

Conqueror 881

Chapter 881: Huang Xiaolong Must Die!

Looking at the spiritual vein resembling a lightning dragon in front of him, Huang Xiaolong's delight was evident in his shining eyes.

This spiritual vein had been formed from countless years of accumulated Divine World spiritual energy!

The lightning spiritual energy contained within this spiritual vein was no doubt a treasure among treasures, whose quality was many times higher compared to the sacred grade immortal spirit stones that Huang Xiaolong could currently condense.

In terms of preciousness, this lightning dragon spiritual vein was worth many times more than the Lightning God's corpse.

Both of Huang Xiaolong's hands extended forward, forming a powerful suction force that rushed toward the lightning dragon spiritual vein.

All of a sudden, that giant spiritual vein shook, causing lightning energy to swirl angrily and pillars of lightning to strike down, dispersing Huang Xiaolong's suction force.

"Eh?!" Huang Xiaolong was startled. His suction force could even uproot a divine mountain with ease, yet it was actually scattered by this lightning dragon spiritual vein?

This spiritual vein's intelligence was quite developed and it possessed strength rivaling an average Fifth Order Highgod Realm master.

Immediately, Huang Xiaolong's lightning godforce churned and he issued a loud bellow, once again attempting to absorb the lightning dragon spiritual vein.

A second later, that massive underground spiritual vein was slowly lifted up.

The lightning dragon spiritual vein was shaking more violently, showing signs of escaping Huang Xiaolong's control at any moment. Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong hurriedly activated his Archdevil Supreme Godhead and Holy Dragon Supreme Godhead, causing his godforce to surge and the suction force to increase. No matter how violently that lightning dragon spiritual vein struggled to escape, it couldn't free itself from Huang Xiaolong's hands.

In the end, Huang Xiaolong managed to extract the lightning dragon spiritual vein and put it into the Heavenly Mountain, then he suppressed it underground using the Heavenly Mountain's central formation, right below the Heavenly God's mansion.

When all of this was completed, Huang Xiaolong finally exhaled in relief.

There was slightly over a month left until the end of the tournament, which didn't leave him much time, hence he decided to refine the lightning dragon spiritual vein later.

After Huang Xiaolong left the underground Lightning God Palace, he called for You Wuye and both of them exited the Lightning God's cultivation dwelling space.

As for what other herbs or spiritual fruits remained inside this place, Huang Xiaolong was too lazy to go around searching for them, thinking, 'I'll just leave them for other disciples.' Since he took a big portion of the meat pie, it was only polite to leave some crumbs to the others.

Coming out from the spatial entrance, he noticed that the disciples who had been guarding it were long gone. From there on, Huang Xiaolong did not restrict You Wuye's freedom, allowing him to go hunt lightning beasts alone. He was very much aware that You Wuye wouldn't be able to kill even a single lightning beast if he followed Huang Xiaolong. With his scary hunting speed, You Wuye wouldn't even have a chance to attack.

After You Wuye left, Huang Xiaolong activated the lightning element godforce from his Holy Dragon Supreme Godhead, once again gathering a giant lightning cloud. At the same time, violent tornadoes emerged around him. All the lightning beasts in his path were sucked into the lightning cloud, destroyed, and had their life essence absorbed, converted into Huang Xiaolong's godforce.

Huang Xiaolong's points began to rise at an alarming speed, leaving the second-ranked Wangu Yanhui further in the dust.

One hour, two hours, one day, two days...!

Following Huang Xiaolong's rising points, his strength also continued to improve.

Although he was moving aimlessly, one of the good things about the Overflowing Lightning World was that there were quite a lot of treasures. Along the way, he found several stalks of three-million-year-old medicinal herbs.

Huang Xiaolong swallowed all of them, turning them into a part of his godforce.

Half a month later, his cultivation that had been stuck at peak late-Second Order Highgod Realm finally advanced to early Third Order.

On this particular day, Huang Xiaolong was standing in the air above a primitive stone forest, watching a group of disciples flying toward his direction from afar; it was a large group of sixty-seven disciples.

Looking at these disciples' robes, Huang Xiaolong snickered, for this large group was made up of disciples from the Yelu and Beitang Families.

The Yelu Family had several hundred disciples participating in the tournament. Even though Huang Xiaolong had killed Yelu Tianfeng, Yelu Xin, and other Yelu Family disciples some time ago, there were still a lot of Yelu Family disciples scattered around in the Overflowing Lightning World, as were the Beitang Family disciples.

"It's Huang Xiaolong!"

A Yelu Family disciples suddenly shrieked. When the other Yelu and Beitang Family disciples finally saw Huang Xiaolong, their faces became grim with fear.

By now, it was no secret in the Overflowing Lightning World that Huang Xiaolong had killed Yelu Tianfeng and Beitang Wuji. To these disciples from the Yelu and Beitang Families, Huang Xiaolong was a walking nightmare.

Even without thinking, all of them turned tail and ran for their lives.

Huang Xiaolong snorted coldly watching this. Godforce flowed out and the hurricanes around him enlarged, spinning at a horrifying rate, which swallowed all of the disciples who were attempting to run.

“Huang Xiaolong, don’t kill me!”

“No, don’t kill me!”

Both families’ disciples screamed in despair, but it was all in vain.

Streaks of lightning struck down from the giant lightning cloud akin to divine punishment. Just like the lightning beasts Huang Xiaolong hunted, these disciples died under the lightning strikes and his Archdevil Supreme Godhead would devour the life essence left behind, which was in turn purified by his Infinite Buddha Supreme Godhead.

Not a single person managed to escape, all of them were turned into Huang Xiaolong’s godforce.

Once again, Hung Xiaolong’s points drastically increased.

After a month had passed, there were only two days until the end of the tournament. At this time, Huang Xiaolong’s points were twice as many as Wangu Yanhui’s!

Out on the Aeon Square, everyone had grown numb from the initial shock staring at Huang Xiaolong’s name that was as brilliant as a million tiny shining suns.

The Azure Dragon Institute Principal Qin Yi stood there. Ever since Huang Xiaolong rose to the first place one month ago, he did not move an inch. He just stared fixedly at the name on the top of the list.

“Master, should we return to the institute?” Ceng Chu inquired cautiously, his heart filled with apprehension.

Ceng Chu was aware that his Master has been grasping at the last straw of hope in this one month's time, desperately wishing that Huang Xiaolong would fall like Fang Chu, Yelu Tianfeng, and others, forever disappearing from the ranking list.

At this point, with only two days remaining, this wish had virtually no hope of being granted.

No response came from Qin Yi.

Ceng Chu grew more anxious watching his Master. Huang Xiaolong would be coming out in another two days from the Overflowing Lightning World, delaying here was equivalent to waiting for death.

Just as Ceng Chu wanted to persuade his Master again, Qin Yi who had not moved for a whole month abruptly turned around and strode out from the square without another word.

Ceng Chu was stunned at first, then he and the rest of the Azure Dragon Institute Grand Elders quickly chased after him.

In another location on the Aeon Square, both Yelu and Beitang Family members were seething with killing intent.

"Only two more days." Yelu Family Patriarch Yelu Chufei mumbled under his breath. He already decided, the instant Huang Xiaolong appeared in front of his eyes, he would kill him at all cost, including the consequences of breaking the Eternal City's rules and offending the Wangu Clan.

'Huang Xiaolong must die!!'

Chapter 882: Divine World Messenger

The remaining two days passed by in a blink, and the curtain finally fell on this Highgod Advancement Tournament in which numerous galaxies' top talents participated.

From the Overflowing Lightning World, all the surviving disciples were being sent out in batches. The first batch comprised of disciples ranked below ten million.

This term's Highgod Advancement Tournament had over seventeen million disciples from various galaxies, however, when the disciples ranked below the ten million appeared on the square, there were merely eight hundred thousand or so!

Meaning to say, below the ranks of ten million, more than six million disciples had lost their lives!

This amount was staggering!

The second batch being transferred back were disciples ranked between one to ten million. Subsequent were the ones ranked between ten thousand to one million, the next batch was from three thousand to ten thousand.

The fifth batch transferred out was made up of disciples ranked between one thousand to three thousand, whereas in the final sixth batch were disciples in the top one thousand.

Thus, Huang Xiaolong, Wangu Yanhui, Mu Qi, Zhou Yao, and other top disciples were sent out in this sixth batch.

When the fifth batch of disciples appeared on the square, all eyes were fixed on the transmission array at the square center. The square was unusually silent, as if everyone was holding their breaths.

Finally, the transmission array shone brightly, and not far away, the Yelu Family Patriarch's fists subconsciously tightened. His momentum rose to the peak, killing intent swirling in his eyes.

A moment later, the transmission array's bright light flashed and disappeared, revealing a large group of disciples. These were none other than Wangu Yanhui, Mu Qi, Zhou Yao, You Wuye, Lu Dongwei, and others.

"Father, that's him!" Yelu Tianhao suddenly shouted as he pointed at a figure in the center of the transmission array.

Yelu Chufei's eyes needled onto that figure, letting out a rumbling roar. His body spun into a giant hurricane, flying straight at his target, exuding a suffocating murderous aura.

"Huang Xiaolong, go die!!" Yelu Chufei's eyes were scarlet with blood veins.

Overpowering fist force howled in the air, creating a dent in space, startling other masters present on the square. Numerous pairs of eyes watched that giant fist force almost tear through space and arrive at the transmission array area.

Wangu Shuo and the other Wangu Clan Elders were stunned. But, just as they wanted to block the attacker, there was someone faster than them, blocking Yelu Chufei's fist with a palm.

In an instant, that overpowering punch disappeared into nothing before everyone's eyes, and Yelu Chufei was knocked back as if he was struck by a heavy object, forcing him to crash down right in front of the other Yelu Family members.

The sudden turn of event made the crowd's hearts miss a beat.

Gazes slowly turned toward the person who stopped Yelu Chufei's whelming attack and sent him flying. It was a thin old man with wispy silvery hair and narrow eyes. One could even see lightning in the depths of his pupils when he blinked.

When the Wangu Clan Elders saw this person, all of them hurried before the old man and saluted respectfully, "Greetings, Ancestral Uncle!"

Ancestral Uncle!

