

## **K O G 1211**

### Chapter 1211 – Departure

On Sky Feather Island, the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race acted tyrannically, rapidly developing and realizing their thriving ambitions. The other factions were all rather concerned by this. Now, Zhao Feng had both removed the Sky Feather Island Lord's faction and decided to deal with the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race.

The True God were all rather happy to hear this. The strongest faction in Sky Feather Island had been destroyed, and soon, the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race would not be faring much better. In this situation, the other factions would be able to obtain more resources.

"True God Sky Fire, let's go," Zhao Feng indifferently said. He used his power to sweep up True God Sky Fire and immediately left.

The other True God experts also dispersed. Almost half of Sky Feather Island's True Gods had died in this battle, and those remaining were extremely fortunate to have survived. Besides, none of them were so free as to inform the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race of what was about to happen. They would not be able to endure the consequences of incurring Zhao Feng's displeasure if they did.

Later that day, Zhao Feng and True God Sky Fire paid a visit to the Exchange Spiritual Hall under the control of the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race.

"All members of the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race, get out here!" Zhao Feng stood in the sky and roared.

*Brrrooom!*

The entire Exchange Spiritual Hall rumbled and shook. The Protection Array of the Exchange Spiritual Hall flickered and blinked, as if it was on the verge of collapse.

The guards of the Exchange Spiritual Hall sensed Zhao Feng's power and did not dare to act rashly. But in their view, if Zhao Feng acted brashly around this Exchange Spiritual Hall, the experts of the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race would not let him go.

*Hwoooo!*

Several streams of energy rose out of the Exchange Spiritual Hall as five experts flew out.

"True God Sky Fire, I didn't think you were so bold as to make trouble around the Exchange Spiritual Hall. Do you still think that it was your Blazing Fire Golden Sheep Race that won the fight for the Exchange Spiritual Hall?" The Demigod elder leading the group of five sneered.

Zhao Feng and True God Sky Fire hadn't even entered the Exchange Spiritual Hall yet, but the people of the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf race were already issuing accusations. This way, they would have much more of an excuse to attack.

"It's... Zhao Feng!" One of the elders of the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race was staring at Zhao Feng, his entire body trembling in fear as he cried out in alarm. This elder was the one who had appraised and auctioned off items for Zhao Feng. Later on, he dispatched experts of the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race to chase after and assassinate Zhao Feng.

“Grand Elder, he’s... Zhao Feng!” Two other Demigods recognized Zhao Feng and cried out in fear as well. They had been observers to the fight for the Exchange Spiritual Hall. He had first defeated Gu Lan and then defeated the Sky Feather Island Lord’s disciple, Xi Feng. These scenes had been engraved upon the hearts of these two Demigods.

Even later, they even heard news that Zhao Feng had killed True God Guili! In short, Zhao Feng’s strength was unfathomable. Five Demigods like them were simply no match for him.

“Zhao Feng!”

The name Zhao Feng quickly spread through the Exchange Spiritual Hall.

Although Zhao Feng had offended the Sky Feather Island Lord, he was still the talk of the entire island. He had easily defeated Xi Feng and even killed True God Guili. Zhao Feng could be considered the strongest Quasi-God genius of Sky Feather Island.

“Zhao Feng!” The grand elder of the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race had an expression of shock, and he somewhat regretted his words.

He had been in seclusion all this time and had no idea what was going on in the outside world. After emerging from his seclusion, he only heard a few rumors about Zhao Feng.

Moreover, hadn’t the True God expert of his race said that Zhao Feng was being imprisoned in the Sky Feather Island Lord’s territory? Nearly twenty True Gods had gathered, laying down a lethal array presided over by the Sky Feather Island Lord. Even a Rank Four True God would be doomed. How did Zhao Feng appear here now?

“I’ve come here precisely to make trouble. I believe that, in the competition for the Exchange Spiritual Hall, I should have been the winner. Thus, this Exchange Spiritual Hall belongs to the Blazing Fire Golden Sheep Race!” Zhao Feng answered the question of the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race’s grand elder.

But now, none of the five Demigods of the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race dared to say a word or even directly meet Zhao Feng’s gaze.

“You should be killed!” Zhao Feng focused his gaze on one of them. This elder was the one who had appraised and auctioned off items for Zhao Feng.

“Senior Zhao... spare me!” The elder immediately got down on his knees.

“Die!” Zhao Feng’s Soul Intent condensed into a terrifying lightning python that rumbled toward the elder.

*Brrrooom!*

The other four Demigods felt like they were experiencing a Lightning Tribulation hell. Lightning was crackling all around them, and none of them dared to even move a muscle.

“Ah...!” the elder screamed as his soul was extinguished, and his body dropped to the ground.

*Hisss!*

The Exchange Spiritual Hall fell silent. With just a glance, a Demigod was instantly slayed. Just how strong was Zhao Feng?

The four remaining Demigods were scared out of their wits. If Zhao Feng targeted them, they would probably end up just like their colleague.

“Senior Zhao, please calm your anger. We cannot make a decision on this point. Please permit us to report this to the patriarch!” the grand elder said in a trembling voice.

The Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race had two True Gods. One was a Rank One True God who had already been slain in the territory of the Sky Feather Island Lord. The other one was the patriarch of the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race, a Rank Two True God.

“Have him hurry and come out!” Zhao Feng coldly proclaimed.

“Yes!” The grand elder shakily nodded. This matter no longer had anything to do with them. They could only leave it to the patriarch.

“True God Sky Fire, let’s go in first,” Zhao Feng straightforwardly said.

The Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race’s base was some distance away from this Exchange Spiritual Hall. Zhao Feng naturally wouldn’t just wait around outside.

*Swoosh swoosh!*

Zhao Feng and True God Sky Fire entered Saint Pearl Tower.

In a flash, all the experts eating there got up and left. After all, Zhao Feng had killed a Demigod with a single glance, which meant that he could kill piles of ordinary Mystic Light Realm experts like them just as easily.

Zhao Feng and True God Sky Fire were now the only two people left in Saint Pearl Tower.

“Guests, what would you like to order...?” A waiter nervously came up to Zhao Feng’s table.

“Serve several of your best delicacies, and bring a jar of Heavenly Spring Pearl Wine,” Zhao Feng straightforwardly said. He had come here to eat, so he naturally had to enjoy the best there was to offer.

“Okay! Please wait a moment!” The waiter immediately left.

It didn’t take long before the wine and food were served.

*Meow!*

The little thieving cat smelled the aroma and immediately popped out. After all, there was even fine alcohol this time.

“Zhao Feng, thank you for everything you have done for the Blazing Fire Golden Sheep Race!” True God Sky Fire quickly said.

The True Gods who were at the Sky Feather Island Lord’s territory knew Zhao Feng’s true power, but now, Zhao Feng was helping the Blazing Fire Golden Sheep Race take care of a trivial matter like this.

"It's nothing," Zhao Feng said nothing more and began to enjoy the delicacies arrayed before him.

Several days later, the patriarch of the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race arrived in an anxious panic.

"Patriarch!" The grand elder of the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race had a twinkle in his eyes.

Zhao Feng and the Sky Feather Island Lord had a feud, so the Sky Feather Island Lord definitely wouldn't let Zhao Feng go. The grand elder was confident that the patriarch had gotten in touch with the Sky Feather Island Lord's people before coming.

He had no idea that Zhao Feng had already killed the Sky Feather Island Lord!

None of the experts in the Exchange Spiritual Hall had left, as all of them were waiting around to see the show. However, things didn't go how they expected.

The first thing the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race's patriarch did upon entering Saint Pearl Tower was get down on both knees.

*Thud!*

A Rank Two True God immediately kneeled before Zhao Feng.

"Senior Zhao, the matter back then was the error of the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race. My race is willing to hand over the Exchange Spiritual Hall and become Senior Zhao's vassal, serving Senior Zhao for the rest of time!" the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf patriarch implored.

The moment he received the grand elder's message, he tried to get in touch with the Sky Feather Island Lord, but all his attempts failed. In the end, he found out from the True Gods of other factions that Zhao Feng had obliterated the Sky Feather Island Lord's entire faction.

"This... what's going on?" The spectating crowd in the Exchange Spiritual Hall was dumbfounded.

The Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race was one of the five strongest four-star factions of Sky Feather Island. But now, the race's Rank Two True God patriarch was kneeling before Zhao Feng and admitting his wrongs!

"I certainly don't need people like you at my side!" Zhao Feng icily replied.

When Zhao Feng won fair and square over Gu Lan, the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Patriarch accused Zhao Feng of using despicable tricks and even bribed True God Guili into dealing with Zhao Feng.

*Swish!*

With a wave of Zhao Feng's sleeve, Zhao Wang appeared.

"Black Hole of Death!" Zhao Wang used the Eye of Death together with the Staff of Death Curse to shoot out a cloud of black mist.

Before the black mist even fully descended, the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Patriarch seemed to realize that he was going to die.

*Hwooom!*

The black mist formed into the Black Hole of Death and began to suck away at the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Patriarch's body.

"Ah...!" His level of strength was simply incapable of resisting the combined power of the Eye of Death and the Staff of Death Curse. In just a few moments, the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Patriarch was naught but a pile of dust.

The Exchange Spiritual Hall was eerily quiet, everyone frozen to the ground in disbelief at what they just witnessed. The Rank Two True God patriarch of the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race was instantly annihilated without the slightest resistance!

"Spare me...!" The members of the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race all kneeled down to the floor, their bodies shivering and trembling.

"Your patriarch is dead. I will no longer pursue this grudge," Zhao Feng apathetically said.

Zhao Feng would soon leave Sky Feather Island. He could not guarantee that the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race would attack the Blazing Fire Golden Sheep Race once he was gone. Thus, Zhao Feng needed to weaken the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race.

He could either slay most of the higher-level experts of the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race, or he could just kill their patriarch. In order to avoid a massacre, Zhao Feng chose to kill only one person!

*Swish!*

With this task done, Zhao Feng took Zhao Wang and left.

After his departure, the news that he had killed the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Patriarch began to rapidly spread. In just ten days, it was known throughout all of Sky Feather Island.

Not long after, a piece of even more explosive news began to spread; Zhao Feng had uprooted and removed the Sky Feather Island Lord's faction.

If not for the first piece of news, people might have doubted this one. However, the fact that Zhao Feng continued to live safe and unhindered on Sky Feather Island was proof enough that the Sky Feather Island Lord's faction had already been destroyed by Zhao Feng.

From this point, Zhao Feng was the strongest expert on Sky Feather Island.

Afterward, the Blazing Fire Golden Sheep Race moved into the Sky Feather Island Lord's former territory and began to settle in. After all, there was a low-quality God Crystal vein beneath the territory of the Sky Feather Island Lord.

A single crystal vein was enough to alter the future of an entire race.

"I'm leaving!" Zhao Feng stood on the Teleportation Array, his figure slowly disappearing.

The upper echelon of the Blazing Fire Golden Sheep Race stood around the platform, as well as the Green Jade Sheep Race.

"Big Brother Zhao Feng, you have to come back and visit us!" the Young Master of the Green Jade Sheep Race, Liu Yun, excitedly called out.

Yu Lin'er patted Liu Yun on the head, her eyes misting up as she watched Zhao Feng leave with mixed feeling in her heart.

*Swish!*

In the next moment, Zhao Feng's body completely disappeared from the ancient Teleportation Array.

### **Chapter 1212: Difficulties on the Road**

Blue Ocean Bay was a region under the control of the Golden Jade Race. The bay was home to nearly ten islands of various sizes, with Sky Feather Island being one of them.

On this day, the teleportation array belonging to a four-star faction of Blue Ocean Bay suddenly began to flash with white light. As the light faded, a golden-haired man appeared.

This ancient teleportation array had two green-armored guardians with Demigod levels of cultivation. They were not merely guardians though; they also understood the art of arrays and were responsible for activating the array.

"Show your identification!" One of the green-armored guards glanced at Zhao Feng and barked.

"I'm a subordinate of the Sky Feather Island Lord!" Zhao Feng said.

Blue Ocean Bay was the territory of the Golden Jade Race, and Zhao Feng had killed Xi Feng, offended Quasi-God Di Lin, and also fought and killed True Gods of the Golden Jade Race. Moreover, when the transparent palace's treasures appeared, Zhao Feng ordered the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon's group to steal treasures from the hands of the Golden Jade Race.

One could say that the Golden Jade Race now hated Zhao Feng to the bone. The Golden Jade Race would probably never imagine that Zhao Feng was now within their territory.

*Swish!*

Zhao Feng took out a golden token.

Zhao Feng had obtained this token from the Interspatial Dimension belonging to the three Sky Feather Island Lord brothers. This token represented Sky Feather Island and could be used throughout Blue Ocean Bay.

After showing his identity, Zhao Feng prepared to leave.

"Halt! You are currently at the Iron Ghost Gate of Azure Vault Island. A fee of twenty low-quality God Crystals is required to leave!" The green-armored guard stopped Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng was slightly surprised.

A price of twenty low-quality God Crystals was neither too cheap nor too expensive for a Demigod. But if it was a late-stage Mystic Light Realm cultivator being teleported, they would never be able to pay twenty low-quality God Crystals.

Thus, Zhao Feng conjectured that there simply was no such rule. These people were using their strength and the backing of their faction to bully the weak. The Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods was rife with this sort of bullying and profiteering.

“Scram!” Zhao Feng harrumphed as he exuded an astonishing power of lightning.

*Boom! Hisss!*

Zhao Feng’s surroundings became a domain of five-colored lightning suffused with the intimidating power of Sacred Lightning.

*Thump!*

In an instant, the two green-armored guards were forced to kneel on the ground.

Of course, Zhao Feng didn’t overdo it. He only wanted to intimidate this pair.

“Good Sir, please calm your anger. We have eyes but were blind. The Iron Ghost Gate does not have this rule!” the two green-armored guards immediately confessed.

In that brief moment, they could tell that Zhao Feng’s strength was at least that of a Rank One Quasi-God. A Rank One Quasi-God was a Quasi-God with the strength of a Rank One True God.

But being a Quasi-God could also be considered a symbol of honor, and a Rank One Quasi-God had a far higher status than a Rank One True God. Moreover, the higher ranked the Quasi-God, the more glorious and dazzling they were.

