ancestor God Realm like you can defeat me, I would have my people send that Fang Xuanxuan back unharmed, and I would give you the three million Fortune Divine Fruits as well as the low-grade chaos spiritual vein. However, what are you putting at stake here? Don’t tell me that I won’t get anything if I win, since you will be getting all these benefits IF I lose?”

Wang Yongsen had decided that he would brutally kill this punk named Huang Xiaolong with one move as soon as the battle would start!

A measly Tenth Order Ancestor God Realm was actually claiming to defeat him?

But before killing Huang Xiaolong, he was planning to wriggle out some extra benefits from this arrangement.

Wang Yongsen looked in Zhao Lei's direction. Since Zhao Lei was this Huang Xiaolong's Master, he should take out some good stuff as his Master, shouldn't he? He needed to bleed a little for his little disciple, needn't he?

Chapter 1485: You Can Still Repen

What should he take out as a stake? Huang Xiaolong's brows creased as he weighed his options.

He had more than a few good things, but some of them couldn't be exposed—the chaos Golden Dragon Lightning Pool for instance, or the Netherworld King's Jade, or the upper half of the Blood Eye Devil Stele. It would be endless troubles if any one of these items were taken out in the broad daylight.

But he didn't have that many top grade-nine spirit stones on him at that moment either.

He could take out some Blue Spectre Springwater, but even though the Blue Spectre Springwater was quite precious, it was worth as much as that low-grade chaos spiritual vein.

Zhao Lei's eyes glimmered while pondering about what he could wager on Huang Xiaolong's behalf; he sighed and made a decision. Just as he was about to take out several chaos grade treasures, he saw a bright light flicker over Huang Xiaolong's body and a cloak appeared hanging down from his shoulders.

The moment the cloak appeared, startling devil qi swept out in all four directions of the great hall, alarming everyone attending the ceremony.

All eyes were fixed on Huang Xiaolong's cloak. The surface of the cloak was densely filled with the Devil World's symbols, and right at the center of the cloak was the picture of a giant swinging an axe. The giant's scarlet eyes and the overwhelming devil qi gave the guests a chill down to their bones.

"This, this is—?!" Fang Gan stammered.

"The, the Yellow Springs Magic Robe! It's the Yellow Springs Magic Robe, the Yellow Springs Archdevil's battle robe!" Azure Dragon Emperor Chen Jianwei shrieked as he jumped up from his seat.

Yellow Springs Magic Robe!

The whole hall was in a buzz.

All of them were beyond surprised as they stared at the cloak hanging from Huang Xiaolong's shoulders. Gradually, the look in their eyes turned feverish with greed and desire. Wang Yongsen was no exception to this.

Wang Yongsen laughed heartily, carrying a sense of madness. A while later, he shouted with ecstasy, "It's actually the Yellow Springs Magic Robe, good, good, my luck is simply too good!"

The way he spoke, it sounded like the Yellow Springs Magic Robe was already his!

"Kiddo, your luck is so good ah, you've actually gotten the Yellow Springs Magic Robe." Fiend God Emperor Palace's Wang Yongsen went on before Huang Xiaolong could squeeze in a word, "Fine, if I lose, the three million Fortune Divine Fruits and that low-grade chaos spiritual vein are yours, and if you lose, I want that Yellow Springs Magic Robe!"

As if afraid Huang Xiaolong would repent and back off from his offer, Wang Yongsen decisively added, "I'll give you three strikes handicap!"

Huang Xiaolong sneered inwardly at Wang Yongsen's words.

"This Yellow Springs Magic Robe is a top-grade grandmist spiritual artifact, and even though it is slightly damaged, it's value is higher than the combined value of those three million Fortune Divine Fruits and the low-grade chaos spiritual vein, don't you agree?" Huang Xiaolong looked at Wang Yongsen straight in the eye as he stated flatly.

Wang Yongsen blanked but he nodded in agreement after a moment. He smiled and said, "Fine, I'll add another low-grade chaos spiritual vein!" A soft light glimmered around his hand as he took out another spatial ring. When he opened the spatial ring, billowing spiritual energy rushed out of it. Inside, was another low-grade chaos spiritual vein that was roughly the same size as the first chaos spiritual vein.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head and stated firmly, "I want three low-grade chaos spiritual veins." He was going to squeeze this Wang Yongsen for all he was worth.

Wang Yongsen frowned but relented, "Fine." He took out another low-grade chaos spiritual vein.

Now, there were three low-grade chaos spiritual veins!

Anyways, in Wang Yongsen's mind, Huang Xiaolong was not a match against him at all. He could easily take Huang Xiaolong's life and it wouldn't even make a slightest difference to add another low-grade chaos spiritual vein.

The present Emperor Palaces' masters saw through Wang Yongsen's intentions. Some couldn't help shaking their heads with pity in secret about the Yellow Springs Magic Robe.

Huang Xiaolong was very satisfied as he looked at the three low-grade chaos spiritual veins and three million Fortune Divine Fruits. Subsequently, he and Wang Yongsen both pledged according to Heavens' law.

After the oath was made, Huang Xiaolong stepped towards Wang Yongsen with a playful smile, "Three strikes handicap?"

Wang Yongsen was in a good mood after pledging his oath, as his head was already filled with fantasies about Yellow Springs Magic Robe. He chuckled good-naturedly and said, "That's right, I've said I'll give you three strikes' handicap, and for the sake of the Yellow Springs Magic Robe, I'll even spare your life!"

The moment Wang Yongsen finished his words, Huang Xiaolong who was walking towards Wang Yongsen disappeared in a blur. When Huang Xiaolong reappeared, he was within an arm's length from Wang Yongsen.

Huang Xiaolong's punch hit Wang Yongsen squarely in the chest.

Though Wang Yongsen was shocked by Huang Xiaolong's speed, he didn't think too much about Huang Xiaolong's attack. In fact, he didn't even bother to employ his Darkness Domain Devil Art to defend himself, allowing Huang Xiaolong's attack to fall on him unimpeded.

An early Second Order God King Realm master's attack has also felt like nothing more than a tickle on his body, then what was there to worry about a mid-Tenth Order Ancestor God Realm brat's attack?

Boom!

When Huang Xiaolong's fist landed, Wang Yongsen's smirking face froze as a great impact struck his chest, penetrating into his Darkness Domain Devil Physique. An indescribable pain emerged from his chest. Wang Yongsen grunted loudly as he retreated one step... two steps... and a third step!

