

Conqueror 451

Chapter 451: This Roast Meat Is Not Bad

Huang Xiaolong was about to leave when the dispersing thunderclouds started to gather again. This time it was more violent, lightning lit up the sky as it streaked down like an angry python with jaws wide opened.

Compared to the previous lightning storm, this was another level on its own. Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong was delighted instead.

As if it had accumulated enough power, dozens of frenzied lightning strikes scorched the air, flying toward him.

Huang Xiaolong dashed to the air with both fists punched out.

Boom! Their collision caused a thunderous explosion in the sky.

“Haha, refreshing!” An exhilarated laughter came from Huang Xiaolong, eager for more.

Time continued to flow by.

Huang Xiaolong had lost count of the number of times he shattered the lightning streaks that targeted him, he knew that every time they scattered, the thunderclouds gathered again many times over. Daylight quickly turned into night.

At nightfall, the thunder and lightning that boomed and flashed in the canyon were several times more powerful than during the day, ribbons of lightning were now thick as pythons, exuding savagery and brutality. The menacing destructive aura could be felt even outside of the canyon area, giving the nearby experts strong palpitations as they detoured away from the canyon.

The night passed quickly, and soon sunrise was peeking out from the horizon.

After clashing with the thunder for one night and one day, Huang Xiaolong wasn't the least bit tired, in fact, he was brimming with energy like a fierce lion.

After an entire day and night of warring against the lightning, Huang Xiaolong noticed that there were tiny threads of pure lightning energy inside his dantian that continuously tempered his primal dragon physique.

Suddenly, Huang Xiaolong felt the Dragon Pearl on his brow tremble slightly.

'This ...?!'

Several lightning streaks were aiming for Huang Xiaolong at this point, but in a bright flash of light, all the lightning was absorbed by the Dragon Pearl, which was then refined into a pure lightning energy that integrated into Huang Xiaolong's primal dragon physique.

Huang Xiaolong was genuinely shocked.

'What is happening here?!'

In a daze, another wave of a dozen lightning strikes came at him, and just like before, all of the lightning was swallowed by the Dragon Pearl, converted into pure lightning energy and integrated into Huang Xiaolong's body.

From shock, Huang Xiaolong became dumbfounded.

However, he immediately noticed that the lightning energy was much purer after it was converted by the Dragon Pearl, easier for him to absorb and the effect was several times better.

Huang Xiaolong was overjoyed realizing the benefits, he didn't expect there to be such a usage to the Dragon Pearl! Although he had refined the Dragon Pearl and it was part of his body, this whole time, Huang Xiaolong did not feel like he truly fused with the Dragon Pearl. He remained ignorant in many aspects and uses of the Dragon Pearl.

While Huang Xiaolong was caught in a daze, the number of lightning streaks around him increased, also becoming thicker. The Dragon Pearl continued to absorb all those lightning streaks, and the lightning energy it sent into Huang Xiaolong's body became stronger. Feeling this change, Huang Xiaolong swiftly sat down in meditation pose, refining the lightning energy in his dantian and Qi Sea.

Despite that, the amount of lightning energy amassed in his dantian and Qi Sea increased rapidly. As time went on, that energy turned into multiple strands of light blue energy, drilling into his internal organs, meridian channels, skin, flesh, and blood.

From the outside, it looked as if Huang Xiaolong was shrouded in a glowing lightning cocoon. At the same time, his body exuded a dark red Asura qi, blending into the lightning akin to a lightning hellstorm.

The sky above the Stellar Thunder Canyon became more turbulent, the size of lightning was bigger, zig-zagging between dense thunderclouds that had now extended ten li outside the canyon area. The many experts that detoured away from the Stellar Thunder Canyon watched with apprehension the strange phenomenon taking place from afar.

The thunderclouds lasted for half a month.

Ever since the Stellar Thunder Canyon existed, such strange phenomenon had never happened before.

In general, the thunderclouds above the Stellar Thunder Canyon would scatter after an hour and wouldn't appear again for another ten hours or so. This time, however, the thunderclouds lasted for a whole two weeks without scattering.

The strange phenomenon alerted the dwarf race Patriarch and the group of Elders.

After all, the dwarves' territory was right beside the Stellar Thunder Canyon. If the thunderclouds did not scatter and continued to spread, sooner or later they would reach the Dwarven Mountain. For the dwarf race, this was a race annihilation level catastrophe.

"What is it? It's as if there's something triggering the thunderclouds!" After days of observation, the dwarf race Patriarch Blyan formed a conclusion. But it made the furrow on his brows deeper.

The dwarf Elders were shocked hearing Patriarch Blyan's conclusion.

"Patriarch, this, it's not possible, right?" An Elder exclaimed in astonishment.

Blyan did not answer, fixing his gaze on the thunderclouds hovering above the Stellar Thunder Canyon.

The situation remained unchanged for the next three days.

Then, all of a sudden on the fourth day, the ominous thunderclouds that seemed to fix themselves above the Stellar Thunder Canyon rapidly scattered without any sign or sound. The sky was clear again, with blue sky and radiant sun for a thousand li, nary a cloud in sight.

"It's gone!" Experts that had been gathering around the Stellar Thunder Canyon were bewildered. Even with the thunderclouds gone, none of them dared to approach the canyon.

Several hours later, Huang Xiaolong, who had been meditating on the ground, stopped running the Asura Tactics and stood up. In the short half a month of practice, his battle qi cultivation had enhanced one order up. But the real surprise happened with the true essence in his dantian; the pure lightning energy actually formed multiple fist-sized thunderballs in his dantian.

Those thunderballs hovered in the top section of his dantian, and each of them contained a terrifying amount of destructive power.

His primal dragon physique was also sturdier than before.

What baffled Huang Xiaolong at this moment was he fact that the Dragon Pearl between his brows was quiet again, just like before. He tried making it move, but no reaction came from the Dragon Pearl.

At this moment, Huang Xiaolong noticed that the faint dragon shadow he has seen inside the Dragon Pearl seemed to be clearer.

Seeing that the Dragon Pearl gave no reaction whatsoever no matter what he did, Huang Xiaolong could only give up. He flew into the air, leaving the canyon.

It didn't take him long to pass the remaining length of the canyon. An hour later, Huang Xiaolong reached the edge of a forest.

By this time, it was already dark.

Huang Xiaolong decided to rest here for the night and continue on his way tomorrow. He got a crackling fire going in no time, with several wild games roasting merrily. Sitting close to the fire, he took out the Ten Directions Continent map while waiting for the meat to cook.

On the map, it indicated the forest he was in was called Roaming Souls Grove.

Crossing this Roaming Souls Grove, he would arrive at one of the more well-known cities in the beastmen territories, the Hundred Tiger City.

Very soon, the aroma of roast meat wafted in the air, and Huang Xiaolong put the map away. When he was about to dig in, a surprised exclamation sounded not far from him: "Wah, such a nice smell! What meat is that!"

Then, a flurry of footsteps thundered through the bushes as several hundred beastmen rushed toward Huang Xiaolong's direction.

This large herd of several hundred beastmen was the very same group that were watching Huang Xiaolong battle the frenzy lightning in the Stellar Thunder Canyon from afar but felt it was an impossible feat for anyone.

Although Huang Xiaolong spent close to half a month in the canyon, these two parties ran into each other because the beastmen group took the longer detour route.

In a matter of seconds, hundreds of beastmen appeared in front of Huang Xiaolong.

When the beastmen got a good look at Huang Xiaolong's face, they were all slightly surprised seeing that it was actually a human.

Rarely would they come across human in the beastmen territory. Although beastmen bore no hatred toward humans like the elves did, in their eyes 'human' was synonymous to puny and cowardly. That was why beastmen tribes in general had always looked down upon humans.

"Hehe, I didn't expect to run into a little weak human here!" Beastman Anton cackled.

The surrounding beastmen joined him in laughter.

Anton approached Huang Xiaolong saying, "Human, the meat you roast seems pretty good, good thing we're hungry now. The ones you have here are not enough, go prepare one for each of us!"

Their number was around three hundred and fifty beastmen, which meant that Huang Xiaolong was expected to roast more than three hundred and fifty games.

Chapter 452: And If I Don't?

Hearing the 'order', Huang Xiaolong looked at beastman Anton with interest, "And if I don't?"

"You don't want to?" Anton laughed, "Try it if you think your head is harder than this tree!" Anton's arm shot out, punching the tree closest to them that had a trunk thicker than an adult's thigh.

In a split second, the tree trunk exploded and broke out in the middle as wood splinters flying everywhere.

Anton pulled his arm back in exceedingly arrogant demeanor, "How about that, is your head harder than this tree?" breaking into a bout of wicked laughter.

Lofty laughter sounded from all around.

Anton stopped laughing, his eyes glared menacingly at Huang Xiaolong, "Puny human, get off your ass immediately if you're smart and get one roast going for every one of us, if not, hehe, my fist will greet your feeble skull, shattering it into smithereens!"

Huang Xiaolong smiled shaking his head.

Even the Stellar Thunder Canyon lightning felt like a relaxing massage on his body, but this beastman wanted to shatter his skull to smithereens?

Now, if a Sixth Order Saint realm's punch at full force landed on Huang Xiaolong's body, he would feel nothing more than a ticklish scratch.

Anton watched Huang Xiaolong continuing to sit there with no intention of getting up, moreover shaking his head with a mocking smile. Anger rapidly rose in his heart; a puny human actually dared to ignore him?!

In great anger, Anton raised an arm, wanting to shatter this puny human's head, but before he could do so, he saw the puny human lift a finger and lightly tapped in the air. The long stretch of big trees in front of them tumbled one by one as if endless, all the way further than their eyes could see.

Anton's mouth was agape, his fist froze in the air while the rest of his body stiffened on the spot, staring dumbly at the endless line of tumbled trees.

His several hundred comrades' laughter halted abruptly, stuck in their throats. The only noise around came from the crackle and sizzle of fire as oil dripped down from the fragrant roast meat.

Huang Xiaolong opened his mouth, tearing a generous bite of meat, "It does taste good."