Hearing the twelve Wang Clan Elders' greeting toward the thin silver-haired old man, the crowd stiffened, their hearts palpitating.

It was known that the Wangu Clan had two great masters. One of them was their Wangu Clan Ancestor, Wangu Chen, and the other was an old man named Wangu Mieqing. All Wangu Clan Elders and disciples would greet this person as 'Ancestral Uncle'.

This old man in front of them was undoubtedly Wangu Mieqing.

Wangu Mieqing nodded slightly at the group of Wangu Clan Elders, signaling them to stand up before his piercing gaze fell onto Yelu Chufei, "Kid, seeing that you're Yelu Xiong's descendant, I will spare your life today. But if there's a next time, don't blame me for disregarding old sentiments!"

Yelu Xiong was the Yelu Family's Patriarch two generations ago.

Yelu Chufei suppressed the terror in his heart, nodding in a hurry: "Many thanks for Senior's grace in sparing junior's life."

Wangu Mieqing looked away from the Yelu Family group, his piercing gaze sweeping over the cultivators around the square, his voice solemn, "Regardless of who you are, if you dare to break our Wangu Clan's rules, you will die!"

The word 'die' echoed like rolling waves in the square, striking the soul seas of all cultivators. The Wangu Clan disciples had a solemn expression on their faces.

Certain galaxies' masters that had the same intention as Yelu Chufei nipped the thought in the bud.

With that said, Wangu Mieqing's figure turned into a streak of lightning, disappearing from these people's view.

Right at this time, a large tear appeared in the sky above. Rays of light seeped through as it grew larger, sprinkling motes of light onto the square, accompanied by an emerging overwhelming aura.

The cultivators in all directions watched the space tear with awe and trepidation, from which a tall figure enshrouded in an aureate light appeared in front of everyone

When this tall figure stepped out from the space tear, the countless bright lights around his body morphed into ancient divine beasts one after another.

“I’m a messenger from the Divine World overseeing this term’s Highgod Advancement Tournament. First place winner of the tournament, please step onto the Highgod Advancement Podium!” The tall figure obscured from view by the light shrouding him spoke. Although his voice was low, it sounded like roaring thunder to the surrounding people, projecting a superior aura. With a casual point of his finger, a radiant golden Highgod Advancement Podium appeared above the Aeon Square.

Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong had to put aside the matter of Yelu Chufei’s assassination attempt, flying out from the transmission array and landing on the golden light podium.

“WHAT?!! He’s Huang Xiaolong?!” Wangu Shuo and Wangu Changqing’s eyes nearly fell out of their sockets when they saw Huang Xiaolong’s face.

Before, both of them assumed that the two people had the same name of ‘Huang Xiaolong’. Never had they imagined that the Huang Xiaolong who snatched the first place on the ranking list would be the same black-haired young man they made a bet on.

In the next second, they discovered another thing; Huang Xiaolong’s cultivation had advanced to peak early-Third Order Highgod Realm!

“What’s the matter?” Wangu Zhi couldn’t help asking, noticing Wangu Shuo and Wangu Changqing’s dramatic expressions.

Wangu Shuo’s Adam’s apple stirred, squeezing a smile, “This Huang Xiaolong is the kid we made our bet on.”

Wangu Zhi was too shocked to react for a second, then blurted out in disbelief, “Don’t joke, didn’t you guys said that black-haired kid was just a perfection stage late-Tenth Order God Realm?”

“This... we also don’t know what’s going on ah.” Wangu Shuo mumbled.

If someone told them that Huang Xiaolong broke through to peak early Third Order Highgod Realm from perfection stage late-Tenth Order God Realm in a short two years, they wouldn't believe it even if they were beaten into pig heads.

At the same time, that tall figure high in the sky observed Huang Xiaolong, his divine sense probing him up and down, giving praise, "Not bad, you're really not bad, you were able to win the tournament's first place relying on your peak early Third Order Highgod Realm strength. Your talent is also very good. Even placed among the younger generation of the Divine World's prominent sects, you can be considered as one of the highly talented juniors."

'I can only be considered highly talented?' Huang Xiaolong inwardly muttered. At this point in time, he had completely concealed the three supreme godheads above his soul sea, and in their place was a top rank ten godhead.

This was a special ability that Huang Xiaolong recently discovered about his Archdevil Supreme Godhead. After devouring some else's godhead, it could disguise itself as that godhead.

And the appearance of the godhead floating above his soul sea at this moment belonged to Xiang Mingzhi. Therefore, when that Divine World messenger's divine sense probed Huang Xiaolong, what it 'saw' was that top rank ten godhead.

Having a top rank ten godhead could only be considered as highly talented amongst the younger generation of the Divine World's prominent sects.

"This is your reward." The Divine World messenger then said. With a wave of his hand, a godhead several meters in diameter, emitting a soft blue glow floated down to Huang Xiaolong.

Heavenly God's godhead!

Fervent eyes stared fixedly at the godhead in Huang Xiaolong's hands.

Chapter 883: Peerless Genius

Beside the Heavenly God's godhead, there was also an enormous egg with tiny flickering lightning patterns on its surface.

One could feel the beating pulse from the egg, which caused even the surrounding space to ripple.

This was a lightning beast egg, possessing a top ranked bloodline even in the Divine World!

The spectating cultivators gasped for breath with gleaming desire in their eyes.

After the lightning beast egg, a token inscribed with Divine World symbols appeared in front of Huang Xiaolong. Next to the token was a Divine World cultivation technique manual, glowing with an alluring light.

Next, one hundred sacred grade immortal spirit stones!

One hundred Heavenly God Pills refined by Heavenly Gods!

One hundred All-spirit Divine Fruits!

Before many feverish and greedy gazes coming from the cultivators in the square, Huang Xiaolong collected all of this into his Asura Ring with a wave of his hand.

That Divine World messenger spoke some perfunctory words before sending Huang Xiaolong away. He acknowledged respectfully and flew off the Highgod Advancement Podium back to the Aeon Square below.

Following that, the Divine World messenger had Wangu Yanhui, Zhou Yao, Mu Qi, and the others come up to the podium to receive their rewards. After saying a few words, the Divine World messenger gave the participants ranking from second to ten their rewards, however, the ones ranked after that did not have such a privilege. After the nine disciples' rewards were distributed, the Divine World messenger indicated they could return to the square.

Soon, all the rewards for the top one thousand were given out.

The space tear in the sky mended itself, and that tall figure disappeared before everyone's eyes. From the beginning until the end, no one ever saw the messenger's face.

When things calmed down, the Wangu Clan group of Elders came in front of Huang Xiaolong and other disciples, informing them that the Wangu Clan Patriarch had prepared a celebration banquet, inviting Huang Xiaolong and several others to attend it at the residence of their main branch.

Naturally, most of these disciples readily agreed to attend.

Watching this, Huang Xiaolong naturally couldn't decline, hence he was also among the disciples heading to the Wangu Clan's banquet. Before that, though, he went to his Master Feng Yang's side and told them to return to the Surging Waves Mansion and wait for him there.

Feng Yang nodded incessantly, advising Huang Xiaolong to build a good rapport with some Wangu Clan core disciples as well as other galaxies' disciples, and also reminding him to avoid conflict with others if possible.

Huang Xiaolong nodded, obediently complying while smiling wryly in his heart.

Feng Yang watched Huang Xiaolong leaving with other disciples and Wangu Clan Elders, beaming. His heart was filled with contentment, comfort, astonishment, and a surreal feeling.

Before the tournament, it had never ever crossed his mind that his disciple could win the first place. He could already imagine the great waves of shock spreading over the Black Tortoise, Azure Dragon, White Tiger, and Vermilion Bird Galaxies when they would receive this news.

"Father, what do we do now?" Yelu Tianhao glared venomously at Huang Xiaolong's figure leaving with the Wangu Clan Elders.

Yelu Chufei's eyes gleamed coldly, "Let's first return to the Saint Lord Galaxy! I don't believe that Huang Xiaolong can hide here in the Aeon City his entire life! The time they leave the city to return to the Black Tortoise Galaxy is the time they die!"

Yelu Chufei did not linger around the square. With a flick of his sleeve, he led his group away, out of the Aeon City, rushing back to the Saint Lord Galaxy.

While the Yelu Family members were rushing back to the Saint Lord Galaxy, Huang Xiaolong and the other disciples reached the Wangu Clan's main residence.

At the banquet, Huang Xiaolong's sitting was arranged at the head of all other disciples, having the same degree of importance as the Wangu Clan Patriarch.

No doubt, Huang Xiaolong had become the center of attention during the banquet, even the brightness of the acclaimed peerless genius of the Wangu Clan in the last ten million years, Wangu Yanhui, dimmed before him.

During the banquet, the Wangu Clan Elders were almost taking turns toasting to Huang Xiaolong. Even the smile on Wangu Yutai's face, who was the Patriarch, seemed friendly and warm.

This brought many envious gazes from other galaxies' disciples, without exception. Some had hatred and jealousy laced within, one amongst them was Zhou Yao.

Watching Huang Xiaolong being at the center of attention, Zhou Yao was sneering in his heart, 'Punk, let's see how long you can enjoy this, hmph!'

Huang Xiaolong had killed Fang Chu, and he believed the Fortune Gate would soon make their move. He was waiting with anticipation to see how Huang Xiaolong was going to fend off this ancient behemoth.

'Against the Fortune Gate, being the peerless genius that you are is of no use!' Between heaven and earth, one's strength spoke the loudest.

The banquet soon came to an end and everyone left.

Huang Xiaolong and the few other disciples not from the Wangu Clan bid their farewells and left.

However, just as they were stepping out from the Wangu Clan's main residence, the Tempest Academy's Jiang Xiaosu suddenly obstructed Huang Xiaolong's path, demanding to exchange pointers with him.

After a brief surprise, Huang Xiaolong shook his head, ignoring the crazy woman.

Jiang Xiaosu shouted loudly behind Huang Xiaolong: "Are you afraid of losing to me?!"

Huang Xiaolong's steps halted hearing that. He then glanced at Jiang Xiaosu who shuddered and subconsciously retreated several steps. By the time she stopped, she realized that Huang Xiaolong had already left.