Wang Yongsen staggered back over a dozen steps before regaining his balance. Then, puff! He vomited a mouthful of blood over the floor.

The entire great hall shook.

The redness from that mouthful of blood looked so glaring and blinding!

"What?!"

Exclamations sounded from various corners of the great hall, and among these were also the voices belonging to Sun Shihai, Fang Gan, Zhao Lei, Li Shan, and Chen Yirong. Bei Xiaomei covered her mouth with her hand in astonishment, but her disbelief filled eyes were sparkling with excitement.

"You!" Wang Yongsen finally took a real look at Huang Xiaolong, and his mouth opened and closed but no further words came out. Blood once again gushed up his throat, and flowed out from the corner of his mouth.

Compared to the others in the hall, Wang Yongsen's disbelief was the greatest as he stared at the splatters of blood he had vomited. Did he really vomit blood just now? He was injured, wasn't he? Injured by a mid-Tenth Order Ancestor God Realm punk!

In truth, that punch from Huang Xiaolong was purely his True Dragon Physique's flesh power, and he had not used even a shred of his supreme godheads' godforce. Otherwise, that punch was enough to give Wang Yongsen heavy injuries.

Then again, it was enough to make Wang Yongsen suffer some pain.

"This, how is this possible!" Sun Shihai muttered under his breath. Even though Wang Yongsen had not used his Darkness Domain Devil Art just then, Huang Xiaolong had successfully injured Wang Yongsen! Was Huang Xiaolong stronger than him? Stronger than him, a supreme godhead genius?

Sun Shihai could not and would not accept this result.

Sun Shihai couldn't, Zhou Chen, Fang Gan, and the others were also the same.

Zhou Chen had a complicated expression on his face.

More than disbelief, Fang Gan and Zhao Lei were more delighted by the result, and unknowingly, Zhao Lei actually started laughing.

Whilst others looked at Huang Xiaolong in shock, Huang Xiaolong was watching Wang Yongsen indifferently. "There are two more strikes, there's still time to repent."

Wang Yongsen suddenly laughed. His laughter grew increasingly louder as he fixed a deathly stare on Huang Xiaolong. "I hadn't anticipated that there would be a freak of a genius like you in the Fortune Emperor Palace! Despite your cultivation realm, you're actually stronger than an early Second Order God King Realm! The physique you have should be the fourth ranking True Dragon Physique, right? However, your True Dragon Physique is several hundred times stronger than the legendary True Dragon Physique!"

Azure Dragon Emperor's Disciple Chen Zhao looked at Huang Xiaolong, more precisely. His body, it's a True Dragon Physique! Several hundred times stronger than the legendary True Dragon Physique!

There were rainbow and stars in Bei Xiaomei's eyes as she watched Huang Xiaolong.

"You're right, mine is a variant True Dragon Physique that can evolve continuously." Huang Xiaolong nodded as he frankly admitted. He wasn't afraid to admit this point, as a lot of people in the Fortune Emperor Palace already knew about this.

Chapter 1486: Uncle, You're So Great!

A variant True Dragon Physique that can evolve continuously!

Hearing that, everyone present sucked in a breath of cold air. Huang Xiaolong was still a mid-Tenth Order Ancestor God Realm right now, but his True Dragon Physique was already so scary; if he cultivated further, breaking through to Heavenly Monarch Realm, then how powerful would his True Dragon Physique be?!

Perhaps he might even surpass the second ranking Thousand Mysteries Celestial Physique, will he?

"A True Dragon Physique that can evolve continuously." Wang Yongsen chuckled, more delighted than shocked as his bloodthirsty eyes fixed on Huang Xiaolong. "The battle is more interesting this way. If you would have been as weak as that other Fortune Emperor Palace's rubbish from earlier, how boring the day would be." He paused briefly then added, "Don't worry, I'll let you make three strikes first. Two strikes remain, make your move!"

As Wang Yongsen finished saying this, he circulated his godforce and employed the Darkness Domain Devil Art. In an instant, layers of black shadows protected him.

These black shadows formed layers of a big defensive array around Wang Yongsen, and it was many times stronger than the time he had faced Fortune Emperor Palace's Sun Shihai or the Crimson Flames Emperor Palace's Xie Ming.

Hearts tightened nervously as they watched.

Fang Gan, Zhao Lei, Chen Hao, and the others' eyes were full of worry. Even though Huang Xiaolong had successfully injured Wang Yongsen, it was mainly because Wang Yongsen had not activated his Darkness Domain Devil Art. But now, could Huang Xiaolong break past the Darkness Domain Devil Art and reach Wang Yongsen?

The Darkness Domain Devil Art was the Darkness Domain Archdevil's cultivation technique, it's infamy resounding through the ages.

Bei Xiaomei's hands clenched nervously.

Wang Yongsen smirked coldly at Huang Xiaolong after activating his Darkness Domain Devil Art and said, "This time, I hope you can still injure me with one move just like before. I have not been injured for a long time, so it actually feels quite exhilarating to get injured, I like it!"

Wang Yongsen had barely finished his words, when Huang Xiaolong's momentum surged. Darkness spilled out from Huang Xiaolong's body as his body began to grow, ripping the robe on his back into shreds.

Dark golden scales covered the surface of Huang Xiaolong's skin at rapid speed, leaving only a pair of cold, blood-red eyes. Sharp bone spikes grew out from both of his arms.

A frigid coldness that seemed to originate from the abyss of hell swept out from Huang Xiaolong's body.

"This, this is the Asura bloodline!"

Several Emperor Palaces' masters exclaimed upon recognizing Huang Xiaolong's transformation.

That's right, Huang Xiaolong had activated the Asura bloodline's power inside his body. The Asura bloodline's power surged outwards like endless waves, as it was completely released.

As Fang Gan, Zhao Lei and the others watched with astonished widened eyes, a bright golden light rippled behind Huang Xiaolong as a thousand shiny golden arms emerged from his back, and Buddhism energy roiled to every corner of the great hall.

“The Godly Xumi Art!” Another wave of exclamations rang in the great hall.

The Godly Xumi Art was one of the Buddha World’s supreme divine arts. Where did Huang Xiaolong learn it?!

Then, Huang Xiaolong made his move.

Huang Xiaolong appeared right in front of Wang Yongsen in the blink of an eye. Before Wang Yongsen could react, Huang Xiaolong swung his fist. The one thousand golden arms punched from behind Huang Xiaolong at the same time.