For example, Quasi-God Heaven Swallower of the Heaven Devouring Sacred Land was a Rank Four Quasi-God. He could directly enter the Heaven Devouring Sacred Land as a Rank Four True God, and the lowest level he would be able to reach in the future would be a Rank Nine Ancient God. On the other hand, some Rank Four True Gods wouldn’t even be able to reach the ranks of Ancient God at all.

Zhao Feng removed his pressure and left.

*The Golden Jade Race doesn’t know that I’m in Blue Ocean Bay, so the inspection wasn’t too strict! Zhao Feng thought to himself.*

If the Golden Jade Race knew that Zhao Feng was in the area around Blue Ocean Bay, it would have definitely issue a wanted notice. If that was the case, the moment Zhao Feng appeared in this place, he would already be surrounded by the faction in this area.

However, the Golden Jade Race was not the only one that wanted to kill Zhao Feng. The factions of the Gulong Zone, Yangling Zone, and Tianyun Zone had entered the Wild Ancient Secret Dimension, and Zhao Feng had run into quite a few factions from the Gulong Zone.

“As long as I can get out of the Gulong Zone, I’ll be safe!”

Although this was true, the Gulong Zone was absolutely enormous. There were at least thirty four-and-a-half-star powers that controlled regions like Blue Ocean Bay in the Gulong Zone. From this, one could easily imagine just how tiny Sky Feather Island was.

“A four-star faction like the Sky Feather Island Lord’s had control of a small-scale teleportation array. A four-and-a-half-star faction should control a large-scale teleportation array that can travel a little farther...” Zhao Feng gathered all this information before leaving.

This meant that, if Zhao Feng had safety in mind, he could use the small-scale teleportation arrays of four-star factions. But if he wanted to leave the Gulong Zone as quickly as possible, he needed to use the large-scale teleportation arrays of four-and-a-half-star factions, or even five-star factions. He would save five times as much time, perhaps even more.

On one hand, Zhao Feng had offended far too many factions and needed to be cautious. On the other hand, Zhao Feng didn’t have the identity to use these teleportation arrays in the first place.

Just like now; even though Zhao Feng had only teleported from Sky Feather Island to another large island, the guards of the array required him to show his identity. Otherwise, it would have not been so easy for Zhao Feng to leave.

“I’ll think about it once I leave Blue Ocean Bay.”

The Sky Feather Island token could only be used in Blue Ocean Bay, so Zhao Feng would think about this problem once he left this region.

Ten-some days later, Zhao Feng stood in a teleportation array within an ancient tower.

“I’m about to leave Blue Ocean Bay,” Zhao Feng muttered.

Once he used this teleportation array, Zhao Feng would be beyond the territory of the factions of Blue Ocean Bay.

At this moment, a teleportation array next to Zhao Feng flashed with white light.

*Swish!*

Three figures emerged within it. Two were silk-clothed youths and one was a golden-robed elder.

“It’s you!” One of the youths looked at Zhao Feng in extreme shock. A moment later, shock morphed into rage, and the youth’s eyes began to seethe with killing intent.

This person was Quasi-God Di Lin.

Of course, Zhao Feng was also dazed for a moment. He never imagined that he would run into Quasi-God Di Lin just as he was about to leave Blue Ocean Bay.

However, by the time Quasi-God Di Lin came around, Zhao Feng had already been teleported away.

“Quasi-God Di Lin, what’s wrong?” the other youth, who had a sharply outlined face and healthy complexion, asked.

“That person just now was someone who kept targeting the Golden Jade Race in the Wild Ancient Secret Dimension, even stealing our resources!” Quasi-God Zhao Feng explained Zhao Feng’s crimes.

In the end, the Golden Jade Race’s harvest from the Wild Ancient Secret Dimension was unsatisfactory compared to the other factions. True God Tianhua had even personally reproached him over this matter.

The Golden Jade Race only decided to attack Zhao Feng due to Quasi-God Di Lin's prodding, but they ended up losing two Rank Three True Gods. Later on, Zhao Feng's small group especially targeted the Golden Jade Race.

"After him! We can't let him go!" Quasi-God Di Lin immediately said.

The three of them stepped onto the teleportation array that Zhao Feng just used to leave.

"Just who is this person? Why was he in the territory of our Golden Jade Race?" the healthy-looking youth asked in confusion.

Based on what Quasi-God Di Lin said, Zhao Feng was an enemy of the entire Golden Jade Race. Wasn't it strange for this sort of person to appear in the territory of the Golden Jade Race? One had to realize that, in all of Blue Ocean Bay, only the Golden Jade Race was capable of connecting to the Wild Ancient Secret Dimension.

"This..." Quasi-God Di Lin's expression froze.

Why had Zhao Feng appeared in the territory of the Golden Jade Race? His mind was in complete disorder when he saw Zhao Feng, so he had completely missed this point.

"We'll know once we capture him. In addition, he's got many treasures on his person. And with the strength of True God Earthsea, we can easily seize him!" Quasi-God Di Lin turned to the elder as he spoke.

"Oh?" The elder hadn't cared very much, as the opponent was just a mere Quasi-God. But Quasi-God Di Lin's words very clear – only if he joined in could they capture that boy. True God Earthsea was somewhat astonished to hear this.

"Hurry and activate the teleportation array!" Quasi-God Di Lin hollered at a nearby guard.

"Yes, yes!" The guard immediately inserted a few low-quality God Crystals and began to activate the array. The three before him were members of the Golden Jade Race, rulers of Blue Ocean Bay, so he did not dare to show any sign of neglect.

*Swish!*

The three members of the Golden Jade Race were teleported away in pursuit of Zhao Feng.

The trio appeared at another ancient teleportation array. The three immediately flew into the sky, but they could see no sign of Zhao Feng.

"He runs rather fast!" Quasi-God Di Lin coldly snorted.

"Which way did the golden-haired man who just appeared here go?" Quasi-God Di Lin asked the guard next to the array.

"The east."

The moment the guard spoke, True God Earthsea and the two youths shot toward the horizon in a ray dark golden light.

After flying some distance, True God Earthsea stopped.

“I don’t sense any ripples of power. The direction doesn’t seem to be right!” True God Earthsea’s brow slightly creased.

If Zhao Feng was fleeing, he would definitely be using some powerful flight technique. This technique was certain to leave traces of energy in the air. However, True God Earthsea had not noticed anything unusual as they flew.

But that guard would definitely not have deceived them.

“I can’t believe we let him escape!” Quasi-God Di Lin clenched his fists and yelled in frustration.

“We should continue on our way. We didn’t come out to play!” the Rank Five True God said to Quasi-God Di Lin and the other youth.

“Mm!” The two youths nodded, their expressions slightly shifting. They had come out this time for a mission.

*Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!*

The trio soon took their leave.

Long after they were gone, a heavy spatial blur appeared in the area.

*Swish!*

Zhao Feng slowly emerged from the void.

“I can’t believe I ran into Quasi-God Di Lin!” Zhao Feng sighed.

To run into Quasi-God Di Lin of all people just as he was about to leave the territory of the Golden Jade Race, his luck was truly awful. If he didn’t know Instant Movement and had the power of the Spacetime Robe, he really might have ended up being captured by the Golden Jade Race.

*Swish!*

Zhao Feng placed the Spacetime Robe into his Interspatial Dimension.

The quality of the Spacetime Robe was comparable to the Staff of Death Curse. Both of them were supreme-quality divine weapons, and if they were flaunted in the outside world, he might bring yet another disaster on his head.

“I can only change directions!” Zhao Feng decided to alter his route.

After flying for several months, Zhao Feng arrived at an area occupied by a four-star power.

“Without sufficient strength, it’s truly hard to advance even a single step!” Zhao Feng exclaimed.

The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon had once told him that, if he wanted to search for Zhao Yufei, he would need at least one thousand years. Now, Zhao Feng completely believed these words. Even at his current level of strength, Zhao Feng found it extremely difficult to cross zones, so one didn’t even need to mention him when he was only a late-stage Mystic Light Realm expert.

Using this four-star faction's teleportation array, Zhao Feng continued on his journey.

One day, Zhao Feng appeared in an ancient golden tower. The moment he appeared, Zhao Feng sensed heaven-shaking ripples of Intent.

*Boom! Bang! Crash!*

Terrifying explosions rang out in Zhao Feng's ear. In the distance, he could see that the horizon was awash with ice, lightning, wind, and fire.

"This is... a faction war?" Zhao Feng guessed.

The faction wars in the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods were different from those of the Continent Zone. Even though the battle was millions of li away, he could still feel the dreadful battle taking place.

*Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!*

A small group of soldiers equipped with brown armor charged toward the faction that Zhao Feng had just appeared in.

"Kill everyone here!" the captain of this group ordered.

### **Chapter 1213: Eye of Life**

"Kill everyone here!" the captain of the small group of soldiers callously ordered.

There were six men in this team. The captain was a Rank Three True God while the rest were Rank One True Gods.

Zhao Feng scanned the faction that he had been teleported to. At this time, there were only a few Rank One True Gods and a small number of Demigod experts. In addition, there were also the old, weak, and infirm that were below the Mystic Light Realm.

*It seems like this isn't an ordinary war between four-star factions. It should be a war between four-and-a-half-star factions!* Zhao Feng conjectured to himself.

In a battle between four-star factions, a small team would never contain so many True God experts. Moreover, the scale of the battle on the horizon was causing the heavens to shudder and the earth to quake. Twenty to thirty powerful True Gods were probably taking part in that battle.

*If it's a four-and-a-half-star faction, this place must be the territory of Spirit Grass Gate!*

After killing the three Sky Feather Island Lord brothers, Zhao Feng obtained a new map that gave him some understanding of the factions bordering Blue Ocean Bay.

Since this was a war between four-and-a-half-star factions, the four-star factions administrated by those four-and-a-half-star factions naturally had to take part as well. The four-star faction that Zhao Feng had teleported to was probably one of the participants on the battlefield, and its experts had probably been sent to the front.

*Swish!*

An ancient bronze compass appeared in the hand of the group's captain. The captain slapped the compass, causing a transparent curtain of yellow light to soar into the sky. Upon reaching a certain altitude, the yellow curtain of light scattered, eventually forming a faint yellow barrier that completely enveloped the faction.

*Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!*

Afterward, the group charged into the faction and commenced the slaughter.

"Charge! Kill these scoundrels!" The remaining fighters left in the faction immediately charged out, all of them fearless in the face of death.

However, they were simply no match for this group. By charging forward, they were merely sending themselves to their deaths.

"Haaa, the strong eat the weak!" Zhao Feng sighed as he silently drew back.

This matter had nothing to do with him, nor was it something that he could worry about. This was a battle between four-and-a-half-star factions, and there might even be an Ancient God presiding over this battle.

"Eh? There's still a Demigod over there!" A Rank One True God in the group gave an excited laugh and rushed at Zhao Feng.

In this war, kill count determined one's rewards. To a Rank One True God, Demigods were the finest prey.

"I'm just a person who happened to use the teleportation array to come here. I'm not a part of this faction," Zhao Feng looked at the Rank One True God and immediately explained.

"Heheh, don't even think about trying to fool me. You're a member of Spirit Grass Gate!" The Rank One True God paused for a moment before giving a wicked smile.

Zhao Feng truly had come out of the nearby teleportation array just now, and the traits of his body and aura indicated that he did not belong to this faction. But he was just a Demigod. Killing him would still allow this Rank One True God to add to his kill count.

This Demigod could only be blamed for his poor luck in not inquiring on the situation and teleporting into the territory of Spirit Grass Gate.

"Kill!" The Rank One True God swung his halberd at Zhao Feng.

*Rooooar!*

An enormous dark yellow dragon blocked out the sun as it charged at Zhao Feng.

"Outrageous!" Zhao Feng's face turned cold.

Even if there was a chance that he belonged to Spirit Grass Gate, this True God should have at least checked his identity first. But this person clearly didn't care about which faction Zhao Feng belonged to and decided to kill first.

The enormous dragon seemed on the verge of swallowing Zhao Feng whole. However, Zhao Feng extended a palm and lightly clenched it.

*Brrrooom!*

Five Elements Intent fused with the world, combining with Zhao Feng's Intent to create an incredibly mighty power. In an instant, the entire world seemed to be standing on Zhao Feng's side, its immense power condensing into a tangible and enormous palm consisting of five colors that grasped the image of the yellow dragon.

*Bang!*

Zhao Feng exploded the yellow dragon into pieces.

"What...?" The Rank One True God was frozen to the spot in stupefaction. His attack had been easily destroyed by his opponent.

A Quasi-God – a Rank Two Quasi-God! How else could he be this strong!? A Rank Two Quasi-God in a four-and-a-half-star faction would be considered a peerless genius!

"I said before, I'm just passing through!" Zhao Feng icily said to the Rank One True God.

Zhao Feng turned to leave.

"Stop!" somebody roared at Zhao Feng.

A brown-armored figure rushed toward Zhao Feng with astonishing strength.

"What's the meaning of this?" Zhao Feng stared at this man, the Rank Three True God who was leading the team of invading True Gods.

"I've never seen you amongst the Rank Two Quasi-Gods of any of the surrounding factions!" The Rank Three True God stared at Zhao Feng with a sharp and keen gaze.

He had never seen a Rank Two Quasi-God like Zhao Feng in Spirit Grass Gate, nor in the other nearby four-and-a-half-star factions.

"The world is unimaginably vast. There is always a stronger man, always a taller mountain," Zhao Feng flatly replied.

"Hmph, come back with me. If you're not a member of Spirit Grass Gate, Yellow Dragon Pavilion will let you leave!" the Rank Three True God coldly barked.

Zhao Feng's expression sank. He was not in a situation where his identity could survive close inspection. Moreover, Zhao Feng was confident that, as long as he was determined to not be a member of a four-and-a-half-star faction, he would not be so easily let go.

"Follow me!" Seeing that Zhao Feng did not answer, the Rank Three True God attacked.

*Boom!*

Yellow scales emerged over his entire body as he called upon Earth energy to tower over Zhao Feng like a lofty mountain. This dreadful pressure caused the nearby Rank One True God to vomit blood and rapidly back up.

“Since you want to fight, let’s fight!” Zhao Feng lost his patience.

This small team only had one Rank Three True God, so it couldn’t do a thing to him. Zhao Feng was just afraid that, by offending this faction, he would once more end up being sidetracked.

