

## Conqueror 781

### Chapter 781: Are You Stronger Than He Feifan?

When Jiang Hanzhi saw that the second person who leaped onto the battle stage was the Azure Dragon Institute's Lu Cong, shock flickered past his face, but quickly resumed his calm composure.

He looked coldly at Lu Cong, "So it's Brother Lu Cong, I've heard that Brother Lu Cong's Ten Thousand Words Dharani is the most powerful sound wave technique of the ancient times. Today's a good day to see its prowess with my own eyes."

Jiang Hanzhi had always been uncomfortable with the fact that Lu Cong's ranking on the Highgod Advancement List was higher than his.

In the last hundreds of years, he had secluded himself in cultivation and had encountered quite a few fortuitous events that caused his strength to improve by leaps and bounds. He was confident that, with his current strength, he was more than qualified to sit firmly in the top three of the Highgod Advancement List.

Today, in front of these masters from different galaxies and forces, he, Jiang Hanzhi, would awe them with his true strength.

Lu Cong detected the flavorful provocation laced within Jiang Hanzhi's words. His indifferent face suddenly broke into a boyish grin, "Since you can't wait to experience the power of my Ten Thousand Words Dharani, I definitely will not leave you disappointed."

Jiang Hanzhi's gaze turned icy. Not saying another word, ink-black strands of energy surged out from his body, turning into ink-colored clouds floating around him.

"This is the Jiang Family's Hell Frost Tactic!"

"Looks like this Jiang Hanzhi has already cultivated the Hell Frost Tactic to the ninth level, forming hellfrost force!"

The guests below talked amongst themselves in surprise.

While the guests talked and whispered, up on the stage, with Jiang Hanzhi as the focal point, layers and layers of black ice formed on the battle stage, spreading out to cover every corner. In the blink of an eye, the black ice had already arrived at Lu Cong's feet.

Lu Cong glanced down and a sudden vibrating force burst out from his feet. Rays of golden light continued to advance forward like a rippling water surface. Before the rippling golden light, Jiang Hanzhi's hellfrost force and black ice could no longer come within ten zhang from Lu Cong.

Jiang Hanzhi's eyes narrowed, but inwardly, he was shocked. He had heard that once a person's Ten Thousand Words Dharani technique reached four thousand words, they would be able to accumulate word power and be invincible amongst cultivators of the same level.

'That golden light earlier, was that word power? Does that mean Lu Cong can already use four thousand words?!

The spectating guests were also discussing the same thing that crossed Jiang Hanzhi's mind.

"Word power! That Lu Cong has already learned four thousand words of the Ten Thousand Words Dharani!"

"It is said that anyone able to accumulate word power is invincible below the Highgod Realm!"

"The word power is comparable to a Highgod Realm master's godforce!"

Lu Cong smiled brightly as the words from the guests below entered his ears. Looking at Jiang Hanzhi, he said, "Although your Ice Frost Tactic isn't weak, your cultivation has yet to reach the tenth major completion level, thus you're not my opponent. Jiang Hanzhi, there's still time if you retreat from the stage now."

Jiang Hanzhi's expression turned ugly, bellowing with anger. The ink-black clouds around him shook as he instantly closed in on Lu Cong, swinging out his fist for the kill.

Inky-black clouds flew forward as the horrifying force from Jiang Hanzhi's fist landed on Lu Cong's chest. At the same time, one could hear faint ghostly cries.

"That's the ancient Witchghost Sect's Witchghost Fist!" Someone exclaimed out loud recognizing the force blast out by Jiang Hanzhi's fist.

"Witchghost Fist?! It is said that any person below the Highgod Realm struck by the Witchghost Fist would be tormented by thousands of ghosts clinging on their body while the ghosts devour their soul, dying in excruciating pain!" Another person shrieked.

The other guests felt goosebumps on their necks.

Even the Azure Dragon Institute Qin Yi was stunned watching Jiang Hanzhi display the ancient Witchghost Fist.

As Lu Cong watched the inky-black clouds rolling toward him, he dared not be careless. Blinding golden lights burst out from his body, then he opened his mouth and spat out many mysterious ancient symbols.

Each ancient symbol was like a small golden mountain, emitting a whelming golden light.

The mysterious golden symbols clashed with the Witchghost Fist force. The shockwaves caused the battle stage to sway and shake as a resounding blast rang out.

Both the golden symbols and the Witchghost Fist force dissipated.

Lu Cong staggered several steps back, whereas Jiang Hanzhi wobbled unsteadily more than a dozen steps. His face paled.

The instant Lu Cong steadied himself, he opened his mouth once again. This time, the golden symbols flying out were no longer individually separated, instead, they formed bright golden spheres that shot toward Jiang Hanzhi. Hairline cracks appeared in the space around the battle stage.

Jiang Hanzhi's face tightened. The inky-black clouds around him converged and solidified, turning into a pitch black armor on his body.

Below the stage, not a ripple appeared in Huang Xiaolong's face as he watched Lu Cong and Jiang Hanzhi's battle.

Although the strength they displayed was startling, in Huang Xiaolong's eyes, they were akin to two slightly bigger children playing roughly with each other.

Their strength was far worse compared to Wan Long, the first-ranked on the Highgod Advancement List.

On the stage above the battle continued, but the more Huang Xiaolong watched, the more boring and dull he felt it was.

At the end, after a hundred moves, Jiang Hanzhi lost by falling out of the battle stage.

Out from the stage, Jiang Hanzhi glared at Lu Cong still standing on the stage above. Even though he was a hundred times unwilling, there was nothing else he could do but wipe off the bloodstains from his mouth and return to standing behind the Jiang Family Patriarch.

Lu Cong stood tall on the stage, not bothering to lessen his momentum, he was calm yet domineering, "Who else wants to experience the power of this Lu's Ten Thousand Words Dharani?"

But no disciples dared to enter the battle stage.

Although ten Amethyst Water Droplet Divine Pills were tempting, who could say they'd still be alive like Jiang Hanzhi when they would be kicked out from the stage.

Seeing that no one dared to enter the stage, Lu Cong's head tilted slightly in Huang Xiaolong's direction, his voice clear as day, "Could it be that no one from the Black Warrior Institute dares to come up? If that is so, I really want to thank you for sending twenty thousand high divine grade spirit stones to our Azure Dragon Institute so easily"

“After witnessing how powerful Senior Brother Lu Cong’s Ten Thousand Word Dharani, I think those from the Black Warrior Institute have already pissed their pants. Who would dare to compete with Senior Brother Lu Cong?” At this point, an Azure Dragon Institute Grand Elder said.

“I totally agree. I didn’t expect that Huang Xiaolong to be foolish to this extent, giving away twenty thousand high divine grade spirit stones to us for nothing!” Another Azure Dragon Grand Elder chimed in.

The two Grand Elders chatted between themselves as if no one could hear, but the guests present were at least Tenth Order God Realm, not a word could escape their ears.

Liu Yun was enraged, but just as he was about to fly up to the stage, Huang Xiaolong’s arm stopped him saying, “It’s just a Lu Cong, there’s no need for Eldest Senior Apprentice-brother to go up. It’s sufficient if I go.”

Feng Yang, Liu Yun, Qi Wen, and even Chen Yang were stunned.

Feng Yang looked at Huang Xiaolong, moments later he slowly nodded: “Be careful.”

“Master, please rest assured.” Huang Xiaolong respectfully replied and then turned around. In a flicker, he was already on the stage.

When all the guests saw that the person the Black Warrior Institute sent was actually Huang Xiaolong, they were astonished.

Saint Mother Yao Chi’s charming eyes lit up when she saw Huang Xiaolong on stage, several thoughts crossed her mind.

The Azure Dragon Institute Principal was sneering inwardly.

On the stage, Lu Cong smiled at Huang Xiaolong while shaking his head, “Huang Xiaolong, I really admire your courage, daring to come up here despite knowing you’re no match for me.”

The Azure Dragon Institute people below burst out laughing.

Huang Xiaolong remained calm, "Initially, I wanted to spare your life, but now it looks like you threw this chance away."

Lu Cong and the guests below were stumped hearing Huang Xiaolong's arrogant words.

Lu Cong was laughing in Huang Xiaolong's face, his eyes filled with cold pity.

"Huang Xiaolong, sometimes it's really hard for me not to admit that you really have a talent for comedy." Lu Cong stopped ceased laughing, looking meaningfully at Huang Xiaolong, "You said that you initially wanted to spare my life? Even He Feifan who has broken through to Highgod Realm doesn't dare to say that he could kill me, do you think you're stronger than He Feifan?"

Chapter 782: LateTenth Order God Realm?!

When Lu Cong questioned Huang Xiaolong if he was stronger than the Highgod Realm He Feifan, the Azure Dragon Institute disciples below broke out in laughter. The other families' disciples were also laughing out loud.

The vast gap between the two was too obvious.

Even before He Feifan broke through to Highgod Realm, he was already ranked second on the Highgod Advancement List.

Now that he had stepped into the Highgod Realm, his strength surpassed the average Highgod Realm master. Based on He Feifan's talent, his current strength was closer to a mid-First Order Highgod Realm master.

Although Huang Xiaolong was also extremely talented, how long had he been cultivating for? How could he hold a candle to He Feifan?

Huang Xiaolong ignored the waves of ridiculing laughter coming from below, calmly facing Lu Cong, “You first.”

At Huang Xiaolong’s words, Lu Cong and the Azure Dragon Institute disciples laughed even louder.

“Are you sure you want to let me make the first move?” Lu Cong beamed as he asked Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong did not say another word, releasing his aura. Overwhelming energy waves swept out from the stage.

Those laughing Azure Dragon Institute disciples and other family disciples’ laughter choked in their throats, their eyes bulged staring at Huang Xiaolong.

“Late-Tenth Order God Realm?! How is that possible?”

“That Huang Xiaolong’s actually a late-Tenth Order God Realm! How long has he been cultivating for? A bit more than a hundred years! This, this, what is this?!”