Jiang Xiaosu looked stricken with horror, her cherry red lips opening and closing, "Not possible, how can the gap between us be so big?!"

She had the confidence to fight even Wangu Yanhui. But just now, a single glance from Huang Xiaolong was enough to make her retreat?!

After Huang Xiaolong and the other disciples left the banquet, the Wangu Clan's Patriarch and Elders moved to the main hall, including Wangu Yanhui.

"Hui'er, in the Overflowing Lightning World, did you have a chance to fight this Huang Xiaolong? How is this child's strength?" Wangu Yutai asked Wangu Yanhui, who was sitting several seats down in the main hall.

Wangu Yanhui had a somber expression, answering respectfully, "Although this disciple did not fight with Huang Xiaolong, this disciple estimates that Huang Xiaolong probably possesses strength comparable to a Sixth Order Highgod Realm master!"

"What?!"

"A Sixth Order Highgod Realm master's strength!"

The instant Wangu Yanhui finished, all the present Wangu Clan elders were astounded. Some even blurted out in horror, and even Wangu Yutai showed doubt.

Thus, Wangu Yanhui recounted what happened after they activated the central formation of the Lightning God's cultivation dwelling, about Fang Chu's plan of killing all four of them.

When Wangu Yutai and the rest heard that Fang Chu's cultivation was actually at Fifth Order Highgod Realm, everyone present was once again shocked.

Up until this point, all of them thought that Fang Chu was an early Fourth Order Highgod Realm disciple.

"You're saying that Huang Xiaolong killed a Fifth Order Highgod Realm Fang Chu with only his Third Order Highgod Realm strength?!" said Wangu Yutai.

But Wangu Yanhui shook his head, "No, at the time Huang Xiaolong killed Fang Chu, he had yet to breakthrough to Third Order. He was still a late-Second Order Highgod Realm."

"Late-Second Order Highgod Realm!!" Quite a few Wangu Clan Elders present exclaimed the same words, their eyes rounded in astonishment and they jumped to their feet.

"That is so. Although I did not see with my own eyes how Huang Xiaolong killed Fang Chu, at that point in time, Huang Xiaolong was truly a late-Second Order Highgod Realm." Wangu Yanhui stated, he himself was dumbstruck during that time.

Wangu Yutai muttered under his breath like he was speaking to himself, "A late-Second Order killing a Fifth Order Highgod Realm! Moreover, it wasn't the average Fifth Order Highgod Realm master either! Monster, a peerless genius, one that doesn't appear in tens of millions of years ah!"

Wangu Shuo and Wangu Changqing exchanged a look, their wry smile reflected in each other's eyes. Despite having praised Huang Xiaolong's talent before, only now did they realize the fact that they still underestimated Huang Xiaolong.

“Hmph, this Fang Chu dared to harm Yanhui while knowing his identity full well. This matter cannot be forgiven just like this!” A long time later, Wangu Zhi recovered from his shock, harrumphing in anger.

The Elders echoed his sentiments.

A light flickered passed Wangu Yutai’s eyes, “Naturally this matter won’t be forgotten so easily, however, that Huang Xiaolong...”

Chapter 884: The Fortune Gate Elder

Hearing the sudden change in the Patriarch’s tone when mentioning Huang Xiaolong, the Wangu Clan Elders had nothing to say.

Huang Xiaolong’s talent had gone way beyond the scope of their imagination, giving birth to a silent fear that slithered up their hearts and only grew stronger.

Wangu Yanhui spoke again, breaking the oppressive atmosphere, “Patriarch, this disciple thinks that Huang Xiaolong can only be befriended, and even if we cannot do that, we must absolutely not make an enemy out of him. A monster like Huang Xiaolong will definitely become a Tenth Order Highgod Realm master in a few thousand years. Based on his battle strength, upon reaching Tenth Order Highgod Realm, no one from countless galaxies will be his opponent.”

“Yanhui is right. Moreover, Huang Xiaolong did save his life once before, and could be considered our Wangu Clan’s benefactor in this matter.” Wangu Shuo supported Wangu Yanhui’s opinion.

Wangu Yutai nodded his head, “Although this Huang Xiaolong’s cultivation realm is a little low, his talent is still worthwhile for us to show some goodwill, I plan to give him a drop of sacred qilin whelp blood.”

The Wangu Clan Elders were stunned hearing this, some of them even looked tempted.

“Patriarch, this sacred qilin blood is our clan’s sacred relic, harvesting a small drop every thousand years, isn’t that...?” Wangu Yuan hesitated.

“Yes, Patriarch, not to mention that Huang Xiaolong isn’t a disciple of our Wangu Clan. Even if we give him a drop of qilin blood, it doesn’t mean he can absorb it.” Wangu Zhi added, “We can give him some other things, such as sacred grade immortal spirit stones, or maybe Undying God Pills.”

Wangu Yutai shook his head, “From the result of my checking, before the tournament started, this Huang Xiaolong had spent more than three trillion to purchase the Surging Waves Mansion located at the center of Eternal City. Later, he bought more than a hundred bottles of Undying God Pills, Extraordinary Divine Pellets, and Myriad Cure Holy Pills. This shows that he’s not lacking in money or sacred grade spirit stones.”

Wangu Clan Elders felt as if a large boulder struck the back of their heads. Who would have thought that Huang Xiaolong was also a super wealthy tycoon.

Several Wangu Clan Elders still wanted to dissuade him further, but Wangu Yutai merely waved his hand, cutting them off, “This matter is decided. Wangu Shuo, you will personally send the sacred qilin blood over to the Surging Waves Mansion.”

“Yes, Patriarch!” Wangu Shuo stood up, bowing respectfully in compliance.

The other Wangu Elders exchanged glances amongst themselves in silence.

Thus, not long after Huang Xiaolong returned to the Surging Waves Mansion from the Wangu Clan’s main residence, Wangu Shuo had arrived to personally gift Huang Xiaolong the drop of qilin blood.

When Wangu Shuo opened the jade box containing a single drop of sacred qilin blood, it immediately enveloped the whole Surging Waves Mansion in a blood-red glow, followed by the heaven resounding roar of an ancient qilin.

Feng Yang, Liu Yun, and the others felt their hearts racing.

That single drop of sacred qilin blood was the size of two thumbs, resembling the rarest blood-colored ruby. Even though it looked calm on the surface, one could feel a vibrant vitality exuding from it.

Despite it being suppressed by restrictions, Huang Xiaolong was able to feel the vast roiling energy contained within.

“Elder Wangu Shuo, this item is too precious.” Huang Xiaolong was more than surprised but did not reach out to accept the gift. Although he didn’t know the exact usage of this drop of blood, he understood that it was something precious to the Wangu Clan, not something that could be bought with spirit stones.

Wangu Shuo revealed an amiable smile, “Young warrior need not refuse, this is a small token from our Patriarch. You saved Yanhui, a little qilin blood is nothing in comparison. Our Patriarch also said that you are always welcome to our Wangu Clan’s main residence to have a cup of tea. Our Patriarch would be delighted to have you there.”

“Since it is so, then I accept this sacred qilin blood with thanks. I shall trouble Elder Wangu Shuo to convey my thanks to Patriarch Wangu.” Huang Xiaolong slightly hesitated before accepting the jade box.

After Wangu Shuo already said so courteously, it was hard for Huang Xiaolong to further refuse. Even though he knew this was a sign of goodwill from the Wangu Clan, it was a good thing to Huang Xiaolong as well.

A while later, Wangu Shuo left, returning to report to his Patriarch. Before he left, Huang Xiaolong gave him ten sacred grade immortal spirit stones. Hence, when Wangu Shuo stepped out from the Surging Waves Mansion, his face was ruddy and his eyes bent into a wide smile.

“Xiaolong, when are we heading back to the Black Tortoise Galaxy?” After Wangu Shuo left, Feng Yang inquired Huang Xiaolong’s intention.

“Let’s depart tomorrow.” Huang Xiaolong answered.

During the tournament, he had killed a large number of disciples from both Yelu and Beitang Families. He was a little worried about the Huang Clan Manor, hence, he’d like to rush back to the Black Tortoise Galaxy as soon as possible.

On that very night, Huang Xiaolong went inside the Heavenly God's dwelling, sitting cross-legged, and opened the jade box in his hand. The suction force from his hand immediately brought the drop of ruby red blood in front of him.

Although his current strength was comparable to the average Sixth Order Highgod Realm master, judging from the power that Yelu Chufei showed when he attempted to take his life on the square, Huang Xiaolong concluded that Yelu Chufei was a Seventh Order Highgod Realm master, perhaps even mid-Seventh Order.

Therefore, before he went back to Martial Spirit World, Huang Xiaolong strived to enhance his strength even a little bit, which was why he decided to refine the drop of sacred qilin blood.

Looking at the drop blood floating in front of him, Huang Xiaolong opened his mouth and inhaled, bringing it into his body.

The instant the sacred qilin blood entered his body, Huang Xiaolong felt as if his whole body's blood was boiling.

Hot!

It was as if what he swallowed wasn't a two thumb-sized large drop of sacred qilin blood, but a giant volcano, one capable of burning a world surface like Martial Spirit World into ashes in a matter of minutes.

Huang Xiaolong's skin was like burning ember, emitting wisps of smoke from his amber red skin surface. But, that initial heat wave rushing out from his body was only the beginning.

Huang Xiaolong was dumbfounded, quickly activating his Archdevil Supreme Godhead's devouring power, frantically swallowing this overwhelming fire element force. While he was refining the sacred qilin blood, the Divine World messenger that presented the Highgod Advancement Tournament's rewards had returned to a magnificent godly temple, respectfully falling to his knees. In front of the messenger stood a slightly short and round middle-aged man.

In between this middle-aged man's brows was a divine symbol representing lightning.

The Divine World messenger was reporting to this middle-aged man the details of the rewards presentation.

“Only a top rank ten godhead?” The short middle-aged man’s brows furrowed slightly, disappointment flickered in his eyes.

“That is so, Great Emperor. The first place winner Huang Xiaolong’s godhead is only a top rank ten godhead.” The Divine World messenger affirmed.

“Alright, you can retreat.” The short middle-aged man instructed with a wave of his hand.