But even if he didn’t offend them, these two factions were in the middle of a war, so Zhao Feng would find it very difficult to use their teleportation arrays anyway.

*Swish!*

Zhao Feng’s body instantly grew taller as five-colored lightning began to crackle around him.

They were both using body-strengthening techniques, but when Zhao Feng used his, the energy of the world instantly began to gather around him. This was because Zhao Feng’s Five Elements Divine Power contained Five Elements Intent, allowing him to naturally harmonize with the heavens and earth.

“Die!” The Rank Three True God saw that Zhao Feng was also a body-strengthening expert – one who seemed to be on an even higher level than he was – and he instantly grimaced.

“Yellow Dragon Battles the Heavens!” The Rank Three True God punched out with both hands, creating an earthen yellow dragon of enormous size and savage expression, seeming almost tangible.

“Sky Destroying Sacred Lightning Palm!” Zhao Feng circulated his Five Elements Divine Power and swatted out with one of his hands, firing out a mountain of five-colored lightning at his opponent.

*Brrrooom!*

This mountain of five-colored lightning was bursting with destructive power. It blasted through the yellow dragon and struck the Rank Three True God right in his chest.

*Thump!*

The Rank Three True God took half a step back, disbelief on his face.

*How could this be!?* the Rank Three True God mentally called out in alarm.

Although he had not attacked with all his power, he found it impossible to believe that a Rank Two Quasi-God could so easily destroy his technique. Could he be a Rank Three Quasi-God? Rank Three Quasi-Gods were peerless geniuses that only peak four-star powers could possess. How could one appear here? In addition, if this person was a Rank Three Quasi-God, he truly could not belong to Spirit Grass Gate.

“Good Sir, I meant no offense. You truly are not a member of Spirit Grass Gate. Please forgive this one’s poor eyesight!” The Rank Three True God immediately apologized to Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng might be backed by a peak four-star faction, or perhaps something even stronger. On the other hand, he only had Yellow Dragon Pavilion behind him, a somewhat strong four-and-a-half-star faction that was still very far away from becoming a peak four-star faction.

“Eh? This is...?” The Rank Three True God suddenly focused his gaze on the ground.

In that fierce clash between himself and Zhao Feng, a part of the ground had been flattened. A hardy stone slab had been revealed, the runes of an array visible upon it.

“Haha, so you were hiding here!” The Rank Three True God stared at the ground as he took out a message token and transmitted a message.

“Good Sir, I mistakenly accused you. In the future, the Yellow Dragon Pavilion will definitely pay you a visit to apologize. At present, my Yellow Dragon Pavilion is at war with Spirit Grass Gate. If Good Sir has no other concerns, you should leave as quickly as possible and not approach this war zone!” the Rank Three True God smiled at Zhao Feng and said.

If he hadn't inadvertently discovered his target through his fight with Zhao Feng, he would have missed this rare opportunity.

It was obvious that a secret room was hidden underground. An illusion array had been set up around the secret room, preventing Divine Sense and ordinary tools from discovering it. If he captured the target, he would receive a large reward.

“Haaa...” An elderly voice sighed from deep underground.

Following this sigh, two figures soared into the sky, exuding such an enormous power that even Zhao Feng was a little taken aback.

One of them was a man dressed in a dark green robe, the tremendous aura around him indicating that he was a Rank Four True God.

Next to him was a woman dressed in green, her hair a silky black and her skin white and tender. She had a pair of bluish-green eyes that were nimble and bursting with vitality. From a distance, this girl was surrounded by the exuberant vitality of nature, as if she was a princess of the forest.

The girl suddenly turned to Zhao Feng, a sorrowful look in her eyes.

Zhao Feng was slightly stunned. This woman's face was a natural work of pristine beauty, yet it also seemed to banish any profane thought from those who looked upon it. In particular, when Zhao Feng looked into her eyes, he instantly felt at peace.

“Hmph!” The green-robed elder shot a glance at Zhao Feng, his eyes layered with icy chilling intent. If Zhao Feng hadn't come out of nowhere and fought with the Rank Three True God, they might have been able to avoid being discovered and found an opportunity to escape.

Zhao Feng seemed to understand something. This small team had been so harsh and unwilling to let him go because they had an important objective. He had even apparently helped them out by exposing the location of this objective.

“Senior, please do not take offense. This junior did not do this intentionally...” Zhao Feng apologized. This was all a complete accident.

“Ning'er, let's go!” Although the elder resented Zhao Feng, he did not attack him. Instead, he immediately took the girl and began to flee.

But at this moment, an enormous pressure exploded out from the distant horizon.

*Brrrooom!*

A thick yellow cloud approached, casting the entire world into gloom and exerting an inexplicable pressure and unease.

“Haha, just where do you plan on running!?” An old man with dark yellow skin was standing upon this cloud, a tail growing from his back.

“True God Zhongtu!” The green-robed elder grimaced at the arrival of this True God expert.

True God Zhongtu was a Rank Five True God of Yellow Dragon Pavilion.

“You’ve got nowhere left to run, Eye of Life!” True God Zhongtu looked straight at the woman in green.

### **Chapter 1214: Entrusted**

“The Eye of Life!?” Zhao Feng turned toward the woman in shock.

Floating in the air, she gave off a transcendent aura of unstained divinity. Even though the sky was overcast and seething with killing intent, the area around her remained an island of vitality and tranquility.

She was actually a descendant of one of the Eight Great God Eyes – the God Eye of Life!

Of the Eight Great God Eyes, the Eye of Life was one of the weaker ones when it came to combat. However, it was rumored that, as long as one’s soul was not destroyed, any wound or illness afflicting one’s body could be easily healed by the Eye of Life.

The various large factions of the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods would often fight with each other. If any one of these factions had a descendant of the Eye of Life assisting them from the rear, their members would be nigh-immortal, and their overall fighting power would increase many times over.

For this reason, the inheritors of the Eye of Life were even more useful to these large factions than the inheritors of the more powerful God Eyes.

“I just knew that Han Ning’er hadn’t left the territory of Spirit Grass Gate yet!” True God Zhongtu looked at Han Ning’er, then looked up to the sky and laughed.

In the war between Spirit Grass Gate and Yellow Dragon Pavilion, Spirit Grass Gate had begun to secretly spread out its bloodline descendants. One of the reasons was to divide the forces of Yellow Dragon Pavilion, but the other was to conceal Han Ning’er. As long as Han Ning’er could be successfully sent away, Spirit Grass Gate would rise again.

But Yellow Dragon Pavilion knew that Spirit Grass Gate would not risk putting Han Ning’er in danger and must have hidden her somewhere within its territory, waiting for the right moment to secretly send her away. For this reason, Yellow Dragon Pavilion had been scouring the territory of Spirit Grass Gate for any signs of her.

The green-robed elder glanced at Han Ning’er, his eyes half-closed in thought.

“Elder, there’s nothing else to be done!” Han Ning’er spoke in a light and pleasant voice. Her expression was apathetic, as if she had no fear of death.

“What? You still want to resist?” True God Zhongtu looked at the green-robed elder and Han Ning’er with a playful smile on his face.

“Han Ning’er, at this point, this old man can only hand you over!” The green-robed elder’s eyes suddenly flew open, an invisible Intent completely paralyzing Han Ning’er.

In this situation, Han Ning’er only calmly stared at the green-robed elder with her bluish-green eyes, voicing no objection.

“Haha, a wise man knows when to submit to fate. If you’re willing to hand over Han Ning’er and come under the wing of Yellow Dragon Pavilion, the pavilion master won’t treat you poorly!” True God Zhongtu roared in laughter.

At this moment, a voice rang out in Zhao Feng’s mind.

“Young man, help me send Ning’er to the Ziling Zone. With Ning’er’s Eye of Life, she can definitely join a five-star faction, perhaps even a God Realm Sacred Land. At that point, you will also stand to benefit greatly!” the green-robed elder messaged Zhao Feng while his face remained emotionless.

“Senior regards me too highly!” Zhao Feng messaged back.

The green-robed elder was trying to use the allure of a five-star faction or God Realm Sacred Land to tempt Zhao Feng into helping him out. If Zhao Feng succeeded, he would supposedly develop a relationship with a five-star faction or God Realm Sacred Land, something that most people could only dream of.

But even if Han Ning’er had the Eye of Life, God Realm Sacred Lands were not some existence Zhao Feng could interact with as he pleased.

“Your talent isn’t bad. You should be the disciple of some major faction. If Ning’er is willing, you can become partners. You only stand to gain from this!” the elder continued.

He had seen that Zhao Feng’s strength was truly abnormal.

Crucially, in this situation, Zhao Feng was the only person the elder could entrust his hopes to. He was even using Han Ning’er herself as a sort of bargaining chip. Any other man would have been so struck by Han Ning’er’s beauty and temperament that they would have immediately agreed, swearing to protect this “Goddess of Life” for the rest of their life. It would be even better if Zhao Feng was a genius of some major faction; if Zhao Feng married Han Ning’er, Spirit Grass Gate might even be saved.

Alas, Zhao Feng was not!

“Senior, you regard me too highly. I’m alone and even have many people who have grudges against me!” Zhao Feng messaged back.

He was not some genius from any major faction, and he even had to act very restrained within the Gulong Zone.

The green-robed elder sighed and began to circulate his Intent, apparently ready to hand over Han Ning'er to True God Zhongtu.

"However, the two of you are in this situation because of me, and my destination is also the Ziling Zone..." Zhao Feng continued his message.

All of this was true. Zhao Feng had accidentally exposed the location of the elder and Han Ning'er. In addition, based on the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon's memories, the Spiritual Race that Zhao Yufei was located in was also in the Ziling Zone. This meant that there was no conflict in terms of destination.

Besides, there were far too many factions that wanted to deal with Zhao Feng. Adding Yellow Dragon Pavilion to the list hardly mattered. In addition, Yellow Dragon Pavilion was at war with Spirit Grass Gate and probably wouldn't be able to send anyone too powerful after him anyway.

"Hurry and hand her over!" A sneer floated on True God Zhongtu's face as he stared at the green-robed elder.

"Okay!" With this reply, the elder used his Intent to throw Han Ning'er, but his target was Zhao Feng.

The moment he threw Han Ning'er, the elder's body began to burn with an astonishing Divine Power.

*Kaboom!*

Green ocean waves began to churn through the world as the elder's strength soared.

"Hmph, old fellow, this reckless action of yours is only harming that young man!" True God Zhongtu harshly rebuked, his voice as loud as the roar of a tsunami.

In this, he was hinting to Zhao Feng that he should act rationally. At the same time, True God Zhongtu was using his Rank Five True God pressure to intimidate Zhao Feng.

At the same time, the captain of the small team and all the Rank One True Gods under his command flew at Zhao Feng.

"Let's go!" Zhao Feng circulated his Intent Energy and snatched up Han Ning'er.

*Swish!*

Golden wings of light condensed on his back, and then Zhao Feng was gone in a flash of faint golden light.

"Eh? This junior..." True God Zhongtu was somewhat surprised.

There was a Space Sealing Array here, which made it impossible for Zhao Feng to use any spatial escape techniques. However, Zhao Feng seemed to have predicted this move and used a flight technique to flee. Despite this, Zhao Feng was extremely fast – far faster than an ordinary Rank Three True God.

"After them!" True God Zhongtu immediately roared.

"Don't even think about it!" Facing death with a smile, the green-robed elder charged at True God Zhongtu with a thunderous momentum. Zhao Feng was stronger than even the Rank Three True God

captain, so if the green-robed elder could hold down True God Zhongtu, Han Ning'er still had a chance of escaping alive.

"Blue Clouds Cover the Heavens!" The elder's cry rang in the air as his attack descended.

*Brrrooom!*

A palm formed of glimmering dark green light, suffused with powerful Water and Wood Intent, swept toward True God Zhongtu like an enormous cloud.

"You're seeking death, old man!" True God Zhongtu bellowed as he formed his Divine Power into the terrifying image of a yellow dragon.

To have Han Ning'er flee right before his eyes, robbing him of a great achievement, how could True God Zhongtu not be angry? Moreover, he had not expected for a trifling Quasi-God like Zhao Feng to actually agree to the green-robed elder's request to escort Han Ning'er.

"Hold the brat down and wait for reinforcements!" True God Zhongtu messaged the squad captain.

Zhao Feng was too fast for him to have any hopes that the Rank Three True God could capture Zhao Feng. He could only ensure that they didn't lose track of Zhao Feng before reinforcements arrived.

"Yes!" The Rank Three True God began to closely follow Zhao Feng.

"Instant Movement!" Zhao Feng's body surged with Space Intent as he brought Han Ning'er in a leap through space.

"He knows Instant Movement?" The Rank Three True God was flabbergasted.

A Quasi-God capable of using Instant Movement was no normal sight in the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods. Even some Rank Two and Rank Three True Gods could not use Instant Movement, having failed to comprehend Space Intent.

Moreover, Zhao Feng was bringing someone else with him while using Instant Movement. He truly did not fear death! One extra person was one extra burden. If one lacked sufficient strength, there was a very possible danger of falling into a spatial crack and dying without a grave.

"I also know Instant Movement!" The Rank Three True God sneered as he used Instant Movement to leap through space.

When he lost to Zhao Feng in their exchange of techniques earlier, he took Zhao Feng to be a genius of some major faction. But it now appeared that Zhao Feng was alone.

If this was the case, then by offending Yellow Dragon Pavilion, Zhao Feng had only doomed himself.

*Swish!*

Zhao Feng jumped out of space, quickly condensed his wings of lightning, and took flight.

"Carrying a person while using Instant Movement reduces the distance and takes up more energy!" Zhao Feng silently cursed.

Fortunately, he had reached Level Two Space Intent, or else his Instant Movement could have possibly failed. Moreover, while wandering around, Zhao Feng could not recklessly take out the Spacetime Robe, so he had to rely on himself.

*Swish!*

In the next moment, the Rank Three True God appeared where Zhao Feng had been just moments ago.

“This brat definitely has some secrets!” The Rank Three True God became pensive as he continued the pursuit.

If Zhao Feng could successfully use Instant Movement while carrying a person, he must have some sort of support treasure on him. Moreover, even though Zhao Feng was an independent expert, he had somehow reached the strength of a Rank Three Quasi-God. These were signs that Zhao Feng had probably received some incredible legacy.