“A little over a hundred years and he already reached late-Tenth Order God Realm, this is unprecedented in the four galaxies! Perhaps no one else will be able to do this in the future! This kind of talent is too terrifying! If given another few decades, doesn’t that mean he’s going to break through to Highgod Realm?! Breaking through to Highgod Realm in less than two hundred years?!”

The guests below were masters from the four galaxies, but quite a few Ancestors and Patriarchs jumped to their feet in a daze.

This matter was too shocking.

The Azure Dragon Institute Principal Qin Yi’s heart missed a beat, his astonishment showing clearly on his face.

It was a long time later before Lu Cong regained his calm, although his complicated emotions were still obvious in his eyes as he looked at Huang Xiaolong, saying slowly, "No wonder you dared to take out twenty thousand high divine grade spirit stones for a bet, it's really unexpected that you already reached late-Tenth Order God Realm! But, Huang Xiaolong, do you think this is enough? That this makes you qualified to be my opponent?"

As Lu Cong was saying this, in the depth of his eyes a strong killing intent flickered. No matter what, he had to kill Huang Xiaolong today!

This kind of freakish talent really made others feel apprehensive.

Huang Xiaolong caught the flicker of killing intent in Lu Cong's eyes, a cold sneer tugged at the corner of his lips, "Whether I am or not, we'll know in a little bit."

Lu Cong did not speak. Fully stimulating the qi inside his Qi Sea, golden mysterious symbols rushed out frantically from his mouth. His momentum was doubled compared to his previous fight with Jiang Hanzhi earlier. It appeared like Lu Cong did not use his full strength fighting Jiang Hanzhi.

Below, Jiang Hanzhi's face turned ugly when he felt Lu Cong's momentum.

A moment later, Lu Cong's rapid rising momentum finally stopped, a layer of golden light covered his body like a cocoon. Lu Cong slowly opened his mouth.

A string of golden symbols flew out, shaking the heavens.

Watching the string of golden symbols flying sharply toward himself, Huang Xiaolong raised his hand with one finger pointing out. He did not employ any battle skills, yet the row of golden symbols shattered from the force of Huang Xiaolong's finger.

The guests below watched with their mouths agape.

'This Huang Xiaolong easily shattered Lu Cong's Ten Thousand Words Dharani with just a finger?'



Not to mention the fact that this single row of Ten Thousand Words Dharani contained fifty mysterious symbols.

Even though Huang Xiaolong revealed his late-Tenth Order God Realm cultivation earlier, shocking everyone, those Ancestors and Patriarchs from all over the galaxies felt that Huang Xiaolong would still lose to Lu Cong in the end.

But the result of the first exchange destroyed their estimations.

Watching this, the contempt in Lu Cong's heart diminished, his pupils needed. He opened his mouth once more and another string of golden symbols flew out.

This time, the string of words contained more than a hundred golden symbols, but its power was more than double.

Huang Xiaolong still responded with one finger, causing this second string of golden symbols to burst in the air like bubbles.

Watching this, the guests below stirred.

Earlier, when Lu Cong fought Jiang Hanzhi and forced the latter off the stage, he only used slightly over a hundred golden symbols.

Just now, Huang Xiaolong was able to break Jiang Hanzhi's string of golden symbols easily, didn't this mean that Huang Xiaolong was currently more powerful than the fifth-ranked Jiang Hanzhi?

Jiang Hanzhi was extremely gloomy watching Huang Xiaolong's indifferent expression on the stage above. In his heart, he refused to accept this fact.

A few days earlier, he had even verbally taunted Huang Xiaolong.

“Bring out your most powerful attack.” Huang Xiaolong looked at the slightly pale Lu Cong, his expression aloof, “Your Ten Thousand Words Dharani only have this much strength?”

Lu Cong’s face was distorted with fury, roaring at the top of his lungs. The golden light around his body spun. In the next second, everyone saw Lu Cong’s pupils change into a golden color, and at the same time his skin also emitted a golden light.

Lu Cong slowly floated up, hovering in the air, his robe fluttered without any wind. All of a sudden, Lu Cong opened his mouth and consecutive golden symbols flew out and formed a giant ‘万’ in the air above the stage.

As the number of golden symbols continued to increase, the ‘万’ character in the air grew twice as big, its golden light becoming ever more blinding.

The world-destroying power continued to rise.

Sensing the horrifying amount of destructive power accumulating in that giant golden character, those disciples below Highgod Realm turned deathly pale. Even the faces of some Highgod Realm masters tightened.

Moments later, the golden symbols stopped flying out from Lu Cong’s mouth. The giant ‘万’ character above was an accumulation of 4,167 golden symbols.

“Huang Xiaolong, go to hell!” Lu Cong shrieked sharply, engrossed in hatred. Both of his hands slammed down.

“Ten Thousand Words Dharani Formation!”

Following Lu Cong’s hand gesture, the giant ‘万’ hovering in the air plummeted down on Huang Xiaolong, arriving right above the crown of his head in a split second.

This was the true power of the Ten Thousand Words Dharani, a formation created from the golden symbols, synchronizing the power of every one of those symbols. The area enveloped by the Ten Thousand Words Dharani Formation would be razed to the ground.

Lu Cong was confident that this attack of his could kill all below the Highgod Realm!

He didn't believe that Huang Xiaolong could take this hit and still live!

Below the stage, the Black Warrior Institute Principal Feng Yang tensed, standing up on his feet. However, right at this time, the Azure Dragon Institute Principal Qin Yi's gaze was fixed on him.

As everyone else watched the stage above intently, Huang Xiaolong raised his right hand up. A bright golden light flashed and a golden-colored fire appeared in his palm, aiming at the '万' character falling down above his head at incredible speed. His finger lightly tapped at the void.

Rumble~~!

The collision above echoed for a very long time.

After 4,167 explosion sounds were heard, the giant golden '万' character finally dimmed, then turned into gray dust, scattered off.

Lu Cong's body shook violently, staggering more than a dozen steps back. His face drained of all color staring dazedly at the air, "No, this cannot be, no!!"

At this point, Huang Xiaolong extended a hand, making his attack. A giant palm appeared in the air, slamming down on Lu Cong.

The guests from the four galaxies saw a giant golden palm slamming down above Lu Cong's head, its speed too fast for anyone to react.

Together with the loud booming on the stage was a heart-wrenching cry.

A flattened human-shaped pancake appeared on the stage.

Lu Cong laid flat on the stage, spread eagle with his face kissing the stage, eyes bulging out. His back was badly ruptured, sinking into his chest. Lu Cong's breathing was short and windy, but even that stopped a moment later.

Chapter 783: Legacy Inheritor

Everything happened too fast, no one below expected Huang Xiaolong who had been on the defense all this time to suddenly attack, turning the lofty Lu Cong into a flat meat patty!

Looking at the stage floor-kissing Lu Cong, many masters below felt their mouths twitch.

The Jiang Family's Jiang Hanzhi felt his limbs grow cold, nearly pissing himself when a horrifying thought crossed his mind. Earlier, Lu Cong boasted that even He Feifan, who had broken through to Highgod Realm, couldn't kill him.

But, just now, Huang Xiaolong flattened Lu Cong with a single palm slap...!

Did this mean that Huang Xiaolong was stronger than He Feifan? Stronger than the Highgod Realm He Feifan?!

If Jiang Hanzhi thought of this, so did the present Ancestors and Patriarchs, their expressions grim.

A terrifying killing intent exploded from the Azure Dragon Institute Principal Qin Yi, looking at the deader than dead Lu Cong whose corpse lay flattened on the stage.

Lu Cong was one of the top talents of the Azure Dragon Institute in recent years. In fact, Lu Cong's talent was no worse than his personal disciple, Xiang Mingzhi's. Lu Cong was also one of the disciples that the guardian elder looked favorably upon.

He was one of the most promising disciples to break through to Highgod Realm!

He would have been an addition to their Azure Dragon institute's Highgod Realm masters!

But, Huang Xiaolong killed Lu Cong!

Qin Yi's eyes turned bloodshot, roaring: "Huang Xiaolong, go die!" Qin Yi's right palm by enlarged several times, becoming covered by a layer of azure dragon scales, slamming down on Huang Xiaolong.

Azure Dragon qi rushed out from Qin Yi's right palm, transforming into a huge azure dragon. Its roar shook the heavens.

The guests below snapped out from their shock.

Astonished by the strength shown by his own disciple, the Black Warrior Institute Principal Feng Yang didn't expect the Azure Dragon Institute Principal to suddenly attack Huang Xiaolong. When he did notice, he bellowed: "Qin Yi, you old dog, you dare!!" His palm struck at Qin Yi, but he had still reacted a step too late.

Qin Yi's attack continued to slam down. Just as Qin Yi's attack was about to hit Huang Xiaolong, a giant lotus bloomed on the stage, emitting a faint pink mist as it spun, blocking the huge azure dragon.

The huge azure dragon crashed straight into the enormous lotus flower. The pink lotus grew increasingly bright and the azure dragon roared. Azure light soared skyward, but no matter what, it couldn't break past the enormous lotus' pink-colored barrier.

The surrounding guests saw Qin Yi slam down his palm in rage, forming a powerful azure dragon that could destroy heaven and earth, yet it was actually unable to break past that seemingly fragile lotus barrier that could barely withstand one attack.

All eyes turned toward Saint Mother Yao Chi.

Clearly, this enormous lotus was formed by Saint Mother Yao Chi's lotus godforce.

By this point, the Black Warrior Institute Principal Feng Yang's palm force arrived, dispersing the huge azure dragon.

Subsequently, the lotus flower gradually disappeared.

"Institute Principal Qin, death and injuries are unavoidable in stage battles." Saint Mother Yao Chi's tepid tone sounded, "It's only a competition between juniors, I'm surprised that Institute Principal Qin would act."

Although Saint Mother Yao Chi's were said in a roundabout manner, everyone present knew that she was chiding Qin Yi. A Highgod Realm master, disregarding their identity and occasion, tried to kill Huang Xiaolong.