His voice was like a string that pulled all the beastmen's attention back. Gawking at Huang Xiaolong, their eyes now held trepidation, reverence, and a hint of worship.

Compared to other races, beastmen had a fervid reverence toward strength and worshipped the strong.

Huang Xiaolong took another ravenous bite, he wasn't sure why the practice in the Stellar Thunder Canyon made him crave roast meat as if he hadn't eaten it for many years.

"Is your head harder than these trees?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

Anton's face turned pasty, falling to his knees without a second thought, his forehead kissing the forest floor as he kowtowed repeatedly in front of Huang Xiaolong, "Honorable Lord, Anton was rude and has offended you just now, please have mercy on Anton this one time!"

Anton's comrades also knelt down, showing proper respect.

Huang Xiaolong took a quick glance at the surrounding beastmen, "Stand up." If he was really angered earlier, none of these beastmen would have the chance to stand anymore.

Anton beamed with joy, respectfully complying to Huang Xiaolong's words, as did the other beastmen, retreating to stand at the side.

"Who's the head?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

At Huang Xiaolong's question, beastmen Amier walked out from the large herd of people, stopping not far from Huang Xiaolong and introducing himself, "Lord, my name is Amier, the tribe's small captain."

"Sit." Huang Xiaolong pointed to a nearby spot.

Amier was slightly overwhelmed by Huang Xiaolong's attention. Flustered, he waved and shook his head, "No no no, Lord, standing is fine for me."

"If I say sit, then sit." Huang Xiaolong stated.

At Huang Xiaolong's domineering attitude, Amier said his thanks and sat down as if there were needles pricking his butt.

“No need to be so nervous, I just have some questions.” Huang Xiaolong said.

“Yes, Lord.” Even so, Amier couldn’t stop his body's minute trembling.

Beastmen were innately born with burly physiques, the shorter beastmen still exceed two meters tall, whereas the taller ones reached two and a half meters.

Solely based on physical advantage, humans indeed looks weak and puny next to beastmen. Moreover, the overall human race’s strength on the Ten Directions Continent was negligible, thus one could hardly blame the beastmen for looking down on the human race.

However, Huang Xiaolong could tell, this herd of beastmen was among the lower rung in beastmen hierarchy.

Beastmen were made up of many tribes, and the more powerful amongst them were the Lion Tribe, Tiger Tribe, Wolf Tribe, Snake Tribe, Fox Tribe, Behemoth Tribe, then it was the Cattle Tribe, Violent Horse Tribe, Goat Tribe, and the Hundred Bird Tribe.

These were the ten most powerful beast tribes.

This group of beastmen in front of him was not from any of those ten beastmen tribes.

“The Hundred Tiger City is a little further up?” Huang Xiaolong spoke.

“That’s right, Lord, less than a hundred li after crossing the Roaming Souls Grove is the Hundred Tiger City.” Amier respectfully replied.

Huang Xiaolong asked the next question, “Does the Hundred Tiger City belong to the Tiger Tribe?”

Amier answered ‘yes’, the Hundred Tiger City belonged to the Tiger Tribe. The Tiger Tribe had twenty-five cities under their control and this Hundred Tiger City was only one of them. However, the Hundred Tiger City was a strategically important city.

Huang Xiaolong nodded.

The Tiger Tribe was amongst the ten strongest beastmen tribes, their forces couldn't be underestimated, this point was clear from the twenty-five cities under their control.

Then, Huang Xiaolong asked about the Hundred Tiger City's Castellan and general questions about the Tiger Tribe. In the end, Amier was merely a captain of a lower rank in a small tribe, the things he knew were very limited.

Talking about the Hundred Tiger City's Castellan, Amier's face shone with idolization, "Our Hundred Tiger City Castellan is Lord Goodman, one of the top ten experts of the Tiger Tribe! I heard from our Family Head that Lord Goodman can flatten a mountain with a single punch!"

Flatten a mountain with a single punch.

Huang Xiaolong chuckled in secret, anyone could do this effortlessly once they stepped into the Saint realm. Additionally, beastmen were known for their herculean strength, thus such a feat was not strange at all.

After asking everything he wanted to know, Huang Xiaolong fell into deep contemplation.

From Amier's answers, although the beastmen tribes were powerful on the Ten Directions Continent, there were numerous internal struggles. For instance, the Lion Tribe and Tiger Tribe were always at war.

At the same time, from Amier's words, he once again confirmed that the Beast God was all the beastmen tribes' sacred faith. Within the beastmen race, whoever dared to desecrate the Beast God, disrespect the Beast God, would be treated as the entire beastmen race's sinner!

The legendary Beast God Scepter represented the Beast God.

For the last ten thousand years, the beastmen tribes believed that whoever got the Beast God Scepter would be the Beast God's reincarnation, that person would once again lead the beastmen to conquer the Ten Direction Continent, capturing the glory of the past.

In that short time, Huang Xiaolong reached a decision.

Since the Beast God Scepter was said to hold such power, passing by the Hundred Tiger City, he wanted to see if the Beast God Scepter really was as honored by the beastmen as they claimed.

"Lord," Seeing Huang Xiaolong become silent in contemplation, Amier called cautiously, "Are you going to the Hundred Tiger City? Coincidentally, all of us here are from the Hundred Tiger City, could we travel with Lord?"

Inside the Roaming Souls Grove, there was a kind of strange soul beings that had a tendency to devour their prey's blood and flesh while alive. If they could travel along with an expert like Huang Xiaolong, their chances of getting out of the Roaming Souls Grove would increase greatly.

Huang Xiaolong knew what Amier was thinking about in a glance, but he still nodded in agreement.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong agree to have the band travel with him nearly made him jump with joy. He, Anton, and the rest quickly saluted in thanks.

The night passed peacefully. At daybreak, glorious sunlight began to light up the land.

However, the Roaming Souls Grove remained cold and dark.

The radiant sun couldn't penetrate into this gloomy and dark piece of land.

Huang Xiaolong stood up, saying: "Let's move!"

"Yes, Lord!"

Huang Xiaolong walked at the front of the group as they entered deeper into the Roaming Souls Grove. In truth, the grove was not big, at most half a day was enough for the group to cut through.

Chapter 453: Beast God Sacrificial Rite

Huang Xiaolong and the beastmen had traveled for half an hour into the unearthly atmosphere of the grove.

As they reached deeper into the forest grove, the air grew increasingly colder, with faint echoes of undulating shrill cries of unknown creatures playing with their hearing.

Although Amier and the large group of beastmen kept close to Huang Xiaolong, those eerie cries brought goosebumps to the burly beastmen.

“Malignant spirits!”

“Those are malignant spirits!”

Suddenly, one of the beastmen screamed in fear.

Everyone quickly looked around and saw several strange creatures that were part transparent part opaque shaped like human soul and glowing green eyes pounced on their group with bared fangs.

Just when Amier and the beastmen were about to attack in panic, Huang Xiaolong was a step ahead of them; with a simple wave of his wrist, bright flames flickered past, and in an instant, those ghastly spirits were incinerated into plumes of mist,

The beastmen were dumbstruck watching this scene.

Those wandering spirits were hard to kill, having no real body made of flesh and blood, the spirits weren't afraid of any swords or knives. The Patriarch of their tribe was once besieged by two wandering spirits and a few hours of back-breaking battle ensued before their Patriarch was able to kill those wandering spirits and leave the grove, whereas this young human expert merely struck out a light palm and several wandering spirits were vanquished!

“Let’s move on.” Huang Xiaolong said and continued moving.

Amier and the rest hurried after Huang Xiaolong.

A short while later, they ran into another group of wandering spirits, and this time Huang Xiaolong’s action was even more exaggerated, or lack of action. He didn’t even raise his hand, merely with a single glance, those lunging wandering spirits burned in midair, leaving a small cluster of mist.

Half a day later, when they made it out of the Roaming Souls Grove, the way Amier and the rest of the beastmen looked at Huang Xiaolong changed in an earth-shattering manner. If it was awe before, now it was feverish reverence, showing utmost respect toward Huang Xiaolong.

One hour later, the group reached Hundred Tiger City.

At first glance, the Hundred Tiger City could be described with one word, huge, even rivaling some of Snow Wind Continent’s imperial cities.

People, or beastmen to be exact, were seen coming and going in every direction, a sign of the city’s prosperity.

But Huang Xiaolong’s large group drew odd stares from all around, it wasn’t every day that the beastmen saw a puny human walking in front of a group of several hundred beastmen that were showing deference. The surrounding beastmen were unable to shift their gaze away from this strange scene.

“Hehe, isn’t this Amier?” At this time, a team of a dozen beastmen walked up to Amier’s group from the front. The one who spoke was a young cat-like beastmen reaching two and a half meters tall.

“Amier, I see your life has really gone to the dogs!” The young beastman snickered, “As a powerful beastmen, how can you follow behind a puny human, not to mention that loathful fawning expression on your face, worse than the worst dog slave!”

The several beastmen behind the young beastman laughed brashly.

“Insolent!” Amier strode out in anger, and struck a punch at the young beastman: “Collins, how dare you disrespect the Lord!”

Collins didn’t expect that Amier would attack him all of a sudden. Though startled, he still managed to raise an arm up in defense, but he failed to muster enough strength to block the attack. Staggering back, Collins felt a throbbing pain in his arm.

“How dare you!” Collins yelled, “Amier, have you gone nuts!”

Both Collins and Amier had exchanged tit-for-tat many times in the past, but Amier had never been brave enough to get physical with him, after all, his big brother was the tribe’s chief captain.

Today, for an insignificant human, Amier actually attacked him!

Amier glared coldly at him, “Collins, get on your knees now and beg the Lord for forgiveness!”

Collins was dumbfounded as he stared at Amier in disbelief.

Amier wanted him to kneel down and beg for forgiveness... from a human?!

“You’re crazy, you’ve gone f*cking nuts!” Collins yelled at the top of his lungs. He waved his arm at the beastmen that came with him: “We’re leaving!” Amier’s crazed look frightened Collins, and he didn’t want to stay there any longer.

Seeing that Collins wanted to leave as if nothing happened, Amier moved forward, wanting to block Collins’ path but Huang Xiaolong’s voice sounded in his ears.

