

K O G 1241

Chapter 1241 – Entering the Spiritual Race

“You know her!?” Elder Yu’s expression contorted in shock as he gave Zhao Feng a doubtful stare.

The Spiritual Race was one of the Ziling Zone’s four five-star factions, and he knew all of the prodigies that were highly valued by this faction. Among them, the Spiritual Race’s Zhao Yufei was extremely outstanding. She was only beneath one and stood above ten thousand, and the Spiritual Race had placed its hopes on her.

Impossible! This kid can’t know Zhao Yufei! Elder Yu mentally rejected this idea.

Zhao Feng had come from the Gulong Zone, and he had a mediocre bloodline. It was impossible to have a relationship with Zhao Yufei of the Ziling Zone. Elder Yu was more liable to believe that Zhao Feng was one of Zhao Yufei’s admirers; he had made her the goddess of his dreams and merely wanted to see her.

“Zhao Yufei... Spiritual Race!” Han Ning’er softly muttered in shock.

She finally learned who the person Zhao Feng wanted to find was, and this person was actually a part of the five-star Spiritual Race. It was no wonder Zhao Feng was so concerned about her that he would cover such vast distances to meet her.

“Is there any way for me to see her or get in touch with her?” Zhao Feng inquired.

Zhao Feng presumed that this Elder Yu would not be able to help him. Zhao Feng was so anxious with his questions because, once Elder Yu said that he could do nothing, Zhao Feng could immediately leave to seek out other methods.

“This...” Elder Yu frowned as he fell silent.

The Spiritual Race was a five-star faction, and the Life Origin Sect was one of its subordinate factions. However, he was just an ordinary elder of the Life Origin Sect. He truly had no way of helping Zhao Feng meet with a prodigy of the Spiritual Race like Zhao Yufei.

If I don’t help this kid, he’ll definitely stick around! Elder Yu pondered.

Han Ning’er was clearly interested in Zhao Feng. If Zhao Feng stayed, the two were likely to end up as a couple. After all, the two had traveled together to the Ziling Zone and experienced many things together. Moreover, Han Ning’er had the Eye of Life and was perfect in both looks and character.

“Senior Yu, please help him out,” Han Ning’er softly whispered.

“I can use my connections to get you into the Spiritual Race, but you would just be a worker disciple...” Elder Yu finally said after a long period of thought.

In a faction, worker disciples were handymen and would normally never have a chance to interact with any important individuals.

Above the worker disciples were the periphery disciples. Once one became a periphery disciple, they were truly considered a part of the Spiritual Race faction and were protected by the Spiritual Race. But

the Spiritual Race was a five-star faction, so not even someone with Elder Yu's connections could make a person of ambiguous origins into a periphery disciple of the Spiritual Race.

"Little fellow, I see that you're extremely strong and talented. Even if you're a worker disciple, I'm confident that, if you do the job well, it won't take long for you to be promoted to periphery disciple!" Elder Yu knew that the status of a worker disciple was too low and hurriedly added.

"Worker disciple..." Zhao Feng's brow creased in thought.

As a worker disciple, he would have no chance to meet Zhao Yufei. However, Elder Yu was right in that, if he performed well as a worker disciple, he would have a chance of becoming a periphery disciple.

"If you're not willing, you can choose to wait for eighty years. After eighty years, the Spiritual Race will recruit disciples. Someone of your abilities should easily get in," Elder Yu continued.

Even if he didn't say this, Zhao Feng would have eventually found out.

To cultivators, eighty years wasn't very long at all. Some True Gods would spend several centuries in secluded cultivation.

"Young Master Zhao, why don't you remain here for a while and wait eighty years before going to the Spiritual Race..." Han Ning'er began to persuade Zhao Feng to remain.

A worker disciple was simply too low of a status. No faction would worry about whether such a person lived or died. Zhao Feng was so outstanding that Han Ning'er found the thought of him performing common chores somewhat unbearable.

"I'll have to trouble Senior Yu. I want to go to the Spiritual Race!" Zhao Feng decided after thinking it over.

Zhao Feng couldn't wait eighty years. He would also find it difficult to enter the Spiritual Race through other avenues.

Han Ning'er's gaze instantly dimmed. Zhao Feng didn't even mind becoming a handyman to enter the Spiritual Race and see Zhao Yufei.

"Okay. Just wait a little while, and I'll arrange for your journey to the Spiritual Race!" Elder Yu's brightened in joy.

In his view, Zhao Feng admired Zhao Yufei and was willing to do anything to see her. However, Elder Yu couldn't care less about that. All he wanted to do was send Zhao Feng away and have Han Ning'er forget about him.

After arranging places to stay for Zhao Feng and Han Ning'er, Elder Yu left.

Upon going to his own room, Zhao Feng entered the Spacetime Robe to cultivate.

Many five-colored chestnut-shaped crystals floated in front of Zhao Feng. Pure Five Elements Intent energy saturated the area around Zhao Feng for him to comprehend.

Zhao Feng had reached Level Four in two of the five elements. Once he raised the other three elements to Level Four, his Five Elements Divine Power would receive a significant boost in power.

After some time, the five-colored crystals lost their light and became ordinary crystals.

Swish!

Zhao Feng took out three fruits. These fruits contained Intent energy and could help Zhao Feng increase his Intent and refine his soul.

The techniques Zhao Feng cultivated made him particularly powerful in various aspects, but Zhao Feng's Soul Intent was still at the level of a Rank Three True God, and he found it difficult to advance any further. This caused the power of some of his eye-bloodline techniques to fall behind.

But once Zhao Feng broke into the True God level, his Soul Intent would advance to the strength of whichever rank he managed to reach.

One day, Zhao Feng met with Han Ning'er.

Zhao Feng would soon leave the Life Origin Sect for the Spiritual Race. Through all the joys and sorrows they had experienced on their journey to the Ziling Zone, the two had long ago formed a friendship that could not be described with words, so Zhao Feng found himself somewhat unwilling to leave.

"What kind of person is she to you? Is she worth all that you do for her?" Han Ning'er curiously asked.

"I promised her that I would find her!" Zhao Feng finally replied after a long time. Zhao Feng really didn't know how to answer Han Ning'er's first question.

"I hope that you meet her soon!" Han Ning'er smiled as she wished him well.

Zhao Feng nodded and accompanied Han Ning'er in a stroll around the Life Origin Sect.

The Life Origin Sect was a peak four-star faction of the Ziling Zone, and given that doctors held power in this faction, its status was even more unique. If not for his concern over Zhao Yufei, Zhao Feng wouldn't have minded staying in this faction to cultivate and slowly advance.

Several days later, Elder Yu came to find Zhao Feng.

"You can set off now." Elder Yu warmly smiled.

After bidding farewell to Han Ning'er, Zhao Feng was accompanied by an elder of the Life Origin Sect to begin his journey to the Spiritual Race.

As Zhao Feng took his leave of the Life Origin Sect, an azure-clothed man stood near the Life Origin Sect, his face the color of white jade and his bearing graceful and elegant.

This man was Zhao Feng's clone, Zhao Hui. Zhao Feng planned to have Zhao Hui stay in the Life Origin Sect to cultivate the Medicine Dao.

Zhao Feng also felt that there was something off about Elder Yu. Han Ning'er possessed the Eye of Life, but the Life Origin Sect had shown little reaction to Han Ning'er's arrival. From this, one could see that Elder Yu had not reported this matter to his superiors. Thus, Zhao Feng decided to leave Zhao Hui here to mix into the Life Origin Sect when it began to recruit disciples.

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As one of the four five-star factions of the Ziling Zone, the Spiritual Race controlled one-fourth of the Ziling Zone. It naturally could not be located on the outer edge of the Ziling Zone. Fortunately, Zhao Feng had an elder of the Life Origin Sect with him, so he could travel along the teleportation arrays of four-and-a-half-star and peak four-star factions.

A little more than half a year later, Zhao Feng arrived at the Spiritual Race.

He was greeted by the sight of enormous multi-colored mountains of crystal. These crystal mountains were home to lush plant life and blue waters, and the song of birds and the aroma of flowers filled the air. This was a crystalline fairyland.

“What thick worldly Yuan Qi!”

Even before he entered the Spiritual Race, Zhao Feng sensed through his left eye that the Spiritual Race was awash with thick Yuan Qi. He conjectured that a high-quality God Crystal vein was beneath the territory of the Spiritual Race!

Of course, the area directly above this God Crystal vein was certain to be a core area of the Spiritual Race that only the core disciples and upper echelon members of the Spiritual Race could enjoy.

After going through a series of questions, Zhao Feng smoothly arrived at the Spiritual Race. After receiving the various objects a worker disciple should possess, Zhao Feng became a worker disciple of the five-star Spiritual Race.

“In the Spiritual Race, you’ll be fine as long as you don’t offend a core disciple...” the elder of the Life Origin Sect advised Zhao Feng before leaving.

If Zhao Feng inadvertently offended a core disciple, the one who recommended him would suffer a major disaster.

The outer edge of the Spiritual Race, Celestial River Valley Region:

Zhao Feng, wearing the uniform of a worker disciple, came to a crystalline palace.

“I am a recently-arrived worker disciple, Zhao Feng. Attendant Liu, please assign me a task,” Zhao Feng flatly said.

Besides work, worker disciples could only work.

“Go to the spirit herb area to the northwest and tend to the spirit herbs of the fourth plot!” After a long while, a voice issued from the palace.

Zhao Feng received the proper tools, including a basic map of the Spiritual Race’s outer edge.

Zhao Feng quickly arrived at the fourth plot of land in the spirit herb area. The herbs grown here were all for people at the Mystic Light Realm to use.

“Eh? This kid is new.”

Zhao Feng’s arrival attracted the notice of the other worker disciples of the spirit herb area. Quite a few disciples shook their heads and sighed as they shot pitying glances at Zhao Feng.

At this moment, a bushy-browed man strode over to Zhao Feng from the first spirit herb plot.

“Heh, Peng Zhuo’s come out.”

“Who told him to be a newcomer? Besides, Peng Zhuo’s methods aren’t that rough.”

The nearby worker disciples chatted among themselves as they watched.

“Kid, you’re a newcomer, right? In the future, I’ll leave my work here to you!” Peng Zhuo went up to Zhao Feng, his large and muscular body two heads taller than Zhao Feng’s.

“Will Attendant Liu not say anything if I help you?” Zhao Feng curiously asked.

“Haha, it’s fine as long as the task is completed. His old self won’t care who completed it!” Peng Zhuo heartily laughed as he confidently stared down Zhao Feng.

“Oh, so it was okay to find other people to finish my tasks!” Zhao Feng nodded. “I leave this plot to you. Tend to it for me.”

With these words, Zhao Feng began to head to a nearby hut. This hut was where the worker disciples stayed.

“Kid, what did you say just now?” Peng Zhuo’s face twisted in rage as he barked. His body began to exude a ruthless aura.

Newcomers truly were newcomers. They had no idea how high the heavens were. He would have to teach him to submit.

“It’s over. This newcomer has no idea how powerful Peng Zhuo is and dared to butt heads with him!”

“Hah, he’ll learn to be obedient after this lesson!”

The nearby worker disciples prepared themselves to watch a good show.

Chapter 1242: Deterrence

“Kid, what did you say just now?” Peng Zhuo’s face twisted in rage as he barked. His body began to exude a ruthless aura.

Newcomers were newcomers, so they didn’t know just how high the heavens were. He would have to get rough to make this fellow submit.

“Did you not hear what I said? Is there a problem with your ears?” Zhao Feng suddenly turned and curiously asked.

These words caused the surrounding worker disciples to laugh and quietly sigh over Zhao Feng’s ignorance. Peng Zhuo was one of the strongest worker disciples in this spirit herb area. His cultivation was at the late stage of the Mystic Light Realm.

“You’re seeking death!” Enraged, Peng Zhuo circulated his Mystic Light Sacred Power and lunged at Zhao Feng.

It appeared that Peng Zhuo's massive body was about to send Zhao Feng flying. The worker disciples could already hear Zhao Feng's scream and his face wracked in terrible pain.

But when Peng Zhuo reached Zhao Feng, he bizarrely stopped, and all his power drained away.

"What's going on!? Why did Peng Zhuo stop?" The nearby worker disciples yelled in surprise.

But only Peng Zhuo himself knew what happened. It wasn't that he wanted to stop, but that he couldn't move at all. In front of Zhao Feng, his blood and Sacred Power had frozen, and even his soul had been sealed. He was powerless.

What made him even more afraid was that Zhao Feng had apparently done nothing. He was just looking at him with a faint smile on his face.

How could this be!? What level of cultivation is this person at? Peng Zhuo mentally howled.

He suddenly realized that he couldn't even speak without Zhao Feng's permission. Peng Zhuo was even more afraid now, and he looked at Zhao Feng with fear and trepidation.

"I'll leave all my missions for you to finish. You heard it this time, right?!" Zhao Feng slowly spoke before turning around and entering the wooden hut.

After Zhao Feng left, Peng Zhuo felt like he had been relieved of a great burden, and he dropped weakly to the ground.

"What's going on? Peng Zhuo didn't attack him!"

"This newcomer seems to be very strong."

A few of the worker disciples were somewhat shocked and confused as to why Peng Zhuo had done nothing, but those with shrewder gazes could see that Zhao Feng was not ordinary. They decided that, in the future, they absolutely could not offend Zhao Feng.