Rumble!

The power of darkness and Buddhism rose and fell, howling in the great hall. The two different energies not only rejected, but also complemented each other.

Wang Yongsen saw the black shadows of his defensive arrays created by his Darkness Domain Devil Art burst into dust, and it felt like he had taken one thousand strikes from Huang Xiaolong in a split second time. This time, it was more than staggering back a dozen steps as he was sent flying into the air.

Bang! A thunderous boom shook the great hall as Wang Yongsen crashed into a stone pillar. The stone pillar hummed as it shook and swayed.

Wang Yongsen slid limply down the pillar to the floor, and coughed up a mouthful of blood, followed by another.

One mouthful!

Two mouthfuls!

Three mouthfuls! Four...!

The impact wrecking him internally, finally stabilized after he coughed out the fourth mouthful of blood.

Everyone was dumbfounded as they looked at the robe-torn, bloodied Wang Yongsen who was resembling a dirty beggar more than a superior Fiend God Emperor Palace disciple. It was hard to hide the shock they were feeling on their faces.

Wang Yongsen still ended up injured!

Wang Yongsen was injured despite activating his Darkness Domain Devil Art! And this time, he was heavily injured!

Fang Gan and Zhao Lei were also dumbfounded.

As for Sun Shihai, Azure Dragon Emperor's Disciple Chen Zhao, as well as the others who had ridiculed Huang Xiaolong for being a fool were agape. Zhou Chen, Chen Yirong, Li Shan, as well as the purple-haired female disciple Peng Xiao too were flabbergasted by the outcome.

Huang Xiaolong's Senior Brother Chen Hao swallowed with much difficulty, as his throat felt parcher than usual?

"Uncle, you're so great!" Bei Xiaomei's nervousness vanished and she cried out with glee while waving her arm in the air. Then, she added another sentence, "You're so strong!"

Her actions attracted quite a few eyes.

Huang Xiaolong was rendered speechless by her choice of words.

Why add another 'You're so strong' after 'You're so great?'

These ambiguous words will make others misunderstand ah.

While others were still in shock, the beggar-like Wang Yongsen struggled to his feet from the floor. Though he was standing firmly, his legs were shaking under his weight.

Wang Yongsen was shocked and furious at the same time as he glared at Huang Xiaolong. Thick killing intent roiled in his scarlet eyes, "You...!"

Huang Xiaolong generously reminded, "You did say that being injured feels exhilarating... And excuse me, as my hand slipped and I was a little too heavy handed. But there is still one more strike, should I go on?"

My hand slipped and I was a little too heavy handed!

There is still one more strike, should I go on?

Wang Yongsen's fury intensified upon hearing Huang Xiaolong's words and he vomited a mouthful of blood. He roughly wiped off the blood from the corners of his mouth with the back of his sleeve. After that, he suddenly threw back his head and laughed. In others' eyes, Wang Yongsen's face looked distorted and feral as he locked onto Huang Xiaolong. "Good, very good, excellent! You really did not disappoint me. I was not planning to kill you, but now, you've angered me, completely and utterly angered me. Now, I will let you experience the pleasure of death!"

Wang Yongsen's momentum soared just as his words fell. Black light spread out around him. Blood-red light shone from his pupils and spilled to the whites of his eyes, swirling and expanding further, giving spectators goosebumps.

Although there was still one strike left from the three strikes handicap he had given to Huang Xiaolong, he would really be a pig if he let Huang Xiaolong make that strike! Huang Xiaolong's second strike had heavily injured him, and if he was to take another stroke, wouldn't he be beaten half-dead by Huang Xiaolong?

Therefore, he had decided to attack now!

Upon seeing Wang Yongsen's eyes turn into two scarlet light vortexes, Zhao Lei seemed to remember something, and shouted at Huang Xiaolong, "Xiaolong, watch out! Those are the Fiend God's Pupils! It's one of the Fiend God Emperor Palace's supreme divine arts, so don't look at him in the eye!"

Other Emperor Palaces' masters ashened at Zhao Lei's warning.

The Fiend God's Pupils was one of the most notorious Fiend God Emperor Palace's evil divine arts. The Fiend God's Pupils drew those who looked into them into an illusion, entrapping their souls for eternity.

Unless one's cultivation realm was a lot higher than the caster, it was impossible to resist against its power.

Despite Zhao Lei's warning, his warning had come a step too late. Huang Xiaolong had already looked into Wang Yongsen's eyes. He immediately felt his head going blank, with complete darkness in front of him, dark shadows pouncing onto him from everywhere.

Upon seeing Huang Xiaolong standing dumbly on the spot, with his eyes out of focus, Wang Yongsen smirked sinisterly. "Kid, go die!" In a flicker, he arrived in front of Huang Xiaolong with his finger pointing straight between Huang Xiaolong's brows.

A black light shot out from the tip of his finger like a chaos blade that was sharp enough to pierce through a Fourth Order God King Realm master's head.

Chapter 1487: Supreme Godforce?

As Wang Yongsen's Death God's Point was reaching closer to Huang Xiaolong, Zhao Lei and Fang Gan were afraid and nervous once again.

The Death God's Point was Hell Spirit World's Death God Tribe's supreme technique. It was terrifying and strange, and all of its victims would die with tortured expressions.

Another wave of shock rose amongst the crowd, as they realized that Wang Yongsen had learned the Death God Tribe's supreme technique as well!

Zhao Lei's fists tightened as he watched Wang Yongsen's finger was about to pierce into Huang Xiaolong's forehead. He got ready to take action, but Zhou Chen's voice sounded in his ear, "This is a fair and just competition between both sides. Zhao Lei, what are you planning to do?"

Wrath was written all over Zhao Lei's face as he glared at Zhou Chen.

A hint of mirth shone in the depths of Sun Shihai's eyes upon seeing that Huang Xiaolong was about to die at Wang Yongsen's finger.

Bei Xiaomei's delicate face had turned deathly pale, as Wang Yongsen's finger was half a meter from Huang Xiaolong's forehead. Suddenly, there were ripples of silver light in Huang Xiaolong pupils, and in the next second, he covered his forehead with his hand, blocking Wang Yongsen's Death God's Point with his palm.

Huang Xiaolong staggered back several steps.

