

# INVINCIBLE 461

## Chapter 461: Entering the Poison Dragon Valley

He exited the Xumi Temple after fully refining the primordial divine white dragon, consolidating his new breakthrough powers and reaching the peak of early-Seventh Order Saint realm.

Before this, though Huang Xiaolong was a peak late-Sixth Order Saint realm expert, the thin line between a Sixth Order and a Seventh Order Saint realm in fact represented a monumental gap of strength. Advancing into the Seventh Order Saint realm meant that one was a high-level Saint realm expert.

The difference in his strength, compared to before, was like the distance between heaven and earth.

It could be said that if Huang Xiaolong were to battle the Cosmos God Cult Young Lord Xie Hui at this point, he could easily roll Xie Hui between his thumb and forefinger like a mudball.

Huang Xiaolong's dantian seemed to have transformed too; the many thunderballs hovering in the upper part of his dantian dissolved and merged with the others, leaving just ten of them now.

The true essence energy contained inside each of these thunderballs was a terrifying hundred times stronger.

In the midst of all these good news, the Tiger Tribe Patriarch Chuck sought Huang Xiaolong the moment he exited, reporting, "Liege Lord Beast God, in another month, our beastmen tribes' congregation will take place. This little one received information that in this time's tribes congregation, the Lion Tribe's Andrew has rallied support from the Wolf Tribe, Snake Tribe, and Fox Tribe with the aim of electing a new Beast God during the tribes' congregation!"

"Oh..." A light flitted in Huang Xiaolong's eyes, this was a little unexpected.

"Furthermore, the message also said that Andrew managed to contact the Deities Templar and received their aid, that means that in the coming tribes' congregation, there would a lot of Deities Templar experts present to support Andrew on that day!" Patriarch Chuck added.

Deities Templar! The look in Huang Xiaolong's eyes sharpened at the mentioned of Deities Templar, "Is that so?"

This Deities Templar truly resembled a stubborn lingering spirit that refused to move on, regardless of where he went, he would run into them!

"Will Deities Templar's Li Molin and Liu Yang be there?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

Noticing the sudden change of atmosphere around Huang Xiaolong, Chuck felt strange, but he didn't forget his place, replying respectfully he said, "That is so, Liege Lord Beast God, it was said that this time, the Deities Templar's Li Molin, Liu Yang, and some others will come, but how many experts they will send in total, this little one doesn't know for now."

Li Molin! A cold sneer raised at the corner of Huang Xiaolong's mouth.

That wretched woman was lucky enough to escape the last few times, this time, he would make sure she wouldn't be able to return!

Then, Huang Xiaolong asked Chuck more questions related to the beast tribes congregation.

The annual beast tribes congregation was held at the square in front of the Beast God Shrine.

During the congregation, there would be a sparring competition between the disciples of each tribe. For a long time, the number one place had always been taken by disciples from the Lion Tribe, with the Tiger Tribe taking second place after the Lion Tribe, Wolf Tribe third, the Snake Tribe at fourth place, and at the fifth place the Fox Tribe.

After hearing Chuck's report, Huang Xiaolong excused him.

There was still one month's time until the beastmen tribes congregation, and traveling from the Sacred Tiger City to the Beast God Shrine would take ten days. There were twenty days till then, therefore Huang Xiaolong decided to first make the trip to Poison Dragon Valley.

Since even the Tiger Tribe's Saint realm experts said that there was Dragon God Grass within the Poison Dragon Valley, then he shouldn't return empty-handed. However, he decided to proceed alone instead of bringing Chuck or the others.

The next morning, Huang Xiaolong left the Sacred Tiger City, flying at breakneck speed in the Poison Dragon Valley's direction.

The Poison Dragon Valley was relatively close to the Sacred Tiger City, so after one day of travel, Huang Xiaolong reached his destination.

Like the Demonic Beasts Forest on the Snow Wind Continent, the Poison Dragon Valley was a land that had existed since long ago, a perilous land to the beastmen, yet also a eutopia of poison. Here, one could find almost all of Martial Spirit World's most toxic beings.

Standing in front of the path leading into the valley, he could see intertwining green mists flowing out.

Taking a deep breath, Huang Xiaolong's figure blurred in a flicker, entering the Poison Dragon Valley.

The moment Huang Xiaolong flew inside, his body was shrouded by poisonous green mist, but even though that faint green mist was highly toxic, it bore no danger to Saint realm experts. He didn't even bother to erect a battle qi barrier to protect himself, flying deeper into the valley at increased speed.

The Poison Dragon Valley was relatively smaller in comparison to the Demonic Beast Forest at half its size, and yet it was bigger than any empire's territory on Snow Wind Continent.

Three days later, Huang Xiaolong stopped at a forest area in the Poison Dragon Valley.

The poisonous mist in this area was colored red, purple, golden, black, a combination of several colors akin to a gorgeous rainbow instead of the common green mist he came across before.

Huang Xiaolong knew that the more vivid and colorful the poisonous mist was, the higher its lethality. Observing the sea of colorful poisonous mist in front of him, he actually felt a trace of danger.

This pool of poison mist could affect even Saint realm experts!

Although he had refined four primordial divine dragons and his True Dragon Physique reached the limit of being perverse, he still took precaution by swallowing a Jasper Lotus and ran his Asura qi to create a vigor barrier of Asura qi before flying into the forest area.

The instant he entered the colorful sea of poison mist, he felt its horrifying corrosive power as the mist tangled around him. It actually corroded the surface of his Asura qi vigor barrier.

As the Asura qi vigor barrier continued to thin, he had no other choice but to run his Asura qi to maintain the protective barrier. However, one hour later, Huang Xiaolong noticed that his battle qi was being depleted at a rapid speed, taking more than what he needed to battle an Eighth Order Saint realm expert.

Two hours later, Huang Xiaolong needed to use his martial spirit's Instant Recovery to replenish his exhausted battle qi.

Just as Huang Xiaolong was about to come out from the colorful sea of poison mist, something with strong malicious intent attacked him out of nowhere. Huang Xiaolong's palm struck out in defense. Borrowing the collision force, he leaped far away to the side.

The enormous creature was sent flying by Huang Xiaolong's palm, knocking off rows of trees and bushes as it crashed heavily to the ground.

Checking out his attacker, it turned out to be a colorful striped giant python. This giant python was over twenty zhang in length, thick as a water barrel with a blood crown protruding in its forehead.

"Bloodcrown Poison Python!" With a glance, Huang Xiaolong recognized what beast it was.

Among pythons, only a rare few were poisonous, but the Bloodcrown Poison Python below him was highly toxic. There were rumors that a Saint realm expert bitten by Bloodcrown Poison Python had his entire arm corroded in the blink of an eye.

Huang Xiaolong flew down and walked toward the Bloodcrown Poison Python, his counter-attack just now actually killed it. The Bloodcrown Poison Python in front of him had reached Saint realm, and although it was only First Order Saint realm, the beast core inside its body was good stuff. Carrying the beast core on him would repel many of the surrounding poisons.

He easily slit the python's head, removed the beast core and swiftly left the spot.

As expected, Huang Xiaolong noticed that after carrying the Bloodcrown Poison Python's beast core, the poisonous mist around avoided him, forming a clear ten-meter radius around his body.

Moments later, he was out from the forest area, arriving before an undulating mountainous region.

These mountains before him were colored in shades of dark purple, an indication of the toxicity level that caused even the soil to change color.

Huang Xiaolong flew forward with caution.

Two days later, Huang Xiaolong suddenly stopped on a small hilltop detecting a familiar scent somewhere ahead. 'This is... a dragon's smell?!'

After refining four primordial divine dragons, he was extremely sensitive toward the smell that was even mildly related to dragons.

Could it be the Dragon God Grass?! Huang Xiaolong was delighted at the thought.

### **Chapter 462: Running Into the Lion Tribe**

Immediately, Huang Xiaolong sped off in one direction, tracing the dragon scent. A short while later, he reached the bottom of a cliff.

Indeed, there was Dragon God Grass! Huang Xiaolong's eyes lit up.

Looking up on the cliff wall, around a hundred zhang high, there were three little plants protruding out, shaped like majestic primordial divine dragons.

Huang Xiaolong leaped up, his hand reaching out to grasp the three stalks of Dragon God Grass, but exactly at this moment, a figure rushed at him at breakneck speed as wind howled behind him. The figure punched at Huang Xiaolong with undisguised killing intent.

The fist force struck out like surging layers of tsunami, containing the power to destroy everything in its path.

Alarmed at the sudden ambush, Huang Xiaolong had no time to collect the Dragon God Grass at this moment, his body swiftly whirled around and countered the attack with his palm.

A booming blast rendered the air and gravel crumbled down from the cliff wall.

Huang Xiaolong landed gently on the ground from mid air.

"Ei!" The attacker was surprised that Huang Xiaolong was able to take a hit from him head on, then another two figures were seen speeding towards them.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes narrowed, these three people were clearly part of one group. Moreover, judging from their dressing and appearance, all three were members of the Lion Tribe. On top of that, all three were Saint realm experts.

Two of the three were high-level Saint realm experts, while the youngest one was slightly weaker, a Fifth Order Saint realm.

The youngest one walked over, scrutinizing Huang Xiaolong from top to bottom, "Human race?" He pointed toward the three stalks Dragon God Grass on the cliff wall and said to Huang Xiaolong, "I want those three stalks of Dragon God Grass. You can leave, I won't kill you!" the condescending tone was irrefutable.

In that single exchange just now, although Huang Xiaolong was quick, it wasn't enough for that Lion Tribe expert to pay any attention to him.

"And if I don't leave?" Huang Xiaolong retorted.

The young one revealed a malicious smile, "Do you think you can fight the three of us? Let me tell you, I'm the Lion Tribe's Little Patriarch, and these two are Elders of my tribe. Both of them are Eighth Order Saint realm experts."

Huang Xiaolong's expression remained unperturbed.

The truth was, Huang Xiaolong had more or less guessed the young beastman's identity to be the Lion Tribe's Jesse, whereas the two Elders, one of them should be Reid and the other Chris.

A few days ago, before entering the Poison Dragon Valley, Huang Xiaolong had inquired about the Lion Tribe's situation from the Tiger Tribe Patriarch Chuck, including the other ten main beastmen tribes, especially their Saint realm experts. He committed this information to his memory.