No matter how well a worker disciple performed, they would still need to wait a certain amount of time to become a periphery disciple. Thus, Zhao Feng could not be in too much of a rush.

Upon entering his room, he began to cultivate. As was his normal habit, Zhao Feng cultivated the Five Elemental Wind Lightning Technique and the Golden Kun Sacred Lightning Body.

After that, he began to research the spacetime eye-bloodline techniques Spacetime Seal and Spatial Lock Eye.

Zhao Feng had long ago begun to comprehend the Spatial Lock Eye, but because he had never particularly emphasized it, he had never been able to fully display its power. As for the Spacetime Seal, it was a divine-level high-class eye-bloodline technique, and Zhao Feng didn't know where to start with cultivating it.

While comprehending these two eye-bloodline techniques, Zhao Feng also began to comprehend Spacetime Intent. Zhao Feng had long ago reached Level Four in Space Intent, but the more profound Time Intent was still at Level One and still some ways from reaching Level Two.

A month later, Zhao Feng emerged from his hut.

“This... I’ve already done as you ordered and took very good care of this plot!” Peng Zhuo rushed up to Zhao Feng and respectfully said.

The nearby worker disciples were all dumbfounded by this sight. They had never imagined that Peng Zhuo would actually do as Zhao Feng said and take very good care of this spirit herb plot. On top of that, when Zhao Feng came out, Peng Zhuo acted like an obedient little brother reporting the situation to his big brother.

“Not bad.” With these simple words, Zhao Feng left.

The worker disciples had to report the state of their assignments to their supervisor every month and would receive a reward based on the level of completion.

“Mm, not bad!” Attendant Liu within the crystalline palace took out some rewards and gave them to Zhao Feng.

He knew the situation of the spirit herb area like the back of his hand. This time, Attendant Liu inspected Zhao Feng a little more carefully. However, he soon discovered that he couldn’t see through Zhao Feng at all.

“Attendant Liu, I would like a little more work!” Zhao Feng said with a smile.

Zhao Feng took four tasks from Attendant Liu.

Upon returning to the spirit herb area, Zhao Feng gave his rewards to Peng Zhuo. These rewards consisted of cultivation resources and Yuan Crystals useful to those at the Mystic Light Realm. They were nothing but trash to Zhao Feng, and putting them in his Interspatial Dimension would just take up space.

Zhao Feng then went to the areas where his four other tasks were. Zhao Feng would randomly find a worker disciple in the area and then release a sliver of pressure to make the disciple submit and be willing to work for him.

After doing all this, Zhao Feng returned to his hut and began to cultivate.

Zhao Feng had no idea that his conduct had incurred the public indignation of all the worker disciples in the nearby areas. Secretly, these worker disciples gathered together and were planning to deal with Zhao Feng. In their view, Zhao Feng was acting far too tyrannically for a new worker disciple.

Just as they were secretly discussing this matter, a cry of alarm came from outside; “Shi Weinan has come back!”

It wasn’t long before a well-proportioned man with a handsome face and cold eyes walked in.

The worker disciples immediately stopped talking, their faces twisted in shock. This Shi Weinan was the number one worker disciple of this Celestial River Valley Region. His cultivation was at the Demigod level.

It was said that he had come to the Spiritual Race as a worker disciple so that he could eventually become a periphery disciple through his good performance. A while ago, he had left with a periphery disciple to complete an outside mission. He had just come back, so he would probably leave the ranks of the worker disciples soon and become a periphery disciple of the Spiritual Race.

“Big Bro Shi, you’ve finally returned. There’s a new worker disciple who’s been acting way too overboard...” Peng Zhuo immediately stepped forward, embellishing the events before explaining what Zhao Feng had done.

“Does this person not have any regard for me?” Shi Weinan’s eyes focused, and the surrounding temperature dropped several degrees.

Seeing that Shi Weinan had decided to act, the other worker disciples all grew excited.

Every day, someone was keeping an eye on Zhao Feng’s room. As long as he came out, the others would be immediately informed.

However, Zhao Feng was thinking about nothing else except handing over his completed assignments after one month so that he could get more tasks. As a result, Zhao Feng spent this entire month in cultivation.

One month later, several dozen worker disciples gathered in front of Zhao Feng’s hut. The one leading them was none other than Shi Weinan. The worker disciples around him were all of the outstanding worker disciples from the surrounding area. Peng Zhuo was among them.

“It’s been a month. Is this kid still not coming out!?”

“Maybe he knows we want to deal with him and is intentionally hiding?”

In the back, several worker disciples who came to see the show were chatting.

“Zhao Feng, hurry and come out. The worker disciples need to report on their missions to Attendant Liu every month!” Shi Weinan suddenly shouted.

This voice was suffused with a formidable Soul Power. Zhao Feng’s hut immediately began to creak.

At the same, the door to the hut was pushed open.

“This is Zhao Feng?” Shi Weinan stared with cold eyes at Zhao Feng, a cold sneer on his lips.

To everyone else’s surprise, Zhao Feng strode toward Shi Weinan with an indifferent expression on his face.

Shi Weinan didn’t notice anything at the start, but as Zhao Feng approached, his expression rapidly began to shift. By the time Zhao Feng arrived in front of him, his entire body had been sealed. He could not move or speak.

The worker disciples behind Shi Weinan were in the same situation. All of them were stone statues with the most flabbergasted and astonished eyes.

Peng Zhuo was in a terrible state of mind. He had thought that, with all these people, including Shi Weinan, they would have been able to deal with Zhao Feng. But the result was the same; in front of Zhao Feng, all of them lost control over their bodies.

How could this be? Shi Weinan was absolutely dumbfounded. He struggled with all his power, but he realized that it was all futile.

“If there’s a next time, I’ll kill you all!” Zhao Feng scanned the crowd as he coldly spat out these words. His tone was light, but his words were drills of ice that bore into everyone’s hearts.

Zhao Feng didn’t want to expose himself too much, but if he didn’t give these people a harsh lesson, they would keep coming back to make trouble for him. Thus, Zhao Feng needed to thoroughly intimidate them.

Zhao Feng then left to report to Attendant Liu.

“This Zhao Feng is very strong!”

“If he’s this strong, why is he a worker disciple!?”

After Zhao Feng was gone, everyone plopped to the ground and began to whisper to each other.

When Zhao Feng came to Attendant Liu’s palace this time, Attendant Liu was already standing outside as if he had been waiting for him.

“You should be a powerful Quasi-God. Why did you want to become a worker disciple for the Spiritual Race?” Attendant Liu asked with a grim expression.

“I want to enter the Spiritual Race, and I can only do that by being a worker disciple,” Zhao Feng frankly said.

He didn’t want to offend this Attendant Liu yet, as this man’s recommendation was required for him to become a periphery disciple.

“If your performance remains good, you can become a periphery disciple in less than half a year.” Attendant Liu gave a slight nod, a hint of pride in his eyes.

Such a talented Quasi-God was willing to become a worker disciple all for the sake of becoming a periphery disciple of the Spiritual Race. As a member of the Spiritual Race, Attendant Liu was bursting with pride.

“I would also like to ask Attendant Liu about a certain person,” Zhao Feng said.

“Oh?” Attendant Liu’s expression froze. It seemed like this was Zhao Feng’s true goal.

“I wish to know about the Spiritual Race’s Zhao Yufei!” Zhao Feng directly said.

After a moment of shock, Attendant Liu seemed to think of something and bellowed in laughter.

“You didn’t come to be a worker disciple for the Spiritual Race because of Zhao Yufei, right?” Attendant Liu chuckled as he asked.

Among the women of the Spiritual Race, Zhao Yufei was number one in both looks and talent. She was the goddess that dwelled in the hearts of all the worker disciples and periphery disciples, and she had countless suitors in the Ziling Zone.

At this moment, Attendant Liu took Zhao Feng to be another of Zhao Yufei’s admirers, perhaps even one of those seeking her hand. But even so, Attendant Liu still somewhat admired Zhao Feng for not even minding becoming a worker disciple just to get close to Zhao Yufei.

"I suppose you can say that," Zhao Feng ambiguously replied.

Attendant Liu smiled and indicated that he understood. Just who wouldn't love a beauty like Zhao Yufei? And besides, it was precisely young people like Zhao Feng being so impulsive that they were capable of anything.

Afterward, Attendant Liu told Zhao Feng everything he knew about Zhao Yufei. Zhao Feng earnestly listened and finally gained a little understanding of Zhao Yufei's circumstances in the Spiritual Race.

After chatting for a while, Zhao Feng took his leave.

"I didn't think that Zhao Yufei would have such a high status in the Spiritual Race." Zhao Feng chuckled. It appeared that he had been deeply underestimating the rarity of Zhao Yufei's Spiritual Race bloodline.

The Spiritual Race's faction had a vast population, but the members of the actual Spiritual Race were extremely rare. Ninety-nine percent of the Spiritual Race's population was made up of members recruited from the outside and subordinate factions.

Just when Zhao Feng was ready to return to his hut, his God's Spiritual Eye suddenly noticed a hint of bloodline energy.

"The energy of the Spiritual Race's bloodline!" With a stunned expression on his face, Zhao Feng began to fly off in the direction of that energy.

Chapter 1243: Rise to Fame

After spending some time with Zhao Yufei, Zhao Feng could remember what the energy of the Spiritual Race bloodline felt like. The moment Zhao Feng sensed this energy, the first thought that came to him was: *could this person be Zhao Yufei?*

If this was the Continent Zone, Zhao Feng could be certain that this person was Zhao Yufei, but this was the Spiritual Race; the number of people with the Spiritual Race's bloodline was not small.

As he followed this energy, Zhao Feng quickly left the Celestial River Valley Region. Gradually, a woman with a sparkling body like that of white glass appeared in front of Zhao Feng.

This woman had a pure and simple beauty, and the nature of her Spiritual Race bloodline made her seem both noble and gorgeous. But from her pouting lips and her rising brows, he could tell that she was clearly in a foul mood.

Several young men from different races stood around this young woman.

"Qingying, where do you want to go? I'll take you there." A bewitchingly beautiful young man with a gentle face waved his white jade fan and smiled.

Zhao Feng viewed this party from a distance.

This woman clearly possessed the bloodline of the Spiritual Race while the youths around her possessed unusual cultivation. They were probably the Quasi-God geniuses of the Spiritual Race's subordinate factions.

Given that they could communicate with this girl, these people would probably be able to communicate with Zhao Yufei too.

As for Zhao Feng's status, it was too lowly, so these people were not guaranteed to pay any attention to him. However, if these people were willing to help him deliver a letter, Zhao Feng might be able to directly meet with Zhao Yufei.

As Zhao Feng was thinking to himself, the Spiritual Race girl noticed Zhao Feng and gave a smug smile. In her view, Zhao Feng had been enchanted by her appearance and was staring at her in a daze. In addition, although Zhao Feng wore the uniform of a worker disciple, his appearance and bearing were extremely outstanding, not one bit inferior to the youths around her.

"You, come over here!" Wei Qingying suddenly stopped and pointed at Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng was slightly stunned. He was just thinking about whether he should go up to these people and ask if they could take a letter to Zhao Yufei, but this woman of the Spiritual Race had asked for him instead.

"Qingying, why do you want to talk that person?" The bewitching young man coldly glared at Zhao Feng as he spoke.

Zhao Feng immediately flew over to Wei Qingying.

"Who do you believe is the most beautiful person in all of the Spiritual Race?" Wei Qingying put on a coquettish expression and a charming attitude as she softly asked.

The young prodigies around her understood what Wei Qingying was after. Before Zhao Yufei had come to the Spiritual Race, the number one beauty of the Spiritual Race was Quasi-God Luo Yu, and Wei Qingying was the person who stood beside Quasi-God Luo Yu.

But ever since Zhao Yufei had arrived at the Spiritual Race, the constant stimulation of her thick bloodline had caused her cultivation talents to be fully unleashed. With her already fairy-like appearance, Zhao Yufei gradually supplanted Quasi-God Luo Yu as the goddess that dwelled in the hearts of all the men of the Spiritual Race.

However, since Zhao Yufei had come from outside the zone, the people belonging to the Spiritual Race of the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods felt a mental repulsion toward her. Moreover, Zhao Yufei's superb talent and gorgeous appearance had made her the envy of all the other women of the Spiritual Race.

Just this morning, Wei Qingying had been talking behind Zhao Yufei's back when she ran into the person in question and received a stern lesson.

"This..." Zhao Feng paused for a few moments. He never would have imagined that this girl of the Spiritual Race called him over just to ask this question.

"Hurry and speak!" the bewitching man next to Wei Qingying coldly barked.

Everyone knew that Wei Qingying was one of Quasi-God Luo Yu's followers. This servant could say any name except that of Zhao Yufei, but if he wanted to form a good relationship with Wei Qingying, it would be best if he said that Quasi-God Luo Yu was the most beautiful.

“Of course, Miss is the most beautiful!” Zhao Feng said with a smile.

Zhao Feng knew barely anything about the Spiritual Race. The only woman he knew was Zhao Yufei. However, Zhao Feng could tell that this Spiritual Race woman was currently rather peeved, so this response would probably cater to her mood.

“Hehe!” Wei Qingying immediately gave a soft giggle.

She had originally believed that this servant would say that Quasi-God Luo Yu was the most beautiful, but he said that it was her. Although she knew that Zhao Feng wasn’t telling the truth, she was still quite happy to hear these words.