The Divine World messenger respectfully complied and left. The short and plump middle-aged man shook his head, muttering under his breath, “Looks like the chances of finding a genius disciple with an emperor rank godhead is impossible.” Before his last word sounded, his figure already disappeared from the spot.

One month passed went by.

The burning heat that previously enveloped Huang Xiaolong already subsided by now. When he opened his eyes, a fleeting fire flickered in his pupils. After one month of cultivation, he had completely absorbed the energy within that drop of sacred qilin blood.

Huang Xiaolong could feel an obvious increase in his strength, already reaching the border of peak early Third Order Highgod Realm. Furthermore, the Holy Dragon Supreme Godhead’s fire element godforce had become even purer and more powerful than before.

When he exited the Heavenly Mountain and reached the Surging Waves Mansion’s front hall, he noticed Feng Yang and the others waiting for him there.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong appear, Feng Yang and the others stood up and approached him.

“Xiaolong, there’s someone outside named Wang Zhong, saying he’s an Elder from the Fortune Gate. He insisted on seeing you...” Feng Yang was filled with worry as he spoke.

Fortune Gate Elder? Huang Xiaolong frowned, this Fortune Gate came unexpectedly fast, this Wang Zhong’s arrival was undoubtedly related to Fang Chu’s death.

Chapter 885: Returning To The Black Tortoise Galaxy

“Let him in.” Huang Xiaolong answered. He was waiting to see what this Fortune Gate Elder named Wang Zhong was going to say.

A short while later, Huang Xiaolong, Feng Yang, and the others saw a burly middle-aged man striding into the front hall in a brutish manner. He was square face, had thick messy brows, and exuded a sharp prickling aura.

The instant Wang Zhong stepped into the hall, his cold, hostile gaze locked onto Huang Xiaolong, “Huang Xiaolong, I bet you didn’t expect me to show up so fast, right? However, even if you managed to escape from this Aeon City, you wouldn’t be able to leave the Eternal Galaxy, therefore, I advise you to nip any hope you have in the bud.”

Huang Xiaolong looked at Wang Zhong with cold indifference, “The Fortune Gate sent a dog that only knows how to bark madly?”

Wang Zhong was taken aback for a second, then anger swirled in his heart. Huang Xiaolong actually dared to scold him, calling him a dog?

“Punk, you’re seeking death!” Wang Zhong let out a furious bellow and his aura spiked up in an instant. Before anyone else could react, Wang Zhong’s palm struck out toward Huang Xiaolong. The palm force exuded powerful metal element godforce, quickly arriving in front of its target.

Huang Xiaolong didn’t even look at Wang Zhong, he merely struck out a palm to meet the incoming attack. Similarly, he only used metal element godforce.

Two palms collided in midair, resulting in a booming blast that shook the entire hall. The resulting shockwave pulverized the furniture inside the hall and caused the tiles to fly into the air before being

reduced to dust as well. Feng Yang, Liu Yun, Chen Yang, and Qi Wen were forced away from Huang Xiaolong and Wang Zhong, their faces ashen.

Wang Zhong's figure wobbled unsteadily, staggering several meters back. When he steadied himself, shock and disbelief were written all over his face as he stared at Huang Xiaolong, "This, you, how can this be?!" He was an early Sixth Order Highgod Realm!

Whereas that punk in front of him was just a peak early Third Order Highgod Realm ant!

The corner of Huang Xiaolong's lips curved into a cold sneer, "Do you have anything else to say? If not, you can get the hell out."

Get the hell out?!

Wang Zhong's face was red, then became purple like an eggplant. His eyes were bulging from the unspeakable fury that had reached a breaking point. His hands clenched into fists as suffocating killing intent filled the hall.

Huang Xiaolong merely watched him with the same indifference.

All of a sudden, Wang Zhong's murderous aura disappeared, converged internally as he spoke, "Huang Xiaolong, you killed my Junior Brother. Originally, according to our Fortune Gate Grand Elders' decision, your punishment was to have all your bones broken, your tendons extracted, and be flayed alive before refining your soul and ending your life, using your head as an offering to my Junior Brother. However, as long as you hand over all the rewards you received and sign an eternal blood contract to serve our Fortune Gate, we can spare your life!"

"What? Hand over the rewards?!" Feng Yang and the others exclaimed in anger hearing that.

This Fortune Gate had gone beyond bullying!

Among Huang Xiaolong's rewards for winning the first place in the tournament was the godhead of a Heavenly God, something that couldn't be bought regardless of how many sacred grade immortal spirit

stones or Heavenly God divine pellets one had, even less so that lightning beast egg with as top ranked bloodline, as well as the token that guaranteed enrollment into any prominent sect of the Divine World!

And this Fortune Gate also wanted Huang Xiaolong to sign an eternal blood contract! In other words, Huang Xiaolong was to become the Fortune Gate's slave until his last breath!

Huang Xiaolong smirked, "And if I refuse?"

Wang Zhong flashed Huang Xiaolong a sinister grin, "Refuse? You'd do better to think it real good through that head of yours before answering. If you don't agree, not only you yourself will disappear from this world, everything and everyone related to you will also die because of you."

"There's nothing to reconsider."

Wang Zhong's eyes narrowed, veiling the coldness in his eyes, "Since it's like that, I hope you won't regret it when the time comes." Throwing this sentence, he turned around to leave.

The Fortune Gate's upper echelon's original purpose in sending over Wang Zhong was to capture Huang Xiaolong and bring him back to the headquarters all the way in the Everlasting Galaxy had he refused their terms. However, Huang Xiaolong's strength was out of Wang Zhong's expectations. He had no confidence in being able to capture Huang Xiaolong, hence he decided to leave first and report this matter to his superiors.

"Not so fast." Wang Zhong barely turned around when Huang Xiaolong's voice sounded: "Did I allow you to leave?"

Wang Zhong halted, then burst into laughter, "Huang Xiaolong, I admit you're strong, but do you really think a Third Order Highgod Realm like you can kill a Sixth Order Highgod Realm master like me? I can come and go as I please!"

Exactly at this moment, Huang Xiaolong's body transformed with a sway, turning into a thousand zhang long blue primordial divine dragon, exuding majestic dragon might that locked onto the mansion. At the same time, a dragon claw slammed down.

Everything happened in a split second. While Wang Zhong was still caught in the shock of Huang Xiaolong's sudden transformation into a primordial divine dragon, an enormous dragon claw resembling a small mountain was already falling on him from above.

Wang Zhong became deathly pale, his heart falling into despair.

“NO—!”

He screamed in fear, every last strand of godforce inside his body roiled as his palms struck messily at the dragon claw.

However, Huang Xiaolong's dragon claw easily dispersed all the attacks, which didn't even slow his speed.

Rumble!

The hall quaked violently in protest.

The floor beneath Wang Zhong's feet cracked, his body buried vertically into the ground below, with his flesh ruptured and blood spurting out. His breath was wheezing out without going in.

Feng Yang, Liu Yun, Qi Wen, and Chen Yang were stupefied looking at the overwhelming primordial divine blue dragon in the air, their expressions were a sight to behold.

In a flash, Huang Xiaolong reverted back to normal, standing right above Wang Zhong in the air. A suction force came from Huang Xiaolong's hand, pulling Wang Zhong out from the ground. At the same time, his Archdevil Supreme Godhead's devouring power came to life.

All of Wang Zhong's blood essence and godforce flooded into Huang Xiaolong's body, causing Wang Zhong's body to shrink rapidly as his life force ebbed away, turning into a dried corpse.

In no more than a dozen breaths' time, Huang Xiaolong was finished with Wang Zhong, letting the dried corpse fall as he shot a sliver of fire element godforce onto it, burning it to ashes.

"Master, let's leave." Huang Xiaolong looked over his shoulder, saying to the stupefied Feng Yang.

Only then did Feng Yang and his three disciples come to their senses, hurrying after Huang Xiaolong. Even after stepping out of the Surging Waves Mansion, the four of them still felt as if they were in a dream.

A short while later, the five of them had exited the Eternal City, rushing back to Black Tortoise Galaxy.

...

The Everlasting Galaxy, Fortune Gate's headquarters.

As the Fortune Gate Chief Wang Yu and a group of Grand Elders and Elders were discussing the aftermath of Fang Chu's death, a flustered overseer ran into the hall, half panting as he reported that Wang Zhong's life strip had shattered.

"What?! Wang Zhong is dead?!" Grand Elder Sun Yi jumped to his feet in anger. This Sun Yi was both Wang Zhong's and Fang Chu's Master.

Wang Yu and the others present were flabbergasted hearing the report. Wang Zhong was the very person they had sent to capture Huang Xiaolong, but now, he was dead! Then...?

"Could that Huang Xiaolong have other masters at his side?" A Grand Elder voiced the question everyone was thinking about.

"Not necessarily, maybe Wang Zhong was killed by some other force's master." Another Grand Elder suggested a different possibility.

The look in Wang Yu's eyes grew chilling, "We'll know everything once we captured Huang Xiaolong. Pass my order down, have people guard the galaxies surrounding the Eternal Galaxy, they must absolutely capture Huang Xiaolong and bring him back here for me!"

All present Grand Elders respectfully acknowledged.

Slightly over a month later, Huang Xiaolong's group of five arrived back in the Black Tortoise Galaxy without any mishap. Even while rushing back, Huang Xiaolong did not relax, seizing every minute he could to cultivate.

The one hundred Heavenly God Pills refined by Heavenly God masters, as well one those one hundred All-spirit Divine Fruits that Huang Xiaolong received were all refined by him. Not only that, more than half of the pills he had collected from the Lightning God's cultivation dwelling also went into his stomach. With these supplements, Huang Xiaolong finally advanced to mid-Third Order Highgod Realm.

Back in the Black Tortoise Galaxy, the five of them stepped out from the Cloudsea Mainland's transmission array and headed straight to the Black Warrior Institute.

Chapter 886: You Dare Disrespect Institute Principal Wang Na?

Even before Huang Xiaolong's group stepped a foot inside the Black Warrior City, Wang Na had received a report from a disciple of their arrival. Together with a group of Black Warrior Institute Grand Elders and Elders, she was waiting to discuss an alliance with the Jiang, Wang, Gudu, and Zhu Families.