The Lion Tribe's Little Patriarch Jesse went on, "If you entered this Poison Dragon Valley for Dragon God Grass, then you can get out now, not only are these three Dragon God Grass stalks mine, but all the Dragon God Grass inside this Poison Dragon Valley is mine!" he declared with arms around his chest.

Huang Xiaolong snickered at his words, "That means you have a lot of Dragon God Grass? Now, take out all the Dragon God Grass and hand it over!"

Evidently this Lion Tribe's Little Patriarch was also aiming for the Dragon God Grass coming to the Poison Dragon Valley. He probably managed to collect quite a few of them.

All three beastmen were stunned and their faces were ugly with anger.

"What did you say just now?!" Jesse's face was grim, killing intent exploded in his eyes.

"I'm taking all the Dragon God Grass inside this Poison Dragon Valley!" Huang Xiaolong continued calmly, "Also, take out all the Dragon God Grass you have on you and scam!"

"Punk, you're seeking death!" Jesse's eyes sparked fire, then he turned to the two Elders behind him, Reid and Chris, "Kill this lowly human scum!"

Reid and Chris nodded. Without a word, both leaped forth, attacking Huang Xiaolong simultaneously.

Huang Xiaolong snorted, aiming a Great Divine Void Fist with his left hand and an Asura Demon Claw with his right hand—attacking with both hands at once.

Loud collision sounds boomed.

Both Reid and Chris's bodies were forced back, and even Huang Xiaolong staggered a few steps back.

"You!" Both Reid and Chris looked at Huang Xiaolong with shock on their faces. With their strength at Eighth Order Saint realm, Huang Xiaolong's Seventh Order Saint realm cultivation could hardly be hidden, but now, a Seventh Order Saint realm actually fended off their attacks.

Lion Tribe Little Patriarch Jesse's eyes also widened in shock.

Watching their faces, a cynical smile flashed across Huang Xiaolong's face as his figure vanished from view. When he appeared again, Reid and Chris were within an arm's length, startling them both. Just when they thought that the human was going to attack, a vertical eye split open at the center of his forehead. A glaring red light flickered and the two felt their mind being hit, feeling dizzy and confused.

The next thing they knew, a sharp momentum struck them squarely on the chest, blasting them backward.

Retrieving his hands, Huang Xiaolong watched the two figures with stoic face.

Although these two Lion Tribe Elders were Eighth Order Saint realm, they were only early Eight Order. At Huang Xiaolong's current strength, defeating these two required almost no effort at all.

After he was done dealing with the two Elders, he turned his attention to the little Little Patriarch, Jesse.

Jesse watched Huang Xiaolong approach warily, recovering his senses as fear crept up his eyes, shouting as he moved back, "You, if you dare to...!"

Huang Xiaolong kicked out, sending Jesse flying back several hundred meters, crashing into the cliff wall. Sliding down the cliff wall, Jesse was bending over and clutching his stomach. A loud groan sounded as blood spurted out from his mouth. That kick from Huang Xiaolong was hard enough to shatter his gallbladder.

Huang Xiaolong slowly walked over to the wall cliff.

"No, don't, I can give all the Dragon God Grass I have to you!" Jesse blurted in fear, hands waving madly as he took out all the Dragon God Grass from his spatial ring.

Five stalks in total!

A suction force came from Huang Xiaolong's palm, wrapping around the Dragon God Grass stalks and putting them away into the Asura Ring.

"I'll scam immediately, I don't want any Dragon God Grass here in Poison Dragon Valley, I don't want any!" Jesse stumbled and fell as he scrambled to his feet to flee. Reid and Chris also struggled to their feet, trailing behind Jesse, disappearing in less than a second.

Huang Xiaolong watched the three sorry figures fleeing, but he didn't pursue.

When the three figures disappeared from view, he leaped up the cliff wall again, collecting the three stalks of Dragon God Grass.

He received five stalks Dragon God Grass from the Lion Tribe's Little Patriarch, Jesse, and adding the three stalks from the wall cliff, he had a total of eight Dragon God Grass stalks. Huang Xiaolong still had some Dragon God Grass from before, so he could refine another primordial divine dragon.

But he was not in a hurry to leave, instead he proceed deeper, continuing the search.

...

Jesse and the two Elders ran as fast as they could in panic, and when they were sure that the human did not chase after them, the three of them stopped on a random peak. Jesse's fingers dug into his palm as he glared in Huang Xiaolong's direction, his eyes filled with rage and hatred: "Lowest of scum dog! There will come a day when I'll let you die without an intact corpse!"

"Little Patriarch, in just a few more days, the annual tribes' congregation will take place, and at that time the Patriarch will definitely be elected as the new Beast God, ruling over all beastmen tribes!" Reid added, "Even if we have to dig three feet under, we'll dig that punk out!"

“Human race!” Jesse’s eyes were tinged scarlet, “When Father rules over the beastmen, the first one I’ll destroy will be none other than the human race!”

“Little Patriarch, shall we return to Alpha Lion City for now?” Chris suggested.

Jesse was unwilling to leave just like that, but he knew that the three of them weren’t Huang Xiaolong’s opponents. In the end, he nodded with reluctance.

“Go!” The three flew away.

Very quickly ten days passed.

In ten days’ time, Huang Xiaolong practically flipped the Poison Dragon Valley over, finding more than twenty stalks of Dragon God Grass. Bearing good harvest, Huang Xiaolong left the Poison Dragon Valley.

On the way, Huang Xiaolong killed numerous poisonous Saint realm creatures, which turned into the Poison Corpse Scarabs’ nourishment, triggering another transformation. The Sea of Devils and Ghosts Array was more powerful with the addition of these souls.

When Huang Xiaolong made it back to the Sacred Tiger City, here were ten days left to the beastmen tribes congregation.

### **Chapter 463: Scram For Me Now!**

Back in the Sacred Tiger City’s Castellan Manor, the Tiger Tribe’s Patriarch Chuck and the Elders were already waiting for Huang Xiaolong.

“Liege Lord Beast God!” Seeing Huang Xiaolong return, Chuck and the Elders stepped forward and saluted.

“Rise.” Huang Xiaolong said, scanning the group of people.

Chuck and the Elders complied respectfully before getting up to their feet.

“Let’s go, to the Beast God Shrine!” Huang Xiaolong did not tarry, commanding everyone to depart.

From the Poison Dragon Valley, he collected a total of thirty-six stalks of Dragon God Grass, enough for him to refine four primordial divine dragons. But now wasn’t the right moment for him to go into closed-door practice with the beastmen congregation around the corner and that Lion Tribe’s Andrew eyeing the Beast God position.

Not wasting a moment, with Chuck leading the group of Elders, Huang Xiaolong’s group departed for the Beast God Shrine.

In the past, every year when it was time to head to the Beast God Shrine, other than the Saint realm experts, some disciples would be selected to follow and participate in the annual sparring competition. But this time, Huang Xiaolong had ordered the contrary, thus only the Tiger Tribe Saint realm experts and Huang Xiaolong himself were included in this trip.

Nine days passed by quickly.

Darkness covered the sky as the sun was setting in the dusk horizon.

At a large open space in the forest, Huang Xiaolong and the group of Tiger Tribe Saint realm experts sat around the bonfire, aromatic meat roasting over the fire.

In order to prevent Li Molin's Deities Templar group from recognizing him, Huang Xiaolong used the true essence energy to change his facial features. At the moment, his jaw line was sharp, eyebrows thick like swords, looking closer to thirty years old, exuding the mature charm of a slightly older man. His physique was more robust and muscular.

Chuck and the rest of Tiger Tribe Saint realm experts stared in awe and astonishment as Huang Xiaolong's face changed right before their eyes bit by bit.

Gathered around the bonfire, watching the crackling meat roasting over the flames and smelling the aroma permeating the air, those Tiger Tribe experts swallowed their saliva greedily.

However, they could only look, Huang Xiaolong hadn't moved and they dared not move before he did.

By nature, beastmen liked meat. In the few days of travel, after tasting Huang Xiaolong's roast meat, they realized that all the meat they had eaten before was simply dog shit.

Finally, Huang Xiaolong moved; he sliced off a piece of meat and put it into his mouth, chewing leisurely. More than ten pairs of eyes watched him with drooling saliva.

"Dig in." Watching the expressions of the Tiger Tribe experts, a smile appeared on his face.

"Many thanks, Liege Lord!" Chuck and the experts brightened, said their thanks and started fighting among themselves for meat.

Nonetheless, no matter how they fought among themselves for meat, no one dared to touch the piece of Tyrant Boar meat that Huang Xiaolong cut off.

Chuck and the others wolfed down the meat in moments.

"What beast meat is this? So delicious!"

"Smells nice!" Suddenly, from some distance away, a voice exclaimed, followed by rustling wind flying in their direction. From the sound of it, there was quite a number of people.

In the blink of an eye, more than thirty people appeared in front of the Tiger Tribe group. Facing each other, both the new arrivals and the Tiger Tribe Saint realm experts were surprised.

"Hehe, it's Patriarch Chuck!" A middle-aged man walked out from the group of new arrivals, smiling at Chuck. It was just that this person's smile gave a sinister feeling. Not to mention the cold eyes tinged with ever-present malice that made other wary.

"So it's Patriarch Danny!" Even though Chuck spoke, he remained seated instead of getting up, and his greeting sounded lukewarm at best.

This middle-aged man, Danny, was the Snake Tribe's Patriarch.

Huang Xiaolong had more or less guessed this group's origin when they arrived. The Snake Tribe emitted a peculiar cloying musky odor that nauseated people. They also had easily identifiable fine stripe marks at the corners of their eyes and forehead that resembled snakeskin.



Despite Chuck's lukewarm greeting, Danny brought his group and approached the bonfire. Only when he was near did he notice that there was a human sitting beside Chuck and was stunned for a second.

Since when did the Tiger Tribe start cooperating with humans? Though doubtful, Danny didn't pay it too much attention.

Coming close to the bonfire, he noticed that all the sitting spots were occupied, with no space to squeeze in. With barely any hesitation in his steps, he walked towards Huang Xiaolong, saying, "Kid, scram aside!" His leg extended out to kick Huang Xiaolong.