The young prodigies around her looked at Zhao Feng with disdain. Even if Zhao Feng regarded Zhao Yufei as his goddess, he only needed to mention Quasi-God Luo Yu to avoid offending Wei Qingying. They all found Zhao Feng rather shameless for saying that the most beautiful was Wei Qingying.

“Mm. Your cultivation is decent, and your performance is good. After a little while, I’ll have them promote you to periphery disciple!” Wei Qingying’s mood improved, and she immediately found this young man rather pleasant to look at.

As she inspected Zhao Feng, she felt that he was more handsome than any youth she had seen before. His indifferent and proud face, his naturally gorgeous golden hair... all of his features made her eyes shine.

The look on Wei Qingying’s face made all the other youths coldly glare at Zhao Feng. They were all geniuses from subordinate or vassal factions of the Spiritual Race, and they knew that they could never reach as high as the prodigious daughters of the Spiritual Race like Zhao Yufei or Quasi-God Luo Yu. Thus, they placed their sights on the women of the Spiritual Race with somewhat lesser talent. After all, the Spiritual Race was ranked 19th among the ancient races, so joining together with this bloodline would advance their own cultivation and bless their descendants as well.

“Many thanks!” Zhao Feng was somewhat delighted. Even if he performed well, he would need to wait some time to be promoted to periphery disciple, but in her good mood, Wei Qingying promised that she would have Zhao Feng directly promoted to periphery disciple.

“Qingying, where do you want to go? I’ll come with you!” A young prodigy who saw that Wei Qingying’s mood had improved immediately stepped forward to ingratiate himself to her.

“Okay!” Wei Qingying was now much more in a mood for a stroll.

“Please wait,” Zhao Feng suddenly spoke.

Wei Qingying was in a good mood and had a good impression of Zhao Feng. Perhaps if Zhao Feng asked her to deliver a letter, she would agree. Thus, Zhao Feng called out to Wei Qingying.

“Servant, why did you speak!?” The bewitching young man next to Wei Qingying immediately snapped at Zhao Feng. He had long ago grown sick of seeing of Zhao Feng. A mere worker disciple dared to speak with the target of his affections?

“What do you want?” Wei Qingying was willing to disregard Zhao Feng’s lowly status for a moment.

"I was wondering if Miss was willing to help me deliver a letter to Zhao Yufei." Zhao Feng ignored those youths and directly voiced his request.

But once he made his request, Wei Qingying and the young prodigies around her immediately fell silent. After a long while, a youth's cold laugh broke the silence. The other youths also began to scornfully laugh as well as look pityingly upon Zhao Feng.

Oh no. Zhao Feng felt that something was wrong. The expressions on their faces as well as Wei Qingying's were all wrong.

"You want to communicate with Zhao Yufei?" Wei Qingying suddenly revealed a bizarrely terrifying smile.

Before Zhao Feng could say anything, Wei Qingying added, "It seems like you're also after Zhao Yufei, but you – a mere worker disciple – want to get close to Zhao Yufei?"

"Rest easy. I will tell Zhao Yufei that there's a worker disciple of the Spiritual Race that is seeking her hand!"

Wei Qingying's face was cold as she gave a bewitching smile.

Whoosh!

Wei Qingying immediately left.

"Haha, kid, you truly don't know the difference between life and death!" A youth gloated.

"Although your cultivation isn't bad, you won't be able to become a periphery disciple for the rest of your life, much less meet with Zhao Yufei!" The bewitching youth with the feather fan threw down these words before following Wei Qingying.

Zhao Feng now knew that Wei Qingying probably did not have a very good relationship with Zhao Yufei. She probably wanted to use this matter to ridicule Zhao Yufei.

But if Zhao Yufei noticed him because of this, that would be a fine result.

Zhao Feng had no idea that Zhao Yufei had far too many pursuers and suitors in the Ziling Zone, so many that they couldn't be counted. But Zhao Yufei herself seemed to already have someone in mind and paid no attention to these pursuers.

After returning to Celestial River Valley, Zhao Feng gave the missions Attendant Liu had given him to the other worker disciples. Zhao Feng was now the boss of the worker disciples of Celestial River Valley, so he naturally had a bunch of underlings willing to do his missions for him.

Zhao Feng himself returned to his hut to cultivate. He had no idea that, by the next day, the news that he admired Zhao Yufei had been spread throughout the entire Spiritual Race.

Those true prodigies who were after Zhao Yufei only gave scornful smiles and treated the entire matter as a joke. But the periphery disciples of the Spiritual Race, as well as the worker disciples of other regions, came to see what sort of person Zhao Feng was.

One day, while Zhao Feng was cultivating in the Spacetime Robe, he sensed several powerful Spiritual Senses, and even Divine Senses, brazenly scanning his hut.

Swish!

Zhao Feng left the Spacetime Robe. Divine Sense was used by Quasi-Gods and True Gods, and these naturally could not be worker disciples.

“Why have so many people come?” Zhao Feng was rather astonished.

The worker disciples received no protection from the Spiritual Race. No one would care if they were bothered, even if they were in the middle of cultivating. Even Quasi-Gods had come to disturb Zhao Feng this time.

Zhao Feng left his hut.

“Zhao Feng’s come out!” someone immediately called out the moment Zhao Feng emerged.

In a flash, all the nearby worker disciples turned to look at Zhao Feng. At the same time, several proud youths appeared in the sky. These people all had unusual bloodlines and powerful cultivations.

“This was the person who asked Wei Qingying to help him get in touch with Zhao Yufei?” a muscular and bulky man chatted with someone next to him.

“Mm, he looks rather decent, and his cultivation is pretty good too. He’s just little lacking in intelligence. A mere worker disciple dares to lust for Zhao Yufei?” The green-skinned youth next to him was rather rude, his words cold and scornful.

Standing next to Shi Weinan was a long-faced youth who wore the uniform of an outer sect disciple.

“It’s him...” Shi Weinan whispered in that person’s ear.

“Hmph, a toad craving swan flesh. I’ll give you a lesson that you won’t forget!” The long-faced youth strode toward Zhao Feng. Shi Weinan had requested that he teach a lesson to a worker disciple, and this person that Shi Weinan wanted dealt with just so happened to be that person who had recently become famous as a worker disciple who was after Zhao Yufei. This instantly drew the long-faced youth’s interest.

Chapter 1244: Periphery Disciple

Shi Weinan stared gloomily at Zhao Feng. Earlier, Zhao Feng caused him to lose all face before many worker disciples. After that moment, Shi Weinan began to use his connections with the periphery disciples so that a periphery disciple would come and teach Zhao Feng a lesson. By doing this, he could recover his dignity and also intimidate the worker disciples.

The long-faced youth was a periphery disciple of the Spiritual Race with the cultivation of a Rank One Quasi-God. The other periphery disciples in the area who had come to see Zhao Feng for themselves saw that the long-faced youth was going to move, so they ceased chattering and prepared to watch the show.

“Today, I’ll have you experience the power of a periphery disciple!” The long-faced youth circulated his Divine Power and transformed into a white light that instantly appeared next to Zhao Feng.

Boom!

As the youth punched, a fist of white Divine Power exploded forth.

“Look, that’s Divine Power!”

“A periphery disciple... how strong!”

The worker disciples couldn’t hide the admiration and respect in their eyes as they watched.

Pop! Hiss!

Just when the long-faced youth’s fist was about to hit Zhao Feng, Zhao Feng’s entire body began to crackle with electricity as he shot to the side.

“Eh? The kid managed to dodge it!” The muscular man was somewhat surprised.

“Heh, that kid has to have some strength if he can dominate the worker disciples!” The green-skinned man next to him gave a sinister chuckle.

In his view, Zhao Feng was probably a Rank One Quasi-God. Unless he possessed some profound movement technique, he would never be able to dodge the long-faced youth’s attack.

The long-faced youth, seeing that his first attack did not succeed, immediately continued his assault. Explosions rang out as white rays of light gouged out shallow pits in the crystalline ground.

But none of these attacks were able to hit Zhao Feng.

“Kid, do you only know how to dodge!?” the long-faced youth furiously barked.

As a periphery disciple, he challenged a worker disciple. If he wasn’t able to do anything to this worker disciple, what face would he still have to continue standing among the ranks of the periphery disciples?

“You want me to stop dodging? Alright.” Zhao Feng’s eyes focused.

Rumble!

With a boom, Zhao Feng rushed to the back of the long-faced youth and punched. Caught off guard, the youth was sent flying dozens of feet before crashing into the ground.

The surroundings instantly fell silent. No one had expected for Zhao Feng to defeat this periphery disciple in a single blow.

“You... you sneak-attacked me!” The long-faced youth went red in the face as he shouted.

It was far too shameful to be defeated in a single blow by a worker disciple, and this was the only excuse he could find.

“That’s right, Zhao Feng sneak-attacked him. Otherwise, how could he defeat a periphery disciple!?” Shi Weinan immediately agreed.

Everyone could see that Zhao Feng was too fast, allowing him to immediately get behind the long-faced youth and defeat him. The crowd gradually came around to this reason.

“Brother Chen, Brother Zhao, let’s work together and capture this shameless fellow!” Seeing that the crowd believed his excuse, the long-faced youth immediately requested help from the other periphery disciples.

Whether or not Zhao Feng had actually sneak-attacked him, the power of that fist was tremendous, so the long-faced youth judged that he was no match for Zhao Feng. However, he needed to defeat Zhao Feng today, no matter what methods he had to resort to!

“Okay.” The green-skinned youth agreed and charged in.

“Hmph! A worker disciple dares to act so brazenly!?” The muscular youth threw his massive girth at Zhao Feng as he shouted.

The two of them were already sick of looking at Zhao Feng. Now that Zhao Feng had defeated the long-faced youth – a periphery disciple just like them – they were even more displeased.

“Three periphery disciples are attacking together!” a worker disciple yelled in surprise.

No matter how strong Zhao Feng was, he was probably finished this time.

Some of the nearby periphery disciples felt this sight to be rather shameful and lowered their heads in preparation to leave. Three periphery disciples attacking one worker disciple was simply too shameful. In their view, Zhao Feng’s defeat was certain, and there was no need to keep watching.

But before they could leave, they heard shrill screams ringing in their ears. To their shock and surprise, these screams seemed to belong to their fellow periphery disciples.

What they saw was Zhao Feng traveling between the trio like a lightning bolt.

Bang!

With a single punch, the long-faced youth was sent flying backward again. Another punch had the muscular youth eating dirt. The final punch flew forth!

The three periphery disciples were all knocked to the ground.

At this moment, all the surrounding spectators were frozen to their spots in shock. Even the three periphery disciples that Zhao Feng just defeated had incredulous looks on their faces.

Two of them were Rank One Quasi-Gods and the other was a Rank One True God. Anyone who could so easily defeat them had to be at least a Rank Two, but how could Zhao Feng possibly be that strong?

While their minds were still reeling, Zhao Feng began to walk toward the long-faced youth.

“No...”

The long-faced youth was ready to say something when Zhao Feng kicked him. He wanted to block, but he was helpless; a weight as heavy as a mountain sent his body flying hundreds of feet.

Zhao Feng then went to the muscular youth and kicked him as well, breaking many of the bones in his body.

Finally, Zhao Feng came to the green-skinned youth.

“You would dare? You would dare injure me? Do you know who my cousin- ah!” The green-skinned spat out a vicious threat at Zhao Feng, but Zhao Feng stomped on his body.

After this stomp, Zhao Feng began to kick him. Only when all the venomous hatred in the youth’s eyes vanished did Zhao Feng finally stop.

“You can all scram now!” Zhao Feng coldly barked.

The worker disciples all scattered, and the periphery disciples left. The area around Zhao Feng’s hut was finally quiet.

“This is no good. As a worker disciple, I have no privacy!” Zhao Feng’s eyes became pensive.

While he was cultivating, these Quasi-Gods and True Gods brazenly scanned his hut with their Divine Senses. Someone with a stronger Divine Sense could even discover the secret of Zhao Feng’s Spacetime Robe.

“I guess I’ll have to use a few tricks,” Zhao Feng softly muttered.

Zhao Feng headed for Attendant Liu’s palace.

Attendant Liu was standing in front of the entrance, his expression stern and solemn as he looked at Zhao Feng.

“You shouldn’t have injured the periphery disciples, particularly that Zhao Hongyi!” Attendant Liu coldly rebuked.

Although Zhao Feng had put on an astonishing performance, the periphery disciples he injured would definitely be coming back. The Zhao Hongyi that Attendant Liu referred to was the green-skinned youth, and he had an older cousin who was an outstanding inner disciple.

The highest status disciples in the Spiritual Race were the core disciples. These people either had the bloodline of the Spiritual Race or were extremely outstanding geniuses. Beneath them were the inner disciples. Although the inner disciples were inferior to the core disciples in status, some of them were actually even stronger than the core disciples.

Attendant Liu originally planned to promote Zhao Feng to periphery disciple after a few months, but this seemed impossible now.

“Haaa, I was helpless. If I didn’t defeat them, those three might have killed me!” Zhao Feng put on a helpless expression, but as his golden eye locked onto Attendant Liu, a violet-gold mist appeared in it.

Attendant Liu began to appear confused, and when he looked at Zhao Feng again, he appeared to be a little more empathetic.

“Attendant Liu, I want to become a periphery disciple. Only then can I have the strength to protect myself and avoid getting into even more trouble.”

Zhao Feng continued to stare at Attendant Liu as the illusory mist in his left eye grew even thicker. A profound Soul energy began to seep into Attendant Liu's mind.