The unexpected outcome brought elation to Zhao Lei, Fang Gan, and Bei Xiaomei's faces, while only Zhou Chen and Sun Shihai revealed a flicker of disappointment.

Even though Wang Yongsen was surprised and disappointed that his Death God's Point had failed to kill Huang Xiaolong, he did not make an immediate second attack. He looked at Huang Xiaolong with a feverish gaze as he asked, "You have a grandmist grade soul defensive spiritual artifact?!"

Huang Xiaolong had clearly fallen into his Fiend God's Pupils' illusion, but Huang Xiaolong had awakened just in time to block his attack. That could only mean that Huang Xiaolong had a defensive type of soul spiritual artifact!

A very high grade artifact at that!

And judging from the silver ripples of light from Huang Xiaolong's eyes, it had to be a grandmist grade spiritual artifact!

The other Emperor Palaces' masters had naturally come to similar conclusions as Wang Yongsen. Their eager gazes fell on Huang Xiaolong with one thought—soul defensive grandmist spiritual artifact!

How many treasures does Huang Xiaolong have?! The Yellow Spring Magic Robe had amazed them all, and now, there was a defensive soul type grandmist spiritual artifact!

This was wealth, and this luck was simply...!

Even Zhao Lei felt a little speechless.

He, as the Fortune Emperor Palace's Chief of Hall Masters, who was also an Emperor Realm master, had only managed to own two grandmist spiritual artifacts after a hundred million years of hard work, yet his little disciple Huang Xiaolong, had probably collected more grandmist spiritual artifacts than him!

Huang Xiaolong habitually ignored the shocked faces around him and was checking his palm with interest. There was a shallow injury on the spot where Wang Yongsen's finger had landed, and blood was still seeping out from that spot. This astounded Huang Xiaolong. Needless to say how strong his True Dragon Physique was, coupled with the power of his Asura bloodline power, he was still injured by Wang Yongsen.

Though it was merely a small wound, it spoke volumes about how powerful Wang Yongsen's attack was.

Wang Yongsen said suddenly, "Huang Xiaolong, I'll add another three low-grade chaos spiritual veins for another bet, what do you think? Bet your soul's defensive type grandmist spiritual artifact!" In a bright flash, a spatial ring appeared with its restrictions opened, and there were three similar sizes of low-grade chaos spiritual veins hovering inside it.

Everyone's breathing quickened.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Wang Yongsen and grinned, "Deal!"

Clearly, this Wang Yongsen had absolute confidence in his own strength!

Even though the Moon Jade Heavenly Spiral Shell was worth more than three low-grade chaos spiritual veins, why would he refuse such a good thing?

Upon hearing Huang Xiaolong's agreement to his proposal, Wang Yongsen's face bloomed into a smile. "Fantastic! In order to show my respect to you, I'll let you see my true strength, so that you will know how terrifying, I, Wang Yongsen, am!" With that said, Wang Yongsen's body began to change.

The changes Wang Yongsen's body was going through were slightly similar to Huang Xiaolong's Asura transformation. His robes exploded into fragments as a layer of black-colored scales covered his whole body. There were eerie and chilling blood eyes on each of these black scales' surfaces.

Each blood-red eye was emitting frigid cold qi.

The blood-eye between Wang Yongsen's brows was much stronger than other blood-eyes on his body, emitting a more powerful frigid qi.

"Blood-eyed Devil Body!" Fang Gan, Zhao Lei, Chen Jianwei, and Li Shan exclaimed in unison. Their faces were extremely somber.

Wang Yongsen chuckled proudly. But his chuckles sent a chill down their spines as it fell on everyone's ears. "Oooh, hehe, that's right, one of Hell Spirit World's top ten bodies, the Blood-eyed Devil Body!"

Each of Hell's Spirit World's top ten bodies had been around since the dawn of time, and they were hailed as the closest form to an immortal body. However, not everyone had a successful record of cultivating them. Even some of Hell's Spirit World's Emperor Realm masters had failed at it. Then how had Wang Yongsen managed to do it?

It was no exaggeration to say that nine out of ten people had died from attempting cultivation of these body techniques, so Wang Yongsen's success only proved that he had a very strong will.

The various Emperor Palaces' masters shuddered looking at Wang Yongsen's Blood-Eyed Devil Body.

Wang Yongsen continued to chuckle in an eerie manner as he watched Huang Xiaolong like a prey. "Surprised, eh? I am sure that it would have never occurred to you that I'm a person who has successfully cultivated the Spirit World's Blood-eyed Devil Body, but it's too late now! This is only a part of my strength, and next, I'll let you experience the terror of my supreme godhead's power!"

Rings of dark green light spread outwards from Wang Yongsen's body the moment his voice fell.

The people in the crowd could hear howls coming from this green light, giving them the illusion of a million howling ghosts and thousands of dying infants among the hordes of dancing demons.

A nefarious darkness supreme godhead's godforce continued to flow out from Wang Yongsen's body to every corner of the great hall with echoing air blasts.

Widened eyes looked around, some in panic, some in shock.

After Wang Yongsen circulated his supreme godhead's godforce upon transforming to his Blood-Eyed Devil Body, his momentum eclipsed a peak late-Second Order God King Realm master.

Though Huang Xiaolong was shocking in his transformed Asura Physique, he now seemed lacking by far when compared to the current form of Wang Yongsen.

Wang Yongsen looked condescendingly at Huang Xiaolong, akin to a king of hell looking down at his prey. He took a step towards Huang Xiaolong, then another, and another. A cold sneer raised at a corner of his mouth as he said, "Huang Xiaolong, remember that you had said that you wanted to defeat me? Do you still have the same fantasy after seeing my real strength now? Don't you feel that your words from earlier were ludicrous? Or, maybe, you still think you can withstand ten strikes from me?"

"Your battle strength is indeed amazing, I'll give you that much. It is much stronger than that rubbish, what's his name again, Sun-something Shihai? But in my eyes, you are merely a slightly stronger rubbish."

Wang Yongsen's voice reverberated in the great hall as he continued walking towards Huang Xiaolong. His overwhelming momentum was pressuring down on Huang Xiaolong as if he could crush him even with a single thought.

Not far away from them, a badly concealed joy rose to Sun Shihai's eyes as he watched Huang Xiaolong on the edge of his death. Whereas Fang Gan, Zhao Lei, and Bei Xiaomei were getting increasingly worried and anxious.