Before Danny's leg make contact, all the Tiger Tribe's Saint realm experts jumped to their feet in anger, their wide eyes spitting fire at Danny, including Chuck, as if they'd tear Danny apart and swallow him whole.

The dramatic reaction gave Danny a fright.

For a mere human, the Tiger Tribe's reaction was this exaggerated?!

The Tiger Tribe group's reaction also startled the other Snake Tribe members, so much that every one of them, including Danny, looked at Chuck and the Tiger Tribe's experts with shocked eyes.

"Patriarch Chuck, it's only a mere human." Danny chuckled as if making a joke, "There's no need for such a big reaction, right?" Still, he awkwardly lowered his leg that was about to kick Huang Xiaolong.

"Danny, scram off this instant or don't blame me for being rude!" Chuck snapped in a stern cold voice.

Danny's expression turned ugly in an instant, he was the Snake Tribe's Patriarch, one of top ten strongest experts of the beastmen tribes, yet this Chuck snapped at him in front of the two tribes' experts!

Even using the word scram!

"Chuck, do you really think I'm afraid of you?" A cold light glinted in Danny's eyes, "Come, come, come, let us play a little!" he shouted, feeling anger rising in his heart.

Chuck chuckled at Danny's challenge, leaping up with soaring momentum as his fist aimed a punch at Danny.

Danny didn't expect that Chuck, as the Tiger Tribe's Patriarch, would attack without hesitation. Slightly flustered, his hand clawed out in a counter. Strands of dark green light formed into a giant green snake.

A tiger and a snake collided.

Danny wobbled, staggering more than a dozen steps back before steadying himself, while Chuck landed back on the same spot he was in before he attacked.

When Danny regained his balance, he stared gloomily at Chuck. Although he was one of the beastmen's top ten experts, compared to the second ranked Chuck, he was still slightly weaker.

"Good!" Danny sneered, "Chuck, I hope you can still be this arrogant two days later at the tribe congregation! Our grudge today, I've remembered it!"

“Kiddo, I’ll play you to death at that time!” Danny made an abrupt turn, his sinister eyes preying on Huang Xiaolong.

“We’re leaving!” Danny waved his arm, signaling his group to leave.

Chuck snorted through his nose, but just when he and the Tiger Tribe Saint realm experts wanted to stop Danny from leaving, Huang Xiaolong waved his hand, “Forget it.”

Hearing this, Chuck and the rest stopped.

“Liege Lord Beast God, this...!” Chuck was reluctant.

“There will be many opportunities later. I’m looking forward to the tribe congregation two days later, to see how this Danny will play me to death.” Huang Xiaolong said, a sharp gleam shone in his eyes.

Chuck and the Tiger Tribe’s Saint realm experts complied.

“We should continue.” Huang Xiaolong sat down again, and the little barbeque party continued.

Several hundred li away from where Huang Xiaolong’s group was, Danny and the Snake Tribe’s people stopped.

Danny suddenly punched out at a hill in front of him, flattening it to nothing to vent his anger.

The others with him watched with apprehension.

“Patriarch, that Tiger Tribe’s Patriarch Chuck actually fought with you because of a lowly human.” The Snake Tribe’s High Priest David spoke with care, “There’s something strange about this.”

Danny laughed coldly, “So what if it’s strange? I don’t give a damn who that human is, two days later, after dealing with the Tiger Tribe in the tribe congregation, I’ll let that kid taste the pleasure of being devoured by a thousand snakes!” Imagining the scene, Danny let out a long evil cackle.

“Patriarch, Patriarch Andrew has arrived at the Beast God Shrine.” One of the Snake Tribe Elder stepped forward to report.

“Good, let us hurry over to meet up with the Lion Tribe, Wolf Tribe, and Fox Tribe!” Danny flew out, disappearing from the spot with the group of Snake Tribe experts.

#### **Chapter 464: New Beast God?**

Two days passed by very quickly.

Morning arrived with the sun rising on the horizon.

The Beast God Shrine radiated a mysterious aura beneath the brilliant sunlight, shrouded in an air of ancient regality.

The square in front of the Beast God Shrine that could accommodate over ten thousand in number was currently filled with disciples from the many beastmen tribes.

Standing in the center of the square were the Lion Tribe, Wolf Tribe, Snake Tribe, Fox Tribe, and all the top ten tribes that had arrived. All but the Tiger Tribe.

A large area was fenced up at the center as the sparring competition venue for the disciples.

At the moment, the enormous square was buzzing with excitement, disciples and Elders of different tribes were either whispering or discussing a similar topic.

“Rumors say that this time a new Beast God will be elected!”

“I wonder who our new Beast God will be! But whoever it is, it has nothing to do with our Insect Tribe.”

The noises of discussion on the square grew louder.

The Lion Tribe’s Patriarch Andrew was seated on a chair with his eyes closed in meditation posture, as if the discussions around had nothing to do with him.

As the noises in the square reached a peak, they halted abruptly. From every corner of the square, heads turned toward the entrance, watching Chuck and a group of Tiger Tribe Saint realm experts as they made their way to the square center. What surprised them was the human walking beside Chuck!

Andrew, who seemed to be meditating, opened his eyes, a sharp light glinted as his piercing gaze focused on Chuck.

Sensing something, Chuck looked over. Two rivals’ gazes collided in mid air, creating an invisible surging energy that exuded a silent pressure over the square. The slightly weaker Patriarchs and Elders quickly retreated away, failing to withstand the pressure.

A mere second later, Chuck and Andrew retrieved their gazes.

The people in the square immediately breathed out in relief.

Andrew turned to his steward, Andy, signaling with a look. Andy nodded in acknowledgment and walked over to the Tiger Tribe group. Stopping in front of Chuck, Andy raised an arm to block Chuck’s path, speaking in a voice that was neither too loud or soft, “Patriarch Chuck, today is our beastmen tribes’ congregation but you actually brought a human here, what is the meaning of this? Your action is a desecration of the Beast God!”

“Desecration of the Beast God?” Chuck sneered coldly, and in a split second, his hand clenched into a fist and shot out at Andy. Startled, Andy raised an arm to block the attack, but the force still forced him backward, landing him in quite an awkward appearance.

“You—!” Andy was both frightened and angered.

“Who stipulated that humans cannot join our beastmen tribes’ congregation?” Chuck sneered, “Liege Lord Beast God has never made this rule, perhaps you made it up?”

Andy’s face flushed a deep red, but the words were stuck in his throat, not knowing how to reply.

As Chuck stated, there was no rule that forbid human from joining the beastmen tribes’ congregation. It was just that there had never been any humans that participated before this, therefore everyone inevitably formed a misconception that humans were not allowed to be present.

Ignoring Andy, Chuck led Huang Xiaolong and the group of Tiger Tribe experts toward the square center. Arranging for another chair to be added, Chuck, Huang Xiaolong, and all the Tiger Tribe Saint realm experts sat down.

Andy retreated back to Andrew's side. Andrew didn't speak, maintaining a stoic face as if nothing happened just now.

Sitting far away, the Snake Tribe's Patriarch's took a quick glance at Huang Xiaolong with cold eyes.

With the Tiger Tribe's arrival, all the tribes had arrived before the Beast God Shrine.

Andrew commanded to Lion Tribe High Priest, Phil, who was beside him, "Begin."

During the tribes' congregation, disciples from each tribe would participate in the sparring competition, and the next year's tribe congregation would be hosted by the winner's tribe. Last year, the first place winner came from the Lion Tribe, therefore this year's congregation was hosted by the Lion Tribe.

The Lion Tribe's High Priest Phil stood up, complying with Andrew's order as he made a respectful bow before walking to the center of the square, then he spoke in a sonorous voice, "Today is our beastmen tribes' congregation, and according to the usual events, the congregation should begin with the disciples' sparring competition. However, this year, the disciple sparring competition will be pushed back."

Pushed back!

A commotion spread throughout the large crowd as if they could already guess what was about to take place.

As expected, the Lion Tribe's High Priest went on, "More than ten thousand years ago, our glorious Liege Lord Beast God led the beastmen tribes in conquering this Ten Directions Continent, all other races surrendered under his rule. But after Liege Lord Beast God disappeared, we fought amongst ourselves, internal conflicts and discord arose, never seeming to cease, resulting in the decline of our beastmen tribes' power. If we continue down this path, us beastmen will be suppressed by the demonic beast clans, or worse, swallowed by them!"

"Therefore, we beastmen tribes must come together and elect a new Beast God, so the new Liege Lord Beast God can lead us to become stronger again, to prosper, conquering the Ten Directions Continent once again, to recover our past glory and might!"

The Lion Tribe's High Priest was righteous in his words, stirring the crowd's emotions.

"A new Beast God?" An ironic snicker sounded from the Tiger Tribe's direction, from Chuck. "Pray tell who this new Beast God is going to be. Let me guess, will it be your Lion Tribe's Patriarch? Your words flowed much better than a song."

In an instant, the crowd quieted.

High Priest Phil coughed lightly to ease the sudden awkward atmosphere, "Suggesting to elect a new Beast God this time, of course, depends on one's capability. Regardless whether it is in the Martial Spirit World or other worlds, strength is the fundamental qualification. Therefore, our new Liege Lord Beast God would be selected based on the strongest one amongst us!"

The strongest one amongst us!

The beastmen's number one strongest expert was none other than the Lion Tribe's Patriarch, Andrew.

It was evident from High Priest Phil's words that no candidate was more befitting than their Lion Tribe's Patriarch Andrew as the new Liege Lord Beast God!

Chuck snickered, he was about to speak again before hearing Huang Xiaolong's voice in his ear, stopping his next action.

"I strongly nominate my Lion Tribe Patriarch Andrew as the new Beast God, only our Patriarch is capable of leading us to a stronger force, reproducing our beastmen ancestor's glory!" High Priest Phil lauded.

Some in the crowd were moved by his words.

The Beamon[1. Beak animal? I imagined it to be something like this aka platypus.] Tribe, Cattle Tribe, Violent Horse Tribe, Goat Tribe, and Hundred Bird Tribe's Patriarch each had a tiny frown on their faces.

"I also agree with Patriarch Andrew as our beastmen tribes' new Beast God!" The Snake Tribe Patriarch Danny spoke up at this point, "Only a strong person like Andrew is capable of leading us as the beastmen's new Beast God!"