Attendant Liu was just the manager of these worker disciples and was only a Rank Two True God. He was incapable of resisting Zhao Feng's illusion arts.

Of course, Zhao Feng was not directly controlling Attendant Liu, only subtly guiding him so as to avoid being discovered if someone decided to investigate this matter.

"Mm, that's all that can be done." Attendant Liu nodded.

"Many thanks, Attendant Liu!" Zhao Feng smiled and returned to his own hut.

Just as predicted, the news of Zhao Feng defeating the periphery disciples was soon spread throughout the Spiritual Race. A few periphery disciples wanted to immediately go and kill Zhao Feng, but when they learned that Zhao Feng had easily defeated three periphery disciples, they fell silent. Perhaps only the top three periphery disciples would be able to deal with Zhao Feng.

It wasn't long before an even more astonishing piece of news spread through the periphery disciples.

"Zhao Feng was promoted to periphery disciple this month!"

Many periphery disciples had been discussing how to deal with Zhao Feng because the Spiritual Race didn't care about the life or death of a single worker disciple. But now, Zhao Feng was also a periphery disciple!

As this matter drew more and more discussion, it finally attracted the notice of many inner disciples.

More than seventy percent of the male inner disciples were hoping to court Zhao Yufei. A person who was also after Zhao Yufei became a worker disciple to do so, and he even managed to work his way to becoming a periphery disciple, so he would naturally attract their interest.

One day, Zhao Feng moved into a residence meant for a periphery disciple.

Periphery disciples were given a palace hall for their own use. The Heaven Earth Yuan Qi of this place was twice as concentrated as it was in the area inhabited by worker disciples.

Only by becoming a periphery disciple could one truly be considered to have entered the Spiritual Race and thus obtain its protection.

"This person was the one who defeated three periphery disciples!"

"He must be a genius of some other faction of the Ziling Zone. For the sake of pursuing Zhao Yufei, he was willing to become a worker disciple! It's not strange at all for someone of his strength to become a periphery disciple!"

Some nearby periphery disciples began to comment on and criticize Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng ignored these people and headed into his palace.

At this moment, cries of surprise and shock came from in front of Zhao Feng.

"Big Bro Pan Hao!"

“Big Bro Pan Hao, how did you find the time to come here?”

Many periphery disciples began to respectfully greet a certain youth.

Zhao Feng could see that this youth was wearing the uniform of an inner disciple. His nose was rather flat, his eyes and mouth were rather large, and his skin had an oily sheen. Overall, he appeared rather comical.

This inner disciple called Pan Hao was currently looking right at Zhao Feng as he slowly walked over.

“You should be Zhao Feng, right?” Pan Hao gave Zhao Feng an interested look as he bluntly asked.

I just became a periphery disciple, and an inner disciple is already paying me a visit? Zhao Feng was rather surprised.

Inner disciples had an extremely high status in the Spiritual Race, and Zhao Feng only just became a periphery disciple, so he didn’t want to make too big of a ruckus.

But if an inner disciple really wanted to try something with him, Zhao Feng would not be polite.

“Haha, kid, you’re really interesting. Bold and crazy! This Pan Hao admits defeat!” Pan Hao chortled, his eyes shining with praise.

Zhao Feng’s face froze, the situation not turning out as he predicted.

The nearby periphery disciples had also believed that Pan Hao came to make trouble for Zhao Feng, but his words left their minds reeling.

Pan Hao followed Zhao Feng into Zhao Feng’s new residence.

“Although I admire your daring and courage, you don’t have a chance with Zhao Yufei,” Pan Hao bluntly stated, his tone indicating that he wasn’t joking and was quite serious.

“You have no idea; almost all the outstanding inner disciples are after Zhao Yufei. Of course, they also don’t have a chance. The only people with even a hope of being with Zhao Yufei are the core disciples. That’s right – I heard you crippled Zhao Hongyi. His older cousin is one of the most outstanding inner disciples, a Rank Four True God...”

Chapter 1245: Another Meeting with Yuan Long

Zhao Hongyi was the green-skinned youth who Zhao Feng had defeated several days ago. His older cousin was an outstanding inner disciple who had long ago broken into the True God level and was already a Rank Four True God.

“Why are you telling me all this?” Zhao Feng bluntly asked after listening to everything.

Zhao Feng was thoroughly puzzled as to why the inner disciple Pan Hao would come to find him and give him so much advice.

“As a Quasi-God prodigy, you don’t even mind becoming a worker disciple to pursue Zhao Yufei. I deeply admire your conduct. You probably have a sincere love for Zhao Yufei!” Pan Hao earnestly said.

“Second, you offended Zhao Hongyi’s cousin, Zhao Lanyi, and among the inner disciples, I happen to be standing opposed to Zhao Lanyi. I came this time to take a look at you and see if you had any hope of becoming a part of my side.” Pan Hao explained his second reason.

The conflicts within the inner disciples were incredibly vicious, as they were related to their opportunities to become core disciples. If Zhao Feng had the strength and potential to become an inner disciple, then Pan Hao needed to get ahead of the crowd and pull Zhao Feng to his side.

Zhao Feng nodded. It seemed like it was no coincidence that Pan Hao came to find him. However, he really didn’t care about the struggle between the Spiritual Race’s inner disciples.

“What about you? Are you not trying to court Zhao Yufei as well?” Zhao Feng curiously asked.

“I suppose I am....” Pan Hao needed to think a little before answering.

There was no one who didn’t love a woman that was both talented and gorgeous, but Pan Hao knew that he would never be able to obtain Zhao Yufei’s favor. Thus, he had no desire to step into that quagmire. But his father spent every day urging him to pursue Zhao Yufei, constantly blabbering about fate and destiny and “who knows?” Maybe Zhao Yufei would take a liking to his son.

Pan Hao could do nothing else except play the part of one of Zhao Yufei’s suitors.

“Pan Hao, you’re an inner disciple. Can you deliver a letter to Zhao Yufei?!” Zhao Feng blurted out as the idea came to him.

“My apologies, I’m not that extraordinary among the inner disciples, so Zhao Yufei would never agree to see me.” Pan Hao chuckled. Despite everything he just said, Zhao Feng was still set on pursuing Zhao Yufei.

Zhao Feng lowered his head, realizing that he had underestimated Zhao Yufei’s status in the Spiritual Race.

“With your current status, you might be able to get a meeting with Zhao Yufei in the next few decades, but...” Pan Hao smiled, leaving Zhao Feng hanging.

“But what?” Zhao Feng realized that Pan Hao was up to something.

“But recently, some of the Spiritual Race’s core disciples have been talking about holding a conference. They’ve invited many core disciples and inner disciples....” Pan Hao smiled.

Zhao Feng knew that Zhao Yufei was definitely one of these core disciples.

“Brother Pan, bring me along!” Zhao Feng’s face shifted as he immediately requested.

“It’s best if you don’t go. This conference is actually being hosted by Quasi-God Luo Yu and Zhao Yufei. These are the two goddesses of the Spiritual Race. Their many suitors will almost all be there,” Pan Hao advised.

All the inner disciples already knew of Zhao Feng’s reputation. If Zhao Feng really appeared, he would definitely end up as a target.

Zhao Feng said nothing, but his eyes remained locked onto Pan Hao.

“You really want to go?”

Zhao Feng didn't have the right to participate in the conference, but even if Pan Hao didn't tell him, he would definitely come to know about such a major event sooner or later. Moreover, a madman like Zhao Feng was probably willing to do anything.

“I can bring you, but you'd better not make any trouble!” Pan Hao warned Zhao Feng.

As long as Zhao Feng didn't cause any drama, he didn't see any problem with bringing Zhao Feng to have a look.

Pan Hao and Zhao Feng then began to discuss the topics of this conference.

Pan Hao finally left Zhao Feng's residence in the middle of the night.

“Oh, that's right, you can relax. Zhao Lanyi is currently in seclusion and won't try to make trouble with you for the time being. Take this time to use the cultivation resources provided to peripheral disciples and increase your strength.” Pan Hao gave one last word of advice before leaving.

He could tell that Zhao Feng possessed many hidden reserves and was probably not weak. This was indeed someone who could join his side, but Zhao Lanyi was still a Rank Four True God. There was no way Zhao Feng was a match for him, so he decided to warn Zhao Feng against doing anything too out of line.

Once Pan Hao was gone, Zhao Feng entered his own seclusion. Now that he was a peripheral disciple, others could not recklessly disturb him while he was in seclusion, and they certainly weren't allowed to probe him with their Divine Sense.

One month later, Zhao Feng left his palace. Peripheral disciples didn't need to perform menial labor, but they needed to take a small mission every month. They would receive a reward commensurate with the difficulty of the mission.

Many new missions would be posted in the mission hall every day. The difficulty levels ranged from the Demigod level to that of a Rank Seven Ancient God, with the divisions being extremely strict. They were available for all the disciples of the race to choose from. These missions could not only be used to temper oneself, but also obtain rewards.

At this moment, intense ripples of Divine Power came from the distance. All the disciples around the mission hall turned to look.

“That is...?” Zhao Feng focused on the horizon. He saw that a small team of three were seated on a flying Yao God that was approaching the mission hall at an extremely fast speed.

The Spiritual Race had a rule that ordinary disciples could not ride flying mounts within the Spiritual Race.

“That's... a core disciple of the Spiritual Race!” someone called out in shock.

Two of the people on that flying mount had the bloodline of the Spiritual Race.

“So cool!” A female disciple turned her clear eyes toward the youth sitting at the very front of the flying mount.

This youth had a face that would make even a woman envious, and his Spiritual Race blood only made him even more handsome and noble.

But at this moment, this youth was looking right at Zhao Feng.

“It’s him!” This youth that was the focus of attention spoke at the same time as Zhao Feng.

“Yuan Long, you recognize that peripheral disciple?” a girl next to Yuan Long with a pure and simple beauty curiously asked.

“Haha, I didn’t think that you could get here!” Yuan Long couldn’t help but smile.

He had followed his master when they descended to the Continent Zone. When they were taking away Zhao Yufei, he had truly not regarded Zhao Feng very highly. However, Zhao Feng actually managed to rely on his own abilities to enter the Spiritual Race, even becoming a peripheral disciple. This was proof that Zhao Feng was no fool.

Everyone around the mission hall was stunned. The majority of them took Zhao Feng to be a Quasi-God who had worked his way up from being a worker disciple in his pursuit of Zhao Yufei. They never would have expected Zhao Feng to know Yuan Long, a core disciple of the Spiritual Race and one of its true prodigies.

“But the current you is even less of a fit for Senior Sister Yufei.” With this indifferent comment, Yuan Long headed into the mission hall.

The surrounding crowd was in an uproar, as it now seemed that Zhao Feng’s pursuit of Zhao Yufei was not just a one or two-day affair.

“This kid has probably been trying to court Zhao Yufei for a long time.”

“So clingy! Just a toad trying to eat swan flesh!”

The nearby disciples couldn’t help but comment on this matter.

After some time, Yuan Long and the other two disciples finished receiving their rewards and emerged from the hall. Yuan Long gave Zhao Feng an apathetic glance before leaving.

The Spiritual Race girl with the pure and simple beauty gave Zhao Feng a smirk and walked up to him.

“The conference will be in a few days. You’d better show up!” the girl messaged him as she walked past.

“Mm?”

A feminine fragrance filled Zhao Feng’s nose as he sensed that an object had appeared in his hand. As the Spiritual Race girl messaged him, she furtively placed an invitation in his hand.

Zhao Feng gripped the invitation in shock as he watched the Spiritual Race girl leave.

Chapter 1246: Conference

Once the three core disciples were gone, the mission hall began to buzz with chatter.

“Why did Kong Die get so close to Zhao Feng?”

“Kong Die and Zhao Yufei have a good relationship. She was definitely warning Zhao Feng to stop trying to get involved with Zhao Yufei!”

Many of the people in the crowd began to criticize Zhao Feng.

No one realized that, when Kong Die got close to Zhao Feng, an invitation appeared in Zhao Feng’s hand, nor did anyone notice Zhao Feng immediately place this invitation in his Interspatial Dimension.

“That person is helping me?” Zhao Feng was amazed.

From the conversation of the disciples around him, Zhao Feng knew that this Spiritual Race woman called Kong Die seemed to be on very good terms with Zhao Yufei. However, if this girl wanted to help Zhao Feng, why didn’t she just tell Zhao Yufei about him instead of going through the trouble of giving him an invitation?

Other than that, after his brief interaction with Yuan Long, Zhao Feng finally understood how strong Yuan Long was.

“Rank Five True God!” Zhao Feng felt a chill in his heart.

Yuan Long wasn’t very old. The difference in age between him and Zhao Feng was practically insubstantial. At his current level of strength, Zhao Feng didn’t fear Rank Five True Gods, but Yuan Long also had his Spiritual Race bloodline, which allowed him to contend against Rank Six True Gods.

“If I try for the Heavenly Divine Realm at my current level, I have a fifty percent chance of reaching Rank Five.”

Zhao Feng was not at all discouraged. Once he successfully broke into the Heavenly Divine Realm, he would have no need to fear Yuan Long.

Moreover, Zhao Feng hadn’t even completed the last levels of his Sacred Lightning Body and Five Elemental Wind Lightning Technique yet. Thus, Zhao Feng still needed to wait until he had completed both of these techniques before making a go at the Heavenly Divine Realm.

At that time, he would be even more confident of becoming a Rank Five True God.