They were at the Yaochi Mountain, and right now was Saint Mother Yao Chi's birthday banquet. Qin Yi attacked disregarding this matter, this was simply akin to not putting Saint Mother Yao Chi in his eyes.

Saint Mother Yao Chi's pressure quietly spread, covering the entire Yaochi Mountain peak, but most of it was focused on Qin Yi.

Qin Yi's expression turned ugly. After hesitating for a while, he forcefully squeezed out a smile, "Hehe, Saint Mother Yao Chi is right, death and injuries are unavoidable. Actually, the action just now had no other meaning than wanting to test Huang Xiaolong's strength, maybe advise him a little. I didn't know it would cause Saint Mother Yao Chi and Institute Principal Feng Yang to misunderstand."

All the guests were stumped, no one imagined that Qin Yi was actually so shameless. It was obvious to everyone that he wanted to kill Huang Xiaolong in one move, but now, he actually said that he only wanted to assess Huang Xiaolong's strength and advise him!

"Is that so?" Saint Mother Yao Chi responded noncommittally, her serene face gave nothing away.

Feng Yang snorted with disdain, his chilling gaze fixed on Qin Yi.

If they weren't at Saint Mother Yao Chi's birthday celebration banquet, he would run up and fight Qin Yi.

Of course, the most important thing was that Huang Xiaolong wasn't hurt. Feng Yang was grateful for Saint Mother Yao Chi's help, saving Huang Xiaolong.

Feng Yang returned to his seat, staring fixedly at the Azure Dragon Institute Principal with a somber face, when he suddenly laughed out loud, "Speaking of the bet, I really need to thank Institute Principal Qin for sending five hundred billion Qinglong coins to us ah. Hehe, is Institute Principal interested in making another bet?" Feng Yang deliberately raised his voice saying 'five hundred billion.'

Qin Yi's mouth twitched and his hands clenched into fists, but he did not say a word.

All around were guests shaking their heads in suppressed snickers hearing Feng Yang's words, the Azure Dragon Institute Principal's heart was probably bleeding right now. Not only had he lost a talented disciple that could have broken through to the Highgod Realm, he also lost five hundred billion as well!

Five hundred billion!

Not fifty billion!

Only a fool would believe that his heart wasn't bleeding, wasn't in pain.

If Qin Yi agreed to another bet, he and the rest of the Azure Dragon Institute people would lose even their pants.

Seeing Qin Yi remain silent, Feng Yang snickered, "If Institute Principal Qin Yi can't take out five hundred billion, let's bet two hundred billion. Don't tell me you don't even have two hundred billion?"

Qin Yi's face became green, then red. He was enduring the anger but also frightening the other guests. Several Ancestors and Patriarchs seated behind Qin Yi could feel the chilling killing intent surging around him.

Feng Yang lost interest when he failed to rile up Qin Yi, thus giving up. After all, this was Saint Mother Yao Chi's birthday banquet, the stage battle needed to continue. He looked up toward the stage at Huang Xiaolong, feeling extremely comforted. This brat really gave him a big surprise this time. At the same time, Feng Yang smiled wryly in his heart, he still underestimated this disciple of his earlier. Even so, his face bloomed with a wide smile.

Up on the stage, Huang Xiaolong had the same indifferent expression the entire time. His gaze swept over the surly looking Institute Principal Qin Yi, sneering inwardly. 'Wait until the Highgod Advancement Tournament, where I'll take care of Xiang Mingzhi as well. At that time, Qin Yi will probably go crazy.'

Two of the Azure Dragon Institute's Grand Elders flew up to the stage to collect Lu Cong's body, however, his body was stuck to the stage floor, causing the two Grand Elders to exert quite an effort to separate it from the stage.

After the two Azure Dragon Grand Elders removed Lu Cong's body from the stage, no other disciples dared to enter the stage to challenge Huang Xiaolong.

Don't joke, even Lu Cong was slapped to death by Huang Xiaolong in just one move. If they went up, that was just like saying they had lived long enough.

In the end, Huang Xiaolong won the first place.

Saint Mother Yao Chi's beautiful eyes sparkled watching Huang Xiaolong, there was an undetectable gentleness in them. Whether it was Huang Xiaolong's strength or talent, both fulfilled her ideal criteria for the legacy inheritor.

With that, the stage battle came to an end, but the banquet continued.

The various Ancestors and Patriarchs enthusiastically raised their wine cups, congratulating Feng Yang. Some of them that came from the Azure Dragon Galaxy went over to flatter him.

Of course, many congratulated Saint Mother Yao Chi repeatedly for finding a legacy inheritor.



Lively laughter warmed the atmosphere, the only ones not in the mood to laugh were those from the Azure Dragon Institute.

Chapter 784: What Are You Thinking?

The banquet ended slightly over three hours later.

The instant the banquet ended, the Azure Dragon Institute Principal led his people to Saint Mother Yao Chi's side and bid farewell before leaving with hasty steps and their heads down to their chests.

Several Ancestors and Patriarchs from prominent families of the Azure Dragon Galaxy that had a good relationship with Qin Yi didn't even get a chance to greet him.

Watching the embarrassed faces of these Azure Dragon Institute people as they left, a cold smile spread over Huang Xiaolong's face. No doubt, it was arduous for them to endure their anger for several hours until the banquet ended before excusing themselves.

It looks like Qin Yi was wary of Saint Mother Yao Chi to a certain extent.

Near the end of the banquet, various families' Ancestors and Patriarchs led their juniors in greeting Saint Mother Yao Chi before taking their leave. Then again, quite a number of them stayed behind to watch the apprenticeship ceremony that would be held three days later.

Naturally, the Black Warrior Institute Principal Feng Yang and his other three disciples, Liu Yun, Chen Yang, and Qi Wen also stayed for the ceremony.

As the guests dispersed, the ones who stayed for the apprenticeship ceremony returned to their previously arranged accommodations.

Deep in the silent night.

Huang Xiaolong stood in the yard, thinking about the stage battle during the day.

The fact that he killed Lu Cong with a single palm would, no doubt, spread rapidly throughout the four galaxies by word of mouth from the guests that left today. He could even imagine the waves of shock it would cause in the four galaxies.

At that time, he would have even more sword tips pointed at him, but Huang Xiaolong did not regret his decision to expose his strength. At his current personal strength and forces, even the Azure Dragon Institute would have a hard time trying to eliminate him.

Then again, what he showed on the battle stage today was only a portion of his strength.

The Black Tortoise and Vermilion Bird Divine Fires inside him were his real trump cards.

However, thinking about the impending apprenticeship ceremony three days later, Huang Xiaolong felt a throbbing headache.

At that time, those Ancestors and Patriarchs would congratulate and try to foster some goodwill, and he would have to entertain them.

Three days passed in a blink, and the day of the apprenticeship ceremony arrived. The ceremony was also held at the Yaochi Mountain peak, where the pond was.

After three days, the decorations around the pond were changed anew, but were still festive and lively. When Huang Xiaolong, following Saint Mother Yao Chi, and his Master Feng Yang arrived at the venue, other families' Ancestors and Patriarchs were already waiting.

Seeing Saint Mother and Feng Yang arrive, those guests were quick to greet them with beaming smiles. Saint Mother Yao Chi and Feng Yang responded with a smile and a nod.

The apprenticeship ceremony started punctually.

After performing a series of elaborate and confusing procedures, Huang Xiaolong reached the last step—kneeling three times and doing nine kowtows at Saint Mother Yao Chi, after which the apprenticeship ceremony came to an end.

Saint Mother Yao Chi was full of dotting smiles watching Huang Xiaolong complete the apprenticeship ceremony, she personally held Huang Xiaolong's arm as he stood up. But, when Saint Mother Yao Chi bent down slightly to hold Huang Xiaolong's arm, her snowy voluptuous smooth bosom dominated Huang Xiaolong's sight.

Although it was an accidental view, Huang Xiaolong still felt his blood rush downward for a second.

When Huang Xiaolong completed the last step, the Ancestors and Patriarchs that were watching came forward to congratulate Saint Mother Yao Chi and Huang Xiaolong.

Saint Mother smiled at each person who came to congratulate, then she pulled Huang Xiaolong to the seat next to hers.

Her dainty hands were supple and smooth.

Huang Xiaolong turned toward Feng Yang with pleading eyes, but Feng Yang smiled back at him, nodding encouragingly.

Watching this, Huang Xiaolong sat down beside Saint Mother Yao Chi, a little helpless.

In the banquet following the apprenticeship ceremony, everyone was in a jolly mood, laughter sounded and wine flowed.

However, sitting beside Saint Mother Yao Chi, her tempting body fragrance continued to curl into Huang Xiaolong's nostrils, making him uncomfortable despite him and Saint Mother Yao Chi now being master and disciple. But Saint Mother Yao Chi was really too charming. Anyone in his shoes would fantasize a little.

Moreover, in the four galaxies, there were many examples where masters and disciples turned into a pair. Some were male Masters with female disciples, while others were female Masters and male disciples.

To Highgod Realm masters, age was just a number.

Dusk colored the horizon amber as night slowly took over the sky, the banquet finally came to an end.

Huang Xiaolong, his Master Feng Yang, Liu Yun, and the others returned to their assigned courtyards.

Back in his yard, Huang Xiaolong couldn't help recalling Saint Mother Yao Chi's alluring face, her petite hands, that tempting scent, every gesture, and every smile, especially the snowy white skin of her décolletage.

All of a sudden, Huang Xiaolong awakened from his fantasy, shaking his head. What was wrong with him? Even though Saint Mother Yao Chi was an alluring beauty, he wasn't a lustful person.

Then, thinking of Shi Xiaofei, a warm feeling filled his chest.

Whenever he thought of Shi Xiaofei, it would always give him a sense of warmth and security. From Shi Xiaofei, his thoughts strayed to Li Lu, which made him crestfallen.

Though he had been searching for clues of Li Lu's whereabouts these years, it was as if Li Lu stopped existing after he annihilated Deities Templar.