"I also nominate Patriarch Andrew!" The Wolf Tribe's Patriarch, Hayden, also spoke.

Subsequently, the Fox Tribe's Patriarch, Grace, echoed the same tune.

Andrew stood up, greeting Danny, Hayden, and Grace with a cupped fist and then turned to face the crowd. "If there's anyone here that thinks his strength is stronger than me, I gladly accept the challenge; if I am defeated, I shall yield the Beast God position to the winner!"

"Yield the Beast God position?" The Tiger Tribe Patriarch Chuck rose to his feet, a satirical smile hanging on his lips, "What a joke! Who are you to yield the Beast God position? Andrew, are you implying that you're already the new Beast God now?"

Andrew ignored all Chuck's words, calm as ever, "Chuck, are you issuing a challenge?"

Chuck's eyes lingered over the crowd as he said, "I don't object to electing a new Beast God, however, it should adhere to our long standing rule—whoever has the Beast God Scepter, that person will be our beastmen tribes' new Beast God!"

"Right, all in accordance to our ancestor's rule, whoever has the Beast God Scepter, that person will be our Beast God!" The Beamon Tribe Patriarch Clay agreed.

"That's right! Andrew, if you can take out the Beast God Scepter, we have no objections with you taking over the Beast God position, otherwise, don't fart around here!" The Violent Horse Patriarch Charles snorted, not leaving any face.

With someone spearheading the objection, the smaller tribe Patriarchs echoed their support.

**Chapter 465: I Don't Kill A Nameless Face**

Andrew's darkened gaze fell on the Beamon Tribe's Patriarch, Clay, and the Violent Horse Tribe's Patriarch, Charles. Repressing the rising killing intent in his heart, Andrew's grim voice rang in the square, "I'm well aware that according to our orthodox beastmen tribes' rule, only the one possessing the Beast God Scepter would be acknowledged as the Beast God, nevertheless, the Beast God Scepter has been missing for thousands of years. Should we continue to decline due to internal discord and conflict as we wait without hope for the Beast God Scepter to appear?!"

Everyone was silent.

Andrew pushed harder, "We're using this way to elect a new Beast God, as it is the fairest method within the limited options we have! Of course, whoever comes forward with the Beast God Scepter in the future, I will yield the Beast God position to him accordingly!"

Beamon Tribe Patriarch couldn't resist issuing a disdainful snort, "Beautiful words, if the Beast God Scepter never appears, does that mean that you, Andrew, will be occupying the Beast God position forever? It must have taken you some time to come up with this wonderful scheme!"

"Correct, the Beast God Scepter has been missing for so long, who knows when and where it will appear!" The Violent Horse Tribe Charles added, "Were you planning to monopolize the Beast God position forever?"

A light flickered in Andrew's eyes, "Then, Patriarch Clay and Patriarch Charles, do you have a better method?"

Neither spoke this time.

Tiger Tribe Patriarch Chuck looked at Huang Xiaolong from the corner of his eye, Huang Xiaolong shook his head, indicating that there was no hurry.

It was at this time that a series of sharp whistling wind sounds were heard in the sky above. More than a dozen figures arrived, exuding terrifying momentum that spread around the square like great waves.

The beastmen crowd below tensed up in an instant, staring at the group of over sixty intruders that were all Saint realm experts!

Moreover, the majority of them were high-level Saint realm experts!

"Deities Templar!"

"They're people from the Deities Templar!"

Shock swept through the beastmen crowd.

Huang Xiaolong inwardly sneered, he didn't expect that Deities Templar would send over sixty Saint realm experts here, moreover, most of them were high-level Saint realm experts!

It was clear from this alone the importance that Deities Templar had placed upon this new Beast God selection!

And the one leading at the front was Li Molin!

It had been three years since the battle on the Asura Square, and appearance wise, Li Molin didn't seem to have changed at all compared to three years ago. Yet Huang Xiaolong keenly felt that Li Molin's breath seemed more solid.

Beside Li Molin was Liu Yang.

Seeing Li Molin and the Deities Templar's group of experts arrive, the Lion Tribe Patriarch Andrew and the Lion Tribe experts stepped forward in greeting, hands cupped accompanied by bright smiles, "Elder Li!"

The Snake Tribe Patriarch Danny and the others in the agreed alliance swiftly followed behind in a complaisant manner.

Li Molin nodded slightly. The large group followed Li Molin to the square center and sat down in an obvious assuming manner.

"Initially, our Deities Templar did not plan to interfere in the beastmen tribes' matter, but we don't have the heart to see you lot continue to crumble from the inside, fighting amongst each other." Li Molin drawled, "Our Deities Templar believes that Patriarch Andrew, after being elected as the new Beast God, is capable of leading the beastmen tribes' to the peak of your most glorious historical day, conquering the Ten Directions Continent once more!"

Li Molin's words were plain and direct in support of Andrew as the new Beast God!

Of course, her words were also laced with threats; whoever dared to object, indirectly meant going against the Deities Templar, they would become Deities Templar's enemies!

A heavy silence filled the square, no one dared to utter a sound.

The Beamon Tribe and Violent Horse Tribe Patriarchs that were protesting strongly earlier turned mute. After all, not everyone was willing to offend a behemoth force such as the Deities Templar.

Andrew smiled at Li Molin, "Many thanks to Deities Templar, and many thanks to Elder Li. Please rest assured Elder Li, once I'm elected as the beastmen tribes' Beast God, I shan't disappoint the Deities Templar!"

This sentence was an outright display of loyalty toward Deities Templar!

The underlying meaning rang loud and clear to everyone present.

Anger burned in the Beamon Tribe Patriarch Clay and Violent Horse Tribe Patriarch Charles' eyes.

Li Molin replied to Andrew with a smile on her face, "Patriarch Andrew can also rest assured, our Temple Preceptor has spoken, our Deities Templar will aid the beastmen tribes in conquering the Ten Directions Continent, bringing back the beastmen tribes' eminence of old days!"

"I hope Elder Li can bring back a word to the Temple Preceptor. I, Andrew, am very much grateful and indebted to the Temple Preceptor's support!"

Li Molin nodded, "Good, then begin the Beast God Sacrificial Rite."

After the Beast God Sacrificial Rite was performed, Andrew would be the uncontended new Beast God!

“Prepare the sacrificial altar!” Andrew waved his arm and commanded.

The beastmen watched as the Lion Tribe disciples prepared the sacrificial altar item by item, but no one said anything.

A short while later, the sacrificial altar was ready.

Just as Andrew prepared to place incense joss stick as worship in the Beast God Shrine, a clear voice rang: “Wait!”

It came too sudden that everyone’s action paused abruptly.

Turning towards to source of the voice, they found that ‘it’ was none other than the human that arrived with the Tiger Tribe.

For a second, everyone was stumped.

What is this human planning to do?

Li Molin looked at Huang Xiaolong, a little surprised. She didn’t know why this human gave her a familiar feeling, but searching through her memories, she couldn’t recall where she had seen him before.

Caught in the center of attention, Huang Xiaolong stood up and walked toward the square center.

Andrew frowned with displeasure, signaling a Lion Tribe Elder close to him. Receiving Andrew’s order, that Elder marched toward Huang Xiaolong with hostility, raising an arm to block Huang Xiaolong’s path, “Little brat, don’t think that just because Chuck brought you here we won’t dare to kill you. No matter who it is, daring to interrupt the Beast God Sacrificial Rite, the punishment is death—!” The Elder’s surging battle qi was locked on Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong flashed a smile, then his fist already struck the Lion Tribe Elder. Before he could react, Huang Xiaolong’s fist blasted a hole in his chest, flesh and blood splattered and pieces of internal organs were littered on the ground.

The Elder’s blood-curdling scream shook the air and his body was thrown out of the square area.

Sharp intakes of breath could be heard from all around.

Most people recognized that Lion Tribe Elder, a late Sixth Order Saint realm, but his strength rivaled a Seventh Order Saint realm. Yet, this human blasted a hole in the Elder’s chest with just one punch!

This...!

Everyone looked at Huang Xiaolong with fear in their eyes, that right hand was comparable to a godly weapon!

A human’s physique could actually be invulnerable to this extent! This shocked even Chuck and the Tiger Tribe Saint realm experts. Including Li Molin and the experts from Deities Templar.

Andrew regained his composure fairly quickly, his eyes narrowed dangerously as he walked over to Huang Xiaolong.



Li Molin remained sitting where she was with no intention to interfere. Despite this human's sturdy physique, she could see that he was merely a Seventh Order Saint realm. A measly Seventh Order Saint realm was incapable of causing any big waves in her eyes.

Stopping in front of Huang Xiaolong, the aura of a lion king flooded out from Andrew's body, forming dark yellow strands of energy visible to the naked eye that soared to the sky. His robe fluttered without wind.

"I don't kill a nameless face." Andrew stated loftily, "Speak your name!"

Huang Xiaolong shook his head at Andrew, "Not necessary. For someone who's going to die, is there a need to know?" What Huang Xiaolong loathed the most was Deities Templar, and this Andrew actually sought to cooperate with them, he was already a dead man in Huang Xiaolong's eyes.

Andrew laughed in spite of his anger. Then, he suddenly attacked, striking a palm at Huang Xiaolong. The energy contained in that palm formed a shadow of a lion head that seemed to leap at Huang Xiaolong.

Before one could blink, the attack landed on Huang Xiaolong's chest.

#### **Chapter 466: Protect the Liege Lord Beast God**

Andrew's palm heavily struck Huang Xiaolong's chest, rising shock in everyone's hearts; it ends so fast? One move kill? But then the crowd quickly realized that something wasn't right, for Andrew's palm actually penetrated the human's chest. It was nothing more than an afterimage!

When Andrew's palm shot through Huang Xiaolong's chest, the afterimage scattered.

Surprise was evident in Andrew's eyes as he retrieved his hand. However, Huang Xiaolong appeared again on the same spot as if he hadn't moved an inch.

This scene shocked the crowd, while Li Molin's eyes narrowed in a dignified manner. In her eyes, it wasn't because that human did not move but his speed was too quick, so fast that it looked like he did not move on the surface.

From the moment he vanished and reappeared, there wasn't a single fluctuation in space, showing that his mastery over space had reached a terrifying level.