After entering the mission hall, he picked the easiest mission and finished it in three days. Zhao Feng then returned to his residence and entered seclusion.

One day, Pan Hao paid another visit.

“Let’s go! I’ll take you to experience the conference of inner disciples and core disciples.”

Zhao Feng soon arrived at the inner disciple living area, where the Heaven Earth Yuan Qi was even more thickly concentrated.

The number of people in the inner disciple area was extremely small, as the majority of the inner disciples had already left for the conference.

It didn't take long before Zhao Feng came to the core disciple living area.

The core disciples were the true focus of the Spiritual Race's training and resources. Each core disciple would receive enormous protection and nurturing from the Spiritual Race. There were some core disciples who were even weaker than periphery disciples, but their potential was top-class. With enough time, they would transform into experts.

In a little while, Zhao Feng came to a clear lake.

The lake was crisscrossed by small bridges, pathways, and pavilions. There were many youthful and talented figures on these bridges and pathways, chatting together in small groups.

"Quasi-God Luo Yu and Zhao Yufei are the main characters of this conference. They won't be coming that early." Pan Hao saw that Zhao Feng was scanning the crowd and immediately chuckled and explained.

"I brought you here so that you can get a glimpse of Zhao Yufei and also see how strong your competition is so that you can give up on this idea. Remember, don't make any trouble!" Pan Hao warned before they joined the conference.

Zhao Feng slightly frowned. He naturally wouldn't go offend someone without provocation, but some matters were simply unavoidable.

The two then stepped onto the small bridges that traversed the lake.

Although Zhao Feng's reputation had already spread among the inner disciples, most of them didn't know what he looked like. As for the core disciples, they rarely cared about the minor concerns of the lower ranks.

"Look over there! That's Core Disciple Zhang Yutong, a Rank Six True God. His ancestor had significant status within the Spiritual Race. He's one of the strongest contenders for Zhao Yufei's hand." As they walked along the bridges, Pan Hao would message Zhao Feng with introductions like this. Naturally, his goal was to discourage Zhao Feng from his foolish pursuit.

"They're all very strong." Zhao Feng nodded.

Those participating in this conference were incredible geniuses. They were either extremely strong or possessed supreme talent. Take that Zhang Yutong for example; Zhao Feng had never seen such a young Rank Six True God before.

Pan Hao nodded, believing that Zhao Feng had been suitably intimidated by all the geniuses they saw along the way and knew that he had no chance.

Pan Hao then began to introduce Zhao Feng to many inner disciples. Almost all these inner disciples belonged to Pan Hao's side. When they learned who Zhao Feng was, they began to scold Zhao Feng.

"I'm taking him to see Zhao Yufei and have him extinguish any thoughts of pursuing her!" Pan Hao whispered to them.

Those inner disciples said no more, sighing as they went to chat up a core disciple.

“Isn’t this Brother Pan?”

At this moment, a shrewd-faced youth appeared behind Pan Hao.

Pan Hao knew who it was the moment he heard the voice. He impatiently gestured toward the person.

“This is Cui Lin, one of Zhao Lanyi’s people,” Pan Hao secretly messaged Zhao Feng.

“Brother Pan, this Cui seems to be meeting this person beside you for the first time. Might you introduce him to me?” Cui Lin turned his cold and sinister gaze to Zhao Feng.

The inner disciples were essentially divided into two factions. Cui Lin and Pan Hao stood on opposite sides. Cui Lin didn’t recall Pan Hao’s faction having some golden-haired kid. Was this some newly promoted inner disciple?

“It’s not worth it for someone as important as Brother Cui to know such a lowly person.” Pan Hao immediately refused and took Zhao Feng to the outskirts of the conference.

“Be more inconspicuous for me. We can’t let them realize you’re a periphery disciple, or else they’ll give our faction a fierce beating, and humiliate you as well!” Pan Hao whispered.

The pair seated themselves down at the edge of the crowd, where fewer people were roaming. Pan Hao wasn’t really pursuing Zhao Yufei or Quasi-God Luo Yu, so he really didn’t care about the conference.

At this moment, many of the youths conversing fell silent and turned in the same direction.

“Look, Quasi-God Luo Yu has arrived!” Pan Hao nudged Zhao Feng’s shoulder.

Two Spiritual Race women appeared nearby, but everyone’s eyes were focused on the white-clothed woman standing on the right.

This person was like an ice fairy, her countenance like a lotus flower breaking the surface of the water. Her clear and bright eyes were like exquisite crystals while the curves of her body that occasionally revealed themselves as she walked aroused the hearts of all the young men watching.

“She’s Quasi-God Luo Yu?” Zhao Feng looked appreciatively at this fairy-like beauty.

Quasi-God Luo Yu was only a Rank Three Quasi-God, but as she held the Spiritual Race bloodline, her true fighting power was greater.

Zhao Feng’s focus quickly turned to the woman next to Quasi-God Luo Yu. This woman had a smug smile on her face. This was none other than the first Spiritual Race woman Zhao Feng met upon arriving at the Spiritual Race, Wei Qingying.

“Fairy Luo Yu, why don’t you join us?”

“Quasi-God Luo Yu, did you like the Nine-colored Heaven Yang Flower this Shen sent you?”

...

More than half of the youths in the pavilion immediately surged toward Quasi-God Luo Yu.

“To be able to welcome all of you to this conference makes Luo Yu extremely happy...” Quasi-God Luo Yu nodded and smiled at all these talented young men.

Thronged by all these prodigies, Quasi-God Luo Yu entered the conference area.

“Eh?” Wei Qingying suddenly noticed a golden-haired figure. At first stunned, she quickly broke into a faint smile.

Wei Qingying whispered a few words into Quasi-God Luo Yu’s ear, and Quasi-God Luo Yu instantly turned her faintly scornful eyes upon Zhao Feng.

Almost all the youths were focused upon Quasi-God Luo Yu, so when Quasi-God Luo Yu turned in a certain direction, they naturally wanted to see what she was looking at.

“Mm? What’s going on? Has Quasi-God Luo Yu taken a liking to me?” Next to Zhao Feng, Pan Hao immediately felt his heart start banging against his chest. He wasn’t one of Quasi-God Luo Yu’s pursuers only because he knew that he didn’t have a chance, but if Quasi-God Luo Yu took a liking to him, he would only be too happy to accept.

“Isn’t this that Zhao Feng who worked his way up from worker disciple out of his love for Zhao Yufei?” Wei Qingying gave a crafty smile, her eyes oozing contempt.

The crowd was flabbergasted by Wei Qingying’s words.

“I seem to have heard of something like that. So, that was this brat?” A core disciple coldly snorted as he glared at Zhao Feng.

“Zhao Feng!” In the crowd, Cui Lin was also startled.

Only core disciples and inner disciples should have been invited to this conference. He recalled that Zhao Feng had only been promoted to periphery disciple recently, so how could he have become an inner disciple so quickly?

Before he could think more deeply about this, a golden-clothed youth near Zhao Feng coldly jeered, “A toad craving for swan flesh! A lowly servant also wants to pursue Zhao Yufei?”

It’s over! Pan Hao inwardly groaned.

Zhao Feng’s brow creased as he turned to look at this golden-clothed youth. This youth had the Spiritual Race bloodline, but he was only a Rank Three True God. His look of extreme arrogance and the contempt in his eyes were more obvious than those of anyone else present.

“Endure it! He’s Jin Wei, one of Zhao Yufei’s ardent pursuers. He might be young and weak, but his ancestor wields immense authority in the Spiritual Race. Jin Wei’s ancestor has been strenuously pushing for him to go after Zhao Yufei to consolidate their lineage and status in the Spiritual Race!” Pan Hao messaged Zhao Feng an explanation of this person’s background and status.

“Servant, do you have the guts to fight a match with me? The one who loses has to get out!” Jin Wei’s scorn was further stimulated by Zhao Feng’s silence.

Half of the conference involved discussions and seminars, but the other half involved instructive duels. Not everyone had arrived, yet Jin Wei was already challenging Zhao Feng to a duel, intimidating him with his power.

Many inner disciples and core disciples looked with cold disdain and ridicule at Zhao Feng. Jin Wei was infamous for his arrogance and unruly behavior. His words were harsh and cutting, and he was undoubtedly one of the best at humiliating others. Moreover, Jin Wei's lineage had an extremely high status in the Spiritual Race, so even the core disciples didn't dare to provoke him.

Zhao Feng coldly stared back at Jin Wei. If he didn't leave, this person would almost certainly continue to humiliate him.

"Okay! I'd like to experience the power of a core disciple."

Just when everyone believed that Zhao Feng would leave in a huff, he stepped forward and accepted the challenge.

Pan Hao slapped himself on the forehead, believing that he had made a grave mistake in bringing Zhao Feng.

"Fairy Luo Yu, if you don't mind, I will take care of this servant before the conference begins!" Jin Wei smiled at Fairy Luo Yu.

"Luo Yu came this time precisely to witness the strength of all the talented people present..." Fairy Luo Yu smiled, clearly giving her tacit approval for this bout.

Chapter 1247: Finally Meeting Zhao Yufei

"Yufei, hurry up! The conference is about to begin!" Kong Die anxiously shouted.

Nearby was a pure and peerless beauty dressed in violet robes. Her snow-white skin shone with a crystalline luster, making her appear like a high and noble ice fairy.

But this gorgeous woman had a rather mournful expression and seemed to not be very interested in anything.

"The conference has nothing to do with me." Zhao Yufei appeared to be in no rush.

"Haaa, this is a conference that the upper echelons of the Spiritual Race held specifically for you and Quasi-God Luo Yu. There are so many people waiting for you!" Kong Die rushed over and began to pull on Zhao Yufei's arm, urging her to speed up.

"Hehe, I said before that I prepared a surprise for you at this conference. How can you not go?" Kong Die added.

"It's not like I don't know everyone there. What sort of surprise could it possibly be?" Zhao Yufei was a little curious.

"You'll find out once you get there..." Kong Die gave a mysterious smile.

...

In the crystalline clearing at the center of the lake, a core disciple stood across from Zhao Feng.

Wei Qingying chuckled as she activated the boundary array that would prevent the battle between the pair from affecting others.

All the disciples present had gathered around the fighting stage.

“This kid doesn’t have a strong bloodline. There’s no way he can resist Jin Wei’s Spiritual Race bloodline.”

Some of the core disciples had little interest in this battle.

First, the fighting power of both sides wasn’t very strong.

Second, there was no suspense about the result. Jin Wei wasn’t a very strong core disciple, but he still had the bloodline of the Spiritual Race. When fighting with him, one would experience greater pressure the weaker one’s bloodline was. Moreover, as a core disciple, Jin Wei cultivated only the best techniques and skills.

“Haaa, you should have just left. If you fight with Jin Wei, you’ll still have to leave after you lose anyway,” Pan Hao stood on the side and muttered.

Elsewhere, Quasi-God Luo Yu stared at Zhao Feng with a faint smile on her lips. Zhao Feng had a good face and bearing, and he possessed both courage and daring. Alas, he was one of Zhao Yufei’s pursuers, or else Quasi-God Luo Yu might have considered putting a stop to this battle.

“I’ll let you experience the true Spiritual Race bloodline!” Jin Wei waved his golden robe, his face brimming with arrogance and haughtiness.

“Slow down!” Zhao Feng suddenly said.

“What? Regretting it already?” Jin Wei sneered as he stared contemptuously at his opponent.

The crowd was also stunned. Was Zhao Feng really having second thoughts even though he was now on stage?

“If I lose, I have to leave the conference, but if you lose, you also have to leave the conference, right?” Zhao Feng casually smiled.

His words instantly earned the disdain of the crowd.

“This brat is too conceited!”

“He really thinks he’s all that!?”

Quite a few inner disciples immediately spoke up to flatter Jin Wei.

“Haha, I agree with your request, but I won’t be the one losing!” Jin Wei laughed as he confidently declared.

“Then let’s begin.”

Seeing that Jin Wei had agreed, Zhao Feng ceased to smile, and a bone-chilling aura began to rise from his body.

As Jin Wei looked into Zhao Feng's eyes, he couldn't help but tremble as a tiny sliver of fear emerged in his heart.

How could this be? Why would I be afraid of him!? Jin Wei was somewhat astonished.

Jin Wei immediately activated his Spiritual Race bloodline. In a flash, Jin Wei's body became transparent crystal bursting with a dazzling white glow. A majestic surge of bloodline energy flew at Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng's brow slightly creased. Although this Jin Wei was lacking in strength, he was quite skilled at using his bloodline energy. He truly lived up to his reputation as a core disciple.

After his constant refining, Zhao Feng had only managed to bring his Ancient Blood Devil Sun bloodline barely within the range of the top one thousand of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races. Using the Ancient Blood Devil Sun bloodline at this moment would be essentially useless because it would be fully suppressed by Jin Wei's Spiritual Race bloodline.

But Zhao Feng had no need to use his bloodline.

"Haha, this kid is probably seeing the true Spiritual Race bloodline for the first time!"

"His bloodline is impossible to use in front of Jin Wei!"

Quite a few people jeered at the sight of Zhao Feng just standing on stage, not circulating his bloodline.

"Spirit Accumulation Fist!"

As Jin Wei activated his bloodline, all the Heaven Earth Yuan Qi within the array was his to use.

Swoosh swoosh!

Countless white crystal shards flew around his body. These crystal shards formed a massive crystal fist that rumbled toward Zhao Feng.