At first, he suspected the adopted daughter 'Chen Ying' that Vice-Principal Wang Na had taken in to be Li Lu using another name, but later he found out that wasn't the case. 'Chen Ying' wasn't Li Lu at all.

A while later, Huang Xiaolong gradually calmed down, entering the Godly M.t Xumi and sat cross-legged at the center of the Xumi Temple.

The night passed peacefully.

The next morning, the various Ancestors and Patriarchs that had stayed back to watch the apprenticeship ceremony also bid their farewells to Saint Mother Yao Chi and left. A few days later, his Master Feng Yang, Liu Yun, Chen Yang, and Qi Wen also left Yaochi Mountain.

Only Huang Xiaolong remained.

As Saint Mother Yao Chi's chosen inheritor, Huang Xiaolong naturally had to stay and learn her cultivation techniques, alchemy refining knowledge, as well as other matters related to her Yaochi Sect.

Huang Xiaolong walked Feng Yang and the others out until they left the Great Lake World before turning back to Yaochi Mountain, heading to Saint Mother Yao Chi's yard.

"Greeting Young Lord!" The Yaochi courtyard's maids bent their waists low in salute seeing Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong nodded and continued forward.

"Xiaolong, you're here. Come, come in." Hearing her maids greeting Huang Xiaolong, Saint Mother Yao Chi stepped out happily. She walked forth and pulled Huang Xiaolong in by his arm, having him sit beside her.

Feeling Saint Mother Yao Chi's petite hands on him, her hand's softness, her flower-like scent, Huang Xiaolong's heartbeat quickened.

Sitting beside Saint Mother Yao Chi in such close proximity, Huang Xiaolong felt like he could feel her body heat through her attire. Inevitably, his face turned slightly red.

Saint Mother Yao Chi laughed softly watching Huang Xiaolong's expression, "What? Are you feeling shy in front of Master?"

The maids standing in the yard giggled hearing her tease Huang Xiaolong.

But Saint Mother Yao Chi was quick to put on a serious expression as she explained to Huang Xiaolong the Yaochi Sect's history and cultivation technique.

This Yaochi Sect had points of similarity with the Ascending Moon Old Man's Thousand Worlds Sect, there was only one successor every generation.

However, every generation's successor was generally female.

When Saint Mother Yao Chi explained the Yaochi Sect's cultivation technique, the Yaochi Sacred Canon, Huang Xiaolong was inwardly confounded. In order to cultivate the Yaochi Sacred Canon, one must have a pure body—a virgin.

Only a virgin could cultivate it? Then it occurred to Huang Xiaolong, did this mean that Saint Mother Yao Chi was still a virgin? A virgin that was several ten-thousand years old?

Saint Mother Yao Chi noticed Huang Xiaolong staring dazedly at her when she was explaining about the requirements of cultivating the Yaochi Sacred Canon, moreover, the place Huang Xiaolong was staring at was none other than her voluptuous bosom, she immediately guessed what Huang Xiaolong was thinking about. She chided him though in a doting manner, "Boy, what nonsense are you thinking in that head of yours?"

Watching Saint Mother Yao Chi's alluring gaze, Huang Xiaolong was shaken to his soul.

Chapter 785: Ascending to the Divine World

Seeing Huang Xiaolong gaze foolishly at her inexplicably gave birth to a strange feeling in Saint Mother Yao Chi's heart.

In fact, Huang Xiaolong's guess wasn't far from the truth; Saint Mother Yao Chi was indeed a virgin. She had always been cultivating on the Yaochi Mountain and hardly ever left the Great Lake World, what's more sit side by side next to a young man staring at her in this manner.

But, being stared at by Huang Xiaolong in this manner in such close proximity did not induce her anger. She felt shy, but also... pleased?

Even Saint Mother Yao Chi found it strange. Every time she saw Huang Xiaolong these few days, there was a closeness between them that even she was aware of.

'Maybe it's because Xiaolong is my legacy inheritor?' Saint Mother Yao Chi said to herself. Feeling close to one's legacy inheritor was nothing out of the ordinary.

Saint Mother Yao Chi adjusted her state of mind and changed the subject by explaining the Yaochi Sect's alchemy refining to Huang Xiaolong.

Although the Yaochi Sect's alchemy techniques couldn't compare to the Thousand Worlds Sect's, her sect was still renowned and unique amongst the four galaxies. Among their techniques, the Yaochi Three Blooming Hands was ranked in the top ten alchemy techniques of the four galaxies.

Unknowingly, Saint Mother Yao Chi talked for three hours straight.

Three hours later, she finally stopped and asked Huang Xiaolong if he had any questions or things he didn't understand. Huang Xiaolong asked quite a few questions, and Saint Mother Yao Chi answered each question patiently, the soft smile on her face never waning.

The day seemed to pass twice as fast. When Huang Xiaolong excused himself from Saint Mother Yao Chi's yard, it was already night time.

Huang Xiaolong was still staying in the same courtyard his group was led to when they first arrived, located not too far away from Saint Mother Yao Chi's courtyard. It didn't take him long to cross the distance back to his place.

Back in his yard, Huang Xiaolong organized the Yaochi Sect's cultivation and alchemy techniques that he learned from Saint Mother Yao Chi during the day. Then, he took out the Thousand Worlds Furnace, attempting to refine some pills using the Yaochi Three Blooming Hands technique.

After organizing the necessary ingredients, Huang Xiaolong's hands moved in the air according to Saint Mother Yao Chi's Yaochi Three Blooming Hands technique, manipulating the ingredients to hover up in front of him, yet he failed to achieve the said 'thousands of flower float, blooming flowers proffer.'

After two hours of practice, Huang Xiaolong shook his head and could only give up for the time being.

According to Saint Mother Yao Chi's teachings, even she took more than a decade before mastering this Yaochi Three Hands Blooming technique, whereas him wanting to master it within a day's time was unachievable judging from his earlier results.

Following that, Huang Xiaolong entered to Xumi Temple to cultivate, running Asura Tactics and absorbing Black Tortoise and Vermilion Bird star force.

For an entire month, Huang Xiaolong would go to Saint Mother Yao Chi's courtyard and listen to her teaching the Yaochi Sect's cultivation and alchemy techniques. Most mornings, Saint Mother Yao Chi would talk and explain about the Yaochi Sacred Canon, while in the afternoons, she would answer Huang Xiaolong's questions. At night, Huang Xiaolong would cultivate inside the Xumi Temple.

A month later, on one morning when Huang Xiaolong reached Saint Mother Yao Chi's yard, Saint Mother Yao Chi smiled and said to Huang Xiaolong, "Xiaolong, you've already understood all there is inside the Yaochi Sacred Canon. From today onwards, you can cultivate in the Yaochi Mountain pond in the morning."

The Yaochi Mountain pond's water element spiritual energy was beneficial to cultivating techniques of the Yaochi Sacred Canon, especially in the early stages of cultivation where one needed to borrow the water element spiritual energy within the pond.

As she said this, Saint Mother Yao Chi pulled Huang Xiaolong by his hand, heading to the pond.

Feeling the softness from her petite hands, Huang Xiaolong helplessly followed.

For the past month, every time he came to Saint Mother Yao Chi's yard, she naturally held his hand, giving him no chance to decline. Then again, Huang Xiaolong couldn't decline having a great beauty like Saint Mother Yao Chi hold his hand.

At one point, Huang Xiaolong found himself enjoying it. In that instant, Huang Xiaolong looked at the woman in front of him, slightly dazed.



A short while later, when Huang Xiaolong came to his senses, he realized that Saint Mother Yao Chi had pulled him all the way to the edge of the pond.

“We’re here.” Saint Mother Yao Chi exhaled, her breath like magnolia swaying in the breeze. She turned around and looked at Huang Xiaolong, “Xiaolong, take off your robe and enter the pond straight to the bottom. This way, it will be easier for you to absorb the water element spiritual energy.”

Huang Xiaolong nodded then proceeded to take off his robe, revealing his firm muscles. A masculine scent was carried by the faint breeze in Saint Mother Yao Chi’s direction.

Looking at Huang Xiaolong’s naked torso, she unknowingly became flustered and shy, but Huang Xiaolong had already leaped into the pond. Reaching the bottom of the pond, he sat cross-legged and began circulating his qi according to the Yaochi Sacred Canon cultivation technique.

Watching Huang Xiaolong entering the pond, Saint Mother Yao Chi secretly breathed in relief. Contradictorily, she was also feeling down. Her beautiful eyes looked unblinkingly at the figure at the bottom of the pond.

In the past month, she also knew that her intimate actions toward this legacy disciple were treading over a dangerous line. But, frustratingly, every time she saw Huang Xiaolong, she couldn’t stop herself.

Her eyes dimmed, sighing with lament. ‘Then, let things go with the flow.’

In the following half a year, Huang Xiaolong would come to practice at the pond every morning. In the afternoon, Saint Mother Yao Chi would continue to pass the Yaochi Sect’s alchemy techniques and other things to him.

What astounded her was that Huang Xiaolong’s alchemy talent far exceeded her imagination. In merely half a year’s time, Huang Xiaolong had mastered the Yaochi Three Hands Blooming technique.

Although Huang Xiaolong had yet to be able to use the Yaochi Three Hands Blooming technique to the point of creating ‘thousands of flowers dancing with just a thought’, his achievement was sufficiently shocking in a short six months.

According to her knowledge, even the founder of the Yaochi Sect spent more than a year before mastering the same technique.

Time flowed. Very soon, a year had passed.

Initially, Saint Mother Yao Chi had thought that Huang Xiaolong would need at least ten years of her guidance before he could succeed in everything she taught him, but she discovered at the end of one year that she no longer had anything to teach Huang Xiaolong.

Only now did she understand how overwhelmingly talented Huang Xiaolong was. Most of all, Saint Mother Yao Chi was amazed by Huang Xiaolong's memorising ability. Regardless of what it was, Huang Xiaolong could remember it in its entirety after reading or hearing it just once.

Now, standing at the edge of the pond and watching the figure at the bottom, Saint Mother Yao Chi found that she felt heavy reluctance as the day of her ascent to the Divine World drew closer.