Andrew's face warped grimly.

As the number one expert standing above all beastmen, how would he reign over all beastmen tribes if he failed to kill a mere Seventh Order Saint realm little human brat?

Andrew let out an angry roar, a yellow energy rolled out like raging waves from his body, the color growing more intense and vivid with every second, becoming a dark yellow. At the same time, Andrew's physical body changed. Muscles and flesh rippled under his skin, bulging under his robe, a head of golden hair, with his face and mouth protruding out as lion whiskers shot out from the sides of his lips.

The aura of a lion king overcast the heaven.

Beast transformation!

After the beast transformation, Andrew's momentum more than doubled, causing the furrows on Li Molin's brows deepen even more. The transformed Andrew gave her a sense of foreboding danger.

The rest of Deities Templar experts also lost the relaxed expressions on their faces.

"Die—!" Andrew bellowed, attacking Huang Xiaolong with both palms. The dark yellow energy whirled like it could swallow heaven and earth, a larger than life lion head flickered in and out in the surging yellow energy whirlpool. The roar of a lion king shook the air miles away.

Numerous minuscule space cracks spread out.

Some distance away, the Tiger Tribe Patriarch Chuck and the Saint realm experts jumped to their feet, wanting to rush to Huang Xiaolong's aid, but an indifferent voice sounded in their ears: "No need!"

Before many astounded faces, a light flashed in Huang Xiaolong's hand and a beast head rod appeared in everyone's sight. The eyes of the beast head were a bright crimson. Imbued with Huang Xiaolong's battle qi, countless beast images flew out from the rod. In an instant, an overwhelming pressure descended on the beastmen in the square, repressing their souls and will.

Every beastman in the square was terrified, trembling where they stood.

The fanatic Lion Tribe Patriarch Andrew that was on the verge of hammering the human into meat paste suddenly froze. The fear on his face mirrored the other beastmen as he stared fearfully at the many beast images in the air like he was witnessing the world's most terrifying object.

The sudden turn of situation baffled Li Molin and the Deities Templar's experts; *'What is happening here?!'*

Up until this point, they had yet to figure out the meaning of that beast headed rod in that human's hand.

Ignoring everything else, Huang Xiaolong slowly walked towards Andrew, step by step.

From the Deities Templar experts' perspective, Andrew suddenly knelt down before Huang Xiaolong with an expression of absolute terror. Stopping in front of Andrew, Huang Xiaolong channeled more battle qi into the rod and the other end poked hard at Andrew's torso.

A resounding blast rang in the square, followed by Andrew's miserable scream as he flew out without any resistance.

Blood of golden red color splattered on the square from the air, conspicuous under the radiant rays of sunlight.

Andrew struggled to get up, but Huang Xiaolong was in front of him, the rod struck another time, just like how the Tiger Tribe Castellan Manor's steward Ellington was punished before.

Andrew, the beastmen tribes' number one expert, knelt on his knees again and again as he was struck repeatedly by a human. By the third strike, Li Molin finally regained her reason, realizing that there was something very wrong with Andrew's behavior.

She and the many Deities Templar's experts rose to their feet.

“Could it be...?!” Li Molin’s focused on the beast headed rod in the brat’s hand, a sharp excitement flickered in her eyes.

“Beast, Beast God Scepter!” The Snake Tribe Patriarch Danny stammered in a quivering voice. Although his voice wasn’t loud, it was loud enough in the silent square, even the Deities Templar experts caught every word.

*Beast God Scepter!*

Although Li Molin guessed as much, she still shook a little hearing an affirmation to it! Liu Yang and the rest of the Deities Templar experts were also stunned by the revelation.

The Beast God Scepter!

The Beast God Scepter that disappeared for more than ten thousand years had resurfaced once more!

*‘This?!’*

Huang Xiaolong ignored the reactions coming from the Deities Templar’s side as he stood in front of Andrew with a stoic expression, staring at him.

“Liege, Liege Lord Beast God, have mercy!” Andrew’s intermittent voice sounded, barely breathing and filled with inexplicable terror as he struggled to his knees, pleading Huang Xiaolong, “Andrew has always been loyal and devoted to the beastmen tribes, my innocence can be witnessed by all! I have unknowingly offended Liege Lord earlier, please spare this small one, this small one is willing to lead the Lion Tribe to serve under the Liege Lord Beast God!”

“Loyal and devoted?” Huang Xiaolong sneered, “Conspiring with the Deities Templar, not only has the Lion Tribe surrendered to Deities Templar, you even wanted the entire beastmen tribes to be Deities Templar’s servants, you deserve to be beheaded for this!” The Beast God Scepter was lifted up without hesitation, thrusting down.

However, this time it wasn’t the torso but between the brows.

The Beast God Scepter shone with a menacing crimson glow, exuding a death aura.

The tip of Beast God Scepter enlarged in Andrew’s pupils, despair filled his eyes, yet he dared not show the slightest resistance, unwillingness, or hate.

Watching the Beast God Scepter about to end Andrew’s life, Li Molin shot Liu Yang beside her a look. Complying with her wishes, Liu Yang flew out, sneaking an attack on Huang Xiaolong from the back.

However, at the same time Liu Yang leaped out, another person also acted, aiming a palm strike at Liu Yang, dispersing Liu Yang’s attack on Huang Xiaolong.

In this split second window, the Beast God Scepter in Huang Xiaolong’s hand met its target.

Ka-cha! The sound of shattered bones rang. Andrew’s body was seen flying out, a big bloody hole in the middle of his brows, red and white pieces of flesh littered on the square.

Lying in a pool of his own blood, Andrew’s body twitched, still alive.

On the other side, Liu Yang was taken aback by the sudden attack and glared at the attacker, the Tiger Tribe Patriarch, Chuck.

“Protect the Liege Lord Beast God!” Chuck commanded.

The large group of Tiger Tribe Saint realm experts shot out, glowering at the group of Deities Templar experts as they stood behind Huang Xiaolong. Subsequently, experts from the Beamon Tribe, Violent Horse Tribe, Ram Tribe, Hundred Bird Tribe gathered behind Huang Xiaolong after the Tiger Tribe. Moments later, the Wolf Tribe, Snake Tribe, and Fox Tribe also hurried to show their support behind Huang Xiaolong. Witnessing their momentum, the smaller beastmen tribes hastened to secure a place. Including the remaining experts from the Lion Tribe.

More than a thousand beastmen experts locked onto Deities Templar’s group with an air of hostility.

The intense pressure made Li Molin, Liu Yang, and all Deities Templar’s experts’ nerves stretch tautly.

Li Molin never imagined that a mere Beast God Scepter would have such a deterring power over the beastmen tribes, even the Lion Tribe experts viewed them as enemies to be swallowed alive.

She didn’t doubt one bit that if the human kid commanded it, those beastmen experts gathered would tear each and every one of them alive.

After momentarily losing her composure, Li Molin flashed a brilliant smile in Huang Xiaolong’s direction “I didn’t expect this warrior to possess the Beast God Scepter, us Deities Templar congratulate this warrior!”

Huang Xiaolong remained stoic. He wanted to see what this Li Molin was playing at.

“Just now, we were merely curious about the Beast God Scepter in this warrior’s hand, we only wanted to have a look and had no other intention.” Li Molin continued with a smiling face, “I hope this warrior does not mind it.” She was referring to the matter of Liu Yang attacking him from the back.

#### **Chapter 467: Have All of Them Remain Here Forever!**

“You lot’s curiosity is really morbid.” Huang Xiaolong’s words were filled with sarcasm.

Li Molin giggled, “Our Deities Templar has always hoped that the beastmen tribes could unite, becoming stronger, and bring back the splendor of their past glory. Now that this warrior found the Beast God Scepter, and you are fated to unite the beastmen tribes, our Deities Templar is happy for the entire beastman race.”

Huang Xiaolong sneered inwardly listening to Li Molin’s display of ‘goodwill.’

Deities Templar hoped that the beastmen tribes could unite, become stronger?

Hoping the beastmen tribes would submit under Deities Templar was the real truth.

“Since this warrior possesses the Beast God Scepter, then we shall take our leave first. We shall return later with congratulatory gifts.” Li Molin looked over at Liu Yang, “Let us leave.” Finished saying that, she turned to leave with Liu Yang and the experts from Deities Templar.

The Beast God Scepter resurface in the world, the person they betted on, lion king Andrew, was no different than a dead man. Li Molin knew that with all these staggering changes, it was impossible for the Deities Templar to control the beastmen tribes.

Therefore, she acted decisively, first return to report the situation to the Temple Preceptor and await his decision.

“Not so fast!” Just as Li Molin and the large group of Deities Templar experts prepared to leave, Huang Xiaolong spoke: “Make sure none of them leaves this place!”

“Yes, Liege Lord Beast God!”

The beastmen present acknowledged his command, their voices rumbled in the square, shaking the heavens.

In the blink of an eye, several thousand experts lunged forward, attacking with zeal.

All Deities Templar experts’ faces tightened.

A volley of blasts sounded, forcing Li Molin and the sixty-plus experts back to their original spot.

“This warrior, what is the meaning of this?!” Li Molin’s face distorted with anger, her eyes glared fiercely at Huang Xiaolong. Up to this point, she still hadn’t realized that she was facing an old friend, Huang Xiaolong.

“Meaning?” A faint satirical smile flitted past Huang Xiaolong’s face, “ There’s no other meaning; today, I’m succeeding the Beast God’s position, in a little while we need to perform the Beast God Sacrificial Rite, thus are in need of some sacrificial offerings. I want to use your heads as my offerings!”

Use the over sixty Deities Templar experts’ heads as sacrificial offerings!

This offering was earth-shaking!

“What do you lot say, is it good if we use their heads as offerings?!” Huang Xiaolong scanned the numerous faces of the beastmen experts.

“Good! Great! Liege Lord Beast God is mighty!”

“Liege Lord Beast God mighty!”

Hearing those words, the beastmen experts felt their blood boil with excitement, hollering their agreement, the sound of their voices pierced the sky. Animalistic instinct for blood shone from their eyes. Truth be told, the majority of the beastmen felt antagonistic toward these Deities Templar experts from the moment they appeared. Huang Xiaolong’s call instantly stimulated the ferociousness embedded deep within their bloodlines.