"Oh, Feng Yang's back?" Listening to the report, Wang Na was slightly startled, she did not expect him to return so early. Calculating the time, merely a bit more than a month had passed since the Highgod Advancement Tournament ended.

At the very least, rushing back to the institute would take a three-month journey. Or was Feng Yang already on his the back even before the tournament ended?

Wang Na's glimmered with hope and excitement, "Other than Feng Yang, who else came back with him?"

“Other than Feng Yang, there are Huang Xiaolong, Liu Yun, Chen Yang, and Qi Wen.” That disciples respectfully replied.

Slightly over a month ago, Wang Na had proceeded with the Black Warrior Institute Principal Instalment ceremony, officially taking over the position, and was now currently the Institute Principal. Whereas Feng Yang, according to the rules, after ‘relinquishing’ the position, he was considered an Eminent Elder of the Black Warrior Institute.

“What? Huang Xiaolong?!” Wang Na was astounded.

Grand Elder He Zhiwu and Grand Elder He Fei were just as astounded; how could Huang Xiaolong still be alive?!

He Zhiwu exclaimed in shock, “Did Huang Xiaolong escape from the Great Lord by luck? Could that be why he wasn’t killed?”

“It must be like this.” Wang Na sneered, “This Huang Xiaolong’s life is really tenacious, he still managed to stay alive even after all this. But it’s understandable. It is said that the Overflowing Lightning World, where the tournament was held, can be described as boundless. As ingenious as the Great Lord is, it is not an easy task finding a single person. Huang Xiaolong’s death is a certainty, his numbered days are quickly slipping away.”

“I agree. At most, this Huang Xiaolong can only jump around for a few more days.” He Fei echoed.

Wang Na instructed the reporting disciple, “Pass down my order, tell Feng Yang come to see me with the Institute Principal token.” Since Feng Yang was back, it was about time she received the Institute Principal token.

That disciple quickly complied.

Feng Yang and his four disciples had just passed through the Black Warrior City when they saw a group of Black Warrior Institute inner disciples flying toward them.

The group of inner disciples greeted Feng Yang with the salutation 'Eminent Elder.'

"What did you lot call me just now? Eminent Elder?!" Feng Yang was bewildered. Huang Xiaolong, Liu Yun, Chen Yang, and Qi Wen were also baffled hearing these inner disciples greeting Feng Yang that way.

"Yes, Institute Principal Wang Na has conducted the installment ceremony more than a month ago, her esteem self is now the current Black Warrior Institute Principal." One of the inner disciples explained.

Rage rose to Feng Yang's face hearing that, his deep voice rumbled, "Wang Na dared to proceed with the installment ceremony without my permission, who gave her this right?!"

That inner disciple stammered fearfully, finally squeezing out some words, "Institute Principal Wang Na knows that Eminent Elder has returned, thus she has requested Eminent Elder's presence in the great hall. She also said that Eminent Elder is to hand over the Institute Principal token. We're just following orders, please do not make things difficult for us."

Liu Yun and Qi Wen were immediately angered. From that inner disciple's words, whether Feng Yang was willing or not, he was to hand over the token?

"Master, since that old witch Wang Na is so anxious to see us, we should go, it's been some time since I've last seen that old witch. Coincidentally, I've been wanting to see that old witch as well." Huang Xiaolong said to Feng Yang.

"Impudent! Huang Xiaolong, you're just a measly Elder, how dare you disrespect the Institute Principal!" An inner disciple that had a Grand Elder as his Master couldn't resist barking at Huang Xiaolong, trying to stand out.

Huang Xiaolong glanced over through the corner of his eye, then a cold snorted sounded from him and that particular disciple exploded on the spot. Blood splattered on the other disciples near him and the ground.

All remaining disciples leaped back, alarmed and, frankly, terrified as they looked at Huang Xiaolong.

“Master, let’s go to the Black Warrior Great Hall.” Huang Xiaolong didn’t pay those inner disciples any further attention, looking at Feng Yang.

“Alright.” Feng Yang nodded in agreement.

With that decided, the five of them flew toward the Black Warrior City’s transmission array. After being transported to the institute grounds, they flew straight to the Black Warrior Great Hall.

As soon as they walked into the hall, Huang Xiaolong immediately saw Wang Na who was sitting in the main seat, which was reserved only for the Black Warrior Institute Principal. At this moment, Wang Na was sitting there wearing the Black Warrior Divine Armor, radiant and spirited.

At the same moment Feng Yang and Huang Xiaolong stepped into the hall, Wang Na, He Zhiwu, He Fei, and the others fixed their gazes on them. The other three people were disregarded.

“Feng Yang, I’m sure you know by now that I am the current Black Warrior Institute Principal.” Wang Na went on, barely able to hide the smirk on her face, “According to the Black Warrior Institute’s rules, you’re now an Eminent Elder, but you’re still required to salute me.” Then her gaze swept over Huang Xiaolong, Liu Yun, and the others, adding, “As for these disciples of yours, as Elders and Grand Elders of the Black Warrior Institute, they should get on their knees seeing the Institute Principal.”

Feng Yang snickered in spite of his boiling anger, “Wang Na, I don’t remember agreeing to your installment ceremony. Based on this alone, I can convict you of the crime of rebellion.”

Wang Na giggled coquettishly hearing Feng Yang’s accusation, “Feng Yang, if I remember correctly, it is stated in the institute’s rules that, if the said Institute Principal is absent, the installment ceremony can proceed as long as other Eminent Elders agree. I have received permission from the Eminent Elders, therefore, my installment ceremony is right and proper, whereas you, Feng Yang, because of your personal disciple, arbitrarily left the Black Tortoise Galaxy. Most of all, you did not return to conduct the installment ceremony in a timely manner, do you know your crime?!”

Feng Yang’s face turned grim.

All of a sudden, several strong auras enveloped the great hall, which belonged to the few Eminent Elders present.

“Feng Yang, Wang Na is the current official Institute Principal, hand over the token.” One of the Eminent Elders spoke, “Otherwise, we won’t be able to plead on your behalf to Principal Wang Na to forgive your crime of arbitrarily leaving the Black Tortoise Galaxy.”

Feng Yang and his disciples were green and red with anger. It was clear as day that these Eminent Elders had received some benefits from Wang Na and shifted to her camp.

Huang Xiaolong stepped out, walking all the way to the center of the great hall while shaking his head in annoyance.

“Old witch, I had wanted to let you live a few more days, but now, my heart doesn’t feel comfortable if I don’t kill you.” Huang Xiaolong said to Wang Na, looking directly at her.

“What insolence! How dare you disrespect Institute Principal Wang Na?! As an Elder of the institute, why are you not kneeling in salute to the Institute Principal!” A Grand Elder pointed a finger at Huang Xiaolong’s face, snapping harshly.

Huang Xiaolong’s gaze darkened hearing this. A streak of lightning shot out from the void and that Grand Elder’s movements stopped, turning into a burnt corpse, standing there stiffly with tiny ribbons of lightning crackling around his body.

The other Grand Elders felt their hearts nearly jump out from their chests, retreating backward in panic.

Wang Na was shocked, but even more confounded, “Huang Xiaolong, you actually dared to kill a Grand Elder in public, usurping authority, you, you...!” She turned toward the several Eminent Elders, “Several Eminent Elders please take action and capture this traitor for judgment!”

One of the Eminent Elders slashed his long sword out, the sword tip pointed at Huang Xiaolong, “Huang Xiaolong, you actually dared to kill a Grand Elder right in front of us! Even if your Master gets on his knees and begs for mercy, you won’t be able to escape death!”

Chapter 887: Wang Na’s Death

After he finished declaring his righteous reason, that Eminent Elder's momentum soared sky high. In the next second, his longsword was hacking down on Huang Xiaolong.

An engulfing sword qi drowned Huang Xiaolong within, blocking all and any routes of escape.

Water element godforce filled the great hall.

Seeing this, the rest of the Eminent Elders stood aside, having no intention to interfere.

Watching the sword qi targeting him, a mocking sneer curved up from the corners of Huang Xiaolong's lips; a mid-Second Order Highgod Realm?

That attacking Eminent Elder caught sight of Huang Xiaolong's mocking sneer, angering him further. The amount of water element godforce increased, enhancing the sword qi's lethality.

Originally, with Huang Xiaolong's currently strength, merely a blow of breath could instantly kill a Third Order Highgod Realm cultivator. But after a quick thought, he decided to, at least, make a move.

Huang Xiaolong raised his right arm up, then a finger, and flicked out.

That seemingly powerful sword qi attack suddenly popped like a bubble, and just as the Eminent Elder's face paled, he felt as if a giant mountain slammed against his chest and was knocked flying back at an alarming speed.

Rumble!

The whole great hall swayed and shook as the Eminent Elder crashed through one of the walls, flying several hundred meters out until he slammed into a mountain cliff.

A section of that cliff broke and crumbled from the impact, whereas that Eminent Elder laid at the edge, no longer moving.

Apart from Feng Yang, Liu Yun, Qi Wen, and Chen Yang, the others were flabbergasted staring at that human-shaped hole on the wall.

Wang Na, as well as the several Eminent Elders were shocked and bewildered, losing their bearing.

“Old witch, what other crimes do you want to accuse me of?” While these people were still in shock, Huang Xiaolong’s aloof voice jolted them back to reality.

Wang Na’s head jerked up, glaring at Huang Xiaolong despite the apprehension and fear in her eyes. She knew very well that Eminent Elder’s strength. Although he was weaker than Feng Yang, it was not that big of a gap, a mid-Second Order Highgod Realm.

Yet a mid-Second Order Highgod Realm couldn’t withstand a flick of Huang Xiaolong’s finger? Then... Huang Xiaolong’s strength was... Third Order Highgod Realm?!

Huang Xiaolong, this dog, was already a Third Order Highgod Realm master?! But, she obviously did not sense any godforce from him, so what exactly was happening?!

In fact, it was nothing out of the ordinary for Wang Na unable to sense Huang Xiaolong’s godforce earlier, for he did not use any godforce at all, only pure physical strength. Then again, it was merely one-millionth of his physical strength.