Huang Xiaolong frowned as he watched Wang Yongsen approaching him. Sigh, it looks like I will need to expose my supreme godhead. Judging from the current situation, I won't be able to defeat Wang Yongsen unless I transform into my primordial divine dragon form.

"DIE—!" Ten meters from Huang Xiaolong, Wang Yongsen abruptly struck out at him with a punch. His attack reached Huang Xiaolong in the blink of an eye.

When it looked like Huang Xiaolong was going to get thrown in the air by Wang Yongsen's punch, a heaven-shaking dragon's roar sounded out of nowhere. A glaring light enshrouded Huang Xiaolong as startling godforce surged out from his body.

Huang Xiaolong's fist met head on with Wang Yongsen's.

R-rumble!

The entire great hall shook as resounding booms struck everyone's eardrums.

It was Wang Yongsen who was sent flying in the air, stupefying everyone.

On the other hand, Fang Gan, Zhao Lei, Zhou Chen, Li Shan, Chen Yirong, and the others from the Fortune Emperor Palace were astounded, as disbelief was written all over their faces.

"That, that's, supreme godforce? Only someone with supreme godhead can have supreme godforce!"

Supreme godforce! Sun Shihai's mind went blank, and his knees shook.

Chapter 1488: Could It Be, King of Supreme Godhead?

Supreme godforce!

Supreme godforce that belonged only to supreme rank godhead!

Their astonished gazes fell on Huang Xiaolong, as if they were looking at a terrifying monster.

Huang Xiaolong also has a supreme godhead!

First of all, it was already shocking enough that Huang Xiaolong's variant True Dragon Physique had the ability to evolve continuously, and now, he had a supreme godhead to boot it! If Huang Xiaolong broke through to Emperor Realm, to high-level Emperor God Realm, at that time, wouldn't it mean...?! Thinking of this, everyone gulped silently.

Both Bei Xiaomei and Peng Xiao's eyes widened as big as they could, beyond astonishment, as they watched Huang Xiaolong.

After his shock and feelings of disbelief receded, Fang Gan as the Fortune Emperor Palace's Emperor finally reacted. He said to Zhao Lei while keeping his gaze fixed on Huang Xiaolong, "This kid hid it so deep from us ah!"

It wasn't as if they had never suspected that Huang Xiaolong had a supreme rank godhead, but Chen Yirong had personally checked and confirmed that Huang Xiaolong did not have a supreme godhead. Thus, Fang Gan and the others determined that Huang Xiaolong's godhead was the high emperor rank Five Elements Godhead.

But Fang Gan had been feeling pity about it ever since.

Upon hearing Fang Gan's words, Zhao Lei took another look at Huang Xiaolong and suddenly erupted into laughter. He complained, "This kid even concealed this matter from me, his Master! Wait until the apprenticeship ceremony ends, and see how I pack him up, giving his backside a good beating!"

Zhao Lei laughed even harder after saying that. His laughter was invigorating, elated, and content, and it was obvious to everyone that Zhao Lei was not planning on giving his little disciple Huang Xiaolong's backside a good beating at all. Most likely, after the apprenticeship ceremony ended, he would hug Huang Xiaolong and give him kisses all over!

Then again, with a disciple like Huang Xiaolong's talent and potential, which Master would be willing to smack his backside?

The various Emperor Palaces' masters were envious despite their shock, and Zhao Lei received countless jealous looks.

The person with the most complicated feelings was none other than Chen Yirong. Had he known about this, he would have fought with Zhao Lei to accept Huang Xiaolong as his disciple no matter what; even at the cost of breaking off or battling him, he would have insisted on taking Huang Xiaolong as his personal disciple!

Now, looking at Zhao Lei's complacent expression, and listening to Zhao Lei's vigorous laughter, Chen Yirong had an impulse to bang his head against the wall, as hard as possible!

While these thoughts and feelings washed over the great hall, Wang Yongsen who was sent flying by Huang Xiaolong almost a hundred meters away, regained his footing. His blood churned violently, and the blood-red light around him from his Blood-eyed Devil Body shook unsteadily.

Like others, Wang Yongsen was just as shocked and stunned by Huang Xiaolong.

He was shocked that Huang Xiaolong actually had a supreme godhead, and judging from the power of Huang Xiaolong's punch in the collision, Huang Xiaolong's supreme godforce had completely suppressed his supreme godforce!

Huang Xiaolong's supreme godhead ranked higher than his!

But, how was this possible!

Fang Gan, Zhou Chen, Zhao Lei, and the others did not know about his supreme godhead, but he did ah!

His supreme godhead was the Fiendish Nightmare Godhead which was ranked sixteenth!

And Huang Xiaolong's supreme godhead's rank was higher than his?! Then...?!

Thinking of this possibility, Wang Yongsen trembled and couldn't refrain himself from shouting, "Your supreme godhead, is it one of the king of supreme godheads?!"

There were distinctions even between the supreme godheads—low, mid, high, and top grade.

The top supreme godheads in the first ten places also had another name, king of supreme godheads!

Upon hearing what Wang Yongsen's words, the great hall fell into a hushed silence. All of them looked at Huang Xiaolong with renewed shock, including Fang Gan, Zhou Chen, Sun Shihai, and especially Zhao Lei.

King of supreme godheads!

Everyone's hearts trembled recalling what these words represented.

"King, king of supreme godheads, is it really so?!" Fang Gan mumbled in shock. Even though he was the Fortune Emperor Palace's Emperor, he lost his composure at this information.

The king of supreme!

In hundreds and thousands of worlds, each individual with a king of supreme godhead had always risen to the pinnacle of existences!

The Ancient Heavenly Emperor was a genius who had a king of supreme godhead, so was the current Heavenly Emperor!

The Lord of Hell also had a king of supreme godhead!

The Archdevil Lord Wu Tian was also a genius with a king of supreme godhead! And the two most powerful existences in the Demonic World were as well! The Buddha World's Supreme Buddha also had a king of supreme godhead!

Each of their names had spread through numerous world surfaces!

But geniuses with the king of supreme godhead were simply rarest of the rare!

Such a genius might not even appear in ten billion years.

But now, Wang Yongsen was actually claiming that Huang Xiaolong has a king of supreme godhead?!

"No wonder, no wonder!" Li Shan repeated as if he had understood something.

No wonder Huang Xiaolong had such an amazing battle strength!

No wonder Huang Xiaolong, a mid-Tenth Order Ancestor God Realm could suppress the early Second Order God King Realm Wang Yongsen!