Just the mere thought of using over sixty Deities Templar experts as their sacrificial offerings to the Beast God made their hearts race! Only a Beast God of this caliber was qualified to be their beastmen’s Liege Lord!

Li Molin, Liu Yang, and all the Deities Templar experts paled slightly looking at the layers of beastmen experts encirclement around them on the square.

Taking some time, Li Molin made an effort to compose herself. Her eyes spit fire glaring at Huang Xiaolong, "I truly admire your courage, but do you really think you can keep all of us here?"

Despite having thousands of beastmen experts surrounding them, Li Molin was confident in her strength. If she wanted to flee, she had a high chance making it out of there.

"Although you might be the new Beast God, do not assume that after uniting the beastmen tribes you can do as you like in the Martial Spirit World. If you dare to kill even one of our Deities Templar people today...!" Li Molin left her threat hang in the air for a second, "At that time, our Deities Templar's experts will come out in full force to annihilate every single beastman tribe!" The taste of threat intensified at the end.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, "Li Molin, you escaped the several times before, do you really think you'll be able to escape this time as well?"

Several times before? Li Molin frowned at those words, confusion in her eyes as she stared intently at Huang Xiaolong.

Did they know each other from before?

"On this day, not only will I use your head as offering for the Beast God Sacrificial Rite, I will also use your head to worship my brother, Lu Kai!" Huang Xiaolong's cold voice reverberated in the square.

"Lu Kai?" An image flashed in Li Molin's mind, that measly insignificant Luo Tong Kingdom Prince Lu Kai?

"You, you're Huang Xiaolong!" Li Molin blurted the name before she could stop herself.

"Huang Xiaolong!" Both the Deities Templar and the beastmen experts' attention focused on Huang Xiaolong.

Before the crowd's intense focus, Huang Xiaolong's facial features and body slowly changed, reverting to his original features.

"That's right, it's me!" Huang Xiaolong's expression was grim and cold facing Li Molin.

Watching Huang Xiaolong's features reverting back to his original face, the Deities Templar experts subconsciously shifted to the back in fear, whereas the beastmen grew more fanatic, feverish, worshipping, and reverent looking at Huang Xiaolong.

So their Beast God was actually the stalwart persona whose name had spread throughout all three continents, hailed as the Young Noble Divine Dragon, Huang Xiaolong!

Present in the square were experts of each beastmen tribes, they were no stranger to Huang Xiaolong's 'Young Noble Divine Dragon' reputation.

"Liege Lord Beast God's might spans through the ages!"

The Tiger Tribe Patriarch Chuck lauded.

"Liege Lord Beast God's might spans through the ages!"

Following Chuck's lead, all the beastmen experts lauded the same words at the top of their lungs, the terrifying sound waves crashed against Li Molin's heart. She suddenly leaped into the air, obviously seizing the chance to escape alone.

Unfortunately, Huang Xiaolong had locked onto her every moment from the beginning, the second Li Molin moved, his arm made a waving motion releasing a swarm of Poison Corpse Scarabs baring their razor sharp teeth at Li Molin.

After that Asura Square battle, his Poison Corpse Scarabs had continued to evolve, their speed reached a horrifying level, being able to catch up to Li Molin in a mere instant.

"Poison Corpse Scarabs!" Li Molin exclaimed.

In the last battle at the Asura's Gate headquarters, Li Molin tasted the terror of the Poison Corpse Scarabs, watching with her own eyes as several Deities Templar Elders were gnawed alive by those critters. That battle left a deep fear that penetrated into her soul toward the Poison Corpse Scarabs.

The Divine Dragon Armor immediately on Li Molin, the same azure longsword tightly gripped in her hands, slashing out with mad ferocity.

The Deities Templar experts below regained their senses, quickly joining in the attack toward the Poison Corpse Scarabs.

Huang Xiaolong waved his arm again, and the Devils and Ghosts Flag was laid out instantly. An endless tide of ghost auras submerged Li Molin and the other Deities Templar experts. Evil ghosts and devils came howling baring their fangs as they entangled the living prey inside the array.

The experts made frenzied attacks with their palms, fear deeply etched on their faces.

"Attack!" Huang Xiaolong commanded the beastmen experts.

All the beastmen experts complied with anticipation on their faces, rushing to attack with vigor.

The Devils and Ghosts Flag was no longer the Supreme Ghost Flag it once was, with the additional of twenty Saint realm souls, the evil spirits within now had the strength of a Third Order Saint realm expert.

Powerful as those Deities Templar experts may be, in a short time, they would be hard pressed to break out from that Sea of Ghosts and Devils Array.

On top of being trapped in the array, with the Poison Corpse Scarabs and thousands of beastmen experts attacking, very soon, close to half of the sixty over Deities Templar experts had fallen.

Li Molin and Liu Yang watched helplessly as the experts they brought died, one by one, under the beastmen experts' attacks, then were turned into nourishment for the Poison Corpse Scarabs, their faces lost all color, shackled with fear.

Lo Molin's senses ebbed away, replaced by the aura of impending death that seized her heart.

Two hours later, from the sixty plus high-level experts, only a small dozen remained. Li Molin knew very well, if nothing was done, sooner or later all of them would end up as food for those Poison Corpse Scarabs, including herself!

Thinking of those little black things crawling all over her body, eating her flesh little by little, that sight was enough to make her lose strength, quivering.

“Huang Xiaolong, I’m Li Lu’s Master!” Li Molin’s shrill shriek cuts the air, “If Li Lu finds out that you killed me, she will definitely kill you to avenge me!”

Huang Xiaolong’s brows creased slightly.

Li Molin tried again, “Let me go, I can speak good words for you once I return to Deities Templar, I can even tell you the latest news about Li Lu!”

Then, the Great Dragon Saber appeared in Huang Xiaolong’s hand, slashing down...

### **Chapter 468: Huang Xiaolong Is the Beast God**

A strong bloodthirst gushed out from a crimson blood dragon, shooting straight at Li Molin.

Flustered and alarmed, Li Molin waved the longsword in her hand and multiple sword rays flew out, forming a great protective barrier. A thunderous bang rang in the air, ripples of shockwaves warped space as the large blood dragon rammed against the protective barrier.

“Today, you must die!” Huang Xiaolong’s frigid voice was bone-chilling.

Even if Li Lu was here today, Huang Xiaolong was resolved to reap Li Molin’s life on the spot! Not only Li Molin, he was determined to slaughter all Deities Templar’s people!

All of them must die!

Half an hour passed. Inside the Devils and Ghosts Flag, a sole Li Molin remained, shrouded in thick death aura.

“Huang Xiaolong, I’ll not spare you even if I turn into a ghost!” knowing that her life would end here, Li Molin screamed, her face distorting with resentment, “Also, our Temple Preceptor has taken a liking to Li Lu a long time ago, Li Lu and our Temple Preceptor find each other congenial, you will never have any chance with Li Lu, not ever!”

“Li Lu will kill you to avenge me! She’ll slaughter your entire family!”

“Annihilate all your Asura’s Gate disciples!”

“Everything you have!”

Li Molin shouted in a deranged manner, her eyes shining with a manic light.

The Tiger Tribe Patriarch Chuck landed a palm strike on Li Molin’s back at this point. Li Molin stumbled forward, right into the swarm of Poison Corpse Scarabs. Excited, the Poison Corpse Scarabs rushed up, some about to start from Li Molin’s eyes.



However Huang Xiaolong did not allow the Poison Corpse Scarabs to touch Li Molin, instead, he retrieved them and the Devils and Ghosts Flag. As he approached Li Molin, the Blades of Asura appeared in his hands.

“Huang Xiaolong, you...!” Barely a few words in, the Blades of Asura in Huang Xiaolong’s hands swung down, and Li Molin’s head flew to the sky. Her voice abruptly cut off.

Blood rained down where Li Molin was.

Looking at Li Molin’s corpse with a cold expression, he transferred the headless body into the Linglong Treasure Pagoda as food for the Poison Corpse Scarabs.

“Liege Lord Beast God is mighty!”

The beastmen experts’ voices thundered in the square.

Huang Xiaolong collected all the Deities Templar experts’ spatial rings into his Asura Ring. Looking at the beastmen experts around, he raised an arm to calm the excited crowd as his powerful voice resonated, “Begin the Beast God Sacrificial Rite!”

Another sonorous reply came from the beastmen experts, complying with Huang Xiaolong’s command and collecting Li Molin and other Deities Templar experts’ heads. More than sixty human heads were placed on the sacrificial altar.

When Huang Xiaolong ordered the Poison Corpse Scarabs to kill Liu Yang and the Deities Templar experts, he made them leave the heads intact.

When all the heads were lined on the sacrificial altar, Huang Xiaolong proceeded step by step according to the beastmen sacrificial rite, lasting over an hour before the ceremony was done.

“Salute the Liege Lord Beast God!” Tiger Tribe Patriarch Chuck took lead. The Beast God Sacrificial Rite was completed, therefore Huang Xiaolong was, beyond any doubt, the new beastmen tribes’ Beast God.

In a blink, the mass of beastmen experts fell to their knees in worship, each of them showing reverence, worship, and great ardor.

Huang Xiaolong briefly scanned over the mass of prostrating silhouettes before telling them to rise.

“Bring forth Andrew!” Huang Xiaolong ordered.

Although Huang Xiaolong pierced the Beast God Scepter through Andrew’s forehead, shattering a large hole in his skull, Andrew was still alive.

Two Lion Tribe Elders half carried half dragged Andrew before Huang Xiaolong.

Everyone watched quietly, waiting for Huang Xiaolong to speak. “Andrew conspired with Deities Templar, luring the beastmen tribes to submit under another, according to the beastmen tribes’ law, what is the penalty for this?!”

“Death by a thousand swords piercing the heart!” Tiger Tribe Patriarch Chuck stepped forward in reply.

Huang Xiaolong nodded, battle qi gathered around his palm, forming into sharp swords. With a flick, the sword energy pierced into Andrew's heart. Andrew let out a hoarse, blood-curdling scream as the sword energy pierced through his chest, coming out from his back.

Just like this, the sword energy repeatedly pierced through Andrew's heart ten thousand times before stopping.