“Young Sir, this young Miss Han Ning’er is filled with gratitude for your kindness in saving me, but if you carry me, the difficulty of escaping will be much greater, and it will be impossible to throw off that True God. Once the reinforcements from Yellow Dragon Pavilion arrive, you and I will die without a grave!” Han Ning’er apologetically explained to Zhao Feng, her voice as melodious as the gurgling of a stream and the chirping of songbirds. Just listening to it was extremely relaxing.

In truth, Han Ning’er was also very surprised to see that Zhao Feng had the strength of a Rank Three Quasi-God and that he could even use Instant Movement while carrying her. This was the first time she had ever seen such an astounding Quasi-God prodigy.

“True,” Zhao Feng simply replied.

That Rank Three True God could use Instant Movement as well and was not that easy to throw off.

*Brrrooom!*

The lightning wings behind Zhao Feng crackled with Lightning energy. With this burst of lightning, Zhao Feng suddenly turned around and began to fly at the Rank Three True God.

Han Ning’er was taken aback. Was Zhao Feng going to give her up?

For the sake of her escape, Spirit Grass Gate had sacrificed innumerable lives. Han Ning’er was extremely unwilling to see things end like this, but there was nothing she could do. After seeing so many people die for her, Han Ning’er no longer feared death. She even found death preferable; everything would come to an end, and she would be spared all the suffering and torment.

“Mm?” The Rank Three True God was also stunned to see Zhao Feng flying at him.

But then, Zhao Feng suddenly put Han Ning’er down and activated his Sacred Lightning Body and Ancient Blood Devil Sun bloodline, assaulting the Rank Three True God with his Five Elements Divine Power.

“Rather than being chased down, I might as well kill you now!” Zhao Feng’s face was a sheet of ice as his left eye began to circulate Eye Intent.

Han Ning'er's small mouth instantly dropped open as she stared in Zhao Feng in disbelief. Zhao Feng had turned around not to give her to Yellow Dragon Pavilion, but to kill this Rank Three True God!

### **Chapter 1215: Swift Execution**

"Kill me?" The Rank Three True God from Yellow Dragon Pavilion was at first stunned, but he quickly began to laugh. Although he had come off worse in his previous exchange with Zhao Feng, that didn't mean that Zhao Feng could kill him.

"Let me see just how you'll manage to kill me!" A playful smile appeared on the Rank Three True God's face.

Zhao Feng was strong, had many techniques, and perhaps even had a powerful divine weapon. However, even if he was no match for Zhao Feng, if he decided to run away with all his might, would Zhao Feng be able to catch up and kill him? After all, in the current situation, Zhao Feng was the one being chased down.

Besides, this ignorant and impulsive action of Zhao Feng's was precisely what he wanted. As long as he could hold down Zhao Feng, the reinforcements from Yellow Dragon Pavilion would have time to catch up. When that time came, Zhao Feng would find it very difficult to escape.

*Boom!*

The Rank Three True God suddenly began to grow larger, and a layer of dark yellow scales appeared on his body. He appeared like a majestic mountain as he gathered the Earth energy of the world.

"Sky Destroying Sacred Lightning Palm!" Zhao Feng gathered up his own energy and suddenly fired a palm of five-colored lightning. This palm was as massive as a mountain and crackling all over with electricity.

This time, Zhao Feng fused the Five Elements Intent into his attack. Metal, Wood, Water, Fire, Earth: these five Intents might only be at Level One, but the power formed from combining them could not be underestimated.

*Boom! Hiss!*

As the five-colored palm pushed forward, it absorbed the Five Elements Intent of the world to strengthen itself.

"What powerful Intent energy!" The Rank Three True God was stunned.

The palm Zhao Feng used right now was exactly the same as the one he used before, but the power was on a whole new level. This meant that Zhao Feng went easy on him before.

This thought left the Rank Three True God extremely unhappy.

"Hmph!" The True God angrily snorted as he activated his bloodline.

*Kaboom!*

A vast and heavy power exploded from his body. The Rank Three True God's body swelled, and he ultimately took a form halfway between man and dragon.

After activating his bloodline, he punched out with his enormous arms, now covered in dark yellow scales.

“Earth Serpent Dragon Race!” Han Ning’er called out in warning.

The Earth Serpent Dragon Race was ranked 2619th among the Ten Thousand Ancient Races. It was famed for its strength and defensive capabilities. They also had a unique ability to comprehend Earth Intent.

*Boom! Bang! Crash!*

The five-colored palm impacted against the transformed Rank Three True God, sending powerful ripples of Intent energy throughout the world.

Han Ning’er, who was only at the peak Mystic Light Realm, felt an uncomfortable pressure on her body, finding it difficult to even breathe. She immediately retreated to an extremely far distance.

“How strong! I didn’t think this young man would be so powerful!” Han Ning’er’s beautiful eyes focused on Zhao Feng.

But suddenly, the five-colored lightning palm that had been blocked by the Rank Three True God suddenly exploded with a blood-colored flame that immediately engulfed the Rank Three True God. This flame had very powerful corrosive properties and was extremely difficult to extinguish.

“Ah, this bloodline strength...!” The Rank Three True God began to howl. This bloodline appeared to even be stronger than his Earth Serpent Dragon Race bloodline.

As this flame burned, he could feel his blood burning. In his extreme suffering, he could also feel his Yuan Qi fading away.

Zhao Feng’s Fire Intent had already reached Level One, and upon learning the Five Elements Become One of the Five Elemental Wind Lightning Technique, his Fire Intent was on the verge of reaching Level Two. For this reason, the combination of Zhao Feng’s Fire Intent and the Ancient Blood Devil Sun produced an abnormal level of power.

“Tribulation Lightning Eye Flame!” A ball of lightning condensed in Zhao Feng’s left eye.

Now that the Rank Three True God was injured by the Ancient Blood Devil Sun bloodline, Zhao Feng could strike directly.

*Boom! Bang!*

A twisted flame of Tribulation Lightning carrying a dreadful Soul Intent exploded in the Rank Three True God’s face.

“Ah...!” the Rank Three True God of Yellow Dragon Pavilion screamed.

It was only his body being burned by the flames before, but now it felt like his soul was being torn apart, the torturous pain of ten thousand cuts constantly barraging his mind.

“Heaven Engulfing Palm!” Zhao Feng switched up his attacks, circulating his Spacetime Intent to use a different technique.

Zhao Feng's Space Intent was at Level Two and his Time Intent was at Level One, and the Heaven Engulfing Palm itself was an average-quality divine rank technique. This palm technique was much more powerful than the Sky Destroying Sacred Lightning Palm.

Several Heaven Engulfing Palms traveled through space, almost immediately appearing in front of the Rank Three True God.

*Boom! Boom! Boom!*

In his throes of pain, the True God was in no place to resist and was struck by the Heaven Engulfing Palms. Enormous spatial ripples swept through the surroundings, causing even the surrounding space to tremble.

"Aaaaaah...!" The Rank Three True God flew backward several thousand li, leaving a gruesome path of blood in his wake.

At this moment, his soul, bloodline, and body had all been heavily injured. He did not even have forty percent of his peak strength.

"Run!" The Rank Three True God turned to flee in fear.

*Bzzzz!*

Space Intent surged as he began to activate his escape technique.

"A Rank Three True God could lose so easily!?" Han Ning'er was frozen in shock.

Based on the Rank Three True God's current condition, even if he fled with all his might, Zhao Feng would very likely catch up to and kill him. However, Zhao Feng probably wouldn't chase him, as the experts of Yellow Dragon Pavilion were on their way here at this very moment.

"Do you think you can escape?" Zhao Feng's coldly asked, the God's Spiritual Eye surging with Space Intent as it locked down the region.

"Spatial Lock Eye!"

An invisible spatial energy spread through the surrounding space. Zhao Feng locked down the area for tens of thousands of li around the Rank Three True God. He could not use his spatial escape technique, and even his use of Space Intent was fairly restricted.

"What? You also know a secret art like this!?" the Rank Three God shouted in panic.

Space Intent was very difficult to comprehend, and spatial techniques were also extremely rare. This Rank Three True God only had a low-quality divine weapon capable of locking down space, but Zhao Feng could use a spatial eye-bloodline technique that could lock down space?

"Wind Lightning Eye Flame!" Zhao Feng had no time for nonsense and immediately used his Soul eye-bloodline technique.

*Kacrack!*

Violet lightning-fire exploded upon the Rank Three True God's head. Lightning flames wreaked havoc on both his body and soul.

"Ah, spare me...!" The Rank Three True God was already injured, so he naturally could not endure this additional torment.

"Sky Destroying Sacred Lightning Palm!" After using his eye-bloodline technique, Zhao Feng used yet another powerful skill.

*Boom! Bang! Crash!*

Enormous waves of Intent energy swept toward the Yellow Dragon Pavilion True God.

Han Ning'er stared from a distance, not daring to believe her eyes. A Quasi-God had managed to heavily injure a Rank Three True God with lightning-like speed and even seemed ready to take his life. Was this golden-haired youth really not some Quasi-God genius from a five-star faction?

"Tribulation Lightning Eye Flame!" Zhao Feng used one last Tribulation Lightning eye-bloodline technique to end the Rank Three True God's life.

"Let's go!" After killing the Rank Three True God, Zhao Feng took Han Ning'er and immediately fled.

Zhao Feng had used everything except his trump cards to speedily kill this Rank Three True God. Moreover, using those consecutive eye-bloodline techniques and other skills was very taxing on Zhao Feng. If he encountered another Rank Three True God, Zhao Feng probably wouldn't be able to fight him.

Not long after, an enormous pressure that could crush all things in the world descended upon the scene. Two elders with incredible aura arrived at the place where the Rank Three True God had fallen. One of them was True God Zhongtu.

"There was a battle here, and I smell death!" True God Zhongtu said with a glum face.

The message token he had could not get in touch with the Rank Three True God, so it was obvious what had happened.

"That brat has the ability to kill a Rank Three True God?" True God Zhongtu said in disbelief.

"You and I are so fast; even if that boy had the strength of a Rank Three True God, he couldn't have possibly killed one so quickly!" the other elder said.

"It seems like he had another person's help, or else he has some precious treasure!" True God Zhongtu concluded.

"We can't let him and Han Ning'er go!"

The two figures harrumphed and took off with a sweep of their sleeves.

...

Together with Han Ning'er, Zhao Feng used Instant Movement multiple times, only stopping after covering five million li.

Instant Movement was already a very taxing technique, and Zhao Feng was carrying someone with him on top of that. Using it consecutively nearly ten times was essentially his limit.

Of course, if it wasn't for the fact that Zhao Feng only just met Han Ning'er and didn't trust her very much, he would have just sent her into the Spacetime Robe or his Interspatial Dimension. He could not lightly expose the secret of the Spacetime Robe, and there were countless treasures in his Interspatial Dimension that anyone beneath the Ancient God level would desire.

"My deepest gratitude for benefactor's assistance. This young miss does not know how to repay you," Han Ning'er voiced her thanks to Zhao Feng.

Han Ning'er then used her Eye Intent, sending an extremely gentle surge of Life Intent into Zhao Feng's body.

In a flash, Zhao Feng felt refreshed, his exhaustion washed away. At the same time, Life energy began to slowly heal Zhao Feng's injuries, and it even nourished his body and restored his Yuan Qi.

"What a heaven-defying ability!" Zhao Feng was astonished.

If Han Ning'er's cultivation was just a little higher, the effects of her treatment would be even greater, and it might even be capable of advancing Zhao Feng's own cultivation level.

Under the treatment of the Eye of Life, Zhao Feng quickly recovered to his optimal condition.

"Just call me Zhao Feng," Zhao Feng simply replied.

The journey to the Ziling Zone would be extremely long, and Zhao Feng found it rather uncomfortable to be called "benefactor."

"We'll have to take a long way there. Let's find an Exchange Spiritual Hall and get a map!"

Zhao Feng's current map had a very limited range. If he was going to take a long way, he naturally needed to get a new map.

Exchange Spiritual Halls were very easy to find, but they were divided according to rank. The stronger the faction controlling the Exchange Spiritual Hall, the higher its rank, and the larger the trades that would be taking place in them.

After three months, Zhao Feng and Han Ning'er left the bounds of Spirit Grass Gate and Yellow Dragon Pavilion and reached an Exchange Spiritual Hall.

There was a special area in the Exchange Spiritual Hall where, if one paid a fee, one could open up a stall. The owner of the stall could display their own wares and use them to exchange for the items they wanted.

Zhao Feng paid the fee of God crystals and opened up a stall. After thinking about it for a moment, Zhao Feng took out two cultivating treasures he had obtained from the phoenix nest. Afterward, Zhao Feng took out a wooden plaque and wrote in large words, "Exchanging for a map of the area!"

"That's Sky Lotus Dark Green Grass and Golden Essence Fruit!" The owner of the stall next to Zhao Feng's saw the two items Zhao Feng had taken out, and his eyes instantly went ablaze with desire.

## Chapter 1216: Quasi-God Jian Feng

“That’s Sky Lotus Dark Green Grass and Golden Essence Fruit!” The owner of the stall next to Zhao Feng’s saw the two items Zhao Feng had taken out, and his eyes instantly went ablaze with desire.

Sky Lotus Dark Green Grass and Golden Essence Fruit were precious resources that presented an enormous temptation to any Rank Four True God.

Afterward, he glanced at Zhao Feng and realized that he wasn’t even a True God. He couldn’t help but sigh and shake his head. If Zhao Feng was taking out these two precious resources to exchange for a map, he was definitely looking for a map of very high quality. Probably only a small number of Rank Three True Gods or Rank Four True Gods would be able to give Zhao Feng such a map.

But in this Exchange Spiritual Hall, Rank Three True Gods were a rare sight, and Rank Four True Gods would only visit once every few years. This meant that Zhao Feng’s two treasures would probably go unexchanged.

Although the Exchange Spiritual Hall forbade fighting, Zhao Feng had taken out two extremely precious treasures and didn’t have the strength to keep them. He was definitely being watched, and once he left the Exchange Spiritual Hall, it would be over for him.

“These two herbs are too precious!” a woman wearing a white veil standing next to Zhao Feng messaged him.

This woman was naturally Han Ning’er.

Since Yellow Dragon Pavilion was not far from this place, the news that Han Ning’er was wanted had definitely been secretly spread through the area. For the sake of safety, Zhao Feng had bought a special veil that could keep out Divine Sense and conceal Han Ning’er’s face.