No wonder Huang Xiaolong's bone-age was below one thousand years!

Previously, even though Li Shan and the others had suspected something, they were unable to confirm anything. Essentially, they had not dared to think in this direction. After all, a king of supreme godhead was simply too rare. But at this point, everything was clear as a day!

Whereas Chen Yirong, whilst astounded, regret washed over him like a tsunami. Huang Xiaolong was actually a king of supreme godhead genius ah!

The king amongst supreme godhead geniuses!

Had he known Huang Xiaolong was a king of supreme godhead genius, he would have grabbed Huang Xiaolong to be his personal disciple even if he had to beg. Alas, everything was too late!

Huang Xiaolong blanked for a split second upon hearing Wang Yongsen's words, but he accepted it naturally. He had never really known what his three supreme godheads were nor their rankings, but he had an inclination.

Just now, he had utilized his Holy Dragon Supreme Godhead, then would it mean that his Holy Dragon Supreme Godhead ranked within the top ten supreme godheads? That made him curious where his Archdevil Supreme Godhead and Innumerable Buddha Supreme Godhead would rank. He believed both of them would be far off from the Holy Dragon Supreme Godhead though.

"Really unexpected ah, the king of supreme godhead has appeared again. Excellent, wonderful, I actually came across a king of supreme godhead disciple, interesting, interesting!" Wang Yongsen became excited upon recovering from his shock. He smacked his lips as if tasting something delicious. "I will defeat you today, defeat a monstrous genius who possesses the king of supreme godhead. Just thinking of this makes my blood scream with excitement."

At this point, he had stopped thinking about killing Huang Xiaolong. Not because of Huang Xiaolong's strength but he knew that Fang Gan, Zhao Lei, and the rest of Fortune Emperor Palace won't let him kill Huang Xiaolong after knowing that he had a king of supreme godhead.

The Fortune Emperor Palace would even be willing to go to war with the Fiend God Emperor Palace to protect Huang Xiaolong. A monstrous genius with king of supreme godhead was worth it for them to do so.

“You seemed to have forgotten that you’ve only been suffering injuries this whole time. Do you think you can defeat me?” Huang Xiaolong pointed out calmly.

Unless Wang Yongsen has a stronger trump card up his sleeve!

As expected, Wang Yongsen laughed. “Huang Xiaolong, you are strong, but I have not shown all of my true strength yet! I’ll let you know exactly how powerful I am!”

Chapter 1489: Wang Yongsen’s True Strength

Everyone in the hall couldn’t react for a while upon hearing Wang Yongsen’s claim that he had not shown his true strength as of yet.

How strong was Wang Yongsen for real?! Wasn’t this a little too scary?!

Huang Xiaolong’s talent was undoubtedly shocking, however, Wang Yongsen was just as monstrous, and made others praise him with admiration.

While others were still dazed, a white light flashed within Wang Yongsen’s body, and a figure looking exactly the same as Wang Yongsen flew out. The other Wang Yongsen was clad in a white battle armor, with an obvious light element godforce running across the surface of his body.

Avatar!

The word appeared almost simultaneously in everyone’s mind.

That’s right, the white figure Wang Yongsen had summoned out from his body was his avatar!

Moreover, it was an avatar with a supreme godhead!

Not to mention, the momentum coming from Wang Yongsen's avatar was almost as strong as his main body! Moreover, it felt like the avatar was slightly stronger than Wang Yongsen himself!

Even more shocking was that Wang Yongsen's supreme godhead avatar had a conflicting godforce from the main body.

Huang Xiaolong too was caught off guard watching Wang Yongsen summon his avatar out of his body and sensing the avatar's powerful momentum.

In general, an avatar's strength could hardly surpass the main body's cultivation, yet Wang Yongsen's avatar was stronger than Wang Yongsen himself. This completely subverted their knowledge.

Fang Gan, Zhao Lei, and Bei Xiaomei's hearts hung heavy.

Wang Yongsen alone was stronger than they had expected, and now, coupled with his avatar he was even more powerful; could Huang Xiaolong defeat the two of them?

Therefore, even though Huang Xiaolong had a king of supreme godhead, and a True Dragon Physique that could evolve, there was a big gap in cultivation realm between the two of them.

Currently, Huang Xiaolong was merely a mid-Tenth Order Ancestor God Realm, whereas Wang Yongsen was already an early Second Order God King Realm.

"How about now? Huang Xiaolong, my supreme godhead avatar is not bad right?" Wang Yongsen's avatar said, flashing Huang Xiaolong a big grin. "This avatar's body has reached the peak of early Second Order God King Realm cultivation. On top of that, he has a brightness element supreme godhead which is the opposite of my main body's supreme godhead's element. To make it more interesting, our two godforces do not contradict each other, and the combination of darkness and light makes my main body's attack even more powerful!"

Immediately, light element godforce surged out from Wang Yongsen's avatar and merged with Wang Yongsen's own darkness element godforce, raising Wang Yongsen's strength.

Light element godforce gurgled from Wang Yongsen's body like a great sun, exuding endless light energy. As light energy intensified, Wang Yongsen's avatar's body began to change as a layer of white-colored scales covered all over his body.

On top of that, six large wings grew out from his back!

"The World of Light's Bright Angel's Body!" Fang Gan exclaimed.

The other Emperor Palaces' masters gasped in shock when they recognized the change in Wang Yongsen's avatar.

Although the World of Light was not part of the big five Worlds, such as the Divine World, Buddha World, Demonic World, Devil World, and Hell; it was not that far behind from them.

The World of Light's Lord of Light was also a peerless master.

And this Bright Angel's Body was the Lord of Light's supreme technique.

There were bright angels with two, four, six, eight, ten, and twelve wings, and the Lord of Light had cultivated the Bright Angel's Body until the twelve wings level. Wang Yongsen's avatar's Bright Angel's Body had reached six wings just at Second Order God King Realm, which was an astounding achievement.

"That's right, the Lord of Light's Bright Angel's Body coincidentally is the perfect match with my Blood-eyed Devil's Body." Wang Yongsen chuckled at Huang Xiaolong as he went on, "Huang Xiaolong, my power combined with my avatar's is not as simple as just twice as strong, but far stronger. Do you still think that you can defeat me?"

Both Wang Yongsen and his avatar strode towards Huang Xiaolong.