This massive fist was about to strike Zhao Feng, but he still had not moved!

"Hehe! It would already be amazing if you can stop this move without circulating your bloodline!" Jin Wei was quite proud and arrogant after firing off this fist.

"Is that so?" Zhao Feng suddenly spat out these words.

Swish!

His body suddenly seethed with five-colored lightning, which formed into lightning tattoos that adhered to his body. At the same time, a force of physical lightning that could crush all swept out from his body.

The air itself seemed to sink down, and the crystal fist rumbling toward him also trembled.

Boom!

The weight of the lightning increased, crushing the crystal fist into powder and causing even the stage itself to shudder.

Nearby, Jin Wei was also caught off guard and was suppressed by this enormous physical force. The lightning also paralyzed his entire body.

“How!? Jin Wei’s attack was crushed!”

“How did he do it!?”

The crowd was blown away by these events. They initially believed that Zhao Feng would either suffer a miserable defeat or put up some desperate struggle for a while before losing. They never imagined a sight like this.

Thump!

Zhao Feng stepped forward, sending another wave of physical force and lightning sweeping through the stage.

Jin Wei felt his heart thump as another fierce impact fell upon his body.

Thump!

Zhao Feng took another step, and Jin Wei became ghastly pale.

A third step!

Jin Wei vomited blood.

A fourth step!

Jin Wei sat limply on the ground, his entire body shaking!

Hisss!

All was quiet around the fighting stage.

Zhao Feng had never once made an obvious attack. Just by walking forward, he heavily injured Jin Wei, who was no longer able to fight!

How was this possible? The many core disciples present found it impossible to believe that Zhao Feng had this kind of strength.

“This is his strength?” Pan Hao’s mouth was open so wide that one could stuff a large apple into it.

The array prevented them from being able to sense just how much power Zhao Feng was actually using, but anyone who could render Jin Wei so powerless was definitely no weakling.

“This brat...” Zhang Yutong’s eyes focused as he finally took a good look at Zhao Feng.

Fairy Luo Yu was also staring in a daze at Zhao Feng, at his handsome bearing, his cold and carefree face. This was a supreme sovereign of lightning, tyrannical beyond compare.

“Zhao Yufei!” At this moment, someone called out from the crowd.

“Zhao Yufei is here!”

Everyone immediately looked to the distance. A transcendent beauty, elegant and pure, clothed in a violet robe, was drifting over from the distance. At this moment, she was the most beautiful thing in the world.

Even Quasi-God Luo Yu was stunned for a moment, and then a tinge of envy crept onto her face.

“Yufei!” Jin Wei’s expression froze, and then he roared, “No, I can’t lose!”

He could not reveal such a miserable appearance before his goddess. He had to defeat Zhao Feng.

Swish!

A crystal sword appeared in his hand, covered in profound and exquisite blue lines. The moment this sword appeared, even the people outside the array noticed that sharp Sword Intent. They could even sense some of that sword’s Divine Power.

Jin Wei’s actions immediately made him the center of attention once more.

“High-quality divine weapon – Celestial Crystal Sword!” a core disciple immediately yelled out.

High-quality divine weapons were normally used by Ancient Gods!

“I didn’t think that Jin Wei’s ancestor would give him the Celestial Crystal Sword for his protection!” Zhang Yutong was alarmed.

The sharpness of high-quality divine weapons could only be blocked by another high-quality divine weapon.

“Divine weapons aren’t allowed to be used in the conference!” Pan Hao immediately called out in alarm.

This conference’s primary purpose was to have the geniuses of the Spiritual Race interact and exchange pointers, not engage in battles of life or death. Divine weapons were forbidden!

But nobody tried to stop Jin Wei. After all, they all hoped to see Zhao Feng disappear from this place.

But, the inconceivable occurred.

“Jin Wei, stop!” That distant violet-clothed woman suddenly gave a loud rebuke and charged onto the stage.

Kong Die immediately flew next to the stage and dispelled the array.

“Yufei, what...?” Jin Wei was taken aback. Zhao Yufei had never rebuked him before. What was going on here?

As Zhao Yufei arrived on stage, her hazy eyes seemed to be perpetually fixed on Zhao Feng.

“Yufei!” Zhang Yutong’s expression flickered. Zhao Yufei had never displayed much interest in anything. This was the first time he had seen such intense emotion from the woman he loved.

“Brother Feng... you’re finally here!” Zhao Yufei’s two hazy eyes saw nothing else in the world.

After thirty-some years, Zhao Feng had finally come to find her – thirty-some years that she had spent waiting. Even though thirty years was extremely short for Quasi-Gods, she felt like she had waited three thousand years, thirty thousand years...

Fortunately, he was finally here. She no longer needed to keep waiting.

“I came late....” Zhao Feng’s voice was somewhat unnatural.

His heart was deeply moved, and a hint of wetness appeared at the corner of his eyes. When he saw Zhao Yufei, his heart felt an inexplicable ache. He had an unprecedented desire to embrace this girl and not have her suffer any more harm!

“Yufei!” The crowd couldn’t help but exclaim in shock.

They could sense that Zhao Yufei and Zhao Feng seemed to have a very close relationship.

At this moment, Zhao Yufei grabbed Zhao Feng’s hand and began to lead him to the side.

“Let’s go elsewhere and chat!” Zhao Yufei revealed a dazzling smile.

“How could this be...!?” The crowd was overwhelmed. It was like someone had taken a hammer and slammed them all in the heart.

“Yufei...!” Jin Wei’s mind went blank, and the high-quality divine weapon in his hand dropped to the ground with a *Clang!*

No one had expected that their goddess would take the hand of some complete nobody. And this nobody used to be a worker disciple that all of them had jeered at no small number of times.

Cui Lin was flabbergasted as he took out a token and received a message. His face froze, and he immediately went up to Zhang Yutong and whispered a few words in his ear.

After a brief moment of surprise, Zhang Yutong’s eyes became harsh and fierce.

“Slow down! Zhao Feng, aren’t you just a periphery disciple? You dare to intrude upon a conference of inner disciples and core disciples!?” Zhang Yutong immediately barked.

“He’s just a periphery disciple!?” A few core disciples blurted out in shock.

Everyone believed that one had to at least be an inner disciple to enter this place. It was impossible in their minds for a periphery disciple to mingle in. How did Zhao Feng manage to come to this place with the status of a mere periphery disciple?

“A periphery disciple dares to sneak into this conference!?” Jin Wei suddenly stood up and savagely growled at Zhao Feng.

Chapter 1248: Zhao Yufei Strikes

With Spiritual Race core disciples Zhang Yutong and Jin Wei leading the way, the surrounding disciples began to voice their disapproval. Although they didn’t want to offend Zhao Yufei, the sight of their goddess holding the hand of a strange man was difficult to swallow. Besides, Zhao Feng was just a periphery disciple; the status between him and them was like that between heaven and earth.

“He was only a periphery disciple? He truly has no respect for the rules!” Wei Qingying shrilly cried out from next to Quasi-God Luo Yu. She initially found it very strange that Zhao Feng managed to get promoted to inner disciple so quickly, but as it turned out, he was only a periphery disciple.

“Get out of here!” Jin Wei angrily glared at Zhao Feng and bellowed. He had lost the battle just now, so only by humiliating Zhao Feng would he be able to vent his spleen.

It's over! Nearby, Pan Hao stirred from his shocked stupor and dropped his head with a sigh.

He was the one to bring Zhao Feng, and now that this matter was exposed, he would find it hard to extricate himself from any responsibility. Moreover, Zhao Feng had offended the majority of the inner disciples and core disciples here. Once they found out that he was the one who had brought Zhao Feng, their anger would spread to him as well as the inner disciple faction he belonged to.

“I was the one who let him come!” Zhao Yufei suddenly said, and then she turned to Zhao Feng with a tender look in her eyes.

The crowd that had been threatening Zhao Feng was instantly dumbfounded.

“Yufei, you...” Jin Wei was speechless. Zhao Yufei had no idea that Zhao Feng would even show up here, so how could she have let him come? It was clear that Zhao Yufei was taking Zhao Feng's side.

“Yufei, if you insist on standing up for him, we can't do anything about it, but the person you favor seems to be just a little too lacking in backbone. Does he only know how to stand behind you and have you block any storms for him?” Zhang Yutong looked at Zhao Feng and jeered.

Zhao Yufei was a Spiritual Race core disciple and was heavily favored by many of the elders, so if Zhao Yufei wanted to side with Zhao Feng, they couldn't do anything about it. Thus, Zhang Yutong chose to go at Zhao Feng instead!

“A fellow who can only depend on a woman!”

“If you've got the guts, come out and take responsibility!”

The surrounding disciples all began to deride Zhao Feng's conduct as shameless.

“Brother Feng, ignore them!” Zhao Yufei's hand tightened its grip.

Zhao Feng was just a periphery disciple of the Spiritual Race. He had no backer or patron. If he really did take responsibility for his actions, he was certain to suffer harsh punishment. These inner disciples and core disciples would be able to easily deal with Zhao Feng.

But at this moment, Zhao Feng stepped forward and calmly stared at Zhang Yutong.

Other than Kong Die, who was watching all this with a smile on her face, everyone was taken aback by Zhao Feng's action. He actually stepped forward!

“This conference did not have a clear rule stating that periphery disciples could not take part,” Zhao Feng calmly said.

Everyone nodded. There truly was no such rule. However, invitations had only been given to core disciples and some inner disciples.

“Correct, but invitations were not given to periphery...” Zhang Yutong had no idea what Zhao Feng was up to, but his voice remained cold and indifferent.

But he was too stunned to continue, and the second half of his sentence was swallowed back down his throat. At this moment, everyone was staring in astonishment at the invitation in Zhao Feng’s hand!

“This kid actually has an invitation!” Pan Hao’s eyes were round in shock as he realized that he was worrying over nothing.

“How? He’s a periphery disciple! How did he get an invitation!?”

“Damn it! Who gave it to him!?”

Quite a few people in the crowd were softly cursing under their breath.

Those who had the right to issue invitations were the core disciples, who wielded the most authority in this conference. How did Zhao Feng manage to meet a core disciple before the conference?

But there was no question that Zhao Feng had gotten his hands on an invitation, so he clearly had the right to attend this conference.

“Little Die!” Zhao Yufei gave an excited glance at Kong Die and realized that Kong Die had a face that said, “You owe me a favor.”

Kong Die then turned to Zhao Feng, her eyes turning gloomy. In truth, she also didn’t believe that Zhao Feng was suitable for Zhao Yufei, as there were far too many people better than Zhao Feng among Zhao Yufei’s suitors.

Just from the people present, Zhang Yutong was a Rank Six True God who could exterminate Zhao Feng as if he was a speck of dust. There were also many core disciples who weren’t participating in this conference because they were in seclusion, and there were also core disciples of the other factions of the Ziling Zone.

If she hadn’t heard Zhao Yufei often mention Zhao Feng and seen that worried and restless face she put on, Kong Die would have never helped Zhao Feng by giving him an invitation.

The crowd gradually backed down.

“You – shouldn’t you be leaving this place?” At this moment, Zhao Feng turned his eyes to Jin Wei and coldly spoke.

Jin Wei’s face froze, and then he remembered that his wager with Zhao Feng specified that the loser would leave the conference. He never imagined that he would lose, so he had not paid this wager any mind.

Jin Wei’s gaze was so vicious that it seemed like he wanted to devour Zhao Feng whole. In the end, he left with an angry harrumph. Even though he lost the battle to Zhao Feng, he had many methods available to him in the Spiritual Race to get rid of Zhao Feng.

As Jin Wei was leaving, a green-skinned man came up to him.

“Big Bro Jin Wei, where are you going?” Zhao Lanyi curiously asked. He had arrived late because he was in seclusion, but he presumed that the conference wasn’t over yet.

Jin Wei was in an absolutely awful mood and couldn’t be bothered to chat with Zhao Lanyi. Thus, he left without even giving Zhao Lanyi a glance.

Zhao Lanyi somewhat awkwardly entered the conference.

“Mm? Zhao Feng!?” Zhao Lanyi immediately spotted Zhao Feng’s figure standing in the large clearing at the center of the conference.

Before coming to the conference, he heard about everything from his cousin Zhao Hongyi, who had requested that he give Zhao Feng a fierce lesson.

At this moment, Zhao Feng was still standing on the fighting stage while Zhao Yufei was standing not far behind him. Wasn’t this the perfect moment for him to force Zhao Feng into battle and show off his strength?!

Thump!

Zhao Lanyi leaped onto the stage.

“Zhao Feng, you bullied my younger cousin. As the older cousin, I must avenge this injustice!” Zhao Lanyi stared at Zhao Feng, a faint smile on his lips.

He was an exemplary inner disciple, a Rank Four True God who was even stronger than some of the core disciples.

The surrounding crowd was eerily quiet with strange looks on their faces. For an inner disciple like Zhao Lanyi to dare challenge a person who Zhao Yufei favored was nothing but suicidal in their eyes. In addition, Zhao Feng’s own strength was not to be underestimated.

But Zhao Feng was an eyesore to everyone present, with some core disciples already thinking about how to get rid of him. As a result, they all hoped to see Zhao Lanyi and Zhao Feng fight so that they could get a true measure of Zhao Feng’s strength.

However, those inner disciples who were allied with Zhao Lanyi would naturally tell him what was going on.

“Zhao Lanyi, that kid is very strong, and he also has some kind of relationship with Zhao Yufei!” someone silently messaged.