But even so, the bearing she exuded and the natural vitality around her were impossible to conceal. Even if bystanders couldn’t see her face, they could definitely tell that she was a beauty.

“There’s nothing to be done. If we don’t have a map, the time it will take to reach the Ziling Zone will be at least doubled, and the chance of running into danger will be higher as well!” Zhao Feng messaged back.

“Do you really not belong to some major faction?” Han Ning’er suddenly asked.

Zhao Feng had a powerful bloodline, immense strength, astonishing talent, and could use many different kinds of Intent. It was difficult to imagine that such a person was not a member of some large faction.

But if Zhao Feng had the backing of a major faction, he wouldn’t need to fear Yellow Dragon Pavilion and could use the teleportation arrays of four-and-a-half-star and peak four-star factions.

“I’m not,” Zhao Feng simply replied.

In truth, Zhao Feng wanted to create an identity that would allow him to use the teleportation arrays of four-and-a-half-star factions. However, it was extremely difficult to forge such an identity. Moreover,

Zhao Feng had offended many factions of the Gulong Zone. In these uncertain circumstances, he could not carelessly expose himself.

“Sky Lotus Dark Green Grass!” Many of the people strolling through the crowd would stop in front of Zhao Feng’s stall.

It didn’t take long before most of the people on the street had gathered.

“Boy, what sort of map do you want?” a middle-aged man asked. His body seemed to unconsciously exude the energy of the Ghost Dao. Those of weaker strength who got too close could inadvertently have their personalities affected.

“Rank Two True God!” The weaker Mystic Light Realm experts immediately chose to back up.

Although it was only a Rank Two True God, this man was a Ghost Dao cultivator, so it was better not to provoke him.

“A complete map of at least eight four-and-a-half-star factions,” Zhao Feng straightforwardly said.

The Sky Feather Island Lord’s map contained information on six four-and-a-half-star factions, but none of the information about the factions was complete.

“Boy, that price is too high. I have a complete map of six four-and-a-half-star factions. Do you want to trade?” The middle-aged man’s face turned cold, and a ghostly pressure began to gather around Zhao Feng.

Han Ning’er gave a soft groan. It was evident that her peak Mystic Light Realm cultivation found it hard to resist the pressure of this Rank Two True God.

“Get out of my face,” Zhao Feng flatly said. The moment he said these words, all the Ghost Dao energy around him immediately dispersed.

“You...!” The Rank Two True God was stunned. He wanted to say something, but then he stopped himself. From Zhao Feng’s display just now, he could see that Zhao Feng was not weaker than himself.

“Hmph, a trifling Rank Two Quasi-God taking out such treasures! The Exchange Spiritual Hall’s hunters won’t let you get away!” The Rank Two True God retreated to the side with a cold harrumph.

In Exchange Spiritual Halls, anyone who paid the fee could enter. However, a certain class of people didn’t come to the Exchange Spiritual Hall to trade for anything, but to search for prey. These were people were called hunters.

Once these hunters saw an item they wanted, they would hide nearby and wait for their target to leave the Exchange Spiritual Hall. Moreover, these hunters would always gather in groups of three to five.

For this reason, people would normally form groups when going to an Exchange Spiritual Hall or hire experts as bodyguards.

“Haha, hunters?” Zhao Feng softly chuckled.

A while ago, when he went to the Exchange Spiritual Hall of the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race and took out a bunch of treasures, he ended up being targeted by the Blue-Eyed Ice Wolf Race. But in the end, Zhao Feng had killed all of their hunters, one by one.

At this moment, Zhao Feng could already sense that several vicious and bloodthirsty gazes were watching him from the shadows. However, the cultivation levels of these people weren't very high. After all, this wasn't a very high-ranked Exchange Spiritual Hall. Rank Three True Gods rarely appeared here.

More and more people came to Zhao Feng's stall to inquire about an exchange.

Two of them actually reached Zhao Feng's requirement of a complete map of eight four-and-a-half-star factions. However, these two maps contained information on factions that Zhao Feng already knew, so no deal was made.

One day later, Zhao Feng had still not obtained the map he wanted, but he had even more people watching him from the shadows.

"Too few Rank Four True Gods frequent this Exchange Spiritual Hall. It seems like it will be very difficult for me to make a deal," Zhao Feng sighed.

"Eh? Sky Lotus Dark Green Grass!"

At this time, several loud and astonished voices came from nearby.

Four people stepped over to Zhao Feng's stall. Two were young men, one was a woman, and the other was a very reserved elder with an unfathomable aura. The three youths all had unique traits; their skin was black, their pupils were white, and their faces were cold and frightening.

"It's the Nether Ghost Race!"

"Aren't these three all Quasi-God prodigies of the Nether Ghost Race? That young man leading them is Quasi-God Mo Gui!"

A few bystanders recognized this group and began to stand aside. The Nether Ghost Race was a four-and-a-half-star faction of the Gulong Zone. It was a somewhat stronger existence on par with Yellow Dragon Pavilion.

"I want this Sky Lotus Dark Green Grass!" Quasi-God Mo Gui turned his sinister white pupils toward Zhao Feng and declared.

"A complete map of eight four-and-a-half-star factions," Zhao Feng looked back and replied.

Quasi-God Mo Gui was only a Rank Two Quasi-God, on the same level as Quasi-God Di Lin and Quasi-God Lan Ye, the ones he met in the Ancient Dream Realm.

"Mm?" A hint of killing intent flashed through Quasi-God Mo Gui's eyes.

He had not expected that a Quasi-God who set up a stall in this Exchange Spiritual Hall would decide to not give him any face. After all, his Nether Ghost Race was a four-and-a-half-star faction presided over by an Ancient God. A single four-and-a-half-star faction governed over dozens of four-star factions and controlled nearly twenty Exchange Spiritual Halls.

The rules of these Exchange Spiritual Hall were binding on the four-star factions, but they were useless on the four-and-a-half-star faction that administrated them all. Rules were just the tools used by those above to restrict those below. Only the weak needed to obey them!

“Don’t stir up trouble,” the elder next to Quasi-God Mo Gui lightly said.

This Exchange Spiritual Hall was not in the territory of the Nether Ghost Race, or else he would not have reminded Quasi-God Mo Gui.

“Give a little face to the Nether Ghost Race. I will give you a map containing the information on four four-and-a-half-star factions, and you give me the Sky Lotus Dark Green Grass,” the elder continued.

In Zhao Feng’s refusal just now, he refused to give any face to the Nether Ghost Race. Engaging in a fair exchange with Zhao Feng at this point would do even further harm to the Nether Ghost Race’s dignity.

Zhao Feng’s brow slightly creased in displeasure. If he had a powerful strength or intimidating identity, he would never be bullied around like this.

“I came to exchange for a map, not give you face!” Zhao Feng coldly retorted.

“Mm?” This time, the elder’s brow creased, and an invisible pressure began to bear down on the area.

*Aoooo! Hwooo!*

The surroundings darkened, and the terrifying wails of ghosts could be heard.

“Rank Four True God!”

Stunned, quite a few people began to hurriedly back away.

This elder was a Rank Four True God backed by the Nether Ghost Race. Even if he killed someone in the Exchange Spiritual Hall, the controller of the hall probably wouldn’t say anything.

Quite a few people looked at Zhao Feng in pity. Even those hunters gave up on their target.

“Haha, the people of the Nether Ghost Race want to attack someone inside the Exchange Spiritual Hall?” Laughter came from nearby.

Zhao Feng’s eyes twinkled. He found the voice familiar, but he couldn’t remember from where.

“Isn’t this the Sky Haze Race’s Quasi-God Jian Feng?” The Nether Ghost Race’s Quasi-God Mo Gui turned with an icy stare toward the figure flying over here.

The elder of the Nether Ghost Race shot a few glances at the blue-haired old woman standing behind Quasi-God Jian Feng.

“Quasi-God Jian Feng, what do you mean by this? My Nether Ghost Race has certainly not done such a thing!” Quasi-God Mo Gui coldly glared at Quasi-God Jian Feng.

“Brother Zhao, I didn’t think I would run into you here!” Quasi-God Jian Feng walked straight to Zhao Feng with a smile on his face.

Quasi-God Jian Feng, the prodigy of the Sky Haze Race, was precisely the one in Phoenix Forest who invited Zhao Feng and the Golden-Armed Race to attack the phoenix nest.

“Hmph!” Quasi-God Mo Gui snorted, his expression gloomy. He just asked Quasi-God Jian Feng a question, but Jian Feng ignored him and went straight to the stall owner.

However, Mo Gui was rather surprised to hear Quasi-God Jian Feng call the stall owner “Brother Zhao.” Quasi-God Jian Feng had quite some reputation in the Sky Haze Race; anyone he called a brother had to be someone of some status.

“This is a map of eight four-and-a-half-star or above factions. I want the Sky Lotus Dark Green Grass!” the Nether Ghost Race elder suddenly spoke, taking a jade token that he had just branded the information onto.

The Sky Haze Race was a peak four-star faction, much stronger than the Nether Ghost Race. Quasi-God Jian Feng even knew Zhao Feng. In other words, if the Nether Ghost Race wanted the Sky Lotus Dark Green Grass, it could only make a fair exchange.

“Sorry, I’m closing up shop!” With a faint smile, Zhao Feng put away the two herbs, dismantled the stall, and began to walk toward Jian Feng.

Although he only met Quasi-God Jian Feng once, this Quasi-God had a very refreshing and relaxed personality. He was not one for schemes and treachery. Otherwise, Quasi-God Jian Feng would not have come over on his own to help Zhao Feng out of his problem. He clearly wanted to be friends with Zhao Feng.

Since this was the case, Zhao Feng could probably just get the map he wanted from the Sky Haze Race, or perhaps even use its teleportation array directly. As such, there was no need to continue displaying his wares at the stall.

“Junior, you are very bold...” The Nether Ghost Race elder’s eyes shone with a sinister light, and he paused between each of his words.

### **Chapter 1217: Gulong Martial Gathering**

“Junior, you are very bold...” The Nether Ghost Race elder’s eyes shone with a sinister light, and he paused between each of his words.

This icy killing intent was so distinct that it made everyone nearby shiver.

“Let’s go!” With an angry snort, the Nether Ghost Race elder led his juniors away.

If it wasn’t for the fact that people from the Sky Haze Race were present and that Quasi-God Jian Feng knew Zhao Feng, he would have already killed Zhao Feng.

Once the people of the Nether Ghost Race were gone, everyone else instantly breathed a sigh of relief. The pressure and killing intent of a Rank Four True God were not easy to endure.

“How dangerous! I didn’t think he also knew someone from the Sky Haze Race!” Han Ning’er gave a light gasp of surprise.

Although Zhao Feng was strong enough that he wouldn't necessarily be killed by a Rank Four True God, the two of them would have certainly ended up being exposed. Fortunately, Zhao Feng knew someone from the Sky Haze Race, allowing him to resolve this crisis without fighting.

The Sky Haze Race was a peak four-star faction, a level higher than Spirit Grass Gate and Yellow Dragon Pavilion.

"Quasi-God Jian Feng, my deepest gratitude for your assistance in resolving this problem!" Zhao Feng walked over to Quasi-God Jian Feng and smiled.

"Please! If Brother Zhao hadn't captured Hou Qing at the phoenix nest, drawing away the forces of the Sky Water Yao Race..." Quasi-God Jian Feng looked at Zhao Feng with praise.

In the Wild Ancient Secret Dimension, in front of the many True God experts of the Sky Water Yao Race, Zhao Feng defeated and captured Hou Qing, drawing away the forces of the Sky Water Yao Race. In the end, he even managed to escape from a Rank Four True God. Quasi-God Jian Feng was filled with admiration for such feats.

In addition, it was precisely because Zhao Feng had drawn away the experts of the Sky Water Yao Race that the Sky Haze Race had been able to extricate themselves from that dangerous situation.

Hearing this, the old lady of the Sky Haze Race and the young blue-haired girl with them couldn't help but glance at Zhao Feng. They had also heard of what happened to the Sky Haze Race in the phoenix nest.

At the time, the Sky Haze Race was being pressured by the Sky Water Yao Race and another peak four-star race. When Zhao Feng captured Hou Qing and restrained the Sky Water Yao Race, the Sky Haze Race was able to escape.

He had captured Hou Qing, threatened a Rank Four True God, and still smoothly escaped. This golden-haired youth was definitely not simple!

The blue-haired old lady of the Sky Haze Race gave a slight nod. For Quasi-God Jian Feng to form a relationship with such a talented individual was a boon for the Sky Haze Race.

"Quasi-God Jian Feng, my reputation isn't that good, so don't mention these things anymore!" Zhao Feng secretly messaged Jian Feng.

"Understood!" Quasi-God Jian Feng immediately understood.

Zhao Feng's actions back then could be said to have thoroughly offended the Sky Water Yao Race. Zhao Feng didn't have any major faction backing him, so Zhao Feng hoped that his name wouldn't spread too far so as to avoid the Sky Water Yao Race hunting him down.

"Brother Zhao, you need a map of the nearby area?" Quasi-God Jian Feng suddenly asked.

"Yes. I need to leave the Gulong Zone and travel very far," Zhao Feng directly said.

At the same time as getting a map, he implied that he also hoped Quasi-God Jian Feng could help by providing him an identity that would allow him to use higher-ranked teleportation arrays.

“Leave the Gulong Zone?” Quasi-God Jian Feng was slightly stunned.

The Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods was vast and boundless. Even a single one of its zones was unimaginably enormous. When the disciples of the Sky Haze Race wandered in the outside world for training, they would basically never leave the Gulong Zone.

“That’s difficult. Even when the members of the Sky Haze Race go training in the outside world, they’ll only use the teleportation arrays of the nearby four-and-a-half-star factions,” Quasi-God Jian Feng awkwardly said.

At the same time, he was thinking, *could Zhao Feng’s faction be in a different zone?*

In his mind, how could a person without a faction possibly be so strong?

“So that’s the case.” Zhao Feng nodded.

There were ten-some four-and-a-half-star factions in the Gulong Zone, and some of these factions that were farther from the Sky Haze Race would not show any courtesy to it. Of course, there were also enemy factions that would even target the members of the Sky Haze Race beyond its borders.