“Forget it.”

Only then did Amier relented, bowing respectfully to Huang Xiaolong: “Yes, Lord!”

Just as things seemed to calm down, a beastman ran through the crowd straight at Amier, “Brother Amier, it’s not good, Sis Rihanna was taken away by people from the Tiger Tribe!”

“Taken away by the Tiger Tribe!” Amier’s face became ashen.

Rihanna was his fiancée, both her and Amier were childhood sweethearts. Losing their families at an early age, Amier and Rihanna relied on each other.

Even Anton and the rest paled slightly.

“Kerner, this, explain what exactly happened!” Amier urged with a hint of desperation in his voice.

Beastman Kerner was piqued, “Just now, the Tiger Tribe’s Julio came over claiming that Sis Rihanna was chosen for this year’s Beast God Sacrificial Rite, that’s why he brought a group of people over and took Sis Rihanna away!”

“Beast God Sacrificial Rite!” Amier was enraged: “Fu** his mother’s fart! It isn’t our Hundred Tiger City’s turn to offer a sacrifice this year for the Beast God rite. This Julio is snatching powerless woman off the streets in broad daylight.”

Beast God Sacrificial Rite? Huang Xiaolong’s interest was stoked and asked out, “Explain to me, what is going on?”

At Huang Xiaolong’s question, Amier briefly explained the situation to Huang Xiaolong with respect despite the anxiety in his heart.

From thousands of years ago, the Beast God’s tribes would perform a Beast God Sacrificial Rite every year, and the sacrifice would be a young virgin from those tribes.

The Lion Tribe, Tiger Tribe, Wolf Tribe, and the remaining top ten tribes would pick a young virgin from the cities under their governance. Those young virgins were sent to the Beast God Shrine to be offered as a sacrifice during the rite.

And the young virgin sacrifice for this year had been decided half a month ago, Rihanna's name wasn't on the list.

Moreover, it wasn't Hundred Tiger City's turn this year to offer the sacrifice.

Now, this Tiger Tribe's Julio taking Rihanna was clearly because he coveted Rihanna for her beauty, the matter of being a sacrifice was nothing but an excuse. Julio was no stranger to this kind of despicable acts, countless good young women were sullied in Julio's hands every year.

The problem was, this Julio was a pure-blood descendant of the Tiger Tribe, his father was Hundred Tiger City Guard's chief captain. Powerless commoners like them could only endure.

"Lord, please save Rihanna!" All of a sudden, Amier turned to Huang Xiaolong, falling on his knees begging, "As long as Lord can save Rihanna, Amier is willing to do anything the Lord orders! Lord, please, please save Rihanna!"

Amier had no other way and placed his hopes on Huang Xiaolong. He realized all too well, relying on his own power, he had no chance in hell to rescue his fiancée.

Watching Amier, Anton and the beastmen from the same team all got down on their knees, their plead was evident even though no words were spoken.

"All of you get up and talk." Huang Xiaolong already decided in his heart. "Lead the way." Of course, Amier wasn't the main reason he decided to interfere in this matter.

Obtaining Huang Xiaolong's promise to help, Amier kowtowed many times in gratitude before jumping to his feet and leading Huang Xiaolong to Julio's residence.

In a large residence compound on the north side of Hundred Tiger City, clad in a cotton jacket, a virile Julio was staring at the tied-up Rihanna with undisguised lust.

The tight coarse rope that bound Rihanna also accentuated her curves, the proud peaks on her chest looked as if they were about to burst out from the seams, inciting a reaction from Julio's manhood.

Julio slowly approached Rihanna until he was mere inches from her face. His hand reached up, pinching her face in place as an evil smile crept up his face, "Your face is not bad." Taking a sniff of her scent, "Ahh, the scent of a virgin is really fascinating!"

Rihanna's delicate face flushed with anger, "Julio, how dare you take advantage of the Beast God Sacrificial Rite to snatch women off the streets! There'll be a day the Great Lord Beast God will punish you!"

Julio laughed at Rihanna's words, "In this Hundred Tiger City, I, Julio, am Lord Beast God! Since you like punishments so much, then I shall take care punishing you on the bed right now!" With that, he carried Rihanna and headed to the big bed inside the inner chamber.

Chapter 454: Lowly Human

"Release me! Let go of me!" Rihanna fought like an angry wildcat, struggling to break free with all her might.

Rihanna's fierce attacks stirred the aggressiveness hidden deep within Julio's bloodline, his wanton laughter rang even louder as he hit Rihanna's perky butt, "Not bad, really pert and firm, I like it! Worry not, in a little while I'll make you feel as if you've gone to heaven. At that time, you'll be begging me to punish you more!" Lascivious laughter rang again in the air.

Stepping into the inner chamber, Julio threw Rihanna onto the big bed, but he just took off his pants when loud ruckus came from outside, followed by a chain of blood-curdling screams.

Julio's actions froze; 'What is happening? Is there actually someone that dares to make a ruckus in my residence?!'

A fire burned in Julio's heart for having his good time interrupted. Pulling his pants up again, he stormed out of the room to see what was going on outside. Another abrupt wail sounded and a black silhouette flew at him.

Alarmed at the ambush, Julio's arms struck the person, sending him flying in another direction. When the black silhouette crashed on the floor, Julio noticed that it was actually his inner chamber's personal guard.

Seconds later, two people walked in from outside.

This shocked Julio, for one of them was a black-haired young human with a beastman following respectfully behind.

Julio vaguely remembers this beastman, a minuscule tribe's small-time captain, as for his name, Julio couldn't recall that much. But he knew that this beastman was Rihanna's fiancé.

Amier followed Huang Xiaolong, breaking through Julio's residence all the way into the inner chamber. Spotting the bounded Rihanna on the large bed, he was angry, shocked, and happy at the same time.

"Rihanna, are you alright?!" He reached Rihanna's side in a few quick steps, his hands were already ripping the ropes off her.

Watching Amier breaking into his residence, his inner chamber at that, and ignoring his presence the whole time, ire shot up to his head. His right fist shot out, aiming to blast Amier's head.

"Get the f*ck away, bastard!" Julio bellowed.

Hearing the sound of piercing air, Amier turned around in alarm, but it was already too late to dodge, he was rooted to the spot watching Julio's tyrannical fist enlarge in his pupils.

Then, Julio's fist stopped half an inch away from Amier's skull. All the noise in the surroundings died abruptly, one by one, people's gazes traveled up two slender fingers that held Julio's fist in place.

Julio was stunned, but he was even madder, the one who stopped his fist was that black-haired young man.

“You lowly human! Do you know who I am? Do you dare offend me, Julio?! Offend me and not even your Thunder Human King or Ice Human King can save your dog life!” Julio glared furiously at Huang Xiaolong, jabbing a finger to his face, “Get on your knees now, after three kowtows and nine worships, leave one of your arms, I can consider sparing your dog life!”

On the Ten Directions Continent, humans were weak and lowly, beastmen had always looked down on humans. Belonging to one of the top ten beastmen tribes, and a main descendant of the Tiger Tribe, Julio was beyond angry after being blocked by a puny human.

This was akin to country bumpkin offending an empire’s imperial descendant.

“Three kowtows and nine worships?” Huang Xiaolong’s expression was extremely cold, his two fingers exerted a little more pressure, instantly shattering every bone in Julio’s fist.

Sounds of breaking bones resounded in the yard, accompanied by horrible screams from Julio.

“Detestable human! I will pin your body to the ground and let ten thousand Giant Beast Horses ram you!” Julio roared, red blood vessels erupted in his eyes as he glowered at Huang Xiaolong as if he so wished to tear Huang Xiaolong apart right then and there.

A human dared crush his bones!

“Is that so?” Huang Xiaolong added more pressure in his two fingers. Julio’s arm was twisted at a ninety-degree angle and a series of breaking sounds filled the air, making the hair on Amier and Rihanna stand on ends.

Julio was about to faint from the excruciating pain running through his every nerve.

Outer appearance wise, one couldn’t see anything wrong with his arm, however, all the bones in his arm were crushed, shattered into pieces.

“You, I’m going to kill you, you lowly piece of shit!” Julio lifted his left hand in a sudden move, striking at Huang Xiaolong’s chest.

But his left hand barely moved an inch when two fingers on Huang Xiaolong’s left hand pinned it in place. Just like what happened to his right hand, the melodious rhyme of bones breaking sounded once more.

After crushing both of Julio’s arms, Huang Xiaolong’s arms flicked, throwing Julio out rolling off to a corner.

“Who is so daring, trespassing into my, Bobby’s, residence!” At this time, a dignified roar reverberated in the air, thunderous footsteps stormed into the yard, sending tremors through the ground.

This was the sound of a large army surrounding the perimeter.

Amier and Rihanna’s faces lost all color: Bobby!

Hundred Tiger City’s city guards chief captain!

Even the Patriarch of Amier’s tribe needed to salute Bobby when he saw him, showing a demeanor lower than slaves, whereas in Amier’s world, Bobby was an existence far out of his reach.

Numerous Tiger Tribe city guards stormed into the yard, a middle-aged man in large sleeveless leather vest strode in. He had big eyes, coarse thick eyebrows, and was almost two point seven meters in height. From head to toe, the middle-aged man exuded a fierce aura, especially his eyes.

“Father save me!” Seeing the burly Tiger Tribe middle-aged man, Julio struggled up from the floor and ran to the man’s side. His eyes glowed with a vicious light as he pointed at Huang Xiaolong, “This damn vermin, he shattered the bones in my arms just now! Father, you must not let this vermin escape!”

However, Julio’s words barely left his mouth when his father’s palm struck across his face. The force made him twirl a few rounds on the spot.

Julio was stupefied.

“Trash!” Bobby cursed through gritted teeth.

Frightened by his father’s anger, Julio lowered his head and shrunk to the back, where one of the Tiger Tribe guards took care of his injuries.

Bobby’s sharp eyes swept over Amier and Rihanna for a brief moment and both of them immediately felt as if they had lost all strength, their legs softened, nearly kneeling down.