There was affection in her eyes looking at Huang Xiaolong's handsome masculine face.

Another half a year passed.

On this day, when Huang Xiaolong arrived at Saint Mother Yao Chi's yard, she held his hand as usual as they walked into the hall. With a serious and somber expression, she placed the Yaochi Sect successor token into his hands.

Watching Huang Xiaolong lower his head as he received the token respectfully, Saint Mother Yao Chi hesitated. Her lips moved slowly, "Xiaolong, from now on, you're the Yaochi Sect's new Leader, I hope you will bring glory to our sect." She paused for a second then added, "I have nothing more to teach you, so I decided to ascend to the Divine World tomorrow."

Hearing that Saint Mother Yao Chi had decided to ascend the next day, Huang Xiaolong shook noticeably, the sadness of parting rippled across his heart.

In the last year and a half, even though they were master and disciple, there were feelings that surpassed a master-disciple relationship.

Huang Xiaolong wasn't blind to the affection that Saint Mother Yao Chi had for him. It had long crossed the line of master-disciple. As for Huang Xiaolong, it would be a lie to say he didn't feel anything for her...

Chapter 786: Searching For The Hundred Spirits Beast Kings Sealed Body

The hall fell into a heavy silence.

After a moment of silence, Saint Mother Yao Chi took out a piece of armor and a black halberd, saying, "This is an ancient divine armor I found in the past, called Glory of the Water God. I am passing it to you as well."

Huang Xiaolong's mouth moved, but no words were spoken, quietly receiving both the armor and black halberd.

Subsequently, Saint Mother Yao Chi also reminded Huang Xiaolong many other things, including where the Yaochi Sect's treasury was and the secret method to open it.

A little over an hour later, feeling that she had nothing left to say to Huang Xiaolong, Saint Mother Yao Chi sounded jaded as she said, "You go back first. Tomorrow, when it's time for me to ascend, come see Master off."

Huang Xiaolong stiffened, but he saluted then turned to leave.

Watching Huang Xiaolong's back as he left, a hint of sadness flickered in Saint Mother Yao Chi's eyes.

All of a sudden, Huang Xiaolong, who already reached the door threshold, stopped and turned around facing Saint Mother Yao Chi. Looking at her, Huang Xiaolong wavered. "You're really leaving?" He paused, "What I mean is, you can stay a while longer." Although Huang Xiaolong wasn't candid, nevertheless, his intention was clear.

Saint Mother was stunned, a bubble of delight rose in her heart. However, she did not immediately answer Huang Xiaolong, hesitation and the desire to stay played tug-of-war in her heart. It was obvious that Saint Mother Yao Chi dearly wanted to stay, but she had other concerns on her mind.

Huang Xiaolong did not say anything as he waited for Saint Mother Yao Chi's decision.

A passing second felt like a day. A while later, Saint Mother Yao sighed heavily inside as she shook her head, "If fate has it, us master and disciple will meet again in the Divine World."

Huang Xiaolong stood at the door for a very long time before nodding slowly, indicating that he had heard Saint Mother Yao Chi, then he turned and left the hall.

If it's fated? What if there was no fate?

The Divine World was vast and boundless. If they were fated to meet again, when would that be?

The hall was silent again.

Back in his courtyard, Huang Xiaolong leaped up and sat on the roof. Somehow, he spent the night on the same spot until morning arrived and he headed toward Saint Mother Yao Chi's yard. When he arrived, Saint Mother Yao Chi's thirty plus maids were already there.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong arrive, just like she had done so many times in the past year and a half, Saint Mother Yao Chi went and held Huang Xiaolong's hand with a gentle smile on her face. After exhorting Huang Xiaolong about some of the things she already said yesterday, she summoned all her maids to her front, telling them to treat Huang Xiaolong as they had treated her after she ascends to the Divine World.

These maids were all orphans that Saint Mother Yao Chi had taken under her wing, and thus, her instructions were obeyed with the utmost respect.

Knowing that Saint Mother Yao Chi was going to ascend to the Divine World, each and every one of them had tears running down their cheeks, intermittent sobs and cries filled the yard.

After she finished what she wanted to say, Saint Mother Yao Chi turned and flew to the air, tore through space and disappeared. A teardrop fell to the floor from above.

The maids cried even louder.

Huang Xiaolong remained standing where he was for a long time. Gradually, the maids stopped crying and Huang Xiaolong ordered them, "Everyone, disperse."

The maids wiped the tears off their faces and respectfully acknowledged his order, dispersing in different directions.

Several days later.

The Yaochi Mountain returned to its everyday quiet.

Huang Xiaolong readjusted his emotional state, then began attempting to find that legendary God of Life's godhead in the Great Lake World using the Blood Sacrifice Law.

However, the result was disappointing. After covering the entire Great Lake World, there wasn't the slightest indication of the God of Life's godhead. But he did find many other treasures hidden deep within the earth and unique spaces.

These treasures might be priceless in others' eyes, they weren't that useful to Huang Xiaolong.

Another month passed.

On this day, Huang Xiaolong decided to depart from Yaochi Mountain to search for the other sealed body parts of the Hundred Spirits Beast King. Right now, there were less than a hundred years left to the Highgod Advancement Tournament. Before that, he had to find all the remaining parts of the Hundred Spirits Beast King and refine them, then proceed to look for the White Tiger Divine Fire.

Other matters could be put away for the time being, and would have to wait until the Highgod Advancement Tournament ends.

In order to win the first place in the tournament, increasing his strength was in the top of the list for Huang Xiaolong!

As for Wang Na, the Jiang Family, Gudu Family, and the others, he would take care of them in one fell swoop after the Highgod Advancement Tournament. By that time, he would have broken through to the Highgod Realm, and with the four divine fires in his hand, he need not be wary of that mysterious Great Lord.

Huang Xiaolong had all the maids of Yaochi Mountain gather before him, informing them that he would be away for some time. They were to focus on their cultivation in the meantime.

As for the safety of Yaochi Mountain, it was an aspect he wasn't worried about.

When the ancient Seven Prism Illusion Array was activated at its full power, even First and Second Order Highgod Realm masters wouldn't be able to enter. On top of that, these maids weren't some weak and helpless damsels either. All of their cultivations were at Tenth Order God Realm and above, a few of them could even be compared to the top ten on the Highgod Advancement List.

After exhorting them about a few things, Huang Xiaolong left Yaochi Mountain, exiting the Great Lake World. Then, he flew toward the northern parts of the Azure Dragon Galaxy.

According to the Piercing Sky Beast King's son, Liang Guang, the Hundred Spirits Beast King's body was sealed in four different world surfaces of the four galaxies. One of them being the Dongtu World, located in the north of the Azure Dragon Galaxy.

With Huang Xiaolong flying his at top speed on the Mulberry Sword and transferring through different transmission arrays, three days later, he arrived at his destination: the Dongtu World at the far north of the Azure Dragon Galaxy.

Tearing the outer barrier of the Dongtu World, he entered its atmosphere. High in the air, Huang Xiaolong determined his direction and flew toward the south.

According to his knowledge, the southern terrain consisted mostly of marshes, barren hills, and primeval forests where demonic beasts ran rampant. In his opinion, a part of the Hundred Spirits Beast King's body was most likely sealed in the south side of the Dongtu World.

The potential problem were the powerful demonic beasts that resided inside the primeval forests. More likely than not, there would be Highgod Realm demonic beasts present. On top of that, in the barren hills close to these primeval forests was a cambion tribe, whose members were extremely hard to kill, and they could spew highly toxic poison.

Hence, despite having both the Black Tortoise and Vermilion Bird Divine Fires as his trump cards, Huang Xiaolong daren't attract any attention upon arriving at the south side of Dongtu World. He carefully concealed his presence, flying low and careful.

Flying forward, Huang Xiaolong cautiously spread out his divine sense, everything within a ten thousand li radius showed clearly in his mind.

Suddenly, Huang Xiaolong noticed that several thousand li farther ahead was a group of demonic beast clan masters flying in panic in his direction. Pursuing behind them was a strange human-shaped creature covered in black fur, with dark green pupils.

But that strange human-shaped beast's movements were slow, therefore the group of demonic beast clan masters easily outran the strange creature after some time.

"His mother, what shitty luck! Why did we run into these cambions?" After shaking off the strange creature's pursuit, one of the demonic beast clan masters fumed.

"That Hundred Spirits Beast King's body part couldn't have been sealed here! We've been searching for over a dozen years, if it was really here in the south, how come we didn't find any clues after so long?!"

"Whether it was sealed in the primeval forests or barren hills, this is the Piercing Sky Beast King's order. If we fail to find the whereabouts of the Hundred Spirits Beast King's sealed body part, we need not return to see him." Another one snapped, "Move your asses, find it!"

“Yes, Lord Commander!”

The group of dozen demonic beast clan masters flew again, continuing their search, when a blinding sword light flashed past. These demonic beast clan masters froze in the air for an instant before plummeting to the ground from high air, their heads separating from their bodies. Only the Commander remained.

In a split second, the Commander recovered from his shock, immediately turning around to flee.

Huang Xiaolong’s figure appeared. Seeing that the demonic beast clan Commander wanted to flee, a powerful suction force came from his hand, pulling the Commander to Huang Xiaolong’s front.

Chapter 787: The Hundred Spirits Beast Kings Sealed Torso

In front of Huang Xiaolong, the demonic beast clan Commander did not struggle, instead, he knelt in the air in fear, pleading: “Lord, have mercy ah!”

This young man killed more than a dozen of his subordinates with a single sword slash, this level of strength wasn’t something he could resist.

However, watching this demonic beast clan master kneeling in front of him, Huang Xiaolong was too lazy to waste his time, his divine sense forcefully entered the demonic beast clan master’s mind and began soul-scouring.

A moment later, the soul-scouring was completed and Huang Xiaolong casually pointed at the man’s forehead, ending his life. Then, he continued to fly forward to the primeval forest.

From that demonic beast clan master’s memories, his group had basically searched every inch of the southern Dongtu World in the past dozen of years, except for one place!