“Even if the journey is difficult, I still have to head to the Ziling Zone. This can also be considered a sort of trial on my martial path,” Zhao Feng said with a smile.

“The Ziling Zone?” The three from the Sky Haze Race were rather surprised.

The Ziling Zone and Gulong Zone were separated by three zones. This was an incredibly long journey!

However, they were even more confused as to why Zhao Feng needed to go to the Ziling Zone.

“Haha, Brother Zhao truly is an unusual person!” After a few moments of shock, Quasi-God Jian Feng broke into laughter.

Even though he was a mere Quasi-God, Zhao Feng still wanted to cross through three zones. This courage and determination truly won Jian Feng’s admiration.

“Brother Zhao, if you come to my Sky Haze Race, I can help you save some time on your journey. But we’ve also got our own matters to attend to, so this is all I can help you with.” After saying this, Quasi-God Jian Feng sent a blue ball of light out from the center of his brow.

*Whoosh!*

Zhao Feng did not resist, allowing the ball of light to sink into his brow.

*A map – one covering the territory of ten four-and-a-half-star factions!* Zhao Feng’s eyes glimmered.

“Many thanks!” Zhao Feng said in gratitude.

This map was the largest map Quasi-God Jian Feng could get from the Sky Haze Race. Moreover, this map was extremely detailed, almost like it was a small-scale model.

“That’s right...! With Brother Zhao’s strength, you could definitely enter the Gulong Zone’s Quasi-God Ranking. With this identity, it’ll be easy for you to use the teleportation arrays belonging to other factions!” Quasi-God Jian Feng mentioned, the thought having just come to his mind.

“The Gulong Zone’s Quasi-God Ranking?” Zhao Feng had heard of it before.

With his strength, he would have no difficulty entering this ranking.

However, the ranking competition was held once every century. There were still fifty years until the next one. In fifty years, even if Zhao Feng used only small-scale teleportation arrays, he would have left the Gulong Zone long before the competition.

“Brother Zhao doesn’t know? Recently, two prodigies of a five-star faction have decided to open a Gulong Martial Gathering, gathering all the geniuses of the Gulong Zone to exchange pointers. Although it’s not the actual Gulong Zone Quasi-God Ranking Competition, a few of the geniuses on the Quasi-God Ranking will show up. If Brother Zhao defeated them...” Quasi-God Jian Feng explained to Zhao Feng.

Jian Feng had left the Sky Haze Race precisely to take part in this Gulong Martial Gathering. He would get to know the various prodigies from around the Gulong Zone as well as challenge some of the people on the Quasi-God Ranking.

“Gulong Martial Gathering?” Zhao Feng had never heard of it.

Han Ning’er also indicated that she knew nothing. After all, Yellow Dragon Pavilion and Spirit Grass Gate were at war with each other, so they had no time to worry about some martial gathering.

*My identity is a little sensitive. If it’s the Gulong Zone Quasi-God Ranking Competition, I wouldn’t be able to go, but I can attend this Gulong Martial Gathering,* Zhao Feng pondered to himself.

The Gulong Zone Quasi-God Ranking Competition could be considered a summit for the entire Gulong Zone. Almost all the factions of the Gulong Zone would be there so that their disciples could show off their abilities.

But the Gulong Martial Gathering was a little lower on the scale. Only a few factions would show up, and in extremely small numbers. Some factions might only send a single scout to gather information.

“If the Sky Haze Race does not mind, I hope that you can bring me along to experience this Gulong Martial Gathering!” Zhao Feng looked at the trio from the Sky Haze Race and smiled.

A few prodigies from the Quasi-God Ranking would show up at the Gulong Martial Gathering. Zhao Feng would only need to defeat one of them to gain a little reputation for himself. Since Zhao Feng didn’t belong to any faction, many factions would even try to bring him to their side. Using teleportation arrays would naturally cease to be a problem.

“Then let’s go together,” the blue-haired old lady of the Sky Haze Race immediately replied.

An extra person would be no problem at all. Besides, she wanted to see Zhao Feng’s abilities for herself.

“This person is...?” The old lady suddenly turned to Han Ning’er.

With her powerful Divine Sense, she could only see a part of Han Ning’er’s face. However, Han Ning’er’s complexion was flawless. Even this blurred face was enough to topple countries. Even more importantly, Han Ning’er’s demeanor and the unique vitality surrounding her had truly piqued the old lady’s curiosity.

“This is my younger sister. She’s traveling with me to the Ziling Zone.” Zhao Feng smiled.

Calling Han Ning'er his younger sister would avoid drawing the suspicion of others. If Zhao Feng were to claim that he was bringing an unrelated weakling with him all the way to the Ziling Zone, then he would attract far too much doubt.

Zhao Feng and Han Ning'er soon left this Exchange Spiritual Hall with the Sky Haze Race. The hunters who were watching Zhao Feng from the shadows could only give up on their prey.

"Quasi-God Jian Feng is going to attend the Gulong Martial Gathering!"

"Just who is that golden-haired youth? Quasi-God Jian Feng seemed to treat him with great respect!"

Once the Sky Haze Race group had left, the crowd immediately began to chatter amongst themselves. The Gulong Martial Gathering would gather many geniuses of the Gulong Zone so that they could exchange pointers and improve together.

But not just anyone had the right to observe it.

...

Together with the Sky Haze Race, Zhao Feng was able to use teleportation arrays to arrive in the territory of the four-and-a-half-star race that governed the area. Using the teleportation array under the control of this four-and-a-half-star, Zhao Feng and the Sky Haze Race were able to travel across the territory spanned by five or six four-star factions.

"This is the territory of Stellar Tower. The Gulong Martial Gathering is being held within Stellar Tower's Five Star Mountain," Quasi-God Jian Feng explained to Zhao Feng.

There was still one month until the Gulong Martial Gathering began. The Sky Haze Race could be considered to have arrived early. For this reason, the group chose to stay at a nearby Exchange Spiritual Hall.

"Brother Zhao, this Exchange Spiritual Hall is operated by Stellar Tower. It's on a much higher level than those ordinary Exchange Spiritual Halls run by the four-star factions!"

On this journey, Quasi-God Jian Feng had been the most talkative of all. After him was the Quasi-God girl of the Sky Haze Race, while Han Ning'er had said almost nothing.

"Mm, it's truly different." Looking around, Zhao Feng could see that this Exchange Spiritual Hall was at least five times larger than the Exchange Spiritual Hall of Sky Feather Island. An ordinary person simply didn't have the vision to see where it ended.

Within the Exchange Spiritual Hall, all kinds of ancient, magnificent, and mysterious buildings could be seen. In addition, because of the Gulong Martial Gathering, all the Exchange Spiritual Halls in the territory of Stellar Tower were packed. Rank Two and Rank Three True Gods could be seen wherever one looked, and even Rank Four True Gods were a common sight.

"Quasi-God Di Lin!" Zhao Feng spotted Quasi-God Di Lin in one of the buildings.

Di Lin had clearly not noticed Zhao Feng. After all, there were far too many people, and it was easy for a person to go unnoticed in the crowd.

“It seems that Quasi-God Di Lin is representing the Golden Jade Race in the Gulong Martial Gathering,” Zhao Feng muttered.

Zhao Feng was with the Sky Haze Race right now, so even if Quasi-God Di Lin noticed Zhao Feng, he wouldn't dare to do anything.

### **Chapter 1218: Gathering of Quasi-Gods**

The location of the Gulong Martial Gathering was Stellar Tower's Five Star Mountain. The peak of Five Star Mountain was formed from tough white crystal and gray stone. Even in the night, it exuded a faint glow. There were five mountains surrounding it in the shape of a pentagon, so it was christened Five Star Mountain.

Construction work had begun on Five Star Mountain several years ago. Many towers and pavilions had been built upon the five mountains, and an enormous fighting stage had been built on the mountain in the very center.

The Gulong Martial Gathering had not yet begun, but countless spectators had already gathered around Five Star Mountain.

“I hear that this martial gathering was organized by two prodigies belonging to five-star factions of the Gulong Zone, Quasi-Gods Zi Feng and Tian Xue!”

“They're ranked fourth and seventh respectively on the Quasi-God Ranking. I wonder if any of the other twenty on the Quasi-God Ranking will show up.”

Around Five Star Mountain, many people were discussing what might happen during this martial gathering. Many people believed that the Gulong Martial Gathering was really just a prelude to the Quasi-God Ranking Competition.

Countless experts had gathered around Five Star Mountain. However, nobody knew that, deep under the mountain in the center of Five Star Mountain, one person was hiding.

“Damn it! Everything was going perfectly fine, so why did they decide to hold a martial gathering right on top of Five Star Mountain!?”

This man's skin was black, but his eyes were shining bright. In front of him was a stone door. On the door was a complex sealing array.

The sealing array was in the shape of a pentagon. The power of the Five Elements spread out from each corner of the pentagon to protect this space.

“This place is definitely somewhere the Five Elements God Lord used to cultivate. It's been four years now. I'm only a sliver away from breaking this seal!”

The black-skinned man was seated cross-legged in front of the door. A round disc was in his hands, shooting out streams of light that flowed into the Five Elements seal.

“The Five Elements God Lord was a wandering God Lord. When entering seclusion, he was fond of opening up a personal dimension and laying down a protective array over it.”

An excited look appeared on the man's face. He was just inches away from breaking open the sealing array. There was a high chance that the Five Elements God Lord had left a treasure inside.

Unfortunately, the Gulong Martial Gathering was going to take place in a month on Five Star Mountain.

In addition, this array had a self-healing attribute. If he stopped the process, the array would slowly recover. This was a unique trait of Five Elements arrays.

For this reason, this black-skinned man prayed that the martial gathering would end early.

...

In the Exchange Spiritual Hall, Zhao Feng, Han Ning'er, and the two prodigies from the Sky Haze Race were strolling around.

"It really is on another level. I can see Rank Three True Gods wherever I look, and even a few Rank Four True Gods," Zhao Feng muttered.

With his God's Spiritual Eye, Zhao Feng had even noticed a few experts with especially powerful auras. They were highly likely to be True God experts above Rank Four.

Other than that, it was mostly Quasi-Gods around. After all, the main characters of this martial gathering were the Quasi-God experts.

"So many Quasi-Gods, and all of them are part of the younger generation!" Zhao Feng couldn't help but think back to the Continent Zone, and a faint smile emerged on his face.

In the Continent Zone, the strongest cultivation level the younger generation had reached was that of Emperor. Very few of them had passed the Mystic Light Realm. But in the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods, only those who had obtained the glorious level of Quasi-God could be called geniuses.

"Isn't this Quasi-God Jian Feng?" At this moment, a sharp voice rang out in everyone's ears.

Zhao Feng glanced over and saw the two Quasi-God prodigies of the Nether Ghost Race. The speaker was precisely Quasi-God Mo Gui.

"Quasi-God Jian Feng of the Sky Haze Race?"

The surrounding crowd immediately began to stare at Quasi-God Jian Feng. There had always been a rumor in the outside world that Quasi-God Jian Feng of the Sky Haze Race had comprehended Level Two Wind Intent and had a high chance of entering the top twenty of the Quasi-God Ranking.

"Even *you* came to see the show, so why can't I?" Quasi-God Jian Feng's counter was sharp and brutal.

Quasi-God Mo Gui was left speechless. In terms of backing, the Sky Haze Race was stronger than the Nether Ghost Race. In terms of personal strength, he was truly no match for Quasi-God Jian Feng.

"Hmph, I'm surprised that a brat like you showed up here, but I bet that you won't dare to step onto the stage during the martial gathering!" Mo Gui couldn't do anything to Jian Feng, so he used Zhao Feng to vent his anger.

At the same, he wanted to provoke Zhao Feng into fighting in the martial gathering. If Zhao Feng stepped onto the stage, Quasi-God Mo Gui would be the first to charge up and humiliate him.

“You don’t need to worry about that!” Zhao Feng coldly replied.

“Haha, Quasi-God Mo Gui, I’m just worried that when Brother Zhao goes on stage, you will be the one who won’t dare!” Quasi-God Jian Feng said with a laugh.

Quasi-God Mo Gui was even weaker than Hou Qing. Zhao Feng would be able to easily dispose of him.

“Okay! When the time comes, let me see just which one of us won’t dare to go on!” Mo Gui gave a cold and sinister smile.

After saying this, Quasi-God Mo Gui left with the other Nether Ghost Race Quasi-God.

“Brother Zhao, when the time comes, you need to give him a good beating!” Jian Feng smiled.

He had long ago tired of the sight of Quasi-God Mo Gui. Despite his little strength, this Nether Ghost Race Quasi-God constantly bragged and boasted wherever he went.

“Let’s go and try out the delicacies of Sea Pearl Tower,” Quasi-God Jian Feng suggested.

“I hear that Sea Pearl Tower of Stellar Tower’s Exchange Spiritual Hall only cooks seafood, and that the taste is incredible!” the girl from the Sky Haze Race excitedly said.

“Okay, let’s try it out.” Zhao Feng nodded.

Zhao Feng had been busy rushing about ever since he left Sky Feather Island, so it was about time for him to relax a little.

Sea Pearl Tower was about the same as Saint Pearl Tower in Sky Feather Island’s Exchange Spiritual Hall, but Sea Pearl Tower appeared even more impressive. Moreover, it specialized in seafood, and its delicacies had their own unique flavor.

It just so happened that, as Zhao Feng’s group arrived, another group of guests just finished.

“Zhao Feng, your luck is pretty good. Quasi-God Tian Xue is also here.” After seating himself, Quasi-God Jian Feng whispered.

“It’s her? She’s one of the organizers of the Gulong Martial Gathering?” Zhao Feng’s gaze rested upon the very center of the restaurant.

A white-clothed girl was seated at this table. Her skin was white and tender, and her eyes were like clear and sparkling crystals. She appeared like a lofty and noble fairy.

Alas, she wore a veil over her face, preventing anyone from seeing her entire face. Only when she lifted her veil to eat were people able to see her alluring cherry-red lips.

“That’s right. Quasi-God Tian Xue is a genius of one of the three five-star factions of the Gulong Zone. She’s ranked seventh on the Quasi-God Ranking, and she has countless followers in the Gulong Zone. It’s because of her that so many people have come to this Gulong Martial Gathering.” Quasi-God Jian Feng chattered on.

“Quasi-God Jian Feng is also interested in her?” Zhao Feng suddenly said with a smile.

