

## Conqueror 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.

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.

.....

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 Wangfeng 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 palpating 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 Huánghóng) 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 its 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. Fei 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.

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.