And that was the marshland within the primeval forest!

This marshland located on the north side of the primeval forest was overabundant with poisonous bugs and insects, and was home to a race of Crocodile People that was even more terrifying than the cambion



tribe, toxic from head to toe. The hard scales covering their bodies provided a tough defense that even an average divine artifact couldn't damage.

Other than that, the marshland was shrouded in a poisonous miasma, and there was also a very high chance that remnants of ancient restrictions and array formations were present.

According to Huang Xiaolong's estimations, since the Piercing Sky Beast King's subordinates had been combing through the southern area of the Dongtu World for the sealed body part for so long with no success, this remaining location was very likely the place where the Hundred Spirits Beast King's body was sealed.

Of course, this was only Huang Xiaolong's initial assumption. Whether it was accurate or otherwise needed to be confirmed through the Blood Sacrifice Law.

Roughly an hour later, Huang Xiaolong stood in the air above the primeval forest marshland.

Looking ahead, there was nothing but green smog.

This green smog was constantly drifting and merging with even more green smog. From a distance, the marsh actually had a beautiful scenery, but Huang Xiaolong already guessed that this green smog was the marsh's poisonous miasma. Moreover, it was the most noxious kind of poison, even high-level Tenth Order God Realm masters would fall to their deaths in just a whiff.

Although, with his True Dragon Physique, Huang Xiaolong wasn't afraid, in the name of safety he still summoned both the Black Tortoise and Vermilion Bird Divine Fires.

Two brilliant fires, giving off an icy blue and crimson light, hovered around Huang Xiaolong, causing all the green smog within a hundred zhang around him to vaporize. Huang Xiaolong flew down into the green smog.

He cautiously flew deeper into the marsh, maintaining a thirty meters height from the water surface.

Light ripples ran through the water surface, but the surroundings were quiet.

Occasionally, random roars like those of demonic beasts or a human's heart-wrenching howl could be heard.

The human-like howls come from the Crocodile People.

Clearly, these Crocodile People had already discovered Huang Xiaolong. However, Huang Xiaolong wasn't concerned about them, he was more vigilant of accidentally straying into any remnant ancient array formations. After all, he had first-hand experience of how terrifying these ancient array formations were. If he was trapped inside one, it would take a mountain of effort to forcefully break an opening for him to escape with his current strength.

Just as Huang Xiaolong was flying over a water area, the calm water surface below suddenly shot up. A pair of huge pinchers from a multi-legged insect resembling a centipede reached toward him, its venomous jaw wide open.

Before its wide opened venomous jaw could bite into Huang Xiaolong, a horrible nauseating smell blew over his face.

Huang Xiaolong's right index finger tapped forward and an icy-blue fire sword pierced the venomous insect through its mouth in a split second, coming out from its back.

That insect let out a sharp screech, bursting into flames. It was burned until there was nothing left.

Huang Xiaolong didn't dally, continuing to fly forward.

From then on, on and off, Huang Xiaolong would be attacked by the marsh's hidden venomous bugs and insects. There were quite a few of them, some even reaching the strength of a perfection stage Tenth Order God Realm.

However, these venomous bugs and insects were easily dealt with by a casual move of Huang Xiaolong's.

Fortunately, the strength he exposed along the way while dealing with his venomous attackers kept the Crocodile People at bay, hence, Huang Xiaolong arrived at the marshland center without much trouble.

Standing in the air, Huang Xiaolong pricked his finger, taking out a drop of blood essence to perform the blood sacrifice. He then sent this drop of blood essence deep into the earth.

The astonishing energy contained inside Huang Xiaolong's drop of blood essence spread out underground, allowing him to clearly feel the situation below the marsh.

Not long after Huang Xiaolong performed the blood sacrifice, suddenly, a peculiar energy fluctuation came from the east side of the marshland.

Huang Xiaolong was stunned for a moment, then delight filled him. This peculiar energy fluctuation was exactly the same as when he first found the Hundred Spirits Beast King's arms in the Golden Mountain World.

It seems like that a part of the Hundred Spirits Beast King's body was indeed sealed here in this primeval forest's marshland.

Without delay, Huang Xiaolong flew toward the source of the peculiar energy fluctuation.

Moments later, he stopped in the air right above the origin of those fluctuations. Employing the true immortal essence force from his dantian, he split the water apart and entered its depth.

Inside the water, the most noticeable was the thick greenish swamp water and mud.

However, having the Black Tortoise and Vermilion Bird Divine Fires creating a barrier around him, that muddy marshland water and its poison were unable to come within a hundred zhang from Huang Xiaolong.

A thousand zhang down, Huang Xiaolong reached the bottom of the marshland. Opening a hole through the soft earth, he continued deeper through the earth for another two thousand zhang before reaching an independent gray space.

The energy inside this gray space was none other than the demonic qi that Huang Xiaolong was familiar with.

The hundred spirits demonic qi from the Hundred Spirits Beast King's body!

But, this gray space's hundred spirits demonic qi was twice as dense compared to the gray space where he previously found the arms! It was extremely alarming!

Just this terrifying hundred spirits demonic qi could demonize the average Tenth Order God Realm.

Huang Xiaolong dared not be careless, carefully flying toward the source of the hundred spirits demonic qi.

Around half an hour later, Huang Xiaolong arrived before an enormous altar.

On the altar laid a giant beast torso. Despite it being laid down horizontally, its height still reached a hundred zhang! The torso was at least a thousand zhang long, all covered in golden fur.

This sealed location was actually the sealing place of the Hundred Spirits Beast King's torso!

No wonder this gray space's demonic qi was denser than the one in the Golden Mountain World's.

The Hundred Spirits Beast King's torso, other than the head portion, was one of the most powerful parts of its body.

Even though Huang Xiaolong was shocked, he was more excited. How much could his strength improve after refining this Hundred Spirits Beast King's torso?!

While Huang Xiaolong was getting excited, the gray space's hundred spirits demonic qi suddenly rumbled, swirling and condensing to form a complete Hundred Spirits Beast King body. This Hundred

Spirits Beast King was many times more powerful than the previous one, actually surpassing a mid-First Order Highgod Realm master's momentum!

Huang Xiaolong was startled.

The instant the Hundred Spirits Beast King's body completely condensed, it swung its powerful arm at Huang Xiaolong.

Watching this, Huang Xiaolong swiftly tapped his foot on the floor and leaped backwards. At the same time, both of his hands slapped upwards.

The Black Tortoise and Vermilion Bird Divine Fires shot out together with Huang Xiaolong's palm force.

Chapter 788: Perfection Stage LateTenth Order God Realm

The immense force from the large palm was incinerated in an instant upon meeting the Black Tortoise and Vermilion Bird Divine Fires.

Both divine fires pierced forth towards the Hundred Spirits Beast King's body, causing it to quiver in shock and retreat in fear.

Watching this, Huang Xiaolong was relieved.

Although the Hundred Spirits Beast King in front of him was more powerful than the first one he found, it was still far from a genuine Highgod Realm master, for it lacked a godhead. In that exchange earlier, Huang Xiaolong was able to determine that this Hundred Spirits Beast King's real strength was slightly weaker than mid-First Order Highgod Realm master.

...

Several hours later.

Entangled and hounded by the Black Tortoise and Vermilion Bird Divine Fires' spirits, the Hundred Spirits Beast King let out an unresigned howl and dissipated in the gray space. The Hundred Spirits Beast King's remnant will within the torso was burned to nothingness by the two divine fires.

Huang Xiaolong breathed out in relief at this result.

In the last battle, he worked together with Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi. At that time, it took them a few days to destroy the Hundred Spirits Beast King's remnant will within the sealed arms. If it weren't for the new addition of the Vermilion Bird Divine Fire as well as the Black Tortoise Divine Fire, he would've been hard-pressed to destroy the Hundred Spirits Beast King in this gray space.

But now it was destroyed!

Huang Xiaolong flew up, hovering above the giant altar, peering down on the enormous Hundred Spirits Beast King's giant torso with elation glimmering in his eyes. The next step would be refining this huge torso!

All of a sudden, a whelming demonic qi soared out from the Hundred Spirits Beast King's torso, engulfing him within. But there was no trace of alarm on Huang Xiaolong's face, the Black Tortoise Divine Fire wrapped around his left hand, and on his right was the Vermilion Bird Divine. Waving his hands around, the two divine fires immediately vaporized every last strand of the whelming demonic qi. At the same time, Huang Xiaolong activated the altar's sealing power to synchronize with his actions and expel all the demonic qi from the Hundred Spirits Beast King's torso.

Even though Huang Xiaolong's cultivation had improved by a large degree, it took more than a month's time for him to expel all the demonic qi from the torso.

Luckily, Huang Xiaolong had the Black Tortoise and Vermilion Bird Divine Fires to aid him, else, even if other human Highgod Realm masters found this part of the Hundred Spirits Beast King's body they wouldn't have been able to refine it. There was even a chance for the cultivator to suffer a backlash from the demonic qi, turning into a strange half beast-half human monster.

After confirming that all the demonic qi within the Hundred Spirits Beast King's torso was gone, Huang Xiaolong sat cross-legged in midair and began refining and absorbing the energy inside it.

Immediately, strands of red crystal-like energy flowed up from the Hundred Spirits Beast King's torso below, drilling into Huang Xiaolong's body.

The Treasure Dragon diagram inside his body resurfaced, greedily devouring the Hundred Spirits Beast King's blood essence.

As he continued to refine the blood essence, Huang Xiaolong distinctively felt his True Dragon Physique becoming firmer every second.

The Black Tortoise Divine Fire and Vermilion Bird Divine Fire's spirits also swallowed the blood essence flowing out from below.

However, the energy contained inside the Hundred Spirits Beast King's blood essence was far more than one could imagine, each drop was brimming with an alarming amount of energy. Even for Huang Xiaolong, with the two divine fires' spirits taking a portion of the blood essence energy, small strands of the blood essence that had already entered Huang Xiaolong's body still leaked out.