The radius of two different supreme godforces expanded with Wang Yongsen and his avatar's each step—the Blood-eyed Devil Body and Bright Angel's Body, goodness and bad, darkness and light. The space around them became distorted from the pressure.

The present Emperor Palaces' masters swiftly reacted, erecting godforce barriers to protect the disciples from their own forces.

Experiencing the overwhelming pressure coming from Wang Yongsen and his avatar, the various Emperor Palaces' masters sighed inwardly. Is Huang Xiaolong bound to lose in the end?

Wang Yongsen and his avatar's momentum had completely suppressed Huang Xiaolong.

The spark of joy in Fang Gan and Zhao Lei's eyes disappeared, and was replaced by concern and worry.

Exactly at this moment, Wang Yongsen and his avatar each punched out at Huang Xiaolong.

Darkness and light element supreme godforce swirled into a violent tempest, howling in everyone's ears.

Even the spectating Emperor Palaces' disciples backed far away in fear of being sucked into the tempest.

Upon seeing that Huang Xiaolong was so close to being sucked into the dual element godforce tempest, to be shredded to his death, a dragon's roar that was louder than the previous roar, rumbled in everyone's ears.

A bright light flickered as Huang Xiaolong transformed into a primordial divine dragon in front of numerous expressions filled with utter disbelief.

It was a blue primordial divine dragon that they had never seen or even heard of!

Huang Xiaolong's eyes were as big as the size of a small lake, as they stared at Wang Yongsen and his avatar. His two enormous dragon claws in the front reached out and blocked Wang Yongsen and his avatar's attacks as Huang Xiaolong's Holy Dragon Supreme Godhead spun to its limit.

Dragon qi roiled out from Huang Xiaolong's dragon claws, transforming into numerous surreal primordial divine dragons as if there was a kingdom of dragons right in front of everyone.

Rumble~~!

The world shook as the two sides collided.

In the next second, everyone saw that the imposing Wang Yongsen and his avatar were sent flying, just like Huang Xiaolong's second strike had done earlier. However, this time, Wang Yongsen and his avatar were not smashed onto a stone pillar, but they landed outside the great hall's entrance, crashing into the square outside with thunderous booms.

Everyone woodenly raised their heads to look at the primordial divine dragon that Huang Xiaolong had transformed into.

Whether Wang Yongsen and his avatar were still alive or not was completely ignored by everyone, as they remained sprawled outside.

Shock intermingled with dread within some Emperor Palaces' disciples' eyes as they looked at Huang Xiaolong in his current form; even those Third Order God King Realm masters felt an overwhelming pressure bearing down on them from him.

"Bl-blue pri-primordial divin-e dragon?!" Fang Gan stammered. He and Zhao Lei were looking with dazed eyes at Huang Xiaolong's dragon form.

Li Shan, Zhou Chen, and Chen Yirong had similar reactions.

Sun Shihai turned into an agape statue, standing rooted in his spot stupidly.

Then came Bei Xiaomei's enthusiastic shriek, "Uncle, you look so cool!"

Everyone heard her and nearly tumbled to the floor.

So cool?

Then again, on second thought Huang Xiaolong who had transformed into a primordial divine dragon did seem cool! Some disciples couldn't help agreeing in their minds.

At this time, a terrifying pressure suddenly descended from above, alarming Fang Gan, Zhao Lei, and the others, bringing them back to their senses.

"Well, coming to the Fortune Emperor Palace this time gave us a really good surprise as I had the luck of seeing a king of supreme godhead genius. Fine, our Fiend God Emperor Palace admits defeat in this competition, and adheres to our promise. Fang Gan, here is your daughter!"

As the majestic voice stopped, a crack appeared in the void and a figure plummeted to the ground. This was the unconscious Fang Xuanxuan. Upon seeing her, Fang Gan quickly rushed forward and caught his daughter.

Chapter 1490: You Can Take Half As Reward

Fang Gan immediately checked Fang Xuanxuan's condition using his divine sense. His heart fell back to his chest after confirming that his daughter was merely unconscious and had no other negative sequel.

A figure condensed of colorful lights walked out from the crack in the void. No one felt any ripples of energy fluctuations from this light-man, but when they felt his gaze passing over them, even Emperor Realm masters' felt palpitations.

The light-man's facial features were a little vague which made it hard for others to recognize his identity. However, his attention mainly fell on Huang Xiaolong after he came out of the void. Huang Xiaolong was still in his primordial divine dragon form.

The light-man's eyes were in fact empty holes and his voice was low and a little gruff. "How many years has it been since a new king of supreme godhead genius has appeared again in the Divine World? Huang Xiaolong, is it? I have remembered your name, there aren't a lot of people in this universe who are

worthy for me to remember them. I hope you would have grown much stronger by time of the Battle of the Heavenly Court, enough to contend with our Fiend God Emperor Palace's Emperor's Disciple."

Wang Yongsen floated up from the square without the light-man making any gesture in particular and both of them disappeared into the black void crack.

Li Shan and Chen Yirong both made a move to chase after them, but Fang Gan shook his head to stop them.

As the light-man was merely a body of energy condensed by one of the Fiend God Emperor Palace's master with some kind of technique, it wasn't much of a use to capture 'him.'

For now, none of this mattered as long as his daughter Fang Xuanxuan was safe.

As the light-man and Wang Yongsen disappeared, the void crack shrunk until space returned to normal.

Though Wang Yongsen was taken away by the light-man, the spatial rings containing three million Fortune Divine Fruits and six low-grade chaos spiritual veins were left behind on the ground. The Fiend God Emperor Palace had kept their part of the bet.

A light glimmered in the air as Huang Xiaolong returned to his human body, and leisurely put on a new set of robe.

Looking at the spatial rings containing three million Fortune Divine Fruits and six low-grade chaos spiritual veins, Huang Xiaolong's hand reached out, as he was about to collect the items from the ground, when a voice shouted, "Wait!"

Everyone turned to see that Zhou Chen was the one who had asked Huang Xiaolong to stop.

Seeing he had become the center of attention all of a sudden, Zhou Chen's voice weakened by half as he said, "Huang Xiaolong, those three million Fortune Divine Fruits originally belonged to our Fortune Emperor Palace. Since you are a disciple of Fortune Emperor Palace, and even if you won the

competition, those three million Fortune Divine Fruits should be returned to the Fortune Emperor Palace!”

“As for those six low-grade chaos spiritual veins, you can take half as your reward.”