“Young man, do you know the consequences of your actions?” Bobby’s eyes finally stopped on Huang Xiaolong, his voice extremely cold, “This is a first time that a human dared to swagger into my residence and act so brazen!”

“Consequences? I really don’t know.” Huang Xiaolong looked aloof as if he doesn’t care, “Even if I knew, so what?”

Bobby grinned without mirth, “Able to stay so calm even after seeing me, I have to say, you’re quite brave. Still, what a pity, you won’t be able to see tomorrow’s sunrise.”

Human race’s Saint realm experts could be counted on one hand, and he has seen them all. Bobby didn’t believe that this black-haired young man was more powerful than him!

At the drop of his voice, Bobby’s figure blurred as he dashed up, his fist roaring toward Huang Xiaolong. The surreal image of a tiger head emerged, shrouding Bobby’s fist.

“Tiger Fist!”

“Sky Soaring Tiger Glory!”

The power of a peak half-Saint was released without holding back.

Under Bobby's fist, airflow and space seemed distorted.

Watching as Bobby's fist was about to strike Huang Xiaolong, Amier's face was ash-gray. He couldn't bear to watch the scene of Huang Xiaolong being shattered into meat paste and closed his eyes.

It was common knowledge to everyone living in Hundred Tiger City that Bobby, the Hundred Tiger City's city guards chief captain was a peak half-Saint. As strong as Huang Xiaolong may be, in Amier's eyes, it still couldn't rival a peak half-Saint like Bobby.

Bloodlust and excitement glowed in Julio's red eyes seeing his father attacking, there was just a tiny shred of regret that he couldn't end that human with his own hands.

When everyone was expectantly waiting for Huang Xiaolong to die under Bobby's fist, Huang Xiaolong lifted his palm. With just gentle finger flick, the tiger shadow on Bobby's fist crumbled and disappeared in a blink. The distorted space revert to normal.

Most shocking of all was the fact that Bobby's fist was pinned in midair by Huang Xiaolong's two fingers, just like what happened to Julio earlier. It felt like a deja-vu.

Chapter 455: Liege Lord Beast God

Moments ago, there was a fierce hurricane, yet in the blink of an eye, everything turned calm and peaceful.

Bobby stared dumbly at his fist that was pinned by Huang Xiaolong's two fingers; was this really his fist that could kill a thousand strong cattle in one punch?!

"Tiger Fist? Sky Soaring Tiger Glory?" Huang Xiaolong's snicker carried obvious contempt, "I say, this looks more like Cat Fist, Sky Soaring Cat Glory is more apt." Huang Xiaolong added pressure in his two fingers.

Ka ka! Sounds of breaking bones resounded in the yard.

As his bones shattered, acute pain spread. Even with Bobby's strong will, a scream escaped his throat.

Huang Xiaolong's wrist then turned, wringing Bobby's arm like a rag cloth, crushing the bones in his arm. Bobby screamed louder, even louder than his son Julio's screams.

Julio stared dumbstruck at this scene. Amier was in a daze, all the Tiger Tribe's city guards in the compound were all in a daze.

Bobby's reaction was the same as his son Julio. Driven by intolerable pain, Bobby launched an attack at Huang Xiaolong with his left fist. However, his left fist was also stopped in midair by Huang Xiaolong just like his right fist. Inch by inch, Bobby's left arm bones were broken by Huang Xiaolong.

Bobby's reaction due to the pain was excessively dramatic. His mouth opened in a long oval-shaped, eyes half protruded out from their sockets, and his nose crooked to the side. This face was too ridiculous and funny.

Unfortunately, neither Julio nor the city guards were in the mood to laugh.

"You, you lot, take this scum dog's life, quickly kill this damn dog!" Julio yelled at the surrounding city guards a moment later.

Julio's yell prompted the dazed city guards into action, but before they could attack, Huang Xiaolong waved a palm and the air froze. The city guards noticed to their astonishment that they couldn't move.

Space manipulation?!

With another flick of Huang Xiaolong's finger, Bobby flew away like a piece of withered leaf. A suction force then came from Huang Xiaolong's palm, dragging Julio in front of him.

"Scum dog?" Huang Xiaolong's sneer was extremely cold, his fingers shaped into claws that pierced into Julio's chest, crushing a rib bone inside his body.

Julio's blood-curdling wails sounded like a pig being slaughtered. This pain was beyond what he felt when his arm bones were crushed.

Huang Xiaolong continued; another pinch, another rib bone crushed.

Very soon, all of Julio's rib bones were crushed by Huang Xiaolong one by one, at the end, Julio fainted into oblivion from the torturous pain.

The city guards were paralyzed with fear, rooted to the spot as they stared at Huang Xiaolong with fearful eyes.

Everyone, including Amier, was terrified. Was this really the same polite young man full of smiles sitting beside the bonfire last evening?

Seeing that Julio had fainted, Huang Xiaolong lifted a foot and kicked Julio's limp body. Julio's body made an arch over the air, coincidentally falling beside Bobby's body. With that simple kick, Huang Xiaolong had shattered all Julio's internal organs, Qi Sea, meridians, and his vitality.

Bobby grieved looking at his son's corpse, there was anger, but also fear. When Huang Xiaolong approached, Bobby retreated backward subconsciously.

"You, what do you want?!" The Hundred Tiger City's city guards' chief captain stammered.

"Go tell Goodman to come and see me." Huang Xiaolong's face was grim.

Goodman, Hundred Tiger City's Castellán.

"Go." Finished saying this, Huang Xiaolong turned around and left.

Huang Xiaolong's silhouette nearly disappeared before Amier snapped back to his sense, he grabbed his fiancée Rihanna and hastened after Huang Xiaolong, leaving the place as if their lives depended on it.

One hour later.

Inside the Hundred Tiger City's Castellan Manor, Goodman's face was grim looking at Bobby's crippled arms and Julio's corpse laid on the floor.

A monstrous murderous intent and wrath were brewing in him, increasingly intense, drowning the entire Hundred Tiger City Castellan Manor in a suffocating atmosphere.

A human swaggered in his Hundred Tiger City, injuring his chief guard captain! And on top of that, killed a pure bloodline descendant of his Tiger Tribe!

"He said that I should go see him?" Goodman's voice soft question was steep with danger.

"That is so, Lord Goodman," Bobby answered respectfully.

"What do you think?" Goodman asked.

Bobby answered, "Without a doubt, that human is a Saint realm expert. However, I recognize all the Saint realm experts on our Ten Directions Continent, so he must be someone from the Snow Wind Continent or the Starcloud Continent, perhaps even the Bedlam Lands!"

A cold snort came from Goodman, "It seems like our Tiger Tribe has been quiet for too long, any stray dog or wild cat coming over from the Snow Wind or Starcloud Continents dares to be so presumptuous in front of us Tiger Tribe! Fine, my days have been idle as of late, I'll use this human's blood as an offering to my knife!" Goodman had already disappeared from the hall in a flicker when his last word sounded.

A moment later, Goodman was out of Hundred Tiger City, flying straight toward a hill one hundred li from the city.

At this time, on the hilltop one hundred li outside of Hundred Tiger City, Huang Xiaolong stood straight-backed. He had released his aura, trusting that Castellan Goodman was capable of finding him.

As expected, it didn't take long for sounds of wind rushing at rapid speed to enter his ears.

The person continued in Huang Xiaolong's direction, a powerful hostile energy aimed at his back.

"Tiger God Fist!"

An enormous shadow of a tiger head came roaring, a sharp energy that tore through space aimed at him.

Huang Xiaolong didn't even bother to look, he whirled around and his fist countered the attacker head on.

A resounding boom rendered the air.

The shockwaves spread out like a tornado, the trees and soil were blasted up in the air, shaking the entire small hill.

Huang Xiaolong staggered a few steps back, quickly steadying himself, whereas the attacker was repelled, landing more than a dozen meters away.

Shock was written all over Goodman's face looking at Huang Xiaolong. Just now, this young human actually took his full power punch and they resulted in a tie!

He was an early Eighth Order Saint realm expert!

Goodman became solemn after getting over his shock.

"This warrior's strength is not bad, no wonder you dare to run rampant in my Tiger Tribe's territory, killing my Tiger Tribe descendants!" Goodman stared down at Huang Xiaolong coldly, "But, no matter who you are, daring to kill my Tiger Tribe descendants has only one result, death!" Goodman raised his head, letting out a thunderous roar. A circle of golden red flames cloaked around his body.

At the same time, Goodman's body began to transform, his flesh rippled and muscles grew. One by one, tiger stripes emerged on his skin, including his face, and tiger spikes grew out on his arms and legs. A long tiger tail grew from his tailbone.

Although beastmen couldn't summon martial spirit and soul transform like the cultivators from Snow Wind and Starcloud Continents, those with a strong, pure bloodline, could revert to their beast forms.

After reverting to beast form, their power and strength multiplied, rivaling the human experts' soul transformation.

After the beast transformation, Goodman's tiger aura became more prominent and domineering as he narrowed the distance to Huang Xiaolong.

In the last moment, before he was about to pounce on the young human, a scepter appeared in Huang Xiaolong's hand. The top of the scepter had a carving of a mythical beast's head, its eyes redder than blood, exuding an old indisputable presence. In front of this ancient mythical beast's might, Goodman felt a terrifying oppression that came from the deepest part of his soul.

Goodman's face contorted with fear and disbelief, his eyes were fixed on the scepter in Huang Xiaolong's hand, shaking from head to toes, "This, this is the Beast God Scepter!"

"That's right, this is Beast God Scepter!" Huang Xiaolong admitted.

Beast God Scepter!

The true Beast God Scepter!

Goodman flushed with excitement as he prostrated, more precisely, he was hugging the great earth: "Tiger Tribe's Goodman greets Liege Lord Beast God!"

Huang Xiaolong was bewildered hearing Goodman refer to him as 'Liege Lord Beast God', but a moment later he remembered the legend saying that whoever had the Beast God Scepter was the chosen successor, the next Beast God.

It seemed to Huang Xiaolong that he had underestimated the venerable status that the Beast God held in beastmen's minds. Just now, Goodman, who was going all out wanting to kill him, prostrated before him in the blink of an eye after seeing the Beast God Scepter, instant deification.