Wang Na could hear her own voice shaking, “Huang Xiaolong, as an Elder of Black Warrior Institute, you killed first an institute Grand Elder, then heavily injured an Eminent Elder, you, you, you...!”

“I what?” Huang Xiaolong smirked. He raised a palm toward her and she pulled Wang Na before him.

Wang Na sensed the murderous aura from Huang Xiaolong’s body, causing her small face to be drained of blood, fear and fury mixed together, “You, I-I’m the Institute Principal! Huang Xiaolong, you dare to kill me?! You want to turn the entire Black Warrior Institute into your enemy?!”

“Become enemies with the whole Black Warrior Institute? Old witch, you overvalue yourself.” Huang Xiaolong laughed loudly at Wang Na’s words, “Then again, so what if I become enemies with the entire Black Warrior Institute?”

After saying that, Huang Xiaolong tapped a finger on Wang Na’s arm and a vigor force entered her body, breaking all of her bones. Huang Xiaolong controlled the vigor force’s speed and strength, making sure it broke Wang Na’s bones piece by piece.

The sounds of breaking bones resounded in the hall again and again, as if there was no end to it, together with Wang Na’s intermittent screams. Even so, her eyes were glaring venomously at Huang Xiaolong, “Huang Xiaolong, even if you kill me, the Great Lord will spare neither you nor your family. You and your family will come to accompany me in hell very soon!”

“Great Lord?” Huang Xiaolong issued a harsh snicker, “I forgot to inform you, that Great Lord of yours is already dead, I killed him. He’s already waiting impatiently for you in hell.”

Wang Na, He Zhiwu, and He Fei were dazed.

Then Wang Na shrieked, “Huang Xiaolong, you really think simply mouthing some nonsense will make me believe you? Just you, a mere Third Order Highgod Realm, is our Great Lord’s match? How powerful my Great Lord is is not something you can imagine. The Great Lord is destined to become an existence that will conquer countless galaxies!” She would never believe that Huang Xiaolong was capable of killing the Great Lord backing them.

Her Great Lord had subordinates such as the Mirage King, masters of peak late-Third Order Highgod Realm, and could only be stronger than that. How can Huang Xiaolong kill her Great Lord?

He Zhiwu and He Fei also refused to believe his words.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, too lazy to say anything further. His palm landed a swift strike on Wang Na’s chest, shattering her internal organs.

Although Wang Na’s physical body was not weak being a mid-First Order Highgod Realm master, in front of Huang Xiaolong, it was as fragile as a paper tiger.

“Huang Xiaolong, release Institute Principal Wang Na this instant!” An Eminent Elder shouted when he saw Huang Xiaolong striking Wang Na’s chest. “If you dare to kill Institute Principal Wang Na, all of us will make a joint order for all the forces in Black Tortoise Galaxy to hunt you down. No matter how strong you are, there will be no place for you in the Black Tortoise Galaxy!”

“So noisy!” Huang Xiaolong made a curt wave with his hand.

That peak mid-Second Order Highgod Realm Eminent Elder was sent flying, adding another human-shaped hole through the wall. The remaining Eminent Elders finally felt genuine fear down to their souls. Not one of them dared to make another sound.

“You dog Huang Xiaolong, kill me if you’ve got the guts, kill me!” Wang Na shrill shrieked cut through the hall.

“Don’t worry, I definitely will kill you.” A chilling light then flitted past Huang Xiaolong’s eyes and a purple soul (魂) character flew out from his pupils, entering Wang Na’s mind, scouring her soul for useful information. When that ended, the Archdevil Supreme Godhead’s devouring power began absorbing Wang Na’s blood essence and godforce. Right in front of the horrified He Zhiwu, He Fei, and the others present, Wang Na’s body began to shrink, finally leaving nothing but a dried corpse.

With a casual flick of his finger, a strand of fire fell onto what remained of Wang Na, incinerating it to ashes.

Wang Na’s death was absolute, nothing like an avatar as what happened with Fang Chu. She was also the shortest lasting Institute Principal in the history of the Black Warrior Institute.

After he was done with Wang Na, Huang Xiaolong’s gaze fell onto He Zhiwu, He Fei, as well as the remaining Grand Elders and Elders.

Just this one look caused those elders’ hearts to palpitate. Some fell to their knees, kowtowing to Huang Xiaolong for mercy.

Watching them act this way, Huang Xiaolong's gaze shifted onto the group of Eminent Elders. One could easily see the fear in these Eminent Elders' eyes even as they subconsciously retreated.

"...Huang Xiaolong, y-you, what do you want to do?" One of them stammered

Huang Xiaolong spoke without any emotion in his voice, "Wang Na's already dead, I'm sure you all have no objections with my Master continuing as the Black Warrior Institute Principal, yes?"

Everyone was too confounded to answer.

"No, no objection, no objection." These people forced a smile that looked uglier than crying.

However, Huang Xiaolong made them sign a blood contract. Having no other way, they signed it.

Coincidentally, a disciple ran into the hall at this moment, saying that the Jiang, Wang, Gudu, and Zhu Families' Patriarchs were waiting outside the Black Warrior Institute, coming to discuss an alliance with Wang Na.

"Great, lead them all in here." Huang Xiaolong calmly ordered.

Chapter 888: All Dead

The disciple respectfully complied and left the great hall.

On the periphery of the Black Warrior Institute's grounds, Jiang Wuhuang, Wang Dingy, Gudu Ye, and Zhu Chu saw that the disciple who went to report had returned, but there was no Wang Na, nor a Grand Elder who came out to welcome them. Seeing this, these distinguish Patriarchs were slightly frowning.

The disciple stood a few meters before the four Patriarchs, saying that the Black Warrior Institute Principal invites them to the great hall.

Of course, that disciple only mentioned the Institute Principal and not Institute Principal Wang Na. However, neither Jiang Wuhuang nor Wang Dingyi, Gudu Ye, or Zhu Chu noticed this small detail.

“Hehe, that biddy is putting on airs now. She knows we’re here, but not only did she not come out to welcome us, she didn’t even send a Grand Elder, or an Elder at the very least. Instead, she just sent a common disciple to inform us.” Wang Dingyi was upset.

Gudu Ye curled his lips in disdain, bearing a hint of envy, “She’s now the Black Warrior Institute Principal, greatly favored by the Great Lord, putting some airs in front of us is no surprise. However, Jiang Wuhuang, even though that biddy is your lover, she obviously doesn’t put you in her eyes. Hehe, looks like you’re losing your charm ah.”

Wang Dingyi and the others didn’t bother to conceal their laughter, causing Jiang Wuhuang’s face to stretch taut in annoyance, “Several Patriarchs need not be concerned about my charm.” Jiang Wuhuang flicked his sleeves and flew forward, leaving the rest behind. Watching him act this way, Gudu Ye and the rest decided against saying anything more.

Without another word, the disciple led Jiang Wuhuang’s group to the Black Warrior Great Hall.

On the way, with his back toward the others, Jiang Wuhuang’s expression was sullen. Even after knowing he was here, that Wang Na actually hadn’t come out to welcome him? Looks like he needed to ‘torture’ her good tonight.

They soon arrived at the Black Warrior Great Hall, entering behind the disciple.

Just as they stepped inside, all four of them spotted Huang Xiaolong almost immediately, as well as Feng Yang, Liu Yun, Qi Wen, and Chen Yang. For a second, Jiang Wuhuang’s group was nonplussed.

“Huang Xiaolong, you’re not dead?!” Jiang Wuhuang’s face sank.

“What, are you disappointed that I didn’t die?”

Wang Dingyi snorted coldly, "I didn't expect you to still be alive, and I cannot comprehend why the Great Lord would spare you."

Spare Huang Xiaolong? Feng Yang, Liu Yun, and everyone else revealed an odd expression.

"Where's Wang Na?" Jiang Wuhuang already took a glance around the great hall but did not see her. He did not miss the two human-shaped holes on the walls, perplexing him. Not to mention the seemingly weakened Eminent Elders and Grand Elders in the hall, who were behaving fidgety.

Wang Dingyi and Gudu Ye suddenly tensed noticing Wang Na's absence.

"Where is your Institute Principal Wang Na?!" Wang Dingyi directed this question at Grand Elder He Zhiwu.

He Zhiwu flinched, looking terrified. His mouth opened and closed, but no actual word was spoken. At this point, without Huang Xiaolong's permission, even if he were given ten thousand times more courage, he still wouldn't dare to utter a word.

Watching this, an ominous feeling suddenly crept up Jiang Wuhuang's heart.

"Huang Xiaolong, is it you? Did you detain Wang Na? Speak, is it you?!" Jiang Wuhuang snarled at Huang Xiaolong.

"Could it be that Wang Na didn't come out to welcome us because you detained her?!" Wang Dingyi was glaring daggers at Huang Xiaolong, "Huang Xiaolong, you'd do better to release Wang Na immediately! Even if you locked her up, you cannot stop us from forming an alliance with the Black Warrior Institute."

Other possibilities did not cross Wang Dingyi or the other three people's minds. More accurately, it never occurred to them that Huang Xiaolong had the guts to kill Wang Na. Imprisoning her was the best choice in their opinion.

After all, Wang Na was the current official Black Warrior Institute Principal, everyone in the Black Tortoise Galaxy knew about this.

In the Black Warrior Institute's tens of thousands of years of history, never had there been anyone who dared to do so.

A harsh snicker of contempt sounded from Huang Xiaolong, "You guys want to see Wang Na that old witch so much? Don't rush, you lot will get to see her very soon."

Hearing this, Jiang Wuhuang's group thought that Huang Xiaolong meant he would release her and they inwardly breathed in relief.

"Looks like you aren't so stupid after all, you understand that it's useless to lock her up." Jiang Wuhuang went on, "In fact, with your talent and strength, as long as you're willing to submit, our Great Lord will definitely place importance on you."

Huang Xiaolong couldn't resist shaking his head in laughter, "Looks like you lot misunderstood my words earlier. Let me reword it; since you lot are so anxious to meet Wang Na that old witch, I'll send you all down to hell to see her."

The four Patriarchs stiffened.

Jiang Wuhuang and the others were just about to roar in fury, but Huang Xiaolong's right palm raised up and an overwhelming suction force erupted from it. To Jiang Wuhuang and the other three Patriarchs' horror, they felt as if their limbs were pinned to the air, unable to move even as they flew toward Huang Xiaolong.