As time passed, a bloody mist gathered around Huang Xiaolong in midair. Above that pool of blood mist floated vague shadows of various peerless demonic beast kings.

Time flowed by. Soon, a year passed.

The blood mist around Huang Xiaolong turned into a sea of blood, with waves rolling endlessly. A long time ago, Huang Xiaolong had been completely submerged inside that sea of blood, whereas above it, the blood-colored shadows of peerless demonic beast kings became more condensed.

Each of those peerless demonic beast kings was an existence rivaling a perfection stage late-Tenth Order God Realm master.

Three years passed.

The blood-colored figures of demonic beast kings had increased from the initial one hundred to more than three hundred.

In the meantime, both the Black Tortoise and Vermilion Bird Divine Fires' spirits hovered above the sea of blood, emitting brilliant icy-blue and crimson red light that lit up the entire gray space. Compared to three years ago, these two spirits had doubled in size.

Another half a year passed when the calm blood sea suddenly rolled violently and a great whirlpool appeared at the center of it. When the whirlpool reached the surface, one by one, the blood-colored demonic beast kings were sucked into the whirlpool.

Shortly, all three hundred plus blood-colored demonic beast kings were sucked into the whirlpool and the sea of blood began to shrink in size until Huang Xiaolong's figure appeared.

When the last strand of blood mist was absorbed by Huang Xiaolong, a reddish black light burst out from his body, soaring upward. It exuded a powerful, suffocating aura.

Resounding blasts echoed in the gray space.

Earth-shaking majestic dragon might emanated from his back, where the blue and black dragon heads were.

Huang Xiaolong, who had been sitting there for the past three and a half years, suddenly opened his eyes. A blue and crimson light shot out from his eyes, piercing through space and opening two large black holes, causing chaotic unknown forces to surge in through them.

As Huang Xiaolong descended, when his feet touched the altar, the entire altar trembled and swayed. This giant altar that used to seal the Hundred Spirits Beast King's torso was on the verge of splitting in half just by Huang Xiaolong landing on it!

"Finally, I've reached the perfection stage late-Tenth Order God Realm!" Unable to contain his ecstasy, Huang Xiaolong shouted out loud. His breath turned into a small tornado, spinning forth.

Perfection stage late-Tenth Order God Realm!



The highest realm below Highgod Realm!

The next step was breaking through to Highgod Realm!

Huang Xiaolong raised his arm, pointing a finger to the front. The space in front of him was instantly pierced through, akin to a wet paper tiger. A black hole stretched to an unknown length due to the force from his finger.

If the Phoenix Clan Ancestor Huang Yixiao was here, his eyes would have fallen to the altar floor watching this, for even if it was him punching out with full force, it would still be incomparable to the force from Huang Xiaolong's finger. Moreover, the Phoenix Clan Ancestor was a late-First Order Highgod Realm master, close to breaking through to peak late-First Order Highgod Realm.

Huang Xiaolong observed the result from his finger's force and nodded with a satisfied smile. The force from his finger was almost equal to a peak late-First Order Highgod Realm master.

If he added the power from the Black Tortoise and Vermilion bird Divine Fires, Huang Xiaolong was confident he could defeat a true peak late-First Order Highgod Realm master.

He then breathed in and out, causing the surroundings to rumble like thunder.

Now, even a simple puff from him could probably blow those names on the Highgod Advancement List to their deaths! Not even Wan Long, the first on the list, could withstand it!

Huang Xiaolong stopped and looked around the altar for a while. But soon, he flickered into a blur, disappearing from the gray space. A second later, he stood in the air above the marshland.

This time around, Huang Xiaolong no longer concealed his presence, flying full speed out from the marshland.

Numerous poisonous insects were just about to attack Huang Xiaolong when he lightly slapped his palm downward and all the poisonous creatures within several thousand li radius in the marsh exploded into a mist of blood.

A short while later, Huang Xiaolong flew out from the primeval forest. From there, he headed back to the Yaochi Mountain in the Great Lake World.

A day's journey later, Huang Xiaolong was back at the Yaochi Mountain. Everything was as per usual. After staying there for two days, he decided to make a trip back to the Martial Spirit World and see his family and Shi Xiaofei.

From there, he would continue searching for the Hundred Spirits Beast King's head and legs.

Huang Xiaolong once again departed from the Yaochi Mountain, this time toward Martial Spirit World.

Seven days later, his figure emerged from the Cloudsea Mainland's transmission array.

Chapter 789: Was Just Killed By Someone

As Huang Xiaolong stepped out from the Cloudsea Mainland's transmission array, in the air above, he saw many disciples of the Black Tortoise Galaxy's various families flying in and out from the city, giving birth to nostalgic feelings.

He still remembered the scene when he first arrived in the Cloudsea Mainland.

At that time, his cultivation was only at peak late-Tenth Order Saint realm, whereas now he was already a perfection stage late-Tenth Order God Realm!

It was a huge difference!

He had come here to participate in the Black Warrior Institute's disciples assessment, and now, his name rang loud in the four galaxies.

Huang Xiaolong pondered for a moment, then his feet took him toward the Black Warrior City. Since he was passing by the Cloudsea Mainland, he wanted to pay a short visit to his Master Feng Yang, as well as his Senior Apprentice-brother and Third Apprentice-sister, Liu Yun and Qi Wen.

'I wonder if they settled that matter.' Huang Xiaolong wondered.

A while later, Huang Xiaolong reached the Black Warrior City. In no hurry, he leisurely walked through the streets, taking in the bustling sights of the city.

Suddenly, up ahead on the street came fighting noises with many people gathering around. Huang Xiaolong was a little surprised, there were actually people who dared to fight inside the Black Warrior City?

Having his interest piqued, Huang Xiaolong walked toward the commotion.

"Zhu Wuhou, you dare violate the Black Warrior City's regulations? Attacking me inside the Black Warrior City?!" Before Huang Xiaolong could see what was happening, a furious roar came from the center of the commotion.

"Haha, Nie Guocheng, Black Warrior City's regulations? So what? I'm now a Black Warrior Institute inner disciple, moreover, my Grand Master is the Black Warrior Institute's Punishment Hall Grand Elder!" A haughty and conceited voice rang in the air.

It was at this point that Huang Xiaolong walked into the crowd. He saw a slightly round man clad in the Black Warrior Institute's inner disciple robe, standing in the middle, laughing rampantly. There was no need to ask, this must be that Zhu Wuhou.

Around Zhu Wuhou were several other inner disciples of the Black Warrior Institute.

Across from Zhu Wuhou was an angry middle-aged man in blue robes gripping a longsword in his hand. Clinging fearfully on the middle-aged man's other arm was a beautiful young madam, but she too was glaring at Zhu Wuhou with fury. It seems like this middle-aged man and that beautiful young madame were companions.

Zhu Wuhou snickered, looking at the middle-aged man with condescending eyes, "Nie Guocheng, a decade ago, you ruined my plans when you won the first place. It never crossed your mind, right, that

you'd fall into my hands!" Finished saying that, his gaze shifted onto the beautiful young madam, grinning lecherously, "This is your wife? Quite the beauty, ain't she? I'll punish her personally later!"

Punish her personally!

As for what kind of punishment, what tool would be used, how could the watching crowd not understand?

The several Black Warrior Institute inner disciples snickered obnoxiously hearing Zhu Wuhou's words.

"I'll have to trouble the several Junior Brothers to help me capture these two and send them to the Black Warrior Institute's dungeon!" Zhu Wuhou said to the several Black Warrior Institute inner disciples around him.

"Haha, Brother Zhu is too courteous. We're brethren of the same institute, we will naturally help Brother Zhu, moreover, this is merely the effort of lifting a finger." One of them reassured, showing a fawning smile.

Zhu Wuhou nodded his head, pleased with the answer he heard.

"Zhu Wuhou, we didn't commit any crime! Based on what are you capturing us, throwing us into the Black Warrior Institute dungeon?!" The beautiful young madam rebuked Zhu Wuhou, and because of her anger her chest moved up and down due to her ragged breathing.

But Zhu Wuhou's eyes lit up watching her.

Standing amongst the crowd, listening to their exchange, Huang Xiaolong already had a rough idea of what was happening.

Similar things were common on multiple world surfaces in the many galaxies. On any other day, Huang Xiaolong wouldn't have bothered interfering with these problems, however, this Zhu Wuhou was taking extreme advantage of his Black Warrior Institute inner disciple status and the fact that he had the

Punishment Hall Grand Elder backing him, disregarding the Black Warrior City's regulations by attacking within the city area. Since he came across this matter, then he should have a little look.

In truth, Huang Xiaolong just couldn't stand that Zhu Wuhou's conceited face.

Just as those Black Warrior Institute inner disciples stepped forward, wanting to detain that blue-robed middle-aged man and his companion, Huang Xiaolong casually pointed in the air. Those inner disciples cried out in pain, clutching their right hand as they retreated in alarm.

The abrupt change startled Zhu Wuhou, Nie Guocheng, and the surrounding crowd.

"Who is it? Who dares to interfere in my affairs, roll out here!" After a momentary daze, Zhu Wuhou scanned the crowd in menacing eyes, bellowing loudly.

Huang Xiaolong slowly walked out from the crowd, speaking calmly, "This matter, let it end here." He then turned toward the blue-robed middle-aged man saying, "Both of you can leave."

Nie Guocheng and his wife were baffled and doubtful.

Zhu Wuhou was enraged seeing that a stranger not only tried to mess up his plans, but also said that the matter should end there while ignoring him, letting Nie Guocheng and his wife leave. He pointed a finger at Huang Xiaolong's nose, "You busybody, what did you say? Do you know who I am? Are you aware of the grave consequences of interfering with my matters? Now, you'd better scam to the side obediently, if not, I'll make sure you'll die miserably soon!"

Because Huang Xiaolong was not wearing the Black Warrior Institute's Elder robe, neither Zhu Wuhou nor anyone present was aware of his identity.