Chapter 456: Unqualified

In fact, what Huang Xiaolong didn't know was that the Beast God Scepter contained a shred of the Beast God's aura, moreover, that year when the Beast God forged the Beast God Scepter, he included many ancient beasts' bloodlines within, the kind of oppressive nature this had on the beastmen's souls was so great that no beastman could muster any will to resist in front of the scepter.

This was the main reason why Goodman's demeanor was so respectful and prostrating with such reverence.

"On your feet." A moment later Huang Xiaolong permitted.

"Yes, Liege Lord Beast God." Only then did Goodman rise to his feet, but he still kept his head lowered in apprehension—he, he actually had the guts to attack the Liege Lord!

According to the tribe laws, this was punishable by death!

Huang Xiaolong knew what Goodman was worried about with a single glance.

"You're not at fault for not knowing." Huang Xiaolong said, "I'm just passing by Hundred Tiger City. Tomorrow, you'll go to the Sacred Tiger City with me."

Sacred Tiger City, like its name, was the Tiger Tribe's sacred city, acting as the Tiger Tribe's headquarters.

On this trip, Huang Xiaolong's purpose was to meet the Tiger Tribe's Patriarch. He decided to first subjugate the Tiger Tribe and then the rest of the beastmen tribes.

Strength wise, the Tiger Tribe was far lacking compared to the Asura's Gate, however, adding on the Lion Tribe, Wolf Tribe, and the rest of the beastmen forces, it was a force more formidable than the Cosmos God Cult!

"Yes, my Liege Lord Beast God!" Hearing that Huang Xiaolong did not blame him, Goodman's heart started beating with joy and he hurriedly acknowledged Huang Xiaolong's order.

"Let's go back to the city." Huang Xiaolong spoke.

Hence, Huang Xiaolong and Goodman made their way back to the city, to the Hundred Tiger City's Castellan Manor.

At this time, right inside the Castellan Manor, Bobby was waiting to welcome Goodman's return. Yet no matter how he waited, he failed to see Goodman through the doors, the unease in his heart grew.

The manor steward noticed Bobby's growing anxiety as he paced back and forth and said, "Captain Bobby, with Lord Goodman's strength, even if the other side was the Thunder Human King or the Ice Human King, they would still not be Lord Goodman's opponents. Therefore, fret not, maybe Lord Goodman has killed that human and is on his way back!"

Bobby nodded silently.

Barely a breath time passed after the manor steward spoke those words and their Castellan was seen striding through the doors.

Both Bobby and the manor steward were about to greet Goodman, but in that instant, they saw their Lord Castellan Goodman turn around and bend respectfully at the waist, gesturing courteously, "Liege Lord, please!"

Liege Lord, please?! Both men were dumbfounded.

Then, a black-haired young man was seen walking in.

Due to Huang Xiaolong wishing to keep the matter about him having the Beast God Scepter a secret temporarily, he only allowed Goodman to refer to him as Liege Lord in front of others.

“It’s, it’s you!” Seeing Huang Xiaolong, Bobby blurted out, anger and fear in his voice.

“Insolent!” Goodman’s backhand flew to Bobby’s cheek, sending him flying off to a corner of the hall. Falling to the floor, there was no breath left in him, dying with his eyes wide open as if he did not expect Goodman to suddenly attack him. Moreover, it was a no mercy one-hit kill.

The sudden turn of event was beyond the manor steward’s imagination, never did he imagine that the good Castellan would one day kill his own city guard chief captain.

Not only was Bobby the chief captain, he was the High Priest’s disciple. The Tiger Tribe’s High Priest possessed great clout in the Tiger Tribe.

Glancing at Bobby’s corpse from the corner of his eyes, Huang Xiaolong walked into the main hall and took the main seat without a speaking a word.

Whereas Goodman dared not sit down himself, standing straight on Huang Xiaolong’s left.

This picture caused great waves in the manor steward’s heart.

‘A human garnered this extent of respect from the Castellan?! Who exactly is this human?’

“Leave us.” Huang Xiaolong said, taking a glance at the manor steward.

Huang Xiaolong’s voice woke the steward from his private musings, but he didn’t move. Instead, he turned toward Castellan Goodman.

Sadly, the steward’s inaction brought Goodman’s ire on him, “Didn’t you hear what Liege Lord said?! Liege Lord told you to get out, roll out this instant! Remember, Liege Lord’s words are my words!”

The steward had never seen their Castellan throw this heavy a temper. Scared out of his wits, the steward quickly withdrew from the hall.

After the steward left, Huang Xiaolong inquired about the Tiger Tribe's current situation and background from Goodman.

Goodman, as one of Tiger Tribe's top ten ranking experts and the Castellan of the Hundred Tiger City, the things he was privy to were on a different level to a small captain of a minuscule tribe branch like Amier.

From Goodman's mouth, Huang Xiaolong found out that the Tiger Tribe Patriarch, Chuck, was a peak late-Tenth Order Saint realm expert. Among all the beastmen tribe experts, Chuck ranked second amongst the top ten experts.

In the whole of Tiger Tribe, including Chuck, there were a total of twenty-six Saint realm experts.

The beastmen tribes' number one spot was held by the Lion Tribe's Patriarch, Daniel, and the Lion Tribe currently had twenty-nine Saint realm experts. Their overall strength was slightly stronger than the Tiger Tribe.

On the other hand, the Wolf, Snake, Fox, and Beamon Tribes' overall strengths were lower than the Tiger Tribe's, each of them had about twenty-three to twenty-four Saint realm experts. Lower down were the Cattle Tribe, Violent Horse Tribe, Ram Tribe, and Hundred Bird Tribe, their Saint realm experts numbered around twenty.

As for the remaining tribes, the average ones had at least four Saint realm experts while the weaker tribes had two Saint realm experts in general.

Night came.

In the courtyard arranged by Goodman, Huang Xiaolong took some time to practice the Asura Sword Skill.

The Asura Sword Skill consisted of a total of eighteen moves, and Huang Xiaolong merely practiced it until the eighth move. Despite that, he was not in a rush to practice the remaining more powerful ten moves, but repeatedly went through and studied the first eight moves again, to gain new insights and comprehension.

From the Asura Sword Skill, Huang Xiaolong moved on to the Godly Xumi Art, then the Thirteen Moves of the Dragon God. By now, Huang Xiaolong no longer needed to observe the primordial divine dragon postures to practice the Thirteen Moves of the Dragon God. Therefore, he could refine all remaining ten primordial divine dragons and it wouldn't hinder his progress at all.

The night passed in solitude, slowly making way for the break of dawn.

Huang Xiaolong came out from his arranged courtyard in the morning and saw that Goodman was already waiting respectfully for him outside.

"Liege Lord Beast God!" Goodman saluted with utmost respect.

Huang Xiaolong nodded, "Let's go."

Both flew to the sky, leaving the Hundred Tiger City at rapid speed, heading toward Sacred Tiger City.

They did not rest on the way, speeding the whole journey. Three days later, Huang Xiaolong and Goodman arrived at the Sacred Tiger City. Huang Xiaolong was fine, but Goodman nearly heaved his lungs out following Huang Xiaolong's breakneck speed and no break traveling.

When they arrived at the Sacred Tiger City, Goodman had squeezed out every ounce of energy in his cells, he was dead tired like a lazy pig, nearly collapsing to slumber right in front of the Sacred Tiger City gates.

Goodman was truly exhausted. Following behind Huang Xiaolong for the entire three days' journey, he grew fearful. Three days of full speed flight, yet Huang Xiaolong remained looking dandy, Goodman even suspected that not only did Huang Xiaolong not spend much battle qi, it actually increased significantly.

After they entered the city, Huang Xiaolong told Goodman to lead him directly to the Sacred Tiger City's Castellan Manor.

One hour later, the two of them stood in front of the grand entrance to the Castellan Manor.

"Ah, it's Lord Goodman!" Several Tiger Tribe experts spotted Goodman at the entrance, in a fawning manner, each one of them hastened their steps to greet Goodman.

Goodman nodded, "Retreat to your duties, I'm here to see the Patriarch." With that, he walked in, leading Huang Xiaolong.

However, one of the experts lifted his arm blocking Huang Xiaolong's path while another faced Goodman with a difficult expression, cautiously saying, "Lord Goodman, this... is not appropriate!" Pointing at Huang Xiaolong, he continued: "You know, a human is unqualified to enter the Sacred City Manor."

Chapter 457: Rebellion & Usurpation

Unqualified!

This word caused Goodman to jump up in anger, a crisp sound rang as Goodman's heavy palm connected to the Tiger Tribe guard's face, sending his body flying out in an arch. When the guard landed on the ground, the right side of his face was swollen like an extra large pig head.

"Scram for me!" Goodman snapped sharply, exuding a whelming murderous aura.

The several Tiger Tribe guards were frightened, their faces became white with horror and they scurried off as fast as their legs could carry them.

The Tiger Tribe guard that was slapped by Goodman climbed to his feet from the ground. Toward Goodman he could only fume with anger inside, but when his gaze fell on Huang Xiaolong, the viciousness in his eyes was ill-disguised.

If it wasn't because of this lowly human, his face wouldn't be swollen like a pig head as it was now.

But Goodman turned to face Huang Xiaolong at this point with fear and reverence, "They have disrespected Liege Lord, I hope Liege Lord would be lenient and spare them!"

Liege Lord?!

The surrounding guards were wide-eyed with shock, staring at Huang Xiaolong with astonishment.

Just now, their Tiger Tribe expert Goodman referred to a human as... Liege Lord?!

"Let's go." Huang Xiaolong said to Goodman.

"Yes, Liege Lord, please!" Goodman respectfully shifted his body a little to the side, following after Huang Xiaolong as both entered the Sacred Tiger Manor.

Another great wave of shock crashed in those Tiger Tribe guards' hearts watching Goodman's brown-nosing attitude towards the human.

The half swollen pig-faced guard who was glowering at Huang Xiaolong venomously, instantly became ashen watching this scene.