"W-what are you doing, Huang Xiaolong?!" Jiang Wuhuang's pupils shrank in fear. Yet, he refused to believe that Huang Xiaolong would dare to kill him.

"What am I doing? You'll know in a bit." Huang Xiaolong reassured.

As the four came to a stop in front of Huang Xiaolong, his Archdevil Supreme Godhead's devouring power surged, swallowing their blood essence and godforce. Despair filled their eyes sensing the condition of their bodies, their faces ashen.

"I forgot to tell you guys, your so-called Great Lord is already waiting for you all in hell." Huang Xiaolong kindly informed.

The four Patriarchs' stiffened again hearing that, disbelief written all over their faces.

Huang Xiaolong increased the devouring power of his Archdevil Supreme Godhead, accelerating the speed with which Jiang Wuhuang, Wang Dingyi, Gudu Ye, and Zhu Chu's blood essence and godforce were flowing into his body.

It didn't take long for the four Patriarchs to turn in dried corpses, just like Wang Na. Still, with their eyes protruding out of their sockets in fear, they tumbled to the floor.

The group of Black Warrior Institute Grand Elders was quietly trembling, their faces drained of blood. Even the Eminent Elders were not an exception.

The scene in front of them was too appalling.

Jiang Wuhuang, Wang Dingyi, Gudu Ye, and Zhu Chu died just like that in front of them, any one of these four people was an existence that could have a third of the Black Tortoise Galaxy's forces shaking with a stamp of their foot. Their families had been sitting at the top of the Black Tortoise Galaxy's power hierarchy for the last ten millennia.

Now, all four died right in front of their eyes!

Sucked dry!

At the same time, the several Eminent Elders were secretly rejoicing. Had they refused to sign the blood contract with Huang Xiaolong earlier, they would have most likely ended up like these four dried corpses on the floor.

With a casual wave of his hand, Huang Xiaolong sent out a sliver of fire element godforce, cleanly burning away the remains of Jiang Wuhuang, Wang Dingyi, Gudu Ye, and Zhu Chu.

...

In a secret space within a large world surface not far away from the Black Warrior Institute, the Gudu Family Ancestor, Gudu Batian, was in close seclusion when a message from the family's Grand Elder came through the communication talisman and disturbed him. Feeling that it was strange, Gudu Batian took it out and read the message. Instantly, his face was filled with grief, fury, and sorrow; his emotions became chaotic, "Impossible, how can this be! Who killed my Ye'er—!"

When a Gudu Family Grand Elder noticed that Gudu Ye's life slip had shattered, he immediately reported the matter to their Family Ancestor.

Gudu Batian disappeared in a flicker. With a Greater Space Teleportation, he had arrived at the great hall of the Gudu Family's main residence.

By this time, all Grand Elders of the family had assembled in the hall, waiting for him.

"Have you found out who the murderer is?!" Gudu Batian roared at the group of Grand Elders.

"Ancestor, we haven't found out yet. But we know the Patriarch was heading to the Black Warrior Institute together with the Jiang, Wang and Zhu Families' Patriarchs to discuss an alliance with Institute Principal Wang Na." One of the Grand Elders answered weakly.

Chapter 889: Could His Son Really Protect Himself?

"He was heading to the Black Warrior Institute?" Gudu Batian's gaze turned sharp and chilling, "Then I shall make a trip there and ask that biddy Wang Na."

While Gudu Batian was prepared to consume a large portion of his godforce to perform Greater Space Teleportation all the way there, an indifferent voice rang in the hall, "I don't think that's necessary."

The unfamiliar voice was too abrupt, startling Gudu Batian and the group of Grand Elders.

Before the wary eyes of Gudu Batian, a figure slowly walked into the hall through the entrance. When he got a look at that person's face, Gudu Batian was dazed for a second, then a bit doubtful, "Huang Xiaolong?"

This figure was naturally Huang Xiaolong.

After killing Gudu Ye, Jiang Wuhuang, Wang Dingyi, and Zhu Chu, he knew it would alert the Jiang, Gudu, Wang, and Zhu Families, thus he decided to deal with these four families' Ancestors before they could react.

As Huang Xiaolong walked into the hall, his gaze swept over the faces of the Grand Elders present and Gudu Batian, commenting, "Everyone's here, all the better."

Gudu Batian's face tightened, "Huang Xiaolong, what are you doing here in my Gudu Family's main residence? Don't get arrogant just because you have Feng Yang and the Ascending Moon Old Man as Masters, thinking I won't dare to kill you. Roll out of here now! Remember, not walk, not run, but roll!"

After Gudu Batian found out that his son Gudu Ye had been murdered, his reason was close to breaking point. He was blinded by fury and killing intent, and this Huang Xiaolong suddenly appearing in his territory and saying something inconceivable like 'everyone's here, all the better' incensed him further.

If it was any other person, Gudu Batian would have slapped the intruder to death without a word instead of wasting effort in telling that person to roll out.

Huang Xiaolong flashed Gudu Batian a faint smile, "And if I don't?"

Gudu Batian's pupils needed, "Then you can go and die!" His palm had already struck toward Huang Xiaolong even before his last word sounded, followed by earth element godforce flooding out from Gudu Batian's body.

Affected by Gudu Batian's earth element godforce, the entire hall's floor crack and sank into the ground. The present Grand Elders swayed unsteadily, sinking together with the floor, few unlucky ones were even buried into the soil up to their waist.

Watching Gudu Batian's palm closing in, Huang Xiaolong responded with a casual wave of his palm.

That seemingly horrifying palm strike imbued with roiling earth element godforce trembled and burst softly in midair, whereas Gudu Batian himself was blasted in the opposite direction as if he were hit by a sledgehammer. His body slammed heavily into the wall behind him.

The whole section of the wall crumbled, burying him in a heap of rubble.

Looking at Gudu Batian's sorry state, the Grand Elders looked at Huang Xiaolong wide-eyed, confounded. In that moment, their minds were blanked even as they saw Huang Xiaolong approaching Gudu Batian.

"You, who are you?" Gudu Batian's voice came from underneath the rubble as he pushed his way out, struggling to his feet. Disregarding the thick dust all over himself, Gudu Batian warily watched Huang Xiaolong.

Around two hundred years ago, Feng Yang held a grand apprenticeship ceremony, receiving Huang Xiaolong as his personal disciple, and Gudu Batian attended that ceremony. At that time, Huang Xiaolong's cultivation hadn't even reached the God realm. In Gudu Batian's eyes, an ant had more worth than that Huang Xiaolong. At most, he was just ordure left behind by an ant.

He couldn't believe, refused to believe that, in a short two hundred years, that same Huang Xiaolong could grow to the point of sending him flying with a single palm.

Huang Xiaolong remained silent. He pulled Gudu Batian before him, and his Archdevil Supreme Godhead's devouring power roared to life.

Similarly to Gudu Ye, Jiang Wuhuang, and the others, Gudu Batian immediately sensed his body's blood essence and godforce slipping away at a rapid rate, out of his control. Panic, fear, and despair clutched his heart.

“In fact, the other reason I came here today is to tell you that I’m the one who killed your son.” Huang Xiaolong spoke in a flat tone.

“You!” Gudu Batian’s eyes rounded in fury.

“Your Gudu Family will be erased from the Black Tortoise Galaxy very soon.” Huang Xiaolong coldly added, “Naturally, other than your Gudu Family, there are also the Jiang Family, Wang Family, as well as the Zhu Family.”

Not wanting to delay any further, Huang Xiaolong increased the speed of his Archdevil Supreme Godhead’s devouring power.

Almost in the blink of an eye, all of Gudu Batian’s blood essence and godforce had dried up. Then a small fireball shot out from Huang Xiaolong’s finger, landing on Gudu Batian’s dried corpse and burning it to ashes.

The hall’s silence was broken by a sharp shriek, the group of Grand Elders could be seen fleeing from the hall in terror.

Huang Xiaolong watched this without much interest, he didn’t even bother to move his hands. In a split second, more than a dozen soul force swords pierced through those Grand Elders, causing their bodies to halt in midair as if frozen, then plummet to the ground. There were no wounds on them, but they were no longer breathing.

“Should I go to the Jiang Family next or Wang Family?” Huang Xiaolong muttered to himself. The space around him rippled and his figure vanished from the hall.

One day later, a piece of news that shook the whole Black Tortoise Galaxy began to spread. The Jiang, Wang, Gudu, and Zhu Families that had existed and grew into super forces of the Black Tortoise Galaxy in the last millions of years had their Grand Elders, Patriarchs, and Ancestors killed!

The news first spread from the Cloudsea Mainland, shocking the most prosperous location in the Black Tortoise Galaxy, which raised doubt, confusion, and rebuttals as more and more people continued to talk about the rumor, spreading it even further.

Some claimed that the four families had offended a super master, whereas there were whispers claiming it was Huang Xiaolong who did it.

Of course, there were even more people who refuted the possibility of it having been done by Huang Xiaolong. Amongst the Jiang, Wang, Gudu, and Zhu Families' Ancestors, there must have been one or two peak-mid Second Order or late-Second Order Highgod Realm masters, hence, no one really believed that Huang Xiaolong possessed the required strength to kill them.

Very soon, another piece of news followed.

The ranking list for the this term's Highgod Advancement Tournament involving elite geniuses from close to a hundred thousand galaxies had been announced, and at the top of the list, the first place winner was Huang Xiaolong!!

"What? The first place winner is Huang Xiaolong? It must be someone with the same name, right? It cannot be our Black Warrior Institute's Huang Xiaolong." When the news spread, after the initial astonishment, ten out of ten people would then shake their heads, denying the possibility.

When everyone concluded that it must be someone with the same name, even more rumors sparked discussions everywhere: it was said that, during the tournament, the Azure Dragon Institute's Xiang Mingzhi died in Huang Xiaolong's hands!

Xiang Mingzhi wasn't the only one, there were also the Saint Lord Galaxy Yelu Family's most brilliant genius in the last ten million years, Yelu Tianfeng, as well as the Beitang Family Patriarch's son, Beitang Wuji, both of whom died in Huang Xiaolong's hands!