The heart was the body's most essential organ, regardless if one was a Saint realm expert or a God Realm master, the heart was still considered a weakness. Ten thousand times pierced by a sword, one could hardly imagine the torment.

After the punishment was dealt with, Huang Xiaolong took out the Devils and Ghosts Flag, allowing it to swallow Andrew's soul.

The beastmen experts felt a chill in their hearts witnessing the cruel punishment that Andrew subjected to, and in the end, not even his soul was spared, being swallowed into a wicked flag.

Feeling worse than anyone present was the Snake Tribe's Patriarch, Danny.

A few days earlier, he actually said that that he would 'play' Huang Xiaolong to death! Even declaring out in the open that he would let Huang Xiaolong taste the pleasure of being bitten by ten thousand snakes.

"Danny!" Huang Xiaolong's voice boomed like a thunderclap in Danny's brain.

A violent shiver ran down Danny's back as he walked forward a few steps before kneeling on his knees, "Liege Lord Beast God, have mercy ah! This small one wasn't aware of Liege Lord's identity, please spare my life!"

"Don't worry, I won't kill you." Huang Xiaolong drawled, not showing any emotion on his face, "Upon returning to the Snake Tribe, enter the Thousand Snake Cave. Come out after you've been bitten ten thousand times!"

The words Danny spurted after leaving that night, Huang Xiaolong heard every word clearly with his spiritual sense.

Danny turned deathly pale, yet he dared not raise the slightest objection, kowtowing in gratitude toward Huang Xiaolong for sparing his life.

Subsequently, Huang Xiaolong held a small discussion on the spot, re-establishing certain rules as well as assigning some tasks to the many beastmen Patriarchs.

Several hours later, Huang Xiaolong excused all the tribes back to their territories. One of the tasks Huang Xiaolong gave them was to spread the word of what took place in the beastmen tribes congregation to the outside.

Huang Xiaolong would hang Li Molin and all the Deities Templar experts' heads upon the Sacred Tiger City's gates. He was curious to see if the Deities Templar would be sending people to come collect their heads.

If they dared not, then Deities Templar would be reduced to nothing but Martial Spirit World's biggest laughing stock!

If Deities Templar really sent someone over to collect those heads... Huang Xiaolong sneered, he would make sure that the heads of the people that came would decorate the Sacred Tiger City walls together.

Huang Xiaolong returned to the Sacred Tiger City with the group of Tiger Tribe experts, bringing the heads with him. As for the rumored Beast God heritage within the Beast God Shrine, Huang Xiaolong planned to return after refining the primordial divine dragons with the Dragon God Grass he had.

After all, he was now the Beast God that united the beastmen tribes and could enter the Beast God Shrine any time.

While Huang Xiaolong and the Tiger Tribe experts were back in the Sacred Tiger City, hanging the heads along the city walls, the whole Martial Spirit World was driven into a furore!

“What?! The Beast God Scepter has resurfaced! Huang Xiaolong has the Beast God Scepter and became the beastmen tribes’ Beast God!”

“Huang Xiaolong is reigning over the beastmen tribes!”

“Deities Templar’s Li Molin and more than sixty experts were all killed by Huang Xiaolong! Their heads are hanging on top of the Sacred Tiger City walls at this very moment!”

Akin to an enormous meteor crashing into its soil, the whole Martial Spirit World was shaken, forces big and small found it hard to believe it, they were shocked and dumbfounded by the news!

Trepidation gradually spread among the experts and disciples of Cosmos God Cult, every family and forces that was at odds with Huang Xiaolong fell into a foreboding doom.

When Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, and the Asura’s Gate experts and disciples heard the news, excited cheers sounded in every corner of the Asura’s Gate, brimming with anticipation.

On the Snow Wind Continent, within the palace walls of the Blessed Buddha Empire, Shi Fantian’s hearty laughter echoed through the corridors hearing the news. “I didn’t expect, ah, that Junior Brother got the Beast God Scepter! Uniting the beastmen tribes! The next time I see Junior Brother, it seems I also need to greet him respectfully as Lord Beast God!”

How powerful the united beastmen tribes were, anyone could imagine it even using their toes. Without a doubt, in the Martial Spirit World, they were the strongest force! In front of the united beastmen tribes, the Cosmos God Cult was nothing but a smelly fart!

Shi Xiaofei was cultivating in her yard when her maid Xiaorou ran in flushed with giddy excitement. Baffled why Xiaorou was acting this way, before Shi Xiaofei could ask, Xiaorou blurted out, “Princess, Young Noble Huang, he, he’s now the beastmen tribes’ Beast God!”

#### **Chapter 469: If You Can Defeat Me**

Beast God!

Shi Xiaofei’s big eyes widened, the astonished expression on her face remained for a long time.

Somewhere near the Dead Sea Gorge, on the Deities Templar's unique floating island, the Temple Preceptor, Ying Tian, sat enshrouded in a rolling black mist that actually blurred the lines of space, as if his entire being integrated with the surrounding space.

Below the dais, many Deities Templar experts were kneeling, too scared to move an inch, afraid that their breathing was too loud.

A heavy silence submerged the hall, and only the occasional 'di-ta, di-ta' noise of sweat falling to the floor can be heard.

In the dead quiet hall, a low laughter suddenly sounded from within the black mist. Ying Tian's low laughter grew louder, veering toward manic, harsh to the ears. Every note hammered at the hearts of those kneeling Deities Templar experts.

Those familiar with Temple Preceptor Ying Tian knew that at this moment, he was beyond enraged!

More than sixty Saint realm experts! Furthermore, the majority of them were high-level Saint realm experts! All dead! Even for a hegemony force like Deities Templar, a huge loss like this hurt to the bones!

On top of everything, that Li Molin and sixty other heads were still hanging above the Sacred Tiger City's gates, should he or should he not send people to collect them?

The whole Martial Spirit World was looking at Deities Templar like a joke!

The experts in the hall lowered their heads even further, not daring to lift them.

A while later, Ying Tian's laughter stopped as abruptly as it started, looking coldly at the group of people below him.

"Who's going to the Sacred Tiger City?" Ying Tian spoke.

No one made a move, no one said anything.

A malevolent black light burst in Ying Tian's eyes, intense murderous aura turned the hall's atmosphere into a sinking dead swamp.

The trembling figures of the experts kneeling before become even more visible.

Just when those experts felt death inching closer, the suffocating killing intent vanished as if it was never there.

"All of you, leave." Ying Tian spoke, his voice laced with a trace of coldness, helplessness, anger, and venomous hate.

The experts swiftly complied and fled the hall. Once outside, each of them was washed with feelings of survival.

When all the experts had left, a figure walked out from the back of the hall—Li Lu.

"You make a trip to Starcloud Continent." Ying Tian said, a sharp light glinted in his eyes.

"Yes." Li Lu complied respectfully and retreated from the hall.

...

One month passed by in a blink.

In the end, Deities Templar did not send anyone to retrieve the heads hanging above the city wall, turning Deities Templar into an after-dinner joke. After the Beast God Shrine battle, Deities Templar's prestigious reputation was shattered. Even the forces and families in small kingdoms like the Luo Tong Kingdom that submitted under Deities Templar rebelled one by one.

Submit to Deities Templar meant offending Huang Xiaolong!

Who, at this time, in the whole Martial Spirit World dared to offend Huang Xiaolong?

This one month, Huang Xiaolong waited in the Sacred Tiger City, practicing the Godly Xumi Art, Asura Tactics, Body Metamorphose Scripture, Asura Asura Sword Skill, Absolute Soul Finger, Asura Demon Claw and others, going through all of his battle skills.

That time in the Ancient Dragon Clan ruins, the beastmen tribes managed to snatch two primordial divine dragon corpses, both falling into the hands of the Lion Tribe, which explained why the Lion Tribe's Young Patriarch Jesse was searching for Dragon God Grass in the Poison Dragon Valley.

With him holding the helm, the Lion Tribe obediently offered up both primordial divine dragon corpses with smiling faces.

After refining four primordial divine dragons, Huang Xiaolong had nine left, adding two more brought it up to eleven!

Eleven primordial divine dragons, if he could find enough Dragon God Grass, it could definitely help Huang Xiaolong breakthrough to Tenth Order Saint realm, even reaching peak late-Tenth Order Saint realm.

Not to mention, the addition of two more primordial divine dragons would elevate his self-created skill to Fifteen Moves of the Dragon God.

Studying the additional primordial divine dragons for one month, enabled Huang Xiaolong to gain new insights, smoothly incorporating them into the Thirteen Moves of the Dragon God.

One month passed, yet Deities Templar did not send anyone to collect Li Molin and the others' heads. Bored, Huang Xiaolong didn't bother to wait anymore. All the heads turned into more nourishment for the Poison Corpse Scarabs. Reminding the Tiger Tribe Patriarch Chuck to keep an eye on Deities Templar's movements, Huang Xiaolong began his closed-door practice.

This time, Huang Xiaolong decided to refine the earth dragon originally wind dragon, wood dragon, the five-clawed golden dragon as well as the Buddha dragon.

Prior to this, Huang Xiaolong had refined the water dragon and fire dragon. Adding the earth dragon, wood dragon, and the five-clawed dragon, his five elements could be considered complete. Comprehending the five elements was essential to enhancing his strength to another level.

Huang Xiaolong's Godly Xumi Art was by origin a Buddhist World battle skill, refining the buddha dragon would bring unimaginable benefits in this aspect.

The first one would be the earth dragon.

The passage of time flowed, and one year went by.

In this one year's time, the entire Martial Spirit World seemed have folded within itself, shy and quiet.

Since the Beast God Shrine battle, Deities Templar became the total opposite of its previous flamboyant self.

Even the Cosmos God Cult on the Starcloud Continent quieted down and behaved, all the way to the Bedlam Lands, where killings were an everyday occurrence, toned down. The entire Martial Spirit World's weather seemed to center around a certain person.

Huang Xiaolong!

In this one year, every force, sect, and family in the thirty-six Oblasts under the Asura's Gate governance declared their willingness to submit under the Asura's Gate, including those that were swaying between other forces such as the Distinct Void Door, White Phoenix House, Cosmos God Cult, and other twelve super forces.

Finally, this sudden calm and quiet provided Emperor Duanren with much-needed breathing space from the noose that Deities Templar roped around his neck.

Two years swiftly passed.