“Who doesn’t love a beauty?” Quasi-God Jian Feng unreservedly admitted.

Zhao Feng nodded. It was impossible to see the entirety of Quasi-God Tian Xue’s face, but one could imagine that she was a woman of incredible beauty. Considering her talent and backing, it was impossible for the younger generation of the Gulong Zone to not adore her.

*Bzzzz!*

Zhao Feng activated his left eye. In an instant, Zhao Feng pierced through the veil over Quasi-God Tian Xue’s face.

A gorgeous visage was reflected in Zhao Feng’s eyes.

*Not as good as her!* Zhao Feng slightly shook his head.

Quasi-God Tian Xue’s white clothes and veil made Zhao Feng recall Liu Qinxin. Zhao Feng still keenly remembered the breathtaking sight that greeted him when the little thieving cat took away Liu Qinxin’s veil.

Although Quasi-God Tian Xue also had enough beauty to captivate birds and beasts, she was still no match for Liu Qinxin!

“Mm?” Quasi-God Tian Xue’s eyes suddenly fell upon Zhao Feng.

All the men around her were looking at her in adoration. Only this golden-haired man had given a slight shake of his head when seeing her and appeared rather absent-minded.

This greatly displeased Quasi-God Tian Xue. Although she was not the strongest woman on the Quasi-God Ranking, she was certainly the most beautiful. Coupled with her strength and backing, how could there be a man in the Gulong Zone that was not interested in her?

And yet this golden-haired man had shaken his head!

“Quasi-God Tian Xue, what’s wrong?”

The men around her had their eyes fixed upon Quasi-God Tian Xue. For this reason, they could see the slightest shift in her expression. Just now, Quasi-God Tian Xue’s brows had slightly creased as if she was very unhappy.

“Boy, you’ve made Quasi-God Tian Xue unhappy!” A handsome and elegant man in black followed Quasi-God Tian Xue’s gaze and saw Zhao Feng, and a cold rebuke immediately left his mouth.

“So it was that brat!” The other men gradually began to notice Zhao Feng, and hostility appeared in their eyes.

At the same time, they felt some regret. They had lost such an excellent chance to show off in front of Quasi-God Tian Xue to the man in black.

Zhao Feng said nothing. He never imagined that a shake of his head would cause such a stir.

But this was the Exchange Spiritual Hall. This person could not attack him, so Zhao Feng didn't feel like explaining.

"Just who has made Quasi-God Tian Xue unhappy?"

Several people came down from the second floor. The one who asked this question was a white-clothed youth with a smile on his proud face.

The white-clothed youth followed the eyes of the crowd and quickly found Zhao Feng.

"Quasi-God Jian Feng, is this also considered luck?" Zhao Feng helplessly smiled.

Quasi-God Jian Feng's eyes froze, and then he gave an embarrassed laugh.

...because this white-clothed youth was Hou Qing of the Sky Water Yao Race.

"It's you!" Hou Qing's eyes turned gloomy, and his entire body began to shake in rage.

Back then, Zhao Feng had not only defeated him in front of so many people, but he was even taken hostage. In the end, Zhao Feng was forced to flee into the Forest of Death.

To his surprise, the Death mist in the Forest of Death had suddenly dispersed. Perhaps it was exactly this that allowed Zhao Feng to survive.

"Hou Qing, what's wrong?" an aloof man of bewitching beauty standing next to Hou Qing whispered.

"Quasi-God Lin Guang of the Sky Water Yao Race!"

Everyone instantly focused on the man standing next to Hou Qing.

Hou Qing truly was a genius of the Sky Water Yao Race, but the strongest genius of the Sky Water Yao Race was Quasi-God Lin Guang, ranked seventeenth on the Quasi-God Ranking.

"I didn't think that Quasi-God Lin Guang would also come!" A desire to fight flickered through Quasi-God Jian Feng's eyes.

Yet another one of the top twenty Quasi-Gods had appeared.

"He was the one from the Wild Ancient Secret Dimension..." Hou Qing naturally wouldn't explain the matter out loud. Instead, he messaged Lin Guang.

"Hmph!" Upon receiving Hou Qing's message, Quasi-God Lin Guang gave a cold snort, and the surrounding air instantly became cold and gloomy.

However, since this was an Exchange Spiritual Hall belonging to Stellar Tower and Quasi-God Tian Xue was also present, Quasi-God Lin Guang naturally did not attack.

"Haha, this brat has offended quite a lot of people!"

"Has he also come to participate in the Gulong Martial Gathering? After offending Quasi-God Lin Guang, he probably won't even dare to step onto the fighting stage!"

The surrounding Quasi-Gods couldn't help but gloat at Zhao Feng's misfortune.

## Chapter 1219: Cultivation Pagoda

The appearance of the Sky Water Yao Race sapped Zhao Feng and Quasi-God Jian Feng of all their appetite. After sampling a few of the dishes made from the creatures of the deep sea, Zhao Feng's group left.

"There's still some time until the Gulong Martial Gathering. What does Brother Zhao plan on doing?" Quasi-God Jian Feng asked.

He had been the one to suggest going to Sea Pearl Tower, not knowing that the people from the Sky Water Yao Race would show up.

The Sky Water Yao Race didn't dare to do anything to Zhao Feng right now, but there were no guarantees once the martial gathering was over.

"I plan to find a place to stay and firm up my foundations," Zhao Feng said with a smile.

The Gulong Martial Gathering posed no difficulty to Zhao Feng. He was confident in defeating even Quasi-God Tian Xue.

But Zhao Feng's foes did not consist of just these Quasi-Gods. For example, the entire Sky Water Yao Race had its eyes on Zhao Feng, and Han Ning'er was wanted by Yellow Dragon Pavilion.

*Fortunately, this martial gathering is being organized by two Quasi-Gods and isn't being watched too much. The Sky Water Yao Race only sent a Rank Five True God to protect its Quasi-God disciples, Zhao Feng mentally noted.*

Only after coming here did Zhao Feng understand that the powerful factions had only sent the second-rate prodigies of their race, such as the Sky Haze Race's Quasi-God Jian Feng.

The strongest genius of the Sky Haze Race was also an individual on the Quasi-God Ranking. This person was probably receiving the best training the race could provide so that they could attain an even higher ranking in the future Quasi-God Ranking Competition.

With that in mind, even half of the top twenty Quasi-Gods showing up in this Gulong Martial Gathering would be quite impressive. The majority were not necessarily guaranteed to show up.

"Then Brother Zhao should pay a visit to the Cultivation Pagoda!" Quasi-God Jian Feng immediately suggested.

"Cultivation Pagoda?" A look of curiosity appeared in Zhao Feng's eyes.

"A few of the higher-level Exchange Spiritual Halls have Cultivation Pagodas: places specifically built for martial artists to enter secluded cultivation. Each chamber of a Cultivation Pagoda is its own Little World. There are various environments available to choose from, and you can even adjust conditions like gravity and temperature. The even more advanced chambers were opened up by experts skilled in Time Intent. Two days spent cultivating in there is equivalent to just one day in the outside world." Quasi-God Jian Feng knew that Zhao Feng might have never heard of Cultivation Pagodas before and gave him a detailed explanation.

"Let's go and take a look!"

Zhao Feng's Spacetime Robe was already the best cultivation dimension, but Zhao Feng was extremely interested in these Cultivation Pagodas Jian Feng spoke of and wanted to experience them for himself.

Zhao Feng's group set off for the Cultivation Pagoda.

It was an enormous and mystical pagoda built in an ancient style. In terms of height, this pagoda could be considered one of the tallest buildings in the area. In addition, the pagoda was shrouded in a formidable array that cut off the probing of Divine Sense.

"Good Sirs, the chambers of the first six floors of the Cultivation Pagoda are already occupied." An alluring maiden dressed in green standing at the entrance to the Cultivation Pagoda spoke, a smile on her face.

"Brother Zhao, the Cultivation Pagoda has nine floors in total. The first six floors don't have any chambers with Time Intent. From the seventh floor and up, all the chambers have Time Intent, and if you cultivate on the ninth floor, five days is equivalent to only one day on the outside world." Quasi-God Jian Feng was extremely familiar with the Cultivation Pagoda.

The Sky Haze Race itself had a Cultivation Pagoda, and its effects were even better than this one.

Zhao Feng froze for a moment. In his Spacetime Robe, time flowed ten times slower than it did on the outside world. Ten days in the Spacetime Robe was equivalent to one day on the outside!

"A cultivation chamber on the seventh floor costs one hundred low-quality God Crystals for one month." Seeing how familiar Quasi-God Jian Feng was with the Cultivation Pagodas, the green-clothed woman knew that this was a genius from a major faction, and her smile became even more dazzling.

In the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods, God Crystals were divided into substandard quality, low quality, average quality, high quality, and supreme quality. From substandard all the way to high quality, the exchange rate between qualities was always 100 to 1. As for supreme-quality God Crystals, these were extremely rare in the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods. As the highest quality of God Crystals, they were essentially priceless. Not even one million high-quality God Crystals were guaranteed to exchange for one supreme-quality God Crystal.

"Then I'll go to the seventh floor," Zhao Feng straightforwardly said.

Zhao Feng owned a low-quality God Crystal mine in the Ancient Dream Realm, so this amount of God Crystals meant nothing to him.

"Brother Zhao, I still have other business, so I won't keep you company." Quasi-God Jian Feng appeared to have little interest in the Cultivation Pagoda. Of course, it might also have been because Quasi-God Jian Feng wanted to meet some other Quasi-God prodigies before the Gulong Martial Gathering began.

"That's fine. I'll entrust my little sister to you, Quasi-God Jian Feng!" After thinking for a few moments, Zhao Feng decided to leave Han Ning'er with Quasi-God Jian Feng for a while.

"May I ask how long this guest plans to cultivate?" the woman in green asked.

"One month." Zhao Feng paid the fee of one hundred low-quality God Crystals, took a token, and headed into the Cultivation Pagoda.

On the first floor, the one hundred cultivation chambers were all shut. Two or three people were standing by almost every door, apparently to fight for the spot when it became available.

Zhao Feng saw a similar situation on the second floor. It was only on the sixth floor that Zhao Feng saw only three people waiting around.

Zhao Feng ascended to the seventh floor. There were only twenty cultivation chambers on the seventh floor, three of which were available.

Zhao Feng went to one of the open chambers and inserted his token into a groove next to the door.

*Bzzzz!*

A screen of light appeared in front of Zhao Feng. From this, Zhao Feng could choose the environment, gravity, temperature, and other conditions of the chamber.

After randomly picking an environment, Zhao Feng entered the cultivation chamber. After all, Zhao Feng had only come to look around. For actual cultivation, the dimension within the Spacetime Robe was far superior.

“It really is rather nice. If I didn’t have the Spacetime Robe, I would definitely choose to cultivate in the Exchange Spiritual Hall’s Cultivation Pagoda!” Zhao Feng looked around at this dimension built specifically for cultivating and concluded.

Almost all the major factions had secret cultivation dimensions like this. This was why the many races of the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods so desperately fought to enter the ranks of the major factions. The more powerful factions had more revered statuses and would receive better treatment when it came to cultivation and resources.

“I wonder if I can layer the effects of the Spacetime Robe on top of this dimension!”

If the time flow of the cultivation chamber could be overlapped with the time flow of the Spacetime Robe, Zhao Feng would be able to cultivate for even longer.

*Bzzzz!*

Zhao Feng activated the God’s Spiritual Eye and scanned every inch of this Little World. After ensuring that there was nothing suspicious, Zhao Feng took out the Spacetime Robe.

*Swish!*

Zhao Feng entered the Spacetime Robe Dimension. Above him was a vast and mysterious sky of stars and below him was a gray stone slab covered in runes.

“They don’t overlap...” Zhao Feng used his Time Intent to obtain this conclusion.

“Master, I’ve already recovered to the level of a Rank Three True God!” the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon excitedly called out from nearby. At its peak, it was a Rank Six True God. It was not very far from returning to this state.

Zhao Wang, Zhao Hui, and the little thieving cat were also present in this space.

“I wonder how Zhao Wan is doing with the expansion in the Ancient Dream Realm?” Zhao Feng muttered.

He currently had three clones. Zhao Wang needed time to refine the Staff of Death Curse and suppress its evil influences. Meanwhile, Zhao Hui needed to cultivate the Dao of Medicine. So much time was needed to establish his theoretical knowledge base that he no time for anything else. Thus, Zhao Feng had sent Zhao Wan to expand his territory in the Ancient Dream Realm.

It was a blessing that he had the Ancient Dream Realm. Otherwise, he would have never had the resources for his entire group to cultivate.

“The little thieving cat is about to break through into the Heavenly Divine Realm!” Zhao Feng murmured in surprise.

The little thieving cat was currently taking a nap on the floor, but Zhao Feng knew that it was cultivating.

The little thieving cat’s true fighting power was not that impressive, so Zhao Feng really didn’t know what rank of True God it would be able to reach.

*Thud!*

Zhao Feng seated himself cross-legged on the floor and began to cultivate.

“Five Elements Become One, the 11th level of the Five Elemental Wind Lightning Technique, requires fewer resources, but it places more importance on one’s comprehensive ability. Those without enough talent might never be able to reach the next level!”

After taking out many cultivating resources, Zhao Feng began to circulate the technique and absorb the energy within the resources. At the same time, Zhao Feng sent his mind into the Divine Power Vortex, immersing it in the world of Five Elements Divine Power.

“I’ve already reached the late stage of Five Elements Become One!” Zhao Feng felt a little satisfied with himself.

Zhao Wan had the Eye of Myriad Forms. As long as he was cultivating, Zhao Feng would be able to comprehend a great deal about Five Elements energy. For this reason, Zhao Feng’s fusion with Five Elements Divine Power proceeded at almost divine speeds.

When Zhao Feng completely fused the Five Elements Divine Power and reached the peak stage, Zhao Feng’s Five Elements Divine Power would be equivalent to the Divine Power of a Rank Four True God.

While cultivating the Five Elemental Wind Lightning Technique, Zhao Feng was also tempering his Sacred Lightning Body, studying the Soul Splitting Technique, absorbing the God Tribulation energy of the Lightning God Crystals, and other such tasks.

While the power of Tribulation Lightning was fatal to experts below the True God level, it could only pose somewhat of a threat to True Gods.