The great hall fell into a strange silence after Zhou Chen finished speaking. The masters of various Emperor Palaces were watching Zhou Chen with weird expressions.

It was obvious that all of them were thinking the same thing—this Zhou Chen has got quite the thick face.

Those three million Fortune Divine Fruits did belong to the Fortune Emperor Palace, but when Wang Yongsen had defeated Sun Shihai and won the three million Fortune Divine Fruits, they had become Wang Yongsen's instead of the Fortune Emperor Palace. Since Huang Xiaolong had defeated Wang Yongsen, they naturally and rightfully belonged to Huang Xiaolong now.

In truth, whether it were the three million Fortune Divine Fruits or six low-grade chaos spiritual veins, all of those items were won by Huang Xiaolong using the Yellow Springs Magic Robe and a soul defensive grandmist spiritual artifact as stakes.

This Zhou Chen has the cheek to say half of the low-grade chaos spiritual veins can be given to Huang Xiaolong as a reward?

Zhao Lei's face darkened instantly upon hearing Zhou Chen's words, but he smirked with satire at Zhou Chen. “Zhou Chen, I believe everyone is clear whether these Fortune Divine Fruits and low-grade chaos spiritual veins belong to my disciple or the Fortune Emperor Palace. And when mentioning rewards, Sect Chief had said earlier that anyone who could defeat Wang Yongsen would be rewarded with two million Fortune Divine Fruits, as well as one promise from him.”

When Zhou Chen tried to argue, Fang Gan raised his hand and interrupted him. Fang Gan looked at Zhao Lei and smiled, “I say, now that you’ve a treasure of a disciple, there’s no longer this good brother in your eyes. Do you need to protect him so?” He then looked at Huang Xiaolong amiably and said, “Xiaolong ah, don’t worry, Uncle Fang Gan’s words are good as gold. You’ll get your rightful reward.”

A soft light glimmered as the spatial ring containing two million Fortune Divine Fruits appeared in his hand. Fang Gan gave the spatial ring to Huang Xiaolong while saying, "As for that request, tell me, as long as it's within Uncle's ability, Uncle will fulfill it."

Now that Huang Xiaolong had 'exposed' his king of supreme godhead, Fang Gan's behavior towards Huang Xiaolong had taken a hundred and eighty degrees turn. Fang Han was smiling as if he and Huang Xiaolong had always been close, and he had even changed his salutation to Uncle for Huang Xiaolong.

Others blanked for a second hearing Fang Gan call himself uncle, but immediately understood his actions.

Huang Xiaolong cupped his fists at Fang Gan as he responded, "Uncle Fang Gan, I understand that the Fortune Emperor Palace needs Fortune Divine Fruits, so I won't take these two million Fortune Divine Fruits. The three million Fortune Divine Fruits are enough for me to cultivate for a long time. As for that request, I still have not decided, but when I think of it, I would tell Uncle Fang Gan."

Fang Gan hesitated. "Alright then, then Uncle Fang will keep these two million Fortune Divine Fruits." He gave Huang Xiaolong a grateful look as he went on, "Xiaolong ah, Xuan'er safe return is all due to your effort, and Uncle Fang thanks you for saving Xuan'er's life."

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, and said quickly, "Uncle Fang is too polite."

Fang Gan smiled kindly and praised Huang Xiaolong before turning around to face the guests. He cupped his fists and said to everyone, "The banquet continues."

Huang Xiaolong put away the spatial rings containing three million Fortune Divine Fruits and six low-grade chaos spiritual veins.

Everyone returned to their seats.

However, when Huang Xiaolong was about to return to his seat beside Senior Brother Chen Hao, Fang Gan refused no matter what Huang Xiaolong said, and insisted him to sit at the front table, beside his Master Zhao Lei.

Huang Xiaolong relented under Fang Gan's persistence.

Azure Dragon Emperor Chen Jianwei as well as other Emperor Palaces' Emperors came up to Fang Gan, and undulating wishes of congratulations rang in the hall.

Azure Dragon Emperor Chen Jianwei laughed as he spoke to Fang Gan and Zhao Lei, "Brother Fang Gan, Brother Zhao Lei, congratulations to the both of you. The Fortune Emperor Palace has received a king of supreme godhead disciple ah. There'll be a day when Xiaolong will stand at the top of the world, so would the Fortune Emperor Palace."

Chen Jianwei had called Huang Xiaolong as Xiaolong, which roused faint furrows between Huang Xiaolong's brows.

Fang Gan laughed heartily as he cupped his fists at Chen Jianwei as a thank you gesture. Beside him, Zhao Lei said with a big smile, "This kid had hidden this matter from us before, making us worry for half a day in vain. When we get back, I should smack his backside as punishment."

Huang Xiaolong broke out in cold sweat imagining the sight.

Chen Jianwei as well as other Emperors could only chuckle in response.

Sun Shihai followed closely behind Zhou Chen. He watched as various Emperor Palaces' masters praised and complemented Huang Xiaolong, while the main stars of the apprenticeship ceremony who should have been him and Peng Xiao were completely ignored. Everyone had seemed to have forgotten his existence, and the gaze in his eyes turned gloomy and venomous.

The apprenticeship ceremony ended ten hours later than the Fortune Emperor Palace had estimated.

After the ceremony, some Emperor Palaces' masters chose to stay a few days at the Fortune Emperor Palace so the disciples they had brought along with them could befriend Huang Xiaolong.

Thus, in the next few days, the doorsteps of Huang Xiaolong's cultivation palace were crowded with other Emperor Palaces' disciples.

A few days later, Huang Xiaolong could finally catch his breath after all these guests left Fortune Emperor Palace.

However, Bei Xiaomei was still around. She continued to stay at the Fortune Emperor Palace and run to Huang Xiaolong's cultivation palace every day, calling for him, "Uncle, Uncle."

Huang Xiaolong sighed inwardly and looked at the sky.

This went on for a month until Huang Xiaolong finally said that he needed to enter seclusion and cultivation to breakthrough to God King Realm at the earliest, as an excuse to Bei Xiaomei. Bei Xiaomei pouted unhappily and agreed, "Alright, it's more important for Uncle to cultivate, but you must come find me at the Silver Fox Commerce's headquarters."

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head and promised, "Sure."

Bei Xiaomei hooked Huang Xiaolong's pinky with hers and said, "The liar is a piggy."

Huang Xiaolong gave birth to a strong impulse to run.