Unqualified? If someone who had a person with Goodman's status refer him as Liege Lord wasn't qualified to enter the Sacred Tiger Manor, didn't that mean that Goodman himself wasn't even qualified to stand in front of the Sacred Tiger Manor?

No wonder Goodman was angered.

Walking into the Sacred Tiger Manor, Huang Xiaolong and Goodman headed straight to the front hall.

Passing through the corridors, the maids and guards would salute respectfully seeing Goodman. Inevitably, Huang Xiaolong's presence raised confusion and doubt in them. However, none of them dared to come up and hinder their way.

A short while later, both of them arrived at the front hall.

Arriving at the front hall, Goodman ushered Huang Xiaolong to the main seat. One must know, the front hall's main seat was the Tiger Tribe Patriarch Chuck's throne. As the Liege Lord Beast God of the beastmen tribe, Goodman didn't think there was anything wrong with Huang Xiaolong occupying the Tiger Tribe's throne.

"Liege Lord Beast God, I shall go inform the Patriarch, and bring the him over." Goodman said.

Huang Xiaolong nodded.

Goodman saluted before he turned around and left. But, just as he was about to step out from the front hall, an old fellow dressed in a fine brocade robe entered the front hall from outside, coincidentally running into Goodman.

This old fellow was the Sacred Tiger Manor's chief steward, Ellington. Not only was Ellington the Sacred Tiger Manor's chief steward, he was also one of Tiger Tribe's top ten experts, with strength parallel to Goodman.

However, saying that the two people's relationship wasn't harmonious was putting it mildly.

Ellington was slightly surprised running into Goodman in the Sacred Tiger Manor's front hall. He was about to speak when he caught sight of a black-haired young man sitting on the Patriarch's throne seat. This instantly enraged Ellington.

"This damn thing! Get off from there this instant!" Ellington already attacked Huang Xiaolong as he shouted.

Almost at the same time that Ellington attacked, a figure flickered, appearing between Ellington and Huang Xiaolong, dispersing Ellington's attack with a wave of his hand.

Their bodies trembled from the impact, separating from each other simultaneously.

“Goodman!” Ellington glowered at him, “What is the meaning of this? How dare you hinder me? What is this damn human doing here?! Sitting on our Tiger Tribe Patriarch’s throne!”

Goodman’s expression was aloof, “I will explain this matter to the Patriarch, there’s no need for you to trouble yourself.”

Ellington’s anger soared, fire burning in his eyes, “What you’re saying is, you are the one who brought this human into the Sacred Tiger Manor? Moreover, it was also you who allowed him to sit on the Patriarch’s throne! Goodman, you’re getting more audacious! How dare you rebel, planning an usurpation!”

Ellington instantly capped Goodman with the crime of usurpation. In any tribe, this warranted a death penalty!

“People, come!” Ellington’s angry roar echoed in the front hall.

In the blink of an eye, all the nearby guards rushed into the front hall.

“Goodman is planning to usurp the Patriarch! Capture him! As for that human, kill him on the spot!” Ellington pointed at Goodman and Huang Xiaolong.

The guards exchanged glances amongst themselves, but no one dared to step up to apprehend Goodman.

Disregarding two of Goodman’s identities as a Tiger Tribe’s ranked expert and Hundred Tiger City’s Castellan, Goodman was also an Elder of the Tiger Tribe. Even given a hundred guts, they still wouldn’t dare to offend Goodman unless it was the Patriarch who gave the command.

Furthermore, Goodman and Ellington’s discord was no big secret. As small-time guards, none of them wanted to be pulled into the rivalry between them.

Although the Tiger Tribe guards dared not act against Goodman, they were still angered seeing Huang Xiaolong sitting on the Patriarch's throne. The throne seat was their Tiger Tribe's sacred position, only their Tiger Tribe's Patriarch was qualified to sit on the throne. Now, there was actually a human sitting on it, this was blasphemy! A stain!

All the guards focused their attacks on Huang Xiaolong instead.

Seeing this, Goodman wanted to stop them, but was entangled by Ellington.

In that split second, Ellington saw the young human sitting on the throne lift his palm, and with turn of his wrist, glowing aureate rings flashed through the air. All the guards' actions were halted.

Ellington was astounded. He could tell that this move wasn't a Saint realm expert's space manipulation, but a kind of battle skill.

Huang Xiaolong used the God Binding Palm to keep the Tiger Tribe's guards in place, then he clenched his fist and sent a Great Void Divine Fist at Ellington. Alarmed, Ellington raised his arm in panic to defend against Huang Xiaolong's sudden attack.

A booming collision shook the front hall, fierce energy shockwaves forced Ellington to stagger to the edge of the front hall.

Falling at such a disadvantage against a human was great humiliation in Ellington's eyes.

"Who dares to cause trouble in my Sacred Tiger Manor!" An angry, majestic voice suddenly rang out in the front hall. From a distance away, a figure with overwhelming power was seen whistling through the air at rapid speed.

A second later, that figure landed in the front hall, tremors rippled across the ground as if a heavy mountain had dropped on it.

This person was none other than the Tiger Tribe's Patriarch, Chuck, a peak late-Tenth Order Saint realm expert!

As soon as Chuck arrived, a suffocating pressure washed over Huang Xiaolong.

“Patriarch!” Both Goodman and Ellington hurried forward to greet Chuck’s arrival.

Chuck nodded, “What is happening here?” His gaze was directed at the many guards that were frozen in place.

“Patriarch, this human was brought inside the Sacred Tiger Manor by Goodman. When I just arrived in the front hall, I saw this human sitting on the throne.” Before Goodman could speak, Ellington seized the chance to speak first: “I was about to behead this human as punishment, but Goodman tried to stop me instead!”

“Is that right?” Chuck looked at Goodman, a sharp glint in his eyes.

If Goodman failed to give him a satisfactory explanation for this. Even taking into consideration all of Goodman’s merits to the tribe these years, he would not hesitate to take it to himself to kill these two on the spot!

Goodman did not say anything by way of explanation, he merely turned toward Huang Xiaolong.

This small action doubled, tripled the killing intent in Chuck’s heart.

At this point in time, Chuck saw the young human take out a cane-like scepter. From the scepter, he could feel an immense coercive pressure that struck at the core of his soul, originating from days of old.

Ellington too felt the same immense pressure.

Taking out the Beast God Scepter, Huang Xiaolong stabbed it into the floor.

The whole Sacred Tiger Manor trembled. With the Beast God Scepter as the epicenter, deep fissures lined the ground surface in all directions and continued to extend further out. One after another, images of mythical beasts flew out from the Beast God Scepter.

Chapter 458: I Object!

The images of the ancient mythical beasts roared skyward, enveloping the entire manor space with terrifying pressure.

Chuck, Ellington, Goodman, and the guards nearby felt unprecedented fear from their souls.

“Beast, Beast God Scepter!!!” A tremor could be heard in Chuck’s voice, both his legs gave out, falling into a kneel on both knees.

A thunderclap boomed in Ellington’s mind, falling to his knees and shivering from head to toe.

The Beast God’s Scepter!

The legendary, supreme sacrament of their beastmen tribes!

When he subjugated Goodman, Huang Xiaolong found out from Goodman’s mouth that the Beast God Scepter contained a coercive pressure that affected on their souls. That stoked his curiosity to study the Beast God Scepter.

Later, he discovered that inside the mythical beast head carving on the beast God Scepter, there were actually sealed souls of ancient beasts. As long as he pierced through the seal around the mythical beast head carving, those ancient beasts’ souls would fly out. At that time, the bloodline contained inside the Beast God Scepter would be stimulated to the fullest!

When both the ancient beast souls and bloodline inside the Beast God Scepter were stimulated, its repressive power over the beastmen was absolute.

Huang Xiaolong watched with detachment at the people kneeling down before him; Chuck, Ellington, and Goodman. Then, he slowly walked toward the three people, stopping right in front of Ellington.

Without a word, Huang Xiaolong raised the Beast God Scepter in his hand and stabbed into Ellington's chest. Just like the collision with mountain at rapid speed, Ellington's body rebounded back in screaming agony.

Even so, Ellington hastily postured himself in a kneeling posture, not bothering to wipe away the blood flowing from his mouth, kowtowing to Huang Xiaolong, "Mercy, Liege Lord Beast God!" Fear seeped into his voice as he cried for mercy.

As the second strongest person amongst the beastmen present, Chuck's heart trembled, yet he dared not move nor speak.

"What did you say just now? Rebellion and usurpation?" Huang Xiaolong questioned coldly.

"I didn't know it was Liege Lord Beast God!" Ellington wailed, "I deserve to die, I deserve to die!" He persistently knocked his head against the hard floor, "Please, I beg Liege Lord Beast God to show mercy on me once!"

Huang Xiaolong snorted in reply and turned to Chuck.

Chuck's heart tightened nervously.

Step by step, Huang Xiaolong moved closer to Chuck, stopping in front of him. The Beast God Scepter in Huang Xiaolong's hand was glowing softly, the eyes of the mythical beast head carving were shining a scarlet red.

Beads of sweat trickled down Chuck's forehead.

"Rise." Huang Xiaolong finally said.

The tensed atmosphere in the front hall immediately relaxed.

Both Chuck and Ellington felt like they had just survived the greatest ordeal of their lives. Only after saying thanks in gratitude did they dare to stand up.

The three lined up in an orderly manner on one side.

Looking at the group of Tiger Tribe guards, a flash of purple shone in Huang Xiaolong's pupils, multiple purple lights shining from the character 'soul' entered those guards' consciousnesses through the center of their eyebrows.

"I just erased their memory of today's event, order them to retreat." Huang Xiaolong said to Chuck. For now, he didn't wish for too many people to know his identity, which was why Huang Xiaolong erased the Tiger Tribe guards' memories.

Chuck, Ellington, and Goodman were shocked.

Erased memories! This was something that very few God Realm masters could do!

"Yes, Liege Lord Beast God!" Chuck recovered the fastest among the three, acknowledging Huang Xiaolong's order respectfully. He sent the guards away, strictly stressing that without his expressed order, no one was allowed to come close to the front hall.

After all the guards left the front hall, the three beastmen remaining stood quietly, no one dared to utter a sound.