After refining the earth dragon, Huang Xiaolong continued with the wood dragon, and now he was refining the five-clawed golden dragon. At the moment, looking from the side, Huang Xiaolong looked like he was cocooned inside a golden dragon.

The five-clawed golden dragon was known as the Dragon Clan's royal blood, the highest existence amongst the fifteen primordial divine dragons Huang Xiaolong had.

Two years and eight months passed.

Huang Xiaolong sat cross-legged at the center of the Ten Buddha Formation, the spacious hall lit brightly with a gentle luminescence coming from the various golden Buddha images and shadows of primordial divine dragons hovering behind Huang Xiaolong.

From the outside, Huang Xiaolong looked as if he was coated with a layer of golden paint.

Then, without warning, his body shook violently for a second as a low crisp breaking sound was heard from inside his body, brilliant light shining through.

A terrifying force swept to every corner of the Xumi Temple.

It was a long time before the energy dissipated. The brilliant light dispersed, as did the shadows of Buddha statues and dragons.

Huang Xiaolong opened his eyes, a series of crackings rang in the hall with a little stretch.

Two years and eight months, he finally refined the earth dragon, wood dragon, five-clawed golden dragon, and buddha dragon. All thirty-six stalks Dragon God Grass were used up.

Directing his spiritual sense internally to check his body's condition, the veins running through his body were akin to primordial divine dragons hovering within his flesh. His physique was twenty times sturdier than before, the battle qi in his Qi Sea was a roaring golden color, while the ten thunderballs in his dantian turned into ten gold cores that were twenty times bigger.

Ninth Order Saint realm!

Huang Xiaolong's battle qi actually broke through to the Ninth Order Saint realm!

Despite only being an early Ninth Order, Huang Xiaolong felt as if he was overlooking the world, invincible throughout! This was confidence born from distinct real power! His physical body surpassed any godly weapon!

Huang Xiaolong took out the Great Dragon Saber and cut it against his own skin, but it merely left a white line on his palm!

He inhaled deeply, exiting the Xumi Temple a short while later.

Just as he exited, he summoned Tiger Tribe's Patriarch Chuck over. Seeing Chuck arriving, Huang Xiaolong said, "I will not use the Poison Corpse Scarabs, no battle qi, no battle skills, if you can defeat me, I shall reward you with one hundred pieces of Dragon Blood Crystal!"

"One hundred pieces Dragon Blood Crystal!" Chuck was stunned at first before excitement took over.

#### **Chapter 470: Nine Dragons Temple**

"Liege Lord, is what you've said, for real?!" Swaying between joy and disbelief, Chuck asked for affirmation.

If he defeated the Liege Lord he'd get a hundred pieces Dragon Blood Crystals!

He knew very well that before entering closed-door practice more than two years ago, Liege Lord Beast God was only a Seventh Order Saint realm, but regardless how much one could enhance their strength during closed-door practice, Liege Lord Beast God should, at most, be a mid-Seventh Order Saint realm.

"For real." Huang Xiaolong replied with a serious face.

Moments later, both appeared above a peak in a mountain range several hundred li outside of Sacred Tiger City.

Two figures stood on opposite sides in silence.

Huang Xiaolong made the first move, both hands formed into claws as he flew toward Chuck.

In that instant, the five elements power— water, fire, earth, wood, and metal erupted like a volcano, violent tremors shook the mountain range below as if the entire mountain was about to crumble into dust under Huang Xiaolong's hand.

Chuck was genuinely alarmed by Huang Xiaolong's momentum, quickly countering with a Sacred Tiger Fist.

The tempestuous collision was ear-splitting, scary shockwaves blasted outward onto the boulders and cliffs, pulverizing everything into dust.

After the impact, Huang Xiaolong and Chuck retreated back more than a hundred meters from each other. In that one exchange, Chuck felt a numbing sensation on both hands, the expression on his face showed his shock. Amongst the beastmen, other than the previous Lion Tribe Patriarch Andrew, he could confidently claim that he had the strongest physique, but now he was forced back by Huang Xiaolong to the point of feeling numb! Moreover, there was a slight tingling pain!

“Haha, come, let’s continue!” Huang Xiaolong laughed eagerly, waving his fist this time. The frightening speed caused great friction against space, causing a sharp scratching sound against the wind that traveled several li.

Even before Huang Xiaolong’s fist arrived, Chuck already felt a prickling danger, the overwhelming destructive power enveloped him as his face went pale. Lacking the confidence to take the hit head-on, he steered to the side with force. Still, he dodged Huang Xiaolong’s powerful fist.

Chuck looked over and was aghast to discover that in the place he stood in just now, space looked as if it sunk in, imprinted with a giant fist.

Space was something intangible to begin with, how could someone’s fist be imprinted in space? What mind-blowing concept was this!

Before Chuck could compose himself, another powerful tide of energy rolled toward him, startling him. Huang Xiaolong flickered into a blur, launching another attack, aiming a palm at Chuck. Panicked, Chuck’s palm shot out to block the attack.

Blow for blow, the two exchanged more than a dozen moves.

After a dozen exchanges, Chuck’s shock deepened, and a foreboding fear sprouted in his heart, for he noted that Huang Xiaolong’s physique was sturdier than even his own, probably more terrifying than an ancient mythical beast. Just now, he landed a full force punch on Huang Xiaolong’s chest, but he merely staggered several steps back, without even a scratch on him. What depressed Chuck above all was that his own hand actually felt pain down to the bones.

He highly doubted that ancient mythical beasts’ flesh was tougher than this!

In total, Huang Xiaolong had refined eight primordial divine dragons, his True Dragon Physique now surpassed the Dragon Clan’s five-clawed Golden Dragon Emperor during the ancient times.

Despite being a peak late-Tenth Order Saint realm expert and possessing strong physique due to his origins, Chuck still fell short compared to ancient dragons, not to mention against the five-clawed golden dragon.

One hour later, Chuck had resorted to beast transformation.

After the beast transformation, Chuck’s defense rose to another level, adding his advantage as a peak late-Tenth Order Saint realm strength with Huang Xiaolong not using any battle skills, he was finally able to slightly suppress Huang Xiaolong.



Every punch and palm strike from Huang Xiaolong jarred his bones so badly that Chuck felt like his bones were falling apart.

Yet Huang Xiaolong's movements became more fluid and natural as time passed, even growing stronger as he battled...?!

"Liege Lord, stop, stop, I'm not fighting anymore, not fighting!" Two hours later, Chuck wailed in dismay, shaking his head and waving his hands. He frightenedly stared at Huang Xiaolong.

He really dared not continue to fight further, otherwise, his set of tiger skeleton would really be disassembled by Huang Xiaolong.

Hearing Chuck's pitiful wails begging for mercy, Huang Xiaolong finally stopped, laughing, "It's gratifying!" It had been quite some time since he last enjoyed a fight this much!

His body sung with joy, feeling comfortable from head to toe.

After refining eight primordial divine dragons, there was some true dragon essence residue that wasn't fully absorbed into his body, pooling inside different parts of his body. This fight helped him absorb that essence residue completely.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong agreeing to stop, Chuck heaved a great sigh of relief. He was exhausted and drained, lying like a dead corpse on the ground, wishing he could just sleep for a few hundred years like this.

Watching Chuck, Huang Xiaolong took out a ten thousand year Purpleblood Human-shaped Ginseng: "Swallow this."

Chuck looked over numbly, spotting the purple colored ginseng in Huang Xiaolong's hand that emitted a fragrant scent. His senses were instantly stimulated, all his lethargy vanished.

"This is... Purpleblood Human-shaped Ginseng above ten thousand years old?!" Chuck asked, his larynx contracted a few times.

"More accurately, close to forty thousand years." Huang Xiaolong corrected.

Chuck quivered, "Liege Lord, this!"

"It's fine, swallow it." Huang Xiaolong more or less guessed what Chuck was about to say.

"Yes, Liege Lord!" Chuck complied, swallowing the purple ginseng down. Warm energy immediately flowed to every part of his body, warm and comfortable.

"Come on, let's head back." Huang Xiaolong said.

Pulling himself out from the warm comfort, Chuck quickly stood up. It didn't take long for both of them to reach the manor's main hall.

Sitting down, Huang Xiaolong asked Chuck about the situation of the beastmen tribes over the last three years.

Chuck reported everything to Huang Xiaolong, and when his report was done, Chuck asked Huang Xiaolong, "I found that Lion Tribe's Young Patriarch Jesse, he's currently hiding in the demonic beast clans' Nine Dragons Temple. Because the Nine Dragons Temple is not weak, this small one dared not act recklessly."

That year, during the beastmen tribes' congregation, the Young Patriarch Jesse at that time did not participate. Later, he received news of his father's death and that Huang Xiaolong was the same human he ran into in the Poison Dragon Valley. Terrified, he fled, taking countless priceless treasures that the Lion Tribe had collected over thousands of years to the Nine Dragons Temple, requesting for their protection.

Receiving many treasures from Jesse, the Nine Dragons Temple promised to ensure his safety.

"Hiding in the Nine Dragons Temple." Huang Xiaolong nodded, his expression calm that one couldn't read what he was thinking.

However, this Lion Tribe Young Patriarch was a trouble that had to be uprooted.

"Have you fought with the Nine Dragons Temple Master before?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

"I did, Liege Lord. This small one made a trip to the Nine Dragons Temple two years ago, requesting them to hand Jesse over, but the Temple Master said that Jesse is one of their Hall Masters, and even if Liege Lord went, they wouldn't hand Jesse over" Chuck reported.

"Oh, is that so?" Since they said so, then he would personally make a trip to this Nine Dragons Temple.

The demonic beasts clans on the Ten Directions Continent stood at par with the beastmen tribes, and their strongest forces were the three temples.

The Nine Dragons Temple, Violent Lion Temple, and Ape Deity Temple. Amongst the three temples, the Nine Dragons Temple ranked above the other two, it was the leader of millions of demonic beasts, thus the arrogant attitude.

"Any movements from the Deities Templar's side?" Huang Xiaolong asked another question.

"There have been no actions from the Deities Templar side in the recent three years." Chuck added respectfully, "But the Elf Queen suddenly extended an open invitation to all forces' experts to their elf race's holy land."

"Oh, do you know why?" His curiosity was aroused.