However, Zhao Feng’s Tribulation Lightning power seemed to grow stronger as he matured. There could be only one reason for this – Zhao Feng was about to comprehend Destruction Intent.

The source of the God Tribulation was Destruction Intent. Thus, the power of Tribulation Lightning was also decided by its Destruction Intent.

Time slowly passed. There were still thirty days until the Gulong Martial Gathering, which meant that Zhao Feng could spend three hundred days cultivating in the Spacetime Robe.

Zhao Feng had been so busy ever since he left Sky Feather Island that he never found a chance to properly cultivate. It had been a long time since he entered secluded cultivation.

Perhaps it was precisely because this was the case that Zhao Feng found this cultivation session to be proceeding much more smoothly, with many barriers swiftly being cleared away.

...

While Zhao Feng was in the territory of Stellar Tower preparing for the Gulong Martial Gathering, an uninvited guest arrived at the territory of the Golden Jade Race.

*Kaboom!*

The skies over the territory of the Golden Jade Race were gloomy, and the howls of demons and monsters resounded through the air.

“Your Excellency, what matter brings you here?” An elder whose body was made of transparent gold and jade immediately stepped forward.

“Patriarch!” All the members of the Golden Jade Race immediately kneeled.

This elder was the patriarch of the Golden Jade Race, a Rank Seven Ancient God. To everyone’s surprise, their patriarch meekly bowed before this uninvited guest.

In front of the Golden Jade Race Patriarch was a middle-aged man with pitch-black skin that was covered in monstrous and bewitching violet tattoos. He had a cold and aloof expression as if he was looking down upon all living beings.

This man was the one sent out by the Ancient Soul Hall to seek out the Ancient God Seal, Ancient God Black Heaven!

“Have any of you seen this object?” A screen of light appeared next to Ancient God Black Heaven, on which the image of a black metal triangle covered with complicated green patterns emerged.

Everyone indicated that they had never seen such a thing.

Ancient God Black Heaven took his leave of the Golden Jade Race, but he continued to travel around its territory.

“Just what sort of item was that? The Ancient Soul Hall even personally sent out an Ancient God!” The Golden Jade Race Patriarch sighed in shock.

The zone in which the Ancient Soul Hall was located was extremely far from this zone, but in its golden age, the Ancient Soul Hall had been the strongest five-star faction in all of the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods. Even though it was no longer at its most flourishing, it was still an extremely terrifying existence amongst the five-star factions.

## Chapter 1220: The Martial Gathering Begins

“The martial gathering is about to begin!” Zhao Feng opened his eyes and left the Spacetime Robe Dimension.

Twenty-four days had passed in the outside world, but Zhao Feng had spent two hundred forty days cultivating in the Spacetime Robe Dimension. In these two hundred-some days, he had made even further progress in the Five Elements Become One level of the Five Elemental Wind Lightning Technique; Zhao Feng’s Five Elements Intent and Wind Lightning Intent had all reached Level Two.

His Space Intent was only a sliver away from reaching Level Three, but Time Intent was far too mysterious, and Zhao Feng had not placed any particular focus on comprehending it, so his progress on that front was slower.

Upon leaving the cultivation chamber, Zhao Feng realized that there were now ten vacant chambers on the seventh floor.

Zhao Feng left the Cultivation Pagoda and used a message token to communicate with Han Ning’er. Soon after, Zhao Feng met up with the Sky Haze Race group.

“Brother Zhao, if you were a little later, you would have missed the Gulong Martial Gathering!” Quasi-God Jian Feng teased.

“My apologies. I got lost in cultivation,” Zhao Feng explained.

Quasi-God Jian Feng said nothing more. Zhao Feng might have been experiencing the chambers of the Cultivation Pagoda for the first time and became so immersed in cultivation that he lost track of time.

“Who is he?” Zhao Feng’s gaze landed on a youth standing next to Han Ning’er.

“He’s my senior brother,” Han Ning’er softly said.

Secretly, Han Ning’er messaged Zhao Feng; “To cover my escape, the Gate Master sent out many other members of the Gate. The majority of them were captured and executed by Yellow Dragon Pavilion, but he was fortunate enough to escape. I ran into him in the Exchange Spiritual Hall and wanted to take him with us to the Ziling Zone.”

Of the people the Gate Master had sent out to cover Han Ning’er’s tracks, many of them were members of the Gate Master’s own bloodline. These people were all sacrifices made for Han Ning’er’s sake, so Han Ning’er felt ashamed to face them. Thus, when she ran into this senior brother of hers, she planned to bring him with her to the Ziling Zone, but this required Zhao Feng’s agreement.

“Oh?” Understanding the reason, Zhao Feng stared even harder at this youth.

The youth couldn’t help but look at Zhao Feng’s golden left eye.

*Bzzzz!*

He felt like his soul was sinking into it, unable to escape. He felt like everything about himself, including his innermost thoughts, had been seen through by Zhao Feng.

A hint of shame inadvertently appeared in the youth’s eyes.

*Whoosh!*

Suddenly, Zhao Feng's left eye turned away from him.

"Greetings! I am Han Ning'er's senior brother!" The youth averted his gaze, not daring to meet Zhao Feng's eyes again.

The other people present also noticed the peculiar situation just now. It was only now that they noticed Zhao Feng's eyes, which seemed to belong to some unique bloodline. However, just based on the traits of this eye, they were not able to determine any specific bloodline.

"Han Ning'er, this person was sent by Yellow Dragon Pavilion. Your whereabouts have been exposed!" Zhao Feng silently messaged Han Ning'er.

This person had only reached the Demigod level, and he had a poor personality, so Zhao Feng was able to use illusion arts to affect his mind. Moreover, Zhao Feng's left eye also noticed the Soul Intent of a powerful True God on this youth's body; it was clear that his life was under the control of another.

The people of Yellow Dragon Pavilion knew that finding a single person in the Gulong Zone was far too difficult. Thus, Yellow Dragon Pavilion had enslaved many people of Spirit Grass Gate and had them wander around the nearby territories.

Just as they expected, Han Ning'er saw someone from Spirit Grass Gate and went up to speak with them. It probably wasn't too long ago that Han Ning'er's senior brother had secretly sent the information of her location to Yellow Dragon Pavilion.

"No, how could that be?" Han Ning'er naturally understood the meaning of Zhao Feng's words, but she didn't believe that her senior brother would do such a thing.

"Quasi-God Jian Feng, where do you plan to go once the Gulong Martial Gathering is over?" Zhao Feng inquired.

"Once the Gulong Martial Gathering is over, the Gulong Zone Quasi-God Ranking Competition will start soon afterward, so I'm prepared to return to the race and enter secluded cultivation!" Quasi-God Jian Feng's eyes burned with the will to fight. His goal was the top twenty of the Quasi-God Ranking.

Zhao Feng nodded. If there was no other way, he could only bring Han Ning'er with him and temporarily take shelter with the Sky Haze Race. Of course, if he had a chance, Zhao Feng could also form a relationship with some other powerful faction during the martial gathering.

One day later...

The Exchange Spiritual Hall was almost empty of people. The Sky Haze Race and Zhao Feng's group had also headed off for Five Star Mountain.

"Brother Zhao, I hear that six prodigies of the Quasi-God Ranking have come to the Gulong Martial Gathering!" Quasi-God Jian Feng was extremely excited, and he was itching to fight.

Other than the organizers – Quasi-Gods Zi Feng and Tian Xue – and the Quasi-God that Zhao Feng met earlier – Quasi-God Lin Guang – three other geniuses of the Quasi-God Ranking were taking part in this

martial gathering. These six were essentially the six strongest people at this martial gathering, as well as the six that every other Quasi-God prodigy wanted to challenge.

Five days later, everyone arrived at Five Star Mountain.

The pavilions and towers built upon the five corners were packed with people. These people either belonged to some major faction or possessed incredible power in their own right.

Cultivators at the Demigod level or below who did not have the backing of a major faction could only remain on the perimeter of Five Star Mountain.

“Let’s go.” The Sky Haze Race group flew to a pavilion on one of the mountains.

“That brat came!” Hou Qing immediately focused on Zhao Feng. In this martial gathering, he cared for nothing else except humiliating Zhao Feng.

“Zhao Feng...!” Quasi-God Di Lin of the Golden Jade Race stared in shock.

When leaving the Golden Jade Race, he had run into Zhao Feng, but he lost him soon afterward. Little did he think that he would run into Zhao Feng again at the martial gathering.

But he felt no joy at this encounter, as Zhao Feng was with people from the Sky Haze Race. Although Quasi-God Jian Feng next to Zhao Feng was not an individual on the Quasi-God Ranking, he was still a rather famed Quasi-God genius of the Gulong Zone.

At the same time, more than half of the young Quasi-Gods present stared at Zhao Feng, their eyes clearly glowing with hostility.

“I hear that this brat disrespected Quasi-God Tian Xue!”

“It was that golden-haired rascal who provoked Quasi-God Tian Xue? During the martial gathering, I’ll let him get a good look!”

Many young Quasi-Gods on Five Star Mountain discussed Zhao Feng as they shot loathsome glares at him.

It was clear that the matter of Zhao Feng displeasing Quasi-God Tian Xue had spread far and wide, and it only became more exaggerated the more it spread. In truth, all Zhao Feng did was slightly shake his head when looking in Quasi-God Tian Xue’s direction.

“Quasi-God Tian Xue, did someone offend you?” a handsome youth dressed in a violet robe, his body exuding a violet glow, asked in concern.

Quasi-God Tian Xue might have been ranked seventh on the Gulong Zone Quasi-God Ranking, but in looks, she was definitely number one. In the top twenty of the Gulong Zone Quasi-God Ranking, all the men wanted nothing more than to obtain Quasi-God Tian Xue’s favor. He – Quasi-God Zi Feng – was no exception.

“No,” Quasi-God Tian Xue indifferently replied.

In truth, Zhao Feng could not really be considered to have offended her. He just slightly shook his head while looking at her. This was a great shock to Tian Xue and instinctively stimulated her disgust.

“It must be that brat!” Quasi-God Zi Feng’s gaze fell upon Zhao Feng, and his lips curled with disdain.

“Once the gathering begins, challenge that man and humiliate him for me!” Quasi-God Zi Feng messaged the Quasi-Gods standing behind him.

As one of the organizers of this martial gathering and the fifth-ranked Quasi-God genius, Zi Feng naturally could not challenge Zhao Feng himself.

“That is...?” Han Ning’er suddenly noticed several people on another mountain. These people were all True Gods, and the one leading them was none other than True God Zhongtu.

“Zhao Feng spoke the truth!” Han Ning’er’s eyes instantly dimmed.

Next to her, Han Ning’er’s senior brother noticed nothing at all.

As night fell, more and more people gathered around Five Star Mountain.

Suddenly, Quasi-God Tian Xue and Quasi-God Zi Feng stood up together. This action immediately caused an uproar

“Quasi-God Tian Xue!”

“That’s Quasi-God Zi Feng, the fifth-ranked prodigy on the Quasi-God Ranking!”

Everyone’s eyes turned toward this pair. One was a supreme genius of the Gulong Zone while the other was the goddess that reigned supreme in everyone’s hearts.

Upon standing, the pair announced the start of the Gulong Martial Gathering.

*Thump!*

A tall and thin figure next to Quasi-God Zi Feng immediately jumped onto the stage down below.

“This one is Tao Jin of Violet Night Hall! Is there anyone here willing to exchange a few pointers?” The tall and thin figure scanned the crowd.

Violet Night Hall was one of the Gulong Zone’s three five-star factions. Although Tao Jin didn’t have much of a reputation, given that he was a Quasi-God of Violet Night Hall and the first to step onto the stage, he could not possibly be a weakling.

“Let me experience Brother Tao’s Illusion Wind Technique!” A muscular man with rough and dark yellow skin jumped down from another mountain.

“Okay! I haven’t fought you in a while!” Tao Jin looked at this muscular man, his eyes brimming with the will to fight.

It was clear that the two knew each other and often sparred.

*Bzzzz!*

Once the two of them stepped onto the stage, the protective array around the stage activated.

“Three Strikes of Illusion Wind!” Tao Jin’s body exploded with dazzling violet light which transformed into countless gusts of illusory violet wind that circled the muscular man.

*Hwoooooom!*

Suddenly, several hundred violet silhouettes attacked the muscular man from within this illusory wind.

“Golden Tyrant Body!” The muscular man’s body suddenly grew twenty feet, and a pressure that could shake the heavens began to exert itself on the surroundings.

However, these violet silhouettes were imbued with Wind Intent and were in harmony with the earth, minimizing the effects of this pressure.

*Boom! Bang! Crash!*

The two descended into a fierce clash, the fighting stage covered in violet silhouettes and dark yellow fists. The array around the stage blocked all the power of these attacks.

“These two are both very strong!”

“Of course. They’re both Quasi-God prodigies of major factions!”

The spectators were all effusive with their praise.

Tao Jin was a genius of a five-star faction while the other man was a member of a peak four-star faction. Both of them were extremely strong.

“Endless Illusion Wind!” Tao Jin seemed to transform into an enormous illusion that struck the muscular man with a dreadful Wind energy that sent him flying to the edge of the stage.

“I concede!”

After his victory, Tao Jin left the stage. The martial gathering had a rule that the same person could not fight two battles in a row.

With the first battle concluded, many Quasi-God geniuses were itching to fight and show off their own skills.

*Whoosh!*

In an astonishing flash of lightning, a white-clothed man appeared on the stage.

“That’s Quasi-God Thundercry!”

The faction behind Quasi-God Thundercry was weaker than the factions behind the previous two fighters, but in his four-and-a-half-star faction, Quasi-God Thundercry could be considered the most outstanding genius, and his reputation was not insignificant.

“You, get down here!” Quasi-God Thundercry stared directly at Zhao Feng.

“Me?” Zhao Feng was stunned. He didn’t expect to enter the stage so quickly.

“Brother Zhao, it’s about time for you to show off your strength!” Quasi-God Jian Feng said with a smile. He wanted to witness just what level Zhao Feng had reached.

“Haha, that rascal offended Quasi-God Tian Xue. You can’t even count the number of people who want to challenge him!”

“Now that you mention it, just who is this golden-haired brat? I’ve never heard of him before!”

The crowd was buzzing with chatter as they waited in expectation for this battle.