“What...?” Zhao Lanyi’s will to fight was instantly extinguished.

At this moment, he finally realized that Zhao Yufei was staring at him with a bone-chilling glare.

Zhao Lanyi was somewhat regretting his decision to come a little late, which resulted in him not knowing of the relationship between Zhao Feng and Zhao Yufei. Even if he really did defeat Zhao Feng, he would just end up offending Zhao Yufei.

But now that he was riding the tiger, it was hard to get back down. He just challenged Zhao Feng to a battle, and Zhao Feng had still not replied. Now, Zhao Lanyi could only silently pray that Zhao Feng would refuse.

“Brother Feng just fought a match. Let me take his place.” Zhao Yufei stepped forward, her gorgeous face a sheet of ice.

“No! Miss Yufei, this might be a little inappropriate...” Zhao Lanyi hurriedly replied in surprise.

Zhao Yufei was a core disciple with a thick bloodline and incredible cultivation talent. She was outstanding in every aspect and was someone he did not dare to offend. In addition, Zhao Yufei had always been a woman that he admired, so he found himself incapable of attacking her.

“There’s nothing inappropriate about it!” Zhao Yufei’s eyes flashed with icy light.

Bzzzz!

Zhao Yufei’s skin suddenly became like transparent crystal that shone with a violet luster. A vast bloodline energy made the Heaven Earth Yuan Qi in the area churn and roil.

With a wave of her hand, a violet barrier of light flew forward. The pressure of the Spiritual Race bloodline restrained Zhao Lanyi’s in various ways, making it impossible for him to dodge, so he could only do everything in his power to fend off this blow.

Boom! Bang!

Zhao Lanyi flew backward out of an explosion of violet crystal shards. Many parts on his body had crystallized, even the blood trickling from his lips having congealed into red crystal.

“Zhao Yufei is even more skilled at using her bloodline!”

“The Rank Four True God Zhao Lanyi was defeated in a single blow by Zhao Yufei!”

The surrounding disciples were all blown away by this sight.

The envy in Quasi-God Luo Yu’s thickened. She was no longer even capable of taking a single technique from Zhao Yufei.

As Zhao Yufei turned back around, the cold and harsh look on her face thawed into a tender and affectionate gaze. She once more took Zhao Feng’s hand and brought him away from the conference.

“Yufei, the thickness of your bloodline seems to be greater than that of any other person of the Spiritual Race,” Zhao Feng mumbled in shock. He had never imagined that Zhao Yufei would be just as dazzling in the Spiritual Race as she had been in the Continent Zone.

“Hehe, I’m nothing compared to you!” Zhao Yufei gave a rare blush of shame.

No matter the time or place, she would always hold Zhao Feng to be an insurmountable mountain. Even now, Zhao Yufei was confident that Zhao Feng was far stronger than anyone imagined.

Pan Hao watched enviously as the number one beauty of the Spiritual Race took Zhao Feng out of his sight. “This kid, he already knew Zhao Yufei!”

...

Before the conference had even begun, Zhao Feng crushed Jin Wei, and Zhao Yufei defeated Zhao Lanyi in a single blow, after which the two left hand in hand.

The core disciples present had lost any semblance of grace or elegance. Only a few inner disciples were still cheerfully chatting up some core disciples.

“Heh, Sister Luo Yu, although this conference is a mess, this isn’t necessarily a bad thing for you!” Wei Qingying craftily smiled as she spoke to Quasi-God Luo Yu.

“True. The upper echelon of the Spiritual Race won’t permit Zhao Yufei to get together with trash....”

Now that Quasi-God Luo Yu thought about it, Wei Qingying’s words were quite reasonable. By daring to reach for Zhao Yufei, Zhao Feng had doomed himself to tragedy. Moreover, Zhao Yufei provoking the upper echelon of the Spiritual Race and the other core disciples was precisely what Quasi-God Luo Yu wanted.

Nobody knew that the upper echelon of the Spiritual Race had been watching this conference the entire time.

“This boy was the one that Zhao Yufei was always concerned about? How did he get to the Spiritual Race?”

“It seems like this boy’s arrival allowed Zhao Yufei to achieve a minor breakthrough. She has even stronger control over her bloodline now!”

“No matter what, we can’t allow this brat’s low-class bloodline to pollute the bloodline of the Spiritual Race!”

Chapter 1249: Pressure

After leaving the conference, Zhao Feng and Zhao Yufei began to stroll through the magnificent core lands of the Spiritual Race. Everything here was made from various colored crystals. The high-quality God Crystal vein down below made it so that the thick Heaven Earth Yuan Qi hung in the air like a thin mist, rendering the place a fairyland.

Zhao Yufei was a lively and adorable fairy, her movements lithe and graceful, her joy difficult to conceal. She was well aware of how vast the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods was. She originally believed that Zhao Feng would need one or two hundred years to find the Spiritual Race.

But Zhao Feng had arrived at the Spiritual Race much sooner than that. Didn’t this mean that she had a very high place in his heart? Zhao Yufei inwardly rejoiced.

At the same time, Zhao Yufei was also flabbergasted. If Zhao Feng had spent all these years making his way to this place, how had he managed to progress so quickly in strength?

“Brother Feng, not even my Spiritual Race bloodline can keep up with your cultivation speed!” Zhao Yufei faintly smiled.

“Your Spiritual Race bloodline truly is unusual, but don’t forget about my left eye.” Zhao Feng faintly smiled.

He had been able to reach his current level so quickly in large part because of his left eye.

The two began to chat about their various circumstances and experiences in the intervening years.

At some point, Zhao Yufei led Zhao Feng to her private residence. This was a gorgeous complex of palaces built from violet crystal.

Before entering, Zhao Feng could already smell a unique fragrance drifting through the air.

“Brother Feng, why not stay in the Spiritual Race?” Zhao Yufei stared at Zhao Feng, her eyes like gentle pools of water.

In the past, they would always meet and then have to bid farewell soon after. This last separation had lasted for thirty-some years, and Zhao Yufei didn’t know how long their next separation would be.

She had also learned from Zhao Feng’s stories that his fiancée had managed to reincarnate through a special method. However, in her view, this Liu Qinyin was no longer the Liu Qinxin that Zhao Feng was engaged to. Moreover, if Liu Qinyin had no background or talent, she would forever remain in the Continent Zone and never appear before Zhao Feng again.

“Okay!” Zhao Yufei’s breathtakingly beautiful face caused a surge of emotion in Zhao Feng’s heart.

Perhaps he was too tired after all these years of running and killing. Perhaps this separation had been too long, or perhaps it was the severing of his past with Liu Qinxin.... This meeting left Zhao Feng in an incredibly complicated emotional state, and he felt a burning passion at the bottom of his heart.

As the two emotionally stared into each other’s eyes, they became entranced and began to approach each other. Zhao Feng’s arm was now embracing Zhao Yufei’s slender waist, causing her to give a soft groan and her body to flush an enchanting red.

At this moment, a voice echoed through the palace; “Yufei, come to me. Your master has a matter to discuss with you!”

Zhao Yufei’s expression froze in shock, and she immediately struggled out of Zhao Feng’s arm, her face bashful and at a loss.

Zhao Feng’s eyes also regained clarity, and he somewhat awkwardly exchanged glances with this gorgeous woman in front of him.

“Master is looking for me,” Zhao Yufei softly said.

She knew that the upper echelon of the Spiritual Race had seen everything that happened during the conference. Zhao Feng didn’t have a powerful ancient bloodline, so the upper echelon of the Spiritual Race would not permit her to be together with Zhao Feng.

“Brother, what if we tell the Spiritual Race about your God Eye?” Zhao Yufei whispered.

Once the Spiritual Race knew about Zhao Feng’s God Eye, they would definitely cease meddling in the pair’s affairs and would perhaps be only too anxious to recruit Zhao Feng. It had to be known that the

Eight Great God Eyes that the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods knew of were all supreme “God Eye Deities.”

“I’m still too weak. If the matter of the God Eye gets out, I’m afraid...” Zhao Feng slightly shook his head.

He only realized the power of the Eight Great God Eyes after coming to the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods.

He possessed the Ninth God Eye, which probably shared the same potential as the others. However, he was still rather weak. Once it became known that he had a God Eye, those factions that Zhao Feng had quarrels with would think of every method to deal with him.

In addition, he had no idea what the other Eight Great God Eyes thought of his Ninth God Eye. If Zhao Feng’s God Eye incurred the revulsion of any of the other God Eyes, his fate would be sealed.

Zhao Yufei nodded, naturally understanding the dilemma Zhao Feng faced.

Zhao Yufei left for her master’s residence while Zhao Feng left the core disciple area.

In the forbidden ground of the Spiritual Race, in a certain ordinary-looking green crystal palace:

“Yufei, he came?” a white-robed elder with an ordinary voice slowly spoke.

If Zhao Feng was here, he would certainly recognize this elder to be the Spiritual Race expert who had descended to the Continent Zone to pick up Zhao Yufei.

Zhao Yufei nodded. Her master already knew everything about her relationship with Zhao Feng.

“You also know of the predicament facing the Spiritual Race. The conflict between the Spiritual Race’s two major parties is intensifying by the day, and there is also the problem of the Blazing Gold Race....” The white-robed elder sighed.

There was no faction that was in absolute harmony. The Spiritual Race also had its own internal conflicts. And on the outside, another five-star faction of the Ziling Zone – the Blazing Gold Race – had always been ambitiously eyeing the Spiritual Race.

“Our party needs to grow stronger, and the Spiritual Race needs to grow stronger. Those above will not allow your noble bloodline to mix with a useless outsider!” the elder continued.

In truth, those above had already made arrangements for Zhao Yufei’s marriage. Either Zhao Yufei would be married to the core disciple belonging to the other party to ease the internal strife or else she would be married to one of the other two five-star factions of the Ziling Zone so that their alliance would be able to intimidate the Blazing Gold Race.

Zhao Feng was just a human with a low-level bloodline. What right did he have to marry Zhao Yufei?

“Brother Feng will stay in the Spiritual Race. He’s no outsider!” Zhao Yufei firmly said.

“There are so many people pursuing you. Zhao Feng is no match for them,” the white-robed elder said.

Zhao Yufei immediately fell silent. She naturally knew this.

Rank Six True God Zhang Yutong was only one of her suitors. The other five-star factions were also home to powerful experts who desired her hand. Even geniuses from the previous generation who were now Ancient Gods were interested in her.

“If he had come with me to the Spiritual Race back then and enjoyed the cultivating resources and treatment of a five-star faction, perhaps it would not have been like this...” The elder sighed.

When he took away Zhao Yufei, he invited Zhao Feng as well, but Zhao Feng refused. If Zhao Feng had come to the Spiritual Race and cultivated for several decades, he might have made impressive progress.

At this time, another figure slowly strode out.

“Senior Brother Yuan Long...” Zhao Yufei somewhat dejectedly greeted him.

“Junior Sister Yufei, I don’t know what you see in Zhao Feng, but I can tell you that there are many geniuses in the Ziling Zone who surpass him in every aspect,” Yuan Long apathetically said.

In his heart, someone who could match with his Zhao Yufei had to be at least stronger than him and also could not have too low-class a bloodline. Zhao Feng was only a Quasi-God whose bloodline could barely rank around one thousand among the ancient races. Among Zhao Yufei’s pursuers, he was an existence that was rotting in the streets.

“Yufei, think this over carefully. Not just for you, but for Zhao Feng as well!” The white-robed elder’s words were tinged with harshness.

...

The conference was not yet over, so the core disciple area was still rather empty, allowing Zhao Feng to smoothly depart.

“Once I become a Rank Five True God in one step, I’ll prove my talent and potential,” Zhao Feng emotionlessly declared.

It had to be said that even Quasi-God Heaven Swallower of the Heaven Devouring Sacred Land was only capable of entering the Heavenly Divine Realm at Rank Four. Perhaps he had a chance of getting even higher given the time that had passed, but so did Zhao Feng. His progress far surpassed the number one Quasi-God prodigy of the Heaven Devouring Sacred Land.

“But I still need to wait for a little longer.”

Zhao Feng soon left the inner disciple area and returned to his residence.

Zhao Feng currently was fifty percent confident of entering Rank Five of the Heavenly Divine Realm. However, it would obviously be even better if he could raise this percentage a little more. Thus, Zhao Feng needed to settle down and wait until he had completed his Five Elemental Wind Lightning Technique and Golden Kun Sacred Lightning Body.

After returning to his residence, Zhao Feng resumed his seclusion.

“These two techniques are both just one tiny sliver from completion...” Zhao Feng’s brows creased.

He knew that he had already squeezed his potential to the limit.

The later stages of these techniques had always been meant for True Gods. With Zhao Feng's cultivation still suppressed at the Quasi-God level, he would find it very hard to make any further progress unless he broke through.

This problem was one that many other Quasi-Gods of the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods faced. Everyone knew that constantly building up strength so that one could reach a higher rank of the Heavenly Divine Realm in one go would grant one even better prospects.

But if one's potential had been pushed to the limit and any further advancement in techniques would be hindered by the lack of a breakthrough in cultivation, delaying a breakthrough was just wasting time.

As a result, the majority of people would give up and break through into True Gods so that they could begin the slow climb.

A month went by very quickly. Zhao Feng had spent three hundred days cultivating in the Spacetime Robe, but his progress remained minuscule.

One day, Pan Hao came to find him.