Then again, not being able to recognize Huang Xiaolong, they were most likely outer disciples who had been newly promoted to inner disciple status. Also, Huang Xiaolong had rarely appeared in the Black Warrior Institute in recent years.

When Huang Xiaolong heard Zhu Wuhou say that he would make sure he dies miserably, he chuckled instead of getting angry, though his voice seemed to be weaved with bloodlust, "Well, then I'll stand here and have you make me die miserably." Huang Xiaolong casually flicked his finger, but Zhu Wuhou was already wailing as his body made an arch in the air.

When Zhu Wuhou crashed into the street, the crowd could see a through and through finger-sized hole going from his chest to his back.

The crowd felt their hearts pounding in their ears at the sight!

Most people in the crowd were aghast, no one thought this black-haired young man would have the guts to defy Zhu Wuhou. Moreover, wounding him to this extent merely using one finger.

The several Black Warrior Institute inner disciples together with Zhu Wuhou were frightened.

Zhu Wuhou struggled up from the street, glaring viciously at Huang Xiaolong. His eyes were scarlet, exuding a violent killing intent, "You dared to wound me!!" His face twisted, thundering, "Punk, I'll definitely annihilate every last one of your family! I'll have all the women be raped before killing them!"

Hearing this, a cold glint flickered in Huang Xiaolong's eyes, his words came out menacingly slow, "Is that so?" Indifferent to a reply, Huang Xiaolong lifted a finger. In an instant, his finger force pierced through Zhu Wuhou's forehead.

The several Black Warrior Institute inner disciples saw blood spurting out from the back of his head.

Zhu Wuyou's eyes were wide and round in disbelief, it never occurred to him that someone would have the guts to kill him inside the Black Warrior City. As he tumbled down, this was the last thought in his mind...

The spectator crowd retreated in fear, some of them ran away screaming.

Not long after Zhu Wuhou was killed by Huang Xiaolong's finger force, a middle-aged man with the appearance of a guard ran into a restaurant not far away, flustered and afraid. He went all the way to

the restaurant's first floor, where a suave looking young man in yellow brocade robes was sitting next to the window. The guard hastily reported, "Young Master Chenyi, terrible news, Young Master Wuhou was just killed by someone!"

"What?!" That yellow robe young man put down his wine cup, dumbfounded, thinking he might have heard wrong.

"Young Master Chenyi, someone killed Young Master Wuhou at the Paradise Manor Street, it happened just now!" The middle-aged guard repeated.

Chapter 790: He Looks Like Zhu Chenyi?

When the yellow-robed young man finally confirmed that he had not heard wrong, his gaze turned chillingly cold, a murderous aura rose like a hurricane from his body. He asked, biting every word, "Someone, killed Wuhou? Right at the Black Warrior City's Paradise Manor Street?!"

"That is so, Young Master Chenyi!" Feeling the yellow-robed young man's horrifying murderous aura, the middle-aged guard hastened to affirm.

However, just as his voice sounded, the yellow-robed young man that was sitting down slowly blurred, disappearing before his eyes in the next instant.

Shadow Shifting Movement!

This was a technique closely resembling a Highgod Realm master's Great Space Teleportation ability.

Being able to initiate the Shadow Shifting Movement almost instantaneously was evidence that he was close to breaking through to the Highgod Realm. Maybe he even took half a step over the Highgod Realm threshold.

After the yellow-robed young man disappeared from the restaurant, he already reached the Paradise Manor Street that the middle-aged guard spoke of in the next breath.

Arriving at the Paradise Manor Street, the yellow-robed young man's cold gaze swept over the crowd, then approached Zhu Wuhuo's corpse laid on the street. The atmosphere shook with every step he took. A trail of footprints ten inches deep bored into the streets' stone tiles as he walked, and each of those footprints was golden in color.

A heavy prickling tension enveloped the entire street.

Those who surround the street to spectate now watched the slowly approaching yellow-robed young man.

Huang Xiaolong was also slightly surprised watching this yellow-robed young man. With his experienced eyesight, he could tell at a glance that he was a powerful expert. His strength was no weaker than Jiang Hanzhi's, who taunted him at the Yaochi Mountain.

When the yellow-robed young man reached Zhu Wuhou's corpse, he slowly squatted down. No one could tell what the young man was thinking from his expression. His hand slowly extended forward, closing Zhu Wuhou's eyes that were wide open.

"Sixth brother, don't worry, Big brother will avenge you. He'll be a thousand times more miserable than you!" The yellow-robed young man whispered softly, but clearly a suffocating killing intent exploded from his body like a hurricane.

He slowly stood up and his gaze turned to Huang Xiaolong, expressionless as he said, "You're the one who killed my sixth brother?"

"Correct." Huang Xiaolong was just as expressionless.

The yellow-robed young man's eyes narrowed, his gaze fixed on Huang Xiaolong. But his calm composure quickly returned, "How do you want to die?"

Although the yellow-robed young man's tone of voice was moderate, it exuded dominance and confidence. The kind of tyrannical confidence that saw himself as an existence that could completely squash Huang Xiaolong!



Then again, the yellow-robed young man's strength indeed inspired such a confidence.

However, Huang Xiaolong shook his head, "I'm in a good mood, thus I don't feel like killing you. But that is only if you scam now."

Scam?

The yellow-robed young man stiffened. In the next second, he laughed in anger.

This was his first time hearing someone telling him to scam... 'Good mood? Don't feel like killing me?'

"That yellow-robed young man looks like Zhu Chenyi!"

"Right, right, he's Zhu Chenyi! The Zhu Family's genius, Zhu Chenyi, the third-ranked on the Highgod Advancement List! I that heard some years ago he attempted to breakthrough to the Highgod Realm. He failed, but didn't lose his life! Although he failed, his is still stronger than before!"

At this point, a few people among the spectating crowd recognized the yellow-robed young man, exclaiming in surprise.

Hearing the voices from the crowd, Huang Xiaolong took a second look at the man in front of him.

Zhu Chenyi? That means this yellow-robed young man was the marriage partner that the Qi Family Ancestor and Patriarch chose for his Third Apprentice-sister Qi Wen?

He just didn't expect that Zhu Wuhou would be this Zhu Chenyi's younger brother. Looks like that Zhu Wuhou was also a core disciple of the Zhu Family.

Even if he knew Zhu Wuhou's identity prior to killing him, it wouldn't have made a difference. He had dared to kill Lu Cong on the Yaochi Mountain battle stage right in front of the Azure Dragon Institute Principal's eyes, so what's a mere Zhu Wuhou?

Zhu Chenyi suddenly raised his palm, striking at Huang Xiaolong. His palm force was soundless and feeble as if there wasn't any energy or force in that attack, but the crowd could feel the amazing force contained in the palm strike.

Watching Zhu Chenyi's palm strike falling down, Huang Xiaolong stood there still, calm and indifferent. He did not even prepare to counter, allowing Zhu Chenyi's attack to fall without resisting.

When Zhu Chenyi's palm strike was about to land on Huang Xiaolong's body, it seemed to encounter a hindrance, stopping in midair for a second before dissipating in an anticlimactic manner.

The crowd was stupefied.

Zhu Chenyi was even more so, his originally confident expression cracked with disbelief. His domineering aura vanished, leaving only fear surging in the depth of his eyes.

That palm strike just was one of the secret arts he had been practicing diligently—the Impermanence Divine Palm.

This Impermanence Divine Palm attacked without sound or force, but in fact, it contained an overwhelmingly destructive power. Although Zhu Chenyi did not exert his full strength in that attack, it was enough to shatter a large mountain.

Yet, it was easily dissolved by Huang Xiaolong!

Huang Xiaolong didn't move a finger! His vigorous qi barrier already ground away at his Impermanence Divine Palm force. What did this mean? This meant that Huang Xiaolong absolutely had strength comparable to the Highgod Advancement List's top three!

Only Wan Long and two other people were capable of this!

At this time, the street vibrated under heavy and hurried footsteps rushing toward Paradise Manor Street. The Black Warrior City patrolling disciples and enforcer disciples finally arrived at the scene.

“Huang, Huang Xiaolong?!” Upon arriving, one of the enforcer disciples clad in a Black Warrior Institute elite disciple robe shrieked in a high-pitched voice.

Huang Xiaolong turned to look, a little surprised. This young man was one of Black Warrior Institute’s elite disciples, a former member of that so-called All Dragons League, called Ceng Leng.

In a manner of speaking, Huang Xiaolong and Ceng Leng were old acquaintances.

That year, Jiang Yu and the members of the All Dragons League were seasoned troublemakers for the Golden Dragon Peak. Huang Xiaolong also did not forget his special treatment for the All Dragons League’s six great enforcers to their lower parts.

Hearing Ceng Leng’s shriek, the crowd, as well as Zhu Chenyi, all showed shock and apprehension.

“Huang Xiaolong?! The Black Warrior Institute Principal’s personal disciple, Huang Xiaolong?”

“The current number one on the Highgod Advancement List, Huang Xiaolong!”

The four corners of the street stirred.

Close to a decade had passed since the Yaochi Mountain battle stage. That year, Huang Xiaolong killed Lu Cong, the third-ranked on the Highgod Advancement List, with a single palm, and the news had spread throughout the four galaxies through word of mouth from various families’ Ancestors and Patriarchs that attended the celebration banquet.

In the last ten years, Huang Xiaolong’s fame, in exaggeration, could be said to have surpassed his Master Feng Yang’s.

The most discussed topic among the prominent families, sects, and forces in recent years did not stray far from Huang Xiaolong’s name.

Ignoring the gazes directed at him, Huang Xiaolong pointed at Zhu Wuhuo's corpse while speaking to Ceng Leng, "This person abused his identity as a Black Warrior Institute inner disciple. He disregarded the institute's rules, injuring others within the Black Warrior City, defied his superiors, disrespecting me, and was killed by me. This matter, handle it accordingly."

Ceng Leng barely recovered his wits, still looking flustered when he quickly acknowledged Huang Xiaolong's words.

Finished what he wanted to say, Huang Xiaolong glanced at Zhu Chenyi from the corner of his eye and left in a flicker.