Yelu Tianfeng was a peak late-Third Order Highgod Realm master, and so was Beitang Wuji.

And the one who killed them was none other than their Black Tortoise Galaxy's Huang Xiaolong!

Not someone with the same name!

The whole Cloudsea Mainland was in an uproar!

Shocking, shocking, shocking!

While every corner of the Cloudsea Mainland was boiling from this consecutive set of news, Huang Xiaolong was rushing back to the Martial Spirit World.

...

Inside the Huang Clan Manor's main hall, Huang Peng, Su Yan, and the main members of the family were looking troubled and anxious.

They received news that Wang Na had taken over the Black Warrior Institute Principal position! Moreover, she would soon form an alliance with the Jiang, Wang, Gudu, and Zhu Families. No doubt, the Huang Clan Manor would be their first annihilation target.

"I wonder how Xiaolong is now..." Huang Peng sighed.

Su Yan's soft-arched eyebrows were scrunched together, "I heard before the tournament started that there were some conflicts between Xiaolong and disciples from some Yelu Family, who even let out word that they will not let Xiaolong have an easy time inside, and that Yelu Tianfeng is even a peak late-Third Order Highgod Realm master. Could Xiaolong be...?"

Su Yan's unease deepened.

Because they had just heard the news from the Cloudsea Mainland today, everyone in the Huang Clan Manor was still unaware that Huang Xiaolong was already back in the Black Tortoise Galaxy.

Looking at his wife's woeful expression, Huang Peng comforted, "Don't worry too much, nothing will happen to Xiaolong. The venue for the tournament is in the Divine World's Overflowing Lightning World,

which is too big to measure. Those people won't necessarily be able to locate Xiaolong. Moreover, even if he cannot enter the top one thousand, ensuring his own safety shouldn't be a problem for him..." Huang Peng's voice trailed off, not knowing what else to say.

He knew that, even if the Overflowing Lightning World may be boundless, there were countless lightning beasts. Could his son really protect himself?

Chapter 890: Doesn't Your Face Turn Red Telling Lies Like This?

As the hall's depressing silence made breathing feel like arduous labor, a Huang Clan Manor disciple ran into the hall, reporting with enthusiasm, "Clan Head, Madame, Eldest Young Master is back!"

Eldest Young Master!

Huang Peng, Su Yan, Huang Min, Huang Xiaohai, Shi Xiaofei, and the others in the hall quivered as happiness rushed through them.

"Xiaolong, Xiaolong's back!" Su Yan flew to her feet in excitement.

That disciple respectfully replied, "Yes, it is said that Eldest Young Master has just stepped out from the transmission array and is flying back here."

Hearing this confirmation, Huang Peng, Su Yan, and the rest, especially Shi Xiaofei, smiled at each other brightly, sweeping away the heavy gloom from moments ago. Everyone hastened their steps, leaving the hall. Just as they were close to the Huang Clan Manor's main entrance, they could see a lone silhouette flying in their direction.

Naturally, it was Huang Xiaolong!

"Xiaolong!"

"Big brother!"

Huang Peng, Su Yan, Shi Xiaofei, and everyone else quickened their steps.

Watching his parents, Shi Xiaofei, and the rest of his family coming out to meet him, a warm feeling flowed into Huang Xiaolong's heart. A genuine smile spread over his face.

"Father! Mother!" Huang Xiaolong called out.

Su Yan hurried up to Huang Xiaolong, holding her son's hands. She was checking him up and down with her eyes, her hands shaking slightly from excitement, "It's good that you're back, it's good that you're back."

Huang Peng laughed heartily, "Didn't I already say it? With our son's strength, even if he didn't enter the top one thousand, protecting himself is definitely not a problem. Look, isn't our son back home safe and sound now?"

Su Yan rolled her eyes at Huang Peng, retorting playfully, "How do you know our son cannot enter the top one thousand? With our son's capabilities, not to mention the top one thousand, he could get a place within the top three hundred."

Although Su Yan said this, everyone was aware that she said it because she was happy that Huang Xiaolong returned alive and well, not because she really believed he could enter the top three hundred.

Naturally, Huang Xiaolong did not miss the meaning of Su Yan's words. He laughed secretly to himself, 'Looks like my family and the rest don't harbor much hope or believe I could enter the top one thousand in the tournament.'

"Big brother, come on, tell us, what's your ranking in the tournament?" Huang Min urged, "Top ten million?"

It seems in Huang Min's eyes, that was already a great achievement. One must know that there were more than seventeen million disciples from various galaxies.

Everyone turned their heads, anticipating Huang Xiaolong's answer. Huang Xiaolong leaned back slightly from the intense gazes directed at him, shaking his head.

Watching Huang Xiaolong shaking his head, Huang Min palmed her own forehead, hesitating a little, "It won't be below that... right?"

Below ten million? Huang Xiaolong was depressed hearing his sister's words!

When Huang Min noticed Huang Xiaolong's wry smile, she thought she hit the nail on the head, "It's alright, the ranking doesn't matter that much. Big brother, you need not feel depressed, with your talent, in the next Highgod Advancement Tournament, you can definitely enter the top one thousand if you work hard."

Although Huang Peng, Su Yan, and the others had expected this result, it was inevitable they would feel some disappointment knowing that Huang Xiaolong was at the bottom of the pile. In truth, they did have a tiny of hope, hoping Huang Xiaolong would be lucky and somehow enter the top one thousand. If not, at least within the top ten thousand...

Listening to his sister worsening his situation with every word that came out from her mouth, Huang Xiaolong flicked her forehead, admonishing her while smiling, "You really think your Big brother is so weak? Can I only scrap a place at the bottom?"

Huang Min blanked, "Then, not below the ten millionth place?"

Huang Xiaolong laughed, "Of course not! In this term's Highgod Advancement Tournament, your Big brother, me, won the first place."

In the next second, Huang Min giggled which deepened into a peal of laughter, "I say, Big brother, nowadays you don't even turn red telling lies like this? But, looking at your expression, it really seems like that."

Huang Xiaohai, Shi Xiaofei, and the rest also laughed.

Su Yan smiled, "Mother knows you're trying to comfort your father and me, but there's still no need to claim number one."

Huang Xiaohai grinned, "That's right, Big brother. If you said you managed to enter the top one thousand, you could have tricked us."

Huang Xiaolong was speechless, looks like it was true that sometimes no one would believe when you tell the truth. But Huang Xiaolong did not explain further, after all, in a few days, the news would spread through the four galaxies. At that time, his parents, his siblings, and everyone else would come to know.

The group walked back inside, each taking a seat in the main hall.

On the way inside, Huang Xiaolong casually asked about things that happened while he was away. As usual, everyone was trying to one-up each other, fighting among themselves to tell Huang Xiaolong.

In truth, in the past two years, the Huang Clan Manor had been quite peaceful. His family was more interested to know about Huang Xiaolong's experience in the tournament.

In the hall, Huang Xiaolong simply recounted his experience, but when he reached the part of killing Yelu Tianfeng and Beitang Wuji, Huang Min and the others struggled to hold in their laughter.

Huang Min finally erupted in laughter, "Aish, enough of that already. Big brother, you think we don't know that Yelu Tianfeng's strength? We already know he's a peak late-Third Order Highgod Realm master."

This group of people persisted in thinking that Huang Xiaolong was trying to trick them. Watching these people's reactions, Huang Xiaolong felt a breath stuck in his chest.

"Forget that. Big brother, I remember you promised before that you and Sister Xiaofei will marry after the tournament ended, holding a grand wedding for her. Now, you...?" Huang Min changed the subject.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Shi Xiaofei, who lowered her head shyly, cheeks blushed red. She was embarrassed to meet Huang Xiaolong's gaze.

Huang Xiaolong smiled, "I did. I was about to discuss this with father and mother, I plan to have the wedding three months later here in the Huang Clan Manor."

Hearing this, cheers erupted in the hall.

Huang Peng and Su Yan were beaming from ear to ear, the two of them had been looking forward to another grandchild for a very long time. They had been waiting for so many years, and finally, the time had come.

Hearing Huang Xiaolong stated that their wedding would be held three months later, Shi Xiaofei's petite body trembled, joy and happiness shone from her face.

Although he knew that Shi Xiaofei would agree, Huang Xiaolong still asked her opinion. As expected, she has no objections.

With that set, the preparations began.

Three months later, the grand wedding would be held!

Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi, the Phoenix Clan Patriarch and Ancestor, and other Highgod Realm masters stepped forward to congratulate Huang Xiaolong.

All of a sudden, the infectious festive cheer spread throughout the Huang Clan Manor.

Su Yan immediately ordered the servants and maids to begin all the necessary preparations, even the guards had to contribute to the labor.

As night fell, the whole Huang Clan Manor was still in a bustle of activities.

Huang Xiaolong was standing in his yard, contemplating things. In all truthfulness, setting the wedding date to three months later was due to his other concerns.

The news of his wedding would soon spread through the four galaxies and further, reaching certain people's ears. Those such as the Yelu Family in the Saint Lord Galaxy would hear about his wedding as well.

On the day of his wedding, Huang Xiaolong was certain the Yelu and Beitang Families would come seeking revenge.

Before that day arrived, he had three months to prepare.

'Three months, that should be enough.' Huang Xiaolong thought to himself. In these three months, he planned to refine that Lightning God's corpse, as well as the Heavenly God's godhead that he received as a reward. Not forgetting that lightning dragon spiritual vein.

With these things, it was enough to enhance his cultivation to another level in three months.

As long as he could break through to Fourth Order Highgod Realm, he would have nothing to be afraid of even against the Seventh Order Highgod Realm Yelu Family Patriarch, Yelu Chufei.

"Sissy fudges, Little brat Huang, I've heard that you're back! I already knew for sure you brat wouldn't die so easily."

While Huang Xiaolong was pondering about his plans, a carefree voice sounded in his yard.

Huang Xiaolong smiled as he turned around and saw no one other than the Ascending Moon Old Man.

The old man walking in suddenly froze in his steps, staring at Huang Xiaolong as if he had just seen something inconceivable, yelling in a dramatic manner, "Mid-Third Order Highgod Realm?! Your grandma's bear!!"