"Zhao Feng, you scoundrel, you actually know Zhao Yufei!" Pan Hao's first act was to sigh in shock and wonder.

He had never imagined that a nobody ordinary periphery disciple like Zhao Feng would know the goddess of the Spiritual Race, Zhao Yufei.

Zhao Feng learned from Pan Hao what was going on outside. At present, almost everyone in the Spiritual Race, even the worker disciples, knew that Zhao Yufei and Zhao Feng were together.

"Brother Zhao, you have to be careful!" Pan Hao began to worry.

Zhao Feng being with Zhao Yufei was shocking, but it wasn't a good thing. This place was the territory of the Spiritual Race, and Zhao Feng was an outsider who was now vying with many core disciples for the hand of Zhao Yufei.

This was nothing but certain death in Pan Hao's view. It was far too easy for those core disciples to deal with Zhao Feng in the territory of the Spiritual Race. If the upper echelon members gave their tacit approval, no one would care even if Zhao Feng was assassinated.

"I know." Zhao Feng nodded. This was also why he had not revealed too much of his strength.

As the two were chatting, a roar came from outside; "Zhao Feng, I – Wei Ze – issue a challenge. I want to prove that you are not a fit for Zhao Yufei!"

"Wei Ze!? This Wei Ze is a core disciple. Although he doesn't have the Spiritual Race bloodline, he's still very near the top. He's reached the peak of Rank Four. You can't agree to this fight!" A stunned Pan Hao immediately began to urge caution.

Wei Ze was already at the peak of Rank Four, which was different from ordinary Rank Four True Gods on the outside. In addition, he enjoyed the best cultivation resources, cultivated the best techniques, and owned high-class divine weapons.

“Zhao Feng, you, who clings to a woman for protection – do you dare to accept this challenge!?” someone else outside loudly jeered.

Chapter 1250: Letter of Challenge

“Peak Rank Four?” Zhao Feng softly muttered.

Even twenty-five years ago, he was somewhat confident in fighting a Rank Five True God. This meant that, twenty-five years ago, Zhao Feng was already capable of defeating this Wei Ze.

Perhaps I should show off my strength a bit!

Zhao Feng’s expression turned pensive as he began to think.

The Spiritual Race was a five-star faction with numerous prodigies and geniuses, many of whom had already become Rank Six True Gods. There were some in the previous generation of geniuses that had already become Ancient Gods.

Even though Zhao Feng defeated Jin Wei and showed off some of his talent and potential, he was still not a member of the Spiritual Race and was thus not worthy of the Spiritual Race’s attention. If not for Zhao Feng’s relationship with Zhao Yufei, the upper echelon of the Spiritual Race might have already turned ruthless with their methods.

Zhao Feng suddenly stood up and prepared to go out.

Pan Hao was shocked to see Zhao Feng stand.

“They’re trying to provoke you. You’re not going out there to agree to a battle, right?” Pan Hao immediately asked.

Although he knew that Zhao Feng was quite outstanding, he didn’t believe that Zhao Feng could defeat Wei Ze. After all, Zhao Feng was just a Quasi-God.

“Are you planning to be a turtle in its shell? Going to hide in their forever?”

“I didn’t think that a man favored by Zhao Yufei would be a spineless coward....”

The brazen jeers outside the palace were endless.

At this moment, the doors to the crystal palace before them suddenly opened.

“Oh? You actually dared to come out?”

At the very front of the crowd was a black-shelled man with curved horns sprouting from his shoulders and a savage and bloodthirsty face.

This person was Wei Ze.

Most of the spectators were periphery disciples, but there were also quite a few inner disciples and core disciples mixed in.

“This is the guy? He seems so weak! How could he be a match for Big Bro Wei Ze!?”

Ever since the conference concluded, Zhao Feng had been in seclusion and had never come out. Thus, many disciples had never seen Zhao Feng before.

“If you want to fight, then let’s fight.” Zhao Feng coldly stared at Wei Ze.

“Haha, good!” Wei Ze began to madly laugh.

In his view, Zhao Feng had grown arrogant after defeating Jin Wei. Jin Wei might have the Spiritual Race bloodline, but he had always been spoiled like a prince. He had never experienced any trials and was lacking in actual fighting ability.

“This kid actually accepted the challenge? He’s seeking death!”

“This is going to be good!”

...

On the challenge stage in the periphery disciple area:

“I thought that you would keep hiding behind a woman.” Wei Ze’s smile was savage and cruel.

Wei Ze was also one of Zhao Yufei’s pursuers, but he was out on a mission earlier, so he wasn’t able to participate in the conference. Upon his return, he heard an enraging piece of news. For this reason, after gathering some information, Wei Ze went to find Zhao Feng.

“Cut the small talk.” Zhao Feng’s eyes were cold as his left eye activated, unleashing an astonishing Eye Intent.

The relaxed and smug Wei Ze was slightly taken aback. Nothing in his intelligence reports said anything about Zhao Feng being able to use eye-bloodline techniques!

Whoosh!

A befuddling mist of violet and gold immediately engulfed Wei Ze’s soul. Wei Ze’s surroundings became blurry and indistinct, and he gradually began to lose control over his body.

“This kid has a pretty good grasp of eye-bloodline techniques!” Wei Ze growled as he circulated his Soul Intent at full power and rapidly recovered.

Right at this moment, Wei Ze sensed Zhao Feng coming with a fierce attack from his side, and he immediately reacted by punching with both hands.

Boom! Bang!

This clash sent Zhao Feng and Wei Ze both retreating several dozen steps.

“This Wei Ze has a firm will. He’s also quite a powerful fighter.” Zhao Feng nodded.

In the domain of souls, a God Eye had a definite advantage, but Zhao Feng’s Soul Intent was still some ways from reaching the level of a Rank Four True God’s. For this reason, his Soul eye-bloodline technique wasn’t very effective against Wei Ze.

On the other end, Wei Ze's face was frozen while his mind reeled in shock. He realized that Zhao Feng's strength and physical body were practically on the same level as his own!

Wei Ze had achieved such a level by combining a body-refining technique with the advantages of his own bloodline. However, Zhao Feng was just a Quasi-God, and yet he also possessed such a formidable physique?

The worried Pan Hao's eyes instantly flew open in shock. He once more realized that he had deeply underestimated Zhao Feng.

The spectating disciples were also startled. Probably none of them had expected this exchange between Zhao Feng and Wei Ze to be a draw.

"Hmph!" Wei Ze coldly snorted as he began to circulate Divine Power. A somber and icy energy immediately began to spread from his body.

He underestimated Zhao Feng in that clash, but he would not give Zhao Feng a second chance.

Rumble!

On the other end, Zhao Feng's body transformed into a bolt of five-colored lightning that shot toward Wei Ze.

This astonishing speed made all the spectators pale in fright.

Wei Ze's face contorted in shock as two claws formed from pitch-black Divine Power appeared and prepared to snatch Zhao Feng.

"Tribulation Lightning Eye Flame!"

At this moment, Zhao Feng's left eye crackled with white lightning. A powerful burst of Tribulation Lightning accompanied by powerful Soul ripples surged toward Wei Ze.

Kacrack!

A twisted Tribulation Lightning flame carrying dreadful Soul energy exploded in Wei Ze's face.

"Aaaaaah!" Wei Ze's mind was overwhelmed by pain.

He was under the impression that the Soul eye-bloodline technique that Zhao Feng used at the start was Zhao Feng's strongest eye-bloodline technique, resulting in him being too careless. The eye-bloodline technique that Zhao Feng unleashed this time made Wei Ze's soul feel like it had been struck by lightning, and a heart-rending pain was constantly battering at his consciousness.

"Sky Destroying Sacred Lightning Palm!" Zhao Feng circulated five-colored lightning into a palm and fired it at Wei Ze.

The enormous palm of five-colored lightning began to constantly push Wei Ze's body back. The formidable Five Elements energy in the palm battered incessantly at Wei Ze's body.

In addition, Zhao Feng's Five Elemental Wind Lightning Technique had reached the final level, so he had succeeded in fusing the Tribulation Lightning energy into his Divine Power, increasing the damage it could inflict.

Boom! Bang!

Wei Ze's body was thrown right against the boundary array around the challenge stage, but the might of the five-colored lightning palm had still not dissipated and continued to press down on Wei Ze.

"Ah...!"

Wei Ze's screams of pain were so wretched that they made the spectating disciples tremble in fear.

Thud!

After a long while, Wei Ze's body dropped to the ground.

The area was deathly still, with not a single noise!

In the first clash, the two were on the same level, but in the second clash, Zhao Feng absolutely crushed Wei Ze.

"How could he be this strong?"

Several periphery disciples swallowed their saliva as their minds tried to digest what they just saw. A while ago, they were right outside Zhao Feng's palace, jeering at and ridiculing him.

"So strong! He actually defeated Wei Ze!" Pan Hao happily cried out.

Although he barely understood what was going on in that battle, the important thing was that Zhao Feng had defeated Wei Ze.

Zhao Feng jumped off the stage and left.

His first eye-bloodline technique was meant to deliberately fool Wei Ze into letting down his guard. He then used the Tribulation Lightning Eye Flame to heavily injure and swiftly defeat Wei Ze!

Several powerful Divine Senses were roving back and forth in the skies over the Spiritual Race.

"He managed to defeat Wei Ze! This kid's strength is at least that of a Rank Four Quasi-God!"

The strongest Quasi-God prodigy of the Spiritual Race was also just a Rank Four Quasi-God.

As for the Quasi-God genius of the Ziling Zone's Life Sacred Land – Quasi-God Guan Long – he had attained the strength of a Rank Four Quasi-God thirty years ago. Given that it was thirty years ago, Quasi-God Guan Long probably now had the strength of a Rank Five Quasi-God.

"He relied on an eye-bloodline technique to sneak attack, while Wei Ze didn't even have time to activate his bloodline or even take out a divine weapon. If Wei Ze had been on guard, the outcome would not have been as certain...." another powerful Divine Sense coldly harrumphed.

"Regardless, this child truly is very strong. He can compare to the strongest Quasi-God of the Spiritual Race!" another soul voice somewhat gleefully noted.

“Ancient God Floating Spirit, you’re Zhao Yufei’s master. You can’t be partial toward her at a time like this....”

Several powerful Divine Senses were carrying out a discussion in the skies.

“In short, this person has decent strength and potential. It would be best if he could remain with the Spiritual Race, but he is still an outsider, and his bloodline is too lowly....”

They had been secretly discussing how to deal with Zhao Feng, but the strength he showed just now had garnered their interest. If they could make a compromise with Zhao Feng to have him relinquish Zhao Yufei but also stay with the Spiritual Race to serve it, there could be no better result.

...

The news of Zhao Feng defeating Wei Ze at the periphery challenge stage swiftly spread.

“Wei Ze actually lost to Zhao Feng!?”

“The man Zhao Yufei favors is actually this strong!?”

The majority of people were left stunned by Zhao Feng’s incredible strength.

The core disciples of the Spiritual Race were all depressed and furious. Wei Ze was also a core disciple, but he lost, dealing a blow to the dignity of all core disciples.

“Hmph, that fool!” In a deep blue crystal palace, Zhang Yutong had an ashen expression.

Suddenly, Zhang Yutong’s eyes turned as if he had thought of some idea. He then left his palace.

Meanwhile, Zhao Yufei also learned that Zhao Feng had defeated Wei Ze, but her reaction was rather restrained, and she showed little delight.

Even if Zhao Feng defeated Wei Ze and had decent potential, he was still an outsider to the Spiritual Race. If Zhao Yufei married a powerful True God belonging to the other party of the Spiritual Race, she would be able to soothe the internal conflicts of the Spiritual Race. If she was married off to a five-star faction of the Ziling Zone, the marriage alliance would have enough power to intimidate the Blazing Gold Race. What could Zhao Feng – an outsider – bring to the table?

After defeating Wei Ze, Zhao Feng went to the mission hall and took a simple mission. After finishing this mission, he returned to his residence and resumed his seclusion.

But after just a few days, someone began to shout outside his palace.

“Core Disciple Zhang Zhiyue is issuing you a letter of challenge. The time and place are for you to decide!”

With a sweep of his Divine Sense, Zhao Feng realized that this Zhang Zhiyue was a Rank Five True God.

Zhang Zhiyue left as soon as he finished dropping off the letter of challenge. Zhao Feng ignored it and resumed his seclusion.

But not long afterward, another core disciple came and dropped off a letter of challenge. This core disciple was also a Rank Five True God.

Zhao Feng's expression turned glum as he began to realize that something was going on.

Over the next few days, more core disciples delivered letters of challenge to Zhao Feng's doorstep.

One day, the core disciple Zhang Yutong personally came to Zhao Feng's palace.

"Zhao Feng, I am Zhang Yutong. I issue you a challenge!"

A sinister smile hung on Zhang Yutong's lips, and his eyes were cold and harsh.

The nearby periphery disciples instantly began to chatter among each other. Zhang Yutong was a Rank Six True God, and his body contained the Spiritual Race bloodline. The Rank Six True Gods of mediocre factions were simply no match for him.

In his residence, Zhao Feng pretended not to hear.

Slap!

Zhang Yutong threw down his letter of challenge and left.

Less than half a month later, a small pile of ten-some letters of challenge had accrued in front of Zhao Feng's door. The weakest challengers were Rank Five True Gods, and there were also quite a few Rank Six True Gods. Some of the letters of challenge even came from factions besides the Spiritual Race.