Huang Xiaolong pointed at the throne seat at the center, "Can I sit now?"

Chuck and Ellington nearly jumped out of their skins at that question.

"Liege Lord Beast God, sit, please sit, please sit!" Chuck and Ellington started to speak in a loop.

Finally, Huang Xiaolong sat down.

“Chuck, pass the order, all Tiger Tribe’s Saint realm experts are to converge in the Sacred Tiger City.” Huang Xiaolong ordered, once he reined in those Tiger Tribe’s Saint realm experts, the Tiger Tribe would be under his control.

“As you ordered, Liege Lord!” Chuck complied, bowing slightly in salute.

Chuck immediately carried out the task, sending orders to all Tiger Tribe’s Saint realm experts to assemble in Sacred Tiger Manor as soon as possible. Moreover, the last one to arrive would be subjected to the tribe law punishment.

With just one order from Chuck, all the Tiger Tribe’s Saint realm experts made haste, speeding to the Sacred Tiger Manor.

One of the Tiger Tribe Saint realm experts was just displaying the prowess of his ‘tiger whip’ when he received the order, and his ‘tiger whip’ instantly shrunk and deflated.

Three days later, all the Tiger Tribe’s Saint realm experts had rushed over. The last one to arrive was the Tiger Tribe’s High Priest, Leibert.

When the Tiger Tribe’s Saint realm experts had assembled, Chuck called everyone into the front hall.

The floor that cracked three days earlier under Huang Xiaolong’s Beast God Scepter had already been repaired, no clues could be seen of the damages it suffered just days prior.

What confused those Saint realm experts was that today, their Tiger Tribe Patriarch did not sit on the throne like he always did, but on a newly added seat down from the throne.

In silence, everyone exchanged a doubtful look amongst themselves.

What is happening here?

Also, why did their Patriarch had them assemble in such a hurry?!

An awkward silence filled the air, though many were doubtful and surprised, no one asked.

“Patriarch, I have something to report.” A moment later, taking the first seat on the left, High Priest Leibert stood up and said, breaking the silence. “Some days ago, a human trespassed into my disciple Bobby’s residence, even breaking both of my disciple’s arms. Who knew that after the matter, Goodman actually sided with the human and killed my disciple!”

“Goodman favored outsiders, joining hands with them to kill my disciple. I implore Patriarch to mete out punishment to Goodman according to the tribe law!”

Leibert’s eyes looked at Goodman, filled with intense hatred as he said this.

Bobby was his proudest disciple and had hopes of advancing into the Saint realm.

This news stirred the present Saint realm experts, those who were loggerheads with Goodman had gloating expressions on their faces.

When everyone thought that Goodman would receive punishment without a doubt, Chuck waved his hand, “I’m aware of this matter, we’ll discuss this matter in the future. Leibert, I have stated in my order, gathering all of you here, whoever arrived last would receive punishment.”

This was like a bolt out of the blue.

Discuss in the future? But everyone could tell from the Patriarch’s tone that Goodman wouldn't be punished!

Goodman was pardoned, but Leibert was to be punished! Just because he was the last one to arrive.

“Patriarch, you...!” Leibert looked at Chuck in disbelief, even wondering if he had heard wrongly just now.

Chuck continued, "Considering the many merits you have contributed to the Tiger Tribe, after the meeting, you'll be imprisoned in the poison dungeon for one year."

Poison dungeon!

Everyone drew in a cold breath.

The poison dungeon was the Tiger Tribe's most terrifying prison. Inside it lived various different kinds of poisonous worms and insects. After being bitten by those poisonous insects, one wouldn't die, but the pain was excruciating.

Leibert was shocked and angry, "Patriarch, I object!"

"Object?" A cold voice interjected from outside, then everyone saw a young human walking into the hall.

The group of Tiger Tribe Saint realm experts was stunned.

"Insolent! Who allowed you to enter into the Sacred Tiger Manor!" Seeing a human entering the hall, a Tiger Tribe Saint realm expert bellowed, but right when he was about to attack, the corner of his eye saw the Patriarch, Ellington, and Goodman rise to their feet respectfully and hurried before this young human. "Liege Lord!"

Liege Lord?!

Everyone was dumbstruck.

Chapter 459: I Support Leibert!

Huang Xiaolong walked to the Tiger Tribe throne and sat down.

At that moment, the Tiger Tribe Saint realm experts realized that today, their Patriarch's throne seat was reserved for this human.

After he sat down, Huang Xiaolong scanned the Tiger Tribe experts.

Without Huang Xiaolong's expressed permission, Chuck dared not sit, and seeing their Patriarch standing, the Tiger Tribe Saint realm experts dared not sit either.

Finally, Huang Xiaolong's gaze fell on the Tiger Tribe High Priest, Leibert, saying, "I'm the one who killed your disciple."

The sudden admittance was a shock to everyone.

Leibert looked at Chuck and then at Goodman. Then he sneered facing Chuck, "So, it's like this; Goodman aided a human outsider to kill my disciple, but not only you did not punish him, you even tried to imprison me instead! So you and Goodman have surrendered to a human!"

Leibert turned towards the assembled Tiger Tribe Saint realm experts, "Everyone, you all have seen it with your own eyes, Chuck betrayed our Tiger Tribe, surrendering under a human, he is no longer qualified to be our Tiger Tribe's Patriarch! I suggest the removal of Chuck from his Patriarch position, and the imprisonment of Chuck, Goodman, and Ellington on the crime of treason!"

According to the Tiger Tribe's law, if more than sixty percent of tribe experts agreed, they could remove the Patriarch from his position.

As the Tiger Tribe's High Priest, Leibert had a significant amount of influence within the tribe, only second to Chuck. He had many supporters amongst the tribe's experts which were also the main reason why he dared to do as such at this moment.

As expected, barely a moment after Leibert spoke, a Tiger Tribe Saint realm expert, Parson, stepped forward, "That's right! Chuck, as our Tiger Tribe Patriarch, actually humbled himself to a human, this is a sin of betrayal to our Tiger Tribe, deserving death! He's not qualified to be our Tiger Tribe's Patriarch, I suggest that Chuck be removed and have Leibert lead our tribe as the Patriarch from now on!"

"I second that, strength wise Leibert is as strong as Chuck. In recent years, Leibert has annihilated the Devil Scorpion Tribe and had the Sky Ant Tribe surrender under our Tiger Tribe, all these are meritorious

deeds for our Tiger Tribe. In my opinion, only Leibert is qualified to be our Patriarch!" Another Saint realm expert Dunham stated.

All in all, there were twelve people agreeing.

A feeling of proud complacency swirled in Leibert's heart, throwing a provocative look toward Chuck.

He had twelve people's votes, thirteen including himself. If he had sixteen people on his side, that would surpass the required sixty percent, he merely needed three more votes.

The remaining Saint realm experts exchanged looks amongst themselves.

In fact, those Tiger Tribe Saint realm experts had been Chuck's avid supporters, however, now that Chuck allied himself under a human, it greatly disappointed them. Not to mention the uncomfortable feeling in their hearts.

For in their eyes, a human's status was at the lowest rung, yet their Patriarch actually served under a human now!

"Patriarch, you, really surrendered to this human?" A Saint realm expert named Bass that has always stood by Chuck questioned.

"Correct." Chuck calmly answered.

Bass was extremely disappointed hearing the answer.

"Chuck, then I am sorry. I support Leibert as our Tiger Tribe's Patriarch!" Bass stated, his reference to Chuck has already changed.

Inwardly, Leibert was somersaulting with joy as he glanced at Chuck, now, he only needed two more people to support him, then he would be the Tiger Tribe's new Patriarch.

“I also support Leibert!” Another Saint realm expert declared.

Only one more!

The smile on Leibert’s face has begun to bloom yet Chuck remained unperturbed by the situation and the smile on Leibert’s face.

“I’ll also support Leibert!” Another Tiger Tribe Saint realm expert declared.

The smile on Leibert bloomed, turning into a hearty laugh, “I thank everyone! Please rest assured, after taking the Patriarch position, I will strive to make our Tiger Tribe the beastmen’s first tribe!” He proclaimed with beaming confidence.

He then turned to Chuck with a cold snicker, “I have sixteen people supporting me, meaning that I am the new Patriarch! Chuck, you actually submitted to a human that colluded with Goodman to kill my disciple, your punishment shall be imprisonment in the Poison Dungeon for one hundred years!”

One hundred years!

Everyone had an unnatural expression on their faces.

One year inside the Poison Dungeon was already a living nightmare, compared to the excruciating torture of being imprisoned there for a hundred years, death was a better option by far. Leibert was retaliating against Chuck for wanting to imprison him in the Poison Dungeon for a year.

Huang Xiaolong watched the whole farce calmly without interjecting a word the entire time.

After stating Chuck, Goodman, and Ellington’s punishment, Leibert’s sharp gaze was fixed on Huang Xiaolong. “Punk, how dare you kill my disciple! On top of that, a lowly human is so brazen as to sit on our Tiger Tribe’s throne! But, don’t worry, I won’t let you die so easily, I will throw you into the Poison Dungeon, for all eternity till the day you wish for death!”

“Guards, capture this lowly human for me!”

“Yes, Patriarch!” Immediately, Parson and Dunham who were standing beside Leibert acknowledged loudly and leaped forward, wanting to capture Huang Xiaolong. However, just as the two of them acted, three silhouettes moved to block in front of them.

This stunned everyone.

“Chuck, what are you three trying to do?!” Leibert glared angrily, “At this stage, you still refuse to yield?!”

The three who blocked Parson and Dunham were none other than Chuck, Goodman, and Ellington.

Chuck looked coldly at Leibert, “Leibert, you will regret this in a little while!”

Leibert laughed in anger, “Regret? You say I will regret? Chuck, if the three of you insist to go against me, then don’t blame me if I order for your immediate execution as traitors!”

A murderous aura flowed from Leibert’s body.

Everyone could clearly tell that if Chuck, Goodman, and Ellington continued to hinder him, Leibert would not hesitate to give out the ‘execution on the spot’ order.

“The three of you retreat.” Suddenly, Huang Xiaolong who has been keeping silence the entire time spoke.

The three complied and retreated to the side.

This drew everyone’s attention on Huang Xiaolong.

Leibert sneered watching this, he really wanted to see what this lowly human would do next; kneel down in front of him and beg for mercy? Or try to escape?

But in the next moment, a light flashed in the human's hand and a cane-like scepter appeared in his palm. This scepter actually made him feel a sliver of fear deep in his soul.

This is...?!

Huang Xiaolong took out the Beast God Scepter and imbued it with battle qi. Just like three days ago, he stabbed the scepter into the floor, releasing a powerful energy shockwave in all directions. Countless images of ancient mythical beasts flew out, the whole Beast God Scepter was glimmering in a red glow.

Fear filled Leibert, Parson, Dunham, and the rest of the Saint realm experts.

“Beast, Beast God Scepter!”

A voice exclaimed, and in a split second, those Saint realm experts were on their knees.

The Beast God Scepter!

Leibert felt something exploded in his mind, barely able to think straight.

This human actually possessed their beastmen's holy sacrament, then, that means—Beast God! Their beastmen tribes' Beast God!

Leibert's face was drained of all color, trembling.

By this point, all the Tiger Tribe Saint realm experts finally understood why Chuck, Ellington, and Goodman submitted to this human. Why Goodman would kill Leibert's disciple, why Chuck punished Leibert instead!

It wasn't because those three were out of their minds.

Chapter 460: Beastmen Tribes Congregation

All the Tiger Tribe Saint realm experts that supported Leiber earlier turned paler by the second, large beads of sweat flowed down their foreheads, especially the two who listened to Leibert's instruction to capture Huang Xiaolong, Parson, and Dunham.

Irreversible regret hit them too late as they recalled the words Chuck said to Leibert just moments ago: You will regret this!

Huang Xiaolong continued to channel battle qi into the Beast God Scepter, pushing the power of the scepter to the fullest. The coercive pressure felt by the Tiger Tribe Saint realm experts increased greatly, as if an insurmountable mountain crushed on their bodies.

The pressure continued, and right when it felt like they couldn't bear even a second more, Huang Xiaolong finally stopped infusing the Beast God Scepter with his battle qi. The immense pressure exuded by the scepter instantly vanished from the front hall.

All the Saint realm experts heaved and panted breathlessly, an inch from collapsing.

Huang Xiaolong slowly approached Leibert.

Leibert's face was pale green, drained of blood. There was only unspeakable fear imprisoning his body.

Huang Xiaolong raised the Beast God Scepter and stabbed the other end into Leibert's chest, exactly as Ellington's experience three days prior. Leibert flew out without any resistance after he was struck on the chest by the scepter.

Witnessing this scene, the others shivered from the core.

"Beast, Liege Lord Beast God, have mercy!" Leibert pleaded many times over.

Huang Xiaolong approached him again and Leibert was struck again with the scepter on the chest.

A loud blast resounded and hearts clenched with apprehension while Leibert's body was sent flying again.

Huang Xiaolong approached, meting another strike. This time, Leibert couldn't get up anymore.

The Beast God Scepter held a portion of the previous Beast God's power, a light stroke on a beastman's body was enough to inflict a grave injury on them, not to mention those three strikes from Huang Xiaolong were doled out with a heavy hand.

As the Tiger Tribe's High Priest, his strength rivaled Chuck as the second strongest person within the ranks of Tiger Tribe, but despite that, before Huang Xiaolong, he failed to muster even a shred of resistance.

It short, to Huang Xiaolong, Leibert was no different than a weak Xiantian realm warrior.

The gazes directed at Huang Xiaolong from around the hall were anything but simple fear.

Huang Xiaolong's expression didn't change much, "Leibert's High Priest position will be removed, then he shall be imprisoned in the Poison Dungeon for three years! After three years, further decisions will be made if he repents!"

Hearing his life being decided, Leibert struggled to get to his feet, bowing respectfully to Huang Xiaolong, "This one thank the Liege Lord Beast God for sparing this one's life!" To Leibert, Huang Xiaolong's willingness to spare his life was the biggest exoneration.

He dared not bear any complaints in his heart.

"I do not wish a word of what happened today to get out!" Huang Xiaolong scanned the group of Tiger Tribe Saint realm experts, whoever dared to leak a word out, the result would be death by the Beast God Scepter! Murderous intent surged in the air.

Chuck and the others quickly complied feeling the overwhelming murderous aura coming from Huang Xiaolong.

It was clear to everyone that Huang Xiaolong did not wish for his Beast God identity to be exposed at this time.

Ordering the guards to bring Leibert away, Huang Xiaolong once again sat on the throne seat in the hall while the Tiger Tribe experts were still on their knees.

“Stand up.” The permission finally came.

Feeling like their lives were pardoned, the experts stood up respectfully after giving their thanks.

“Sit.” Huang Xiaolong commanded.

At Huang Xiaolong’s command, everyone took a seat.

Organizing his thoughts, Huang Xiaolong said, “I need Dragon God Grass, who among you has Dragon God Grass or know of its whereabouts?”

With these Saint realms experts under his command, Huang Xiaolong wasn’t in a hurry to control the whole Tiger Tribe. For him, the most crucial was still to enhance his own strength.

“Liege Lord needs Dragon God Grass?” Chuck stood up hearing that, venturing with caution, “This little one has three stalks of Dragon God Grass.” With that said, Chuck took out all three Dragon God Grass from his spatial ring, offering them up with both hands to Huang Xiaolong.

From the other Saint realm experts, another three people stood up, respectfully offering up the Dragon God Grass in their possession.

In total, Huang Xiaolong collected ten stalks.

Ten stalks, this would allow Huang Xiaolong to refine another primordial divine dragon!

Huang Xiaolong was happy, he didn't expect that a casual question without harboring much hope would really result in people with Dragon God Grass appearing!

"Wonderful, wonderful!" Putting away the ten stalks Dragon God Grass, Huang Xiaolong was in a generous mood, "I'm a person that's fair in punishment and reward, Chuck, these three Dragon Blood Crystals are yours!" Huang Xiaolong said as he took out three pieces of Dragon Blood Crystals.

Everyone was flabbergasted looking at the three pieces of lustrous ruby red crystal falling into Chuck's hands.

Dragon Blood Crystal! Heated gazes filled the hall.

Dragon Blood Crystals contained the Dragon Clan's blood essence and true dragon essence, one could imagine the benefits for beastmen in their cultivation!

"No no no, Liege Lord, how could I receive your Dragon Blood Crystals!" Chuck shook his head and waved his hand to decline after regaining his senses.

"Keep it!" Huang Xiaolong waved his hand with irrefutable authority.

Seeing this, Chuck no longer refuse. Giving his thanks to Huang Xiaolong, Chuck put away the three pieces of Dragon Blood Crystals.

Huang Xiaolong also rewarded the other three people according to the number of Dragon God Grass given.

All three were delighted, giving their thanks profusely.

"Liege Lord Beast God, this subordinate knows a place that has Dragon God Grass." Ellington stood up to report.

“Are you referring to Poison Dragon Valley?” Huang Xiaolong asked.

Ellington answered with respect, “Yes, Liege Lord Beast God.” Then Ellington continued to describe the situation inside the Poison Dragon Valley. Similar to Shi Fantian’s description, he mainly emphasized the various and many poisonous insects and creatures, thus its danger.

Other Tiger Tribe Saint realm experts that had knowledge of the Poison Dragon Valley also shared their experiences with Huang Xiaolong.

From them, Huang Xiaolong also understood the Tiger Tribe’s position amongst other beastmen tribes.

It was half a day later when Huang Xiaolong excused everyone from the front hall, leaving only Chuck, setting him to some tasks. In the end, he informed Chuck that he would enter closed-door practice for some time, and without his expressed permission, no one was allowed to disturb him.

Chuck heeded each of Huang Xiaolong’s orders to the letter.

With things settled, Huang Xiaolong began his closed-door practiced in a secluded courtyard on the manor grounds.

Sitting cross-legged in the center of the Ten Buddha Formation in the Xumi Temple, Huang Xiaolong swallowed eight stalks of Dragon God Grass in one go.

This time, Huang Xiaolong planned to refine the white dragon.

Like the black dragon, the white dragon’s strength ranked in the middle amongst the thirteen primordial divine dragon corpses that Huang Xiaolong had. The black dragon controlled the power of darkness while the white dragon ruled the element of light.

When darkness and light blend with each other, like fire and water, it would bring unimaginable benefits to Huang Xiaolong’s enlightenment in cultivation.

Half a year passed by.

Compared to the Tiger Tribe's usual demeanor, this half a year, their behavior seemed reined in, even with other tribes' provocations, the Tiger Tribe took a step back instead. This made the other tribes feel that something was strange.

In the Lion Tribe's headquarters in Alpha Lion City's Castellan Manor, the Lion Tribe's reigning Patriarch, Andrew, was pacing back and forth with a stern, contemplative expression on his face. His actions halted all of a sudden, speaking to his steward, Andy, "Andy, how do you see the Tiger Tribe's behavior for the last six months?"

"This subordinate is also very much baffled. However, this subordinate thinks that this matter is very likely related to the assembly of all Tiger Tribe's Saint realm experts that Chuck summoned half a year ago." Andy continued in a solemn voice, "This subordinate also found out that Chuck sentenced Leibert to three years of imprisonment inside the Poison Dungeon!"

Andrew sneered, "Regardless of what Chuck and the Tiger Tribe are plotting, our plans remain unchanged, the Beastmen Tribes Congregation shall take place in two months' time."

Andy reported, "The Wolf Tribe, Snake Tribe, and the Fox Tribe have agreed to ally with us, this time in the Beastmen Tribes Congregation, Patriarch will definitely be elected as the new Beast God, uniting all the beastmen, with glorious deeds that will be passed on for generations!"

Andrew showed a satisfied smile and nodded.

At this time, inside the Xumi Temple, the white dragon's essence rushed into Huang Xiaolong's body. He finally broke through to Seventh Order Saint realm.

Another month passed. Huang Xiaolong had fully refined and absorbed the blood and true dragon essence